

# Wasn't That A Party

The Irish Rovers

Could've been the whiskey  
Might've been the gin  
Could've been the three or four six-packs,  
I don't know, but look at the mess I'm in  
My head is like a football  
I think I'm going to die  
Tell me, me oh, me oh my  
Wasn't that a party

Someone took a grapefruit  
Wore it like a hat  
I saw someone under my kitchen table  
Talking to my old tom cat  
They were talking about hockey  
The cat was talking back  
Long about then every-thing went black  
Wasn't that a party

I'm sure it's just my memory  
Playing tricks on me  
But I think I saw my buddy  
Cutting down my neighbour's tree

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Billy, Joe and Tommy  
Well they went a little far  
They were sittin' in my back yard, blowing on a siren  
From somebody's police car

So you see, Your Honour  
It was all in fun  
The little bitty track meet down on main street  
Was just to see if the cops could run  
Well they run us in to see you  
In an alcoholic haze  
I sure can use those thirty days  
To re-cover from the party

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