

## Danny Boy, Danny Boy

House of Pain

Peckerwood, peckerwood, tell me your tale  
Please do explain why your skin's so pale  
And you're so funky, now how can that be  
Like a bird in a tree on the TLP  
It's the Irish intellect, no one disrespected  
My shit'll get hectic real quick  
This is the House Of Pain (pain)  
And pain is one thing we're not  
Cause we know we've got  
Style and fashion, smoke some hash and  
I'm smackin' up girls like cars were crashin'  
Danny Boy, Danny Boy, the pipes are callin'  
Thought you was a winner, ya was, now you're all in  
That's right, damn skimpy, ya can't get with me  
I run the whole track and leave ya three laps back  
Chop seuy don't do me no good  
I gotta have corn beef and cabbage, if I wanna manage  
I never eat pig, but I'll fuck up a potato  
I'm not a dago, but pasta's all that  
My pockets stay phat, so step the fuck back  
You wanna move on me, you better bring an army  
I rip shit daily, ask my man Tom Bailly  
I'm rockin' the clock like if I was Bill Hailey  
I'm cockin' my glock, and I got my shileighly  
So watch your lady, because I'm

(Danny Boy!) Danny Boy  
(Danny Boy!) You know it's Danny Boy  
(Danny Boy!) 'S Danny Boy  
(Danny Boy!) You know it's Danny Boy  
(Danny Boy!) 'S Danny Boy  
(Danny Boy!) You know it's Danny Boy

(Da ney Boy, Da Da ney Boy)  
Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside