THE COMPLETE
AND OFFICIAL
UNEXPERGATED
ROADTRIP
SONGBOOK
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FIVE FOOT NINE
(Tune: Five Foot Two)

1. Five foot nine from Palestine
Changes water into wine
Has anybody seen my Lord?
He's real cool, he's real boss
Watch him drag that heavy cross
Has anybody seen my Lord?
Now if you run into a bearded Jew
All covered with thorns
Just be calm, just be cool
He'll walk across your swimming pool
Calms the seas with just one wave
Try to keep him in his grave
Has anybody seen my Lord?

2. Five foot nine from Palestine
Changes water into wine
Has anybody seen my Lord?
He's real boss, he's real cool
Walks across your swimming pool
Has anybody seen my Lord?
Now if you run into a bearded Jew
All holy and wise
Step right up, cane and cup
He'll put sight back in your eyes
He digs jazz, he digs jive
He makes dead men come alive
Has anybody seen my Lord?

GLADYS ISN'T GRATIS
(Tune: Five Foot Two)

Save your nickels, save your dimes
Save your money for the good old times
'Cause Gladys isn't gratis anymore
What she used to do for free
Now she charges you a fee
'Cause Gladys isn't gratis anymore
Now if you run into a five foot two
Make sure it ain't Gladys
Now she's wearing platform shoes
She has lost her amateur status
Save your nickels, save your dimes
SAVE YOUR MONEY FOR THE GOOD OLD TIMES
'Cause Gladys isn't gratis anymore
.....whore, whore
'Cause Gladys isn't gratis anymore
.....She costs a dime!

AIN'T SHE CHEAP
(Tune: Ain't She Sweet)

Ain't she cheap?
She her sell herself on the street
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she cheap?
Ain't she nice?
She will do it once or twice
Now I ask you very confidentially
What's her price?
Just cast a five in her direction
She'll grab a-hold of your erection
I repeat
Don't you wish she'd grab your meat?
Now I ask you very confidentially
AIN'T SHE CHEAP?
SIDE BY SIDE
(Tune: Side By Side)

We got married last Friday
The preacher said it was my day
So when the guests were all gone
We went along
Side by side
We got ready for bed then
I 'most nearly dropped dead when
Her teeth and her hair
She placed on the chair
Side by side
I stared in blank amazement
When a glass eye so small
With an arm and a leg then
She placed on the chair by the wall
Now you know that I felt so downhearted
'Cause most of my wife had departed
So I slept on the chair
'Cause there was more of her there
Side by side.

I WANT A GIRL

1. I want a girl just like the girl
   That Dad had on the side
   She was a girl and the only girl
   A good old fashioned girl with
   lots of class
   She was Daddy's finest piece of ass
   I want a girl just like the girl
   That Dad had on the side.

2. I want a beer just like the beer
   That pickled my old man
   It was a beer and the only beer
   That Daddy ever had
   A good old fashioned beer with
   lots of foam
   It took six men to carry Daddy home
   I want a beer just like the beer
   That pickled my old man.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call your sweetheart, I'm in love with you
Let me rub your pussy 'til it's filled with goo
Let me bite your titties 'til they're black and blue
Let's play hide my wiener up your old wazoo.

THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE

Casey got hit with a bucket of shit
And the band played on
A dirty old chap threw a bucket of crap
And the band played on
But Casey was pissed 'cause the old fellow missed
And hit his date right in the arm
He married the wench with the terrible stench
And the band played on.
I LEFT MY HEART

I left my heart (not my head but my heart)
In San Francisco (not L.A. but San Francisco)
High on a hill (not a valley but a hill)
It calls to me (not to you but to me)
To be where little cable cars
Climb halfway to the stars
The morning smog will kill you there
I DON'T CARE!
My love waits there (not here but there)
In San Francisco (not L.A. but San Francisco)
Above the blue (not the green but the blue)
And windy sea (not the sky but the sea)
When I come home to you, Sam Frank's Disco
Your golden sun will shine for me.

THE SILVERY MOON

By the light (not the dark but the light)
Of the silvery moon (not the sun but the moon)
I want to spoon (not the fork but the spoon)
To my baby I'll croon love's tune
Honeymoon (not the work honeymoon)
Keep a-shining in June (not July but June)
Your silvery beams will bring love dreams
We'll be cuddlin' soon (not late but soon)
By the light of the moon (not the sun but the moon).

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD
(Also known as: I'm Your Mailman)

1. Back your ass against the wall
   Here I come, balls and all
   Bye bye blackbird
   Where somebody waits for me
   Sugar's cheap and so is she
   Bye bye blackbird
   No one here can love or understand me
   Oh what bullshit stories they all
   hand me
   Make my bed and light the gas
   I'll be home for a piece of ass
   Bye bye blackbird.

2. I am happy, I am gay
   I can come twice a day
   I'm your mailman
   Grab your knockers, ring your bell
   Don't you think I'm kinda swell
   I'm your mailman
   I can come in any kind of weather
   That's because my sack is made of
   leather
   I don't mess with doors or locks
   I just shove it in your box
   I'm your mailman.

I SHOULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT

I should have danced all night
I should have danced all night
But no, I begged for more
I should have spread my wings
Instead of other things
I've never spread before
Who would have thought that he'd be so exciting
And who was I to try to fight?
I only know when he began to fondle me
I should have danced, danced, danced all night.
EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE
(Tune: Sidewalks of New York)

East side, west side
All around the town
They call her Mattressback Annie
'Cause her pants are always down
She is very Kosher
She never eats pork
But she gets a lot of baloney
On the sidewalks of New York.

