

The Night I Punched Russell Crowe

Gaelic Storm

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-i-are. 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 the 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!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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