

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