

Umphey's McGee, Partyin' Peeps

We drive all night through rain,
We drive a van that's plain,
You'll never believe who's in it.

We come from miles afar,
We hang in smokey bars,
17th smoke is in it.

Big boobs and balls-out crowds,
Your sister's screaming loud,
Movin' her pelvis to it.

We're shouting on the stage,
Expelling senseless rage,
The taxi'll take you to it.

My hands are feeling skinned,
I want to be let in,
Heard some good things about it.

Our buzz won't let us be,
We've got to be set free,
Kickin the bass'll do it.

A beer bong set you straight,
My stomach's so irate,
B-linen for the toilet.

Come back a brand new soul,
Stuffin' a different hole,
Partyin' peeps'll do it.

The beat is kickin in,
We've got a second wind,
Stuffin z-nose with bullet.

Although it's getting late,
There's something on your plate,
The waitress'll bring you to it.