

# Gaelic Storm, The Night I Punched Russell Crowe

Here's a little story about someone that you know  
he was a right famous fella by the name of Russell Crowe  
I was workin' at a pub and he was smokin at the bar  
and that's a crime as you all know in Cal-if-orn-ia

so I sidled up the rail, right to where he stood  
said, sorry Mr. Crowe as nicely as I could  
You'll have to put that out now throw it on the floor  
and if you don't I'll have to kick you out...show you to the door

He squared right up to me somewhat in surprise  
Then he narrowed up his gaze shot me daggers with his eyes  
"If you think you're man enough, go ahead" he said  
I was scared for me live so I dalked him in the head

The closest I've come to ending up dead  
was the night that I punched Russell Crowe  
The Gladiator in the head.

He lifted up his hands put them to his nose  
blood was running through his fingers dripping on his clothes  
His bodyguards ran up, "get him!" shouted Crowe  
"Run!", cried Chucky, "run! and don't stop until you get to Mexico!"

The closest I've come to ending up dead  
was the night that I punched Russell Crowe  
The Gladiator in the head.

The closest I've come to being dead  
was the night that I punched Russell Crowe  
The Gladiator in the head.

You can't hit me I'm he Cinderella Man,  
I'm the Master and Commander, I'm Australian  
You can't hit me, don't you know I'm dangerous  
I am the outlaw Ben Wade...I AM MAXIMUS!