

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
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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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