OLD GREY BUSTLE
(Tune: Old Grey Bonnet)

1. Put on your old grey bustle
   And get out there and hustle
   Tomorrow there's a mortgage
     coming due
Put your ass in clover
Let the boys look it over
If you can't get five take two.

2. Put on your old blue panties
   That used to be your auntie's
   And we'll go for a hustle in the
     hay
While they're outside haying
We'll be inside laying
In the good old fashioned way.

3. Put on your old pink panties
   That used to be your auntie's
   The boys will be coming in today
   There's a hole in the middle
Where your uncle used to diddle
In the good old fashioned way.

4. Put on that old grey corset
   If it don't fit, force it
   The boys will be coming in today
   And like the bees make honey
Get out and make some money
In the good old fashioned way.

5. Put on the old blue ointment
   The crab's disappointment
   It'll kill the bastards where they lay
   Tho' it burns and it itches
It'll kill those sons of bitches
In that good old fashioned way.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree
A little bird dropped his message on me
It felt mighty queer
As it landed on my ear
My girlfriend said, "What can it be?"
I said it's a message of love
Dropped by that dirty bird from above
But I'm thankful somehow
That it wasn't a cow
In the shade of the old apple tree.

I'M A LITTLE SEXPOT
(Tune: I'm a Little Teapot)

I'm a little sexpot, short and stout
Here is my handle, here is my spout
When I get all steamed up, pull it out
Do it to me baby, wear me out.
DO-RE-MI

Dough--A thing we love to spend
Ray--A rapist that we know (it's a long story)
Me--A name for me not you
Fah--A hot, hot thing to touch (like fah in the bilges)
So--We make up our own words (SO WHAT!!)
La--la, la, la, la, la
Ti--The letter follows "S"
That will bring us back to dough.

THIS LAND IS MY LAND
(Tune: This Land is Your Land)

This land is my land
It isn't your land
I've got a shotgun
And you ain't got one
If you don't get off
I'll blow your head off
This land was made for only me.

FUCK 'EM ALL
(Tune: Over There)

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all
Fuck the long, fuck the short, fuck the tall
Fuck the fat, the skinny
The chink, the guinea
The blond, the brunette, the redhead, and the bald
Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all
Fuck the long, fuck the short, fuck the tall
We're comin' over
We're comin' under
And we won't stop comin' till we're comin' over all.

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be finer than to be in her vagina
In the morning
Nothing could be sweeter than her lips upon my peter
In the morning
If I had a nickel I would spend it on a whore
If I had a dollar I would buy me twenty more
Nothing could be finer that to be in her vagina
In the morning.

HITLER'S BALLS
(Tune: Colonel Bogey March)

Hitler had only one big ball
Goehring had two but they were small
Himmler had something similar
And Mister Goebbels had no balls at all.
TITANIC

1. Oh they built the ship Titanic
   And when they had it through
   They thought they had a ship that the water would never come through
   But the Lord's almighty hand
   Said the ship would never stand
   It was sad when the great ship went down.

   CHORUS: It was sad (so sad). Oh, it was sad (so sad).
   It was sad when the great ship went down to the bottom of the
   (1x) Husbands and wives, itty bitty children lost their lives
   (2x) Uncles and aunts, itty bitty children lost their pants
   (3x) Uncles and aunts, itty bitty children wet their pants
   (4x) Uncles and aunts, itty bitty children shit their pants
   It was sad when the great ship went down.

2. They were leaving merry England
   And as they pulled from shore
   The rich refused to associate with the poor
   So they put them down below where they'd be the first to go
   It was sad when the great ship went down. (CHORUS)

3. They put the lifeboats out
   Into the raging seas
   And the band struck up with "Nearer My God To Thee"
   Then the waves poured o'er the side and the little children died
   It was sad when the great ship went down. (CHORUS)

4. Now the moral of the story
   As you can plainly see
   Is to wear your life preserver and NEVER GO OUT TO SEA
   The Titanic never made it across the raging foam
   It was sad when the great ship went down. (CHORUS)

LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar (NEVER CLOSE A BAR!)
When he turned round and said to the lady in red
"GET OUT! You can't sleep where you are."
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead (HEAD'S THE BEST PART!)
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said (THERE'S NO TOILET PAPER!)
Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know (LIKE WHAT!)
About the ways of Navy men
And how they come and go (AND ALWAYS TOO SOON!)
Though age has taken her beauty (SHE'S ONLY 19!)
And sin has left its deep scar (WHAT A GASH!),
Just think of your mothers and sisters, boys
And let her sleep under the bar. (WITH THE BARTENDER!)
OKINAWA
(Tune: Oklahoma)

O-------Kinawa, where the people all have slanty eyes
And the waving rice can sure smell nice
When the typhoons sweep across the skies

O-------Kinawa, every night my mama-san and I
Eat our rice and fish by the benji dish
As the tadpoles go swimming by

We know we belong to the rand
And the rand we belong to's Japan
So when we say "Ah so and ano ne"
We're only saying "You're doing fine Okinawa
Okinawa, O. K." I. N. A. W. A.,
OKINAWA, O. K.

CLONE OF MY OWN
(Tune: Home on the Range)

Oh, give me a clone of my own flesh and bone
With its Y-chromosone turned to X
Then my little clone, little clone of my own
Will be of the opposite sex
Clone, clone of my own
With its Y-chromosone turned to X
Then when we're alone, me and my clone of my own
We'll think about nothing but sex.

