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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