

Partyin' Peeps

Umphrey's McGee

We drive all night through rain,
We drive a van that's plain,
You'll never believe who's in it. We come from miles afar,
We hang in smokey bars,
70's smoke is in it. Big boobs and balls-out crowds,
Your sister's screaming loud,
Movin' her pelvis to it. We're shouting on the stage,
Expelling senseless rage,
The taxi'll take you to it. My hands are feeling skinned,
I want to be let in,
Heard some good things about it. Our buzz won't let us be,
We've got to be set free,
Kickin the bass'll do it. A beer bong set you straight,
My stomach's so irate,
B-lining for the toilet. Come back a brand new soul,
Stuff in a different hole,
Partyin' peeps'll do it. The beat is kickin in,
We've got a second wind,
Stuffin z-nose with bullet. Although it's getting late,
There's some food on your plate,
The waitress'll bring you to it.

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