FOUR LEAF CLOVER

1. I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
   That I just ran over with the mower
   One leg is missing, the second is gone
   The third leg is scattered all over the lawn
   No use explaining the one remaining is down on the basement floor
   I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
   That I just ran over with the mower.

2. I'm getting over the worst hangover
   That I ever had before
   First came the whiskey, and second the gin
   Third was the beer with the cigarette in
   No use explaining that what's remaining is all on the bathroom floor
   I'm getting over the worst hangover
   That I ever had before.

3. I'm looking under a two-legged wonder
   That I overlooked before
   First came her ankles and second her knees
   Third came her panties that blow in the breeze
   No need explaining that what's remaining is something I adore
   I'm looking under a two-legged wonder
   That I overlooked before.
SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES

1. She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes.

CHORUS: Singin' I will if you will so will I
       Singin' I will if you will so will I
       Singin' I will if you will
       We all will if she will
       I will if you will so will I (after you)

2. Oh she's got two lovely jugs full of wine (Half pints/Muscatel).
3. Oh she's got a lovely bottom set of teeth (Full set/Pearly white).
4. Oh she's got a lovely navel uniform (Bull shit/Full of lint).
5. Oh she took my pants down to the cleaners (How far/?All the way).
6. Oh I gave my love a baby Austin-Healy (How'd it handle/?What a Triumph).
7. Oh she's got a lovely box full of chocolates (Yum, yum/Cherry-filled).
8. Oh she's got a lovely country estate (What a spread/40 acres).
9. Oh she's got a lovely beaver for a pet (Does it bite/?What a tail).
10. Oh she loves to suck a cocktail after tea (On the rocks/Straight up).
11. Oh my girlfriend likes to blow me lots of kisses (Kiss, kiss/All day).
12. Oh she said I had a lovely tool box (How long/?Twelve inches).

THE BARROOM MOUSE

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the barroom floor
When the bar was closed for the night
And the little brown mouse crept out of his house
And he sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him roar,
"BRING ON THE GOD DAMNED CAT!"

IRENE, GOODNIGHT

Irene, goodnight
Irene, goodnight
Goodnight, Irene
You sex machine
I'll see you in
My dreams.
A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP
(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again)

When I was eight days old my boys, hurrah, hurrah
When I was eight days old my boys, hurrah, hurrah
The rabbi came with a big sharp knife
I surely thought he would take my life
But all he took was a little bit off the top.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captajn shouting
"Dinah, blow my horn."

Dinah, won't you blow ME
Dinah, won't you blow ME
Dinah, won't you blow my horn
Dinah, won't you blow ME
Dinah, won't you blow ME
Dinah, won't you blow my horn.

Someone's in the bedroom with Dinah
Someone's in the bedroom I know
Someone's in the bedroom with Dinah
Look at the two of them go.

He's going in, out, in, out, in
In, out, in, out, in, out, in, out
In, out, in, out, in
Look at the two of them go.

DRUNKEN SAILOR

1. What do you do with a drunken sailor?
   What do you do with a drunken sailor?
   What do you do with a drunken sailor?
   Early in the morning?

   CHORUS: Way, hey, and up she rises
   Way, hey, and up she rises
   Way, hey, and up she rises
   Early in the morning.

2. Put him in a longboat until he's sober.
3. Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.
4. Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
5. Make him sleep with the captain's daughter.
6. Give him a shot of penicillin (2 shots) (3 shots).
7. That's what you do with a drunken sailor.
ALOUETTE

CHORUS: Alouette
Gentile Alouette
Alouette
Je te plume era!

1. Don't you like her stringy hair?
   Yes, we like her stringy hair!
   Stringy hair?
   Stringy hair!
   Oh, oh, oh, oh. (CHORUS)

2. Don't you like her eyes that cross?
   Yes, we like her eyes that cross!
   Eyes that cross?
   Eyes that cross!
   Stringy hair?
   Stringy hair!
   Oh, oh, oh, oh. (CHORUS)

3. Don't you like her flattened nose?

4. Don't you like her hairy lip?

5. Don't you like her big, bucked teeth?

6. Don't you like her double chin?

7. Don't you like her saggy tits?

8. Don't you like her pot belly?

9. Don't you like her smelly snatch?

10. Don't you like her big, fat ass?

11. Don't you like her knobby knees?

12. Don't you like her pigeon toes?

13. Don't you like her legs spread wide?

DON'T CRY LADIES

Don't cry ladies
I'll buy your god damn violets
Don't cry ladies
Your pencils too
Don't cry ladies
Take off those colored glasses
Hello, mother
I knew it was you.

SISTER GRACE

Sister Grace, I love your face
I love you in your nightie
When the moonlight flits across your tits
JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY.
LONG THING THAT TICKLES MARY
(Tune: It's a Long Way to Tipparary)

It's a long thing that tickles Mary
It's a long thing that grows
It's a long thing that tickles Mary
And I call that thing my hose
Hangs down below my ankles
It drags across the floor
It's a long, long thing that tickles Mary
And she wants some more

I WONDER WHO'S PORKING HER NOW
(Tune: I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now)

I wonder who's porking her now
I wonder who's sticking that cow
I wonder who's reaching into her bra
With his jaw
For some titty to gnaw?
I wonder who's buying her beer
To stick a big dick up her rear?
I wonder, if she's
Finally up off her knees?
I wonder who's porking her now?

