

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
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 suey 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 pha, 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

(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)

(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)

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

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