(I wonder who's banging that swine
That whore that I used to call mine?)
MICHIGAN FIGHT SONG
(Ohio State version)

Piss on those motherfuckers
Piss on those big cocksuckers
Piss, piss on Michigan
The cesspool of the land
Piss on those masturbators
Piss on those fornicators
Piss, piss on Michigan
The cesspool of the land.

CHEER, CHEER
(Tune: Notre Dame Victory March)

Cheer, cheer for your old high
You bring the whiskey, I'll bring the rye
Send those sophomores out for gin
Don't let the Goddamn freshmen in
We never stumble, we never fall
We sober up on wood alcohol
While the loyal faculty lies
Drunk on the bar room floor.

ON WISCONSIN

On Wisconsin, on Wisconsin
Plunge right through her line
Run your balls 'round Minnesota
And touch her sure this time
On Wisconsin, on Wisconsin
Fight on for her fame
Fight, fellows, fight
And we will win this dame.

OLD ABANDONED OUTHOUSE
(Tune: Cayuga's Waters)

Across the mighty Mississippi
Out in plain view
Lies an old abandoned outhouse
Known as L.S.U.
Oh, the odor. Oh, the odor.
Oh, that awful smell
Before I'd go to L. S. U.
I'd rather go to hell.

CAYUGA'S WATERS
(Cornell University)

High above Cayuga's waters
Is an awful smell
Some say it's Cayuga's waters
We know it's Cornell

A COED'S ANKLE
(Tune: Cayuga's Waters)

Far above a coed's ankle
High above her knee
Lies the symbol of her honor
Her virginity
Roll her over in the clover
Lay her in the grass
And you will find what you've been after
A piece of coed ass.
SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS

1. As I came home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I spied a horse outside my house where my old horse should be
So I calls to my wife and I says to her, "HEY, WIFE!!!"
Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow sure I've never seen before.

2. As I came home on Tuesday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I spied a coat behind the door where my old coat should be
So I calls to my wife and I says to her, "HEY, WIFE!!!"
Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That's a lovely blanket that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But buttons on a blanket sure I've never seen before.

3. As I came home on Wednesday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe upon the shelf where my old pipe should be
So I calls to my wife and I says to her, "HEY, WIFE!!!"
Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe upon the shelf where my old pipe should be?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I've never seen before.

4. As I came home on Thursday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my two boots should be
So I calls to me wife and I says to her, "HEY, WIFE!!!"
Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns those boots beneath the bed where my two boots should be?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
They're two lovely geranium pots me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But laces on geranium pots sure I've never seen before.

5. As I came home on Friday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a rise beneath the sheets where my old rise should be
So I calls to my wife and I says to her, "HEY, WIFE!!!"
Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that rise beneath the sheets where my old rise should be?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That's a little cucumber that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But wrinkles on a cucumber I've never seen before.
6. As I came home on Saturday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two hands on my wife's breasts where my old hands should be
So I calls to my wife and I says to her, "HEY, WIFE!!"
Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns those hands upon your breasts where my old hands should be?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That's a living bra that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But a living bra with fingernails I've never seen before.

7. As I came home on Sunday night, as drunk as usual
I saw a man a-leaving me place a wee bit after three
So I calls to my wife and I says to her "HEY, BITCH!!"
Would you kindly tell to me
Who was that man a-leaving here a wee bit after three?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That's a tax collector that the Queen sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But an Englishman that could last 'til three I've never seen before.

BIG FRICKIN' WHEEL

1. I once knew a sailor before he died
I know not where that poor fucker lies
He had a wife but couldn't keep her
'Cause he couldn't keep her satisfied.

2. And so he built her a big frickin' wheel
And on it he mounted a big prick of steel
And two brass balls that were filled with cream
And the whole damn thing was run by steam.

3. Around and around went the big frickin' wheel
In and out went the big prick of steel
In and out until she cried
"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied."

4. There was just one thing that was wrong with it
He had no way of controlling it
It split her in two from her ass to her tits
And the whole damn place was covered with shit.

5. Around and around went the big frickin' wheel
In and out went the big prick of steel
In and out until she cried
"Enough! Enough!" And then she died.

JINGLE BELLS

Jingle bells
Santa smells
Easter's coming fast
Take your Merry Christmas cheer
And shove it up your ass.

14
LORD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN
(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

1. My father makes book on the corner
   My mother makes second hand gin
   My sister makes love for a quarter
   Oh Lord how the money rolls in

   CHORUS: Beer, gin, sex, sin
   Oh Lord how the money rolls in, rolls in
   Beer, gin, sex, sin
   Oh Lord how the money rolls in

2. My brother's a poor missionary
   He saves fallen women from sin
   He'll save you a blonde for a dollar
   Oh Lord how the money rolls in. (CHORUS)

3. My uncle's an artist and painter
   He turns out a beautiful fin
   He sells them ten cents on the dollar
   Oh Lord how the money rolls in. (CHORUS)

4. My aunt is a boarding house keeper
   She takes little working girls in
   She puts a red light in the window
   Oh Lord how the money rolls in. (CHORUS)

5. My grandma sells cheap prophylactics
   She punctures the head with a pin
   And grandpa gets rich from abortions
   Oh Lord how the money rolls in. (CHORUS)

   TWO YOUNG LOVERS

   CHORUS: Two young lovers in a double bed
   One rolled over to the other and said

   1. All day, all night, Mary Ann
      Who do you think I am, Superman?

   2. You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille.

   3. You made me love you. I didn't want to do it.
      You woke me up to do it. And then I couldn't do it.
      So then we didn't do it.

   4. All of me. Why not take all of me? 'CAUSE YOU'RE TOO DAMN FAT!!

   5. And through it all I stood up tall and did it sideways.

   6. Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be
      Since I had my vasectomy.

   7. I'm back in the saddle again.

   8. Just remember the Red River Valley.

   9. Born free, my father's a doctor.
ROW, ROW, ROW

He would row, row, row (stroke, stroke)
Right up the river
He would row, row, row (stroke, stroke)
A hug he'd give her
He would kiss her now and then
She would tell him when
They'd fool around and fool around
And then they'd kiss again
And then he'd row, row, row (stroke, stroke)
Right up the river
He would row (oh), row (oh), row
Then he'd rip off her drawers
And take a few more encores
And then he'd row, row, row.

THE TIME OF THE MONTH
(Tune: The Caissons Go Rolling Along)

You can tell by the smell
That something is not well
When the time of the month rolls along
You can tell by the stench
That something's wrong with the wench
When the time of the month rolls along
For it's HI, HI, HEE
In the Kotex factory
Shout out your sizes loud and strong
SMALL! MEDIUM! LARGE! EXTRA LARGE! BALE OF HAY!
You can tell by the smell
That something is not well
When the time of the month rolls along.

THE ARMY WAY

1. We don't play Notre Dame
   We don't play Tulane
   We just play Holy Cross
   'Cause that's the Army way.

2. We don't play Michigan
   We don't play Penn State
   We just play Davidson
   'Cause that's the Army way.
BIG BAD BRUCE

Spoken: The folk history of America is the history of its heroes. Big working men like John Henry, Paul Bunyan, and Big Bad John. Now today we are going to introduce a new folk hero. He didn't work in a mine or on a railroad or any of those strenuous occupations. He worked in a beauty salon and his name was Bruce.

Well every day at the salon you could see him arrive
He stood six foot six and weighed one-oh-five
Kinda narrow at the shoulders and narrow at the hips
With a curl in his hair and a smile on his lips
Big Bad Bruce.

No one seems to know where Bruce came from
He just swished into town and stayed all along
He never said much, kinda quiet, kinda shy
If he ever spoke at all, it was just to say, "Hi!"
Big Bad Bruce.

Some said he came from New Orleans
Where he had a social club called the Cajun Queens
Some say Hollywood or Beverly Hills
Where he got arrested for passing three dollar bills
That's queer money.

Then came the day of that terrible fire
Something went wrong in number five dryer
In the midst of those panic stricken dames
Stood dear old Bruce just a fanning the flames
Well the flames grew higher and the fire got worse
And we heard Brucie cry, "Mercy, I forgot my purse!"
And into the fire with a scream and a shout
We waited an hour but he never came out
Poor Bruce.

Where the salon once stood there is a grocery store
Where his name will live forevermore (It was a fruit stand)
In the annals of time (ANNALS!) and in the hall of fame
The gay you cat who went down in flame
You might say his big smile is buried there
You might even say this is a fairy tale.
PUFF THE TRAGIC FAGGOT
(Tune: Puff the Magic Dragon)

1. Puff the tragic faggot worked at NBC
   And frolicked in the corridors with patches on his knees
   Puff the tragic faggot wasn't like you and me
   We like girls but he likes boys
   He was rather queer you see.

2. One day in studio seven, Puff met his friend John Gay
   And there behind the scenery Puff quickly made his play
   John began to giggle. Puff began to smile
   For he had finally found someone to play with him awhile.

3. They were seen together for years and years, Puff and his
   friend John
   Then one day in the props department a new boy took Puff on
   Johnny was deserted. Puff no longer came
   So Johnny finally changed his ways
   And now he's chasing dames.

4. Repeat verse one.

TAKE ME HOME, 95
(Tune: Take Me Home, Country Roads)

1. Almost Hades, in New London
   Gold Star bridges, and the Thames River
   Life is old there, older than the trees
   Younger than the Sub Base, must be a disease

CHORUS: Take me home, 95
   To a place I'll survive
   Not New London, or New England
   Let me thrive, 95.

2. All my memories gather 'round her
   The Thames River, stranger to clean water
   Dark and murky, tainted with the slime
   Miss the sight of sunshine, soot gets in my eyes. (CHORUS)

3. I hear the bugle in the morning hour, it's reveille
   The upperclass remind me of my home far away
   And thumbing down the road I get a feeling that I should be
   marching tours today, tours today. (CHORUS)
FOUR AND TWENTY VIRGINS
(Or: Balls to Your Partner)

CHORUS: Balls to your partner
Ass against the wall
If you never get laid on a Saturday night
You'll never get laid at all

Four and twenty virgins
Came down from Inverness
And when the night was over
There were four and twenty less.

The village strongman he was there
Strong as he could be
He lined the girls against the wall
And fucked them three by three.

The village cripple he was there
Couldn't do very much
He lined the girls against the wall
And fucked them with his crutch.

The village hooker she was there
Laying on the floor
And every time she spread her legs
The suction slammed the door.

The mayor's wife she was there
Throwing tantrums and fits
Diving off the balcony
And landing on her tits.

There was fucking in the corridors
Fucking on the stairs
You couldn't see the carpet
For the mass of pubic hairs.

Little he was there
He was only six
He couldn't fuck the women
So he had to suck the dicks.

8. Little Johnny he was there
   He was only eight
   He was much too young to join the
   fun
   So he had to masturbate.

9. The village idiot he was there
   Doing this and that
   Amusing himself by abusing himself
   And catching it in his hat.

10. The village blacksmith he was there
    His balls were made of brass
    And every time he rammed it in
    Sparks flew out her ass.

11. The parson's wife she was there
    Screaming very loud
    Swinging from the chandelier
    And pissing on the crowd.

12. The village butcher he was there
    Cleaver in his hand
    Every time he turned around
    He circumcised the band.

13. The village leper he was there
    Sitting on a log
    Picking apart his foreskin
    And feeding them to a hog.

14. There was fucking in the hayloft
    There was fucking in the oats
    Couldn't fuck the women
    So he had to fuck the goats.
THE BALL OF BALLYNOOR
(Tune: Balls to Your Partner)

CHORUS: Singing-a-who'll do ye next time
Who'll do ye noo?
The man you did you last night
He no can do ye noo.

Oh, there was such a grand ball
The Ball of Ballynoor.
Where my wife and your wife
Were fucking on the floor.

'Twas a gathering of the clansmen
And all the lads were there
A-feeling up the lasses
Beneath the public hair.

There was doing in the parlor
Doing on the stones
You couldn't hear the music
For the wheezing and the groans.

First they did it simple
Then they tried he's and she's
When the ball was over
They went at it fives and threes.

They tried it on the garden path
And once around the park
And when the candles snotted out
They died in the dark.

Mrs. John, the preacher's wife
Was quite amazed to see
Four and twenty maidenheads
A-hanging from a tree.

The best man in the corner
Explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the corner
Oilign up his tool
The bride was in the icebox
Her private parts to cool.

First lady over
Second lady front
Third lady's finger
Up the fourth lady's cunt.

10. The schoolmaster her was there
Going at it some
Figuring out by algebra
The time that he would come.

11. The chimney sweeper he was there
Of that there was no doot
Pretty soon he farted
And he filled the air with soot.

12. The Deacon's wife was standing there
Her back against the wall
"Put your money on the table, boys
I'm going to fuck you all!

13. The Parsons wife was also there
Sitting down in front
A ring of posies in her hair
And a carrot up her cunt.

14. The letter carrier he was there
The poor man had the pox
He couldn't to the lasses
So he did his letter box.

15. The village magician ran around
Doing his vanishing trick
He pulled his foreskin over his head
And vanished into his prick.

16. There were lasses with syphilis
And lasses with the piles
And lasses with their assholes
All wreathed up in smiles.

17. Old McPherson's band was there
A-giving out the clicks
But you couldn't hear the music
For the swishing of the pricks.

18. When the ball was over
Everyone confessed
The music was exquisite
But the fucking was the best.
SIT ON MY FACE

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me
I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you, too
I love to hear you moralize
When I'm between your thighs
Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you
I'll sit on your face and let my love be truly
Life can be fine when we both sixty-nine
If we sit on our faces and all sorts of places at play
'Til we're blown away.

PHILOSOPHERS' SONG

Immanuel Kant was a real piss ant who was very rarely stable
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozey beggar who could drink you under the table
David Hume could outconsume Schopenhauer and Hegel
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine who was just as sloshed as Schlegel
Nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach me 'bout the raising of the wrist
Socrates himself was permanently pissed.

John Stuart Mill of his own free will on half a pint of brandy was particularly ill
Plato they say could stick it away, half a crate of whiskey every day
Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle
Hobbs was fond of his dram
And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart, "I drink, therefore I am."
Yes, Socrates himself was particularly missed
A lovely little thinker but a bugger when he's pissed.

NIGHTTIME DREAMS

Oh, she jumped into bed
Pulled the covers o'er her head
And she said I couldn't find her
But I knew damn well
That she lied like hell
So I jumped right in behind her.

MOUNTAIN MEN

1. We're mountain men
   We fear no man
   We never fool with trifles
   We hang our balls
   On shit house walls
   And shoot them down with rifles.

2. We scratch our ass
   With broken glass
   Just because it itches
   We fuck our wives
   With butcher knives
   We're real mean sons of bitches
SEVEN OLD LADIES

Chorus: Oh, dear, what can the matter be
    Seven old ladies locked 'in the lava'try
    They were there from Sunday 'til Saturday
    Nobody knew they were there.

1. The first to go in was old Mrs. Flynn
    She prided herself on being so thin
    But when she sat down the poor dear fell in
    And nobody knew she was there. (SPLASH!)

2. The next to go in was old Mrs. Bender
    She came in to fix up a broken suspender
    It snapped and injured her feminine gender
    And nobody knew she was there. (OUCH!)

3. The third to go in was old Mrs. Humphrey
    Who when she sat down she found it quite comfy
    She tried to get up but she couldn't get her rump free
    And nobody knew she was there. (SHE WAS STUCK!)

4. The fourth to go in was old Mrs. Brewster
    She couldn't see as well as she used to
    She sat on the handle and swore someone goosed her
    And nobody knew she was there. (DO IT AGAIN!)

5. The fifth to go in was old Mrs. Slaughter
    She was the Duke of Effingham's daughter
    She went there to pass superfluous water
    And nobody knew she was there. (TINKLE, TINKLE!)

6. The sixth to go in was old Mrs. Murray
    She had to go in a hell of a hurry
    But when she got there it was too late to worry
    And nobody knew she was there. (SHE WAS ALL WET!)

7. The next to go in was old Mrs. Sickie.
    She hurled the door 'cause she hadn't a nicker
    Caught her foot in the bowl, what a hell of a pickle
    And nobody knew she was there. (COSTS A DIME NOW!)

Contrary to popular belief, there were actually nine women in the lava'try, because . . .

8. The eighth to go in was old Mrs. Margaret
    She just sat down, she'd hardly got started
    She wasted her dime 'cause she only farted
    And nobody knew she was there. (PEEYEYEW!)

9. The ninth to go in was old Mrs. Mason
    She couldn't wait so she used the basin
    And that was the one that I washed my face in
    And nobody knew she was there. ('CEPT ME!)
ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Chorus: Roll your leg over
Roll your leg over
Roll your leg over
The man in the moon.

1. I wish all the girls were like bells in the tower
   And I were a sexton I'd band on the hour.

2. I wish all them ladies were bricks in a pile
   And I were a mason I'd lay them in style.

3. I wish all them ladies were little white flowers
   And I was a bee I'd suck them for hours.

4. I wish all them ladies were moles in the grasses
   And I were a mole I'd smell the molasses.

5. I wish all them girls were like rushes a-growing
   I'd take out my scythe and I'd start a-mowing.

6. I wish all them ladies were fish in the ocean
   And I was a shark I'd raise a commotion.

7. I wish all them ladies were B-29's
   And I were a fighter I'd buzz their behinds.

8. I wish all them ladies were solutions to find
   And I were a frosh I'd plug in and grind.

9. I wish all them ladies were $dx/dt$
   Then I would integrate them d-me.

10. I wish all them ladies were wrecks on the shoals
    Then I'd be a shipwright and plug up their holes.

11. I wish all them ladies were vessels of clay
    And I were a potter I'd make them all day.

12. I wish all them ladies were gigantic whales
    Then I'd be a barnacle set on their tales.

13. I wish all the young girls were bullets of lead
    Then I'd use my rifle and bang 'til they're dead.

14. I wish all the young girls were telephone poles
    And I were a squirrel, I'd stuff nuts in their holes.

15. I wish all them ladies were statues of Venus
    And I were a Greek with a petrified penis.
16. I wish all them ladies were fish in a pool
   And I were a carp with a waterproof tool.

17. I wish all the girls were like wine in a glass
   Then I'd get so drunk that I'd fall on my ass

18. I wish all them young girls were built like a shoe
   Then I'd be a foot and do what I could do.

19. I wish all them ladies were like mares in a corral
   Then I'd be a stallion and make them immoral.

20. I wish all them ladies were bats in a steeple
    Then I'd be a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

21. I wish all them ladies were mares in a stable
    And I were a groom I'd mount all I was able.

22. I wish all them girls were like holes in a road
    And I were a dump truck I'd empty my load.

23. I wish all the girls were like diamonds and rubies
    Then I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

24. I wish all them girls were like vegetable patches
    And I were the gardener I'd gobble their snatch.

25. I wish all them ladies were singing this song
    It'd be twice as dirty and ten times as long.

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I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, I don't work there anymore
I used to work in Chicago, in a (a) store
A lady came in and asked for some (b)
I asked her what kind she adored (c)
She said and (c) I did
That's why I don't work there no more.

1. (a) candy   (b) candy   (c) kiss
2. (a) confections   (b) sugar   (c) pinch
3. (a) auto parts   (b) auto parts   (c) clutch
4. (a) ABC   (b) booze   (c) liquor
5. (a) meat   (b) meat   (c) porker
6. (a) hardware   (b) nuts and bolts   (c) screw
7. (a) playing card   (b) card game   (c) poker
8. (a) bakery   (b) cake   (c) layer
DRUNK LAST NIGHT

1. Drunk last night, drunk the night before
   Gonna get drunk tonight like I've never been drunk before
   For when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
   For I am a member of the Soused family
   Oh the Soused family is the best family
   That ever came over from old Germany
   There's the highland Dutch and the lowland Dutch
   And the Rotterdam Dutch and the God damn Dutch.

   CHORUS: Singing glorious, glorious
           One keg of beer for the four of us
           Singing glory be to God that there are no more of us
           For one of us can drink it all-alone
           Damn near
           Pass the beer
           Over here.

2. Oh, a Dutch girl's titties are a Dutch Boy's pride
   For instead of having milk they have beer inside. (Chorus)

3. Oh, what's that smell on the evening breeze?
   It's the God damn Dutch eating limburger cheese. (Chorus)

GRANNY'S IN THE CELLAR

Granny's in the cellar
Oh, can't you smell her
Cooking pancakes on a dirty stove
In her eye there is matter
And it's dripping in the batter
And the (SNIFF!!) keeps running from her nose.
THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

1. On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me
   A hand job in a fir tree.

2. On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me
   Two tattered drawers
   And a hand job in a fir tree.

3. Three shithouse doors . . .

4. Four fucking whores . . .

5. Five pubic hairs . . .


7. Seven soggy scrotums . . .

8. Eight aching assholes . . .


10. Ten torn-off testicles . . .

11. Eleven leaping lesbians . . .

12. Twelve twats a-twitching . . .

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE COOKHOUSE

1. It was Christmas Day in the cookhouse
   The happiest day of the year
   Men's hearts were filled with gladness
   And their bellies full of beer
   When up spoke Private Stackhouse
   His voice was stern and crass
   He said, "We don't want your Christmas pudding.
   Shove it up your ------."

Chorus: Tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

2. It was Christmas day in the harem
   The eunuchs were feeling blue
   Hundreds of beautiful women
   And nothing they could do
   Then in walked the big, bad sultan
   As he surveyed the halls
   He shouted, "What do you want for Christmas, boys?"
   And the eunuchs shouted, "------!"
QUARTERMASTER'S SONG

1. For it's beer, beer, beer, that makes you want to cheer
   In the Corps, in the Corps
   For it's beer, beer, beer, that makes you want to cheer
   In the Quartermaster's, Quartermaster's Corps.

CHORUS: My eyes are dim, I cannot see
        I have not brought my specs with me.

2. For it's peanut butter that makes you want to spread her.
3. For it's chocolate cake that makes you want to layer.
4. For it's cold roast duck that makes you want to fight.
5. It's the little white pill that makes her say I will.
6. It's my big banana that gives me such appeal.
7. For it's shish-ka-bob that makes you want to skewer.
8. For it's Johnny Walker Red that gets her into bed.
9. For it's Johnny Walker Black that gets her on her back.
10. For it's Black and Decker that makes you want to drill her.
11. For it's tawny port that makes him grow so short.
12. For it's girls in pink that makes you fingers stink.
13. For it's rolling in the dirt that makes him want to squirt.
14. It's Kentucky Fried Chicken makes her finger lickin' good.
15. For it's cheeks white and pearly that make him come so early.
16. For it's Mozzarella cheese that gets her on her knees.
17. For it's Chinese rice that makes her taste so nice.
18. For it's girls from the South that take it in the mouth.
19. For it's girls from Maine who like to pull your chain.
20. It's an ice cream cone that makes her go so frigid.
21. It's my big hard salami that made her call her mommy.
22. For it's bubble gum that makes her want to come.
23. It's an acting course that helps her fake orgasm.
24. For it's shrimp, shrimp, shrimp, that makes him go so limp.
25. For it's brown paper bags that help us when they're scags.
26. For it's Mom's apple pie that makes you want a piece.
27. If you brush with Crest she'll let you lick her breast.
28. It's a broken typewriter that makes her miss her period.
29. It's her beaver so furry that makes you want to hurry.
30. You should see how she flinches when she sees my twelve inches.
31. It's the old sour lemon that makes you want to pucker.
32. It's old Rebel Yell that makes your pecker swell.
33. For it's oysters, oysters, oysters, that make you want to shuck her.
34. For it's meanness, meanness, meanness, that makes her want your penis.
35. It's a charming little lass who will take it up the ass.
36. He thinks he's such a card but he can never get it hard.
37. He thinks he's oh so fast but he can never make it last.
38. It's nights on the town that keep a good man down.
39. It's girls like that that give us all the clap.
40. It's a man with a tongue that keeps a woman young.
41. It's tequila, tequila, tequila, that makes her want your worm.
CHORUS: Salvation Army
        Salvation Army
        Put a nickel in the drum
        Save another drunken bum
        Salvation Army
        Salvation Army
        Put a nickel in the drum and you'll be saved.

1. Down at our bar, all the waitresses wear grass skirts. (BOO!)
   But there's plenty of lawnmowers around. (YEA!)

2. Down at our bar, all the waitresses wear skirts down to the floor. (BOO!)
   But they're made of Saran Wrap. (YEA!)

3. Down at our bar, they just threw all the beer into the river (BOO!)
   Swim call! (YEA!)

4. Down at our bar, all the waitresses wear tin skirts. (BOO!)
   But all the men have can openers. (YEA!)

5. Down at our bar, the bar is only 3 feet wide. (BOO!)
   But it's 4 miles long (YEA!)

6. Down at our bar, you can't take the waitresses home. (BOO!)
   They take you home (YEA!)

7. Down at our bar, you can't sleep with the waitresses. (BOO!)
   They don't let you sleep. (YEA!)

8. Down at our bar, the ABC board says we can't drink any more. (BOO!)
   They also said we can't drink any less. (YEA!)

9. Down at our bar, we only have one mattress on the floor. (BOO!)
   But it goes from wall to wall. (YEA!)

10. Down at our bar, the first rule is no fucking on the dance floor. (BOO!)
    The second rule is no dancing on the fuck floor. (YEA!)
MARRIAGE SONG

Father, oh dear Father got off your lazy bones
Tomorrow I will marry my lover Jimmy Jones
Daughter, oh dear Daughter, you'll have to wed another
You cannot marry Jimmy Jones 'cause he is your half brother.

Father, oh dear Father, I hope that you won't care
Tomorrow I will marry my lover John O'Hare
Daughter, oh dear Daughter, you'll have to wed another
You cannot marry John O'Hare, 'cause he is your half brother.

Father, oh dear Father, I hope that you won't frown
Tomorrow I will marry my lover Billy Brown
Daughter, oh dear Daughter, you'll have to wed another
You cannot marry Billy Brown 'cause he is your half brother.

Mother, oh dear Mother my poor heart is undone
Every boy I love turns out to be my father's son
Daughter, oh dear Daughter, go on and make you vow
It ain't no sin 'cause your no kin to your father anyhow.
I'M CHANGING MY NAME TO CHRYSLER

Oh, the price of gold is rising out of sight
And the dollar is in sorry shape tonight
What the dollar used to get us Now won't buy a head of lettuce
No the economic forecast isn't right
I can even glimpse a new and better way
And I've devised a plan of action
Worked it down to the last fraction
And I'm going into action here today.

Chorus:
I'm changing my name to Chrysler
I'm going down to Washington D.C.
I will tell some power broker/ What they did for Iacocca
Will be perfectly acceptable to me
I am changing my name to Chrysler
I am headed for that great receiving line
So when they hand a million grand out
I'll be standing with my hand out
Yes sir, I'll get mine

When my creditors are screaming for their dough
I'll be proud to tell where they all can go
They won't have to scream and holler, they'll be paid to the last dollar
Where the endless streams of money seem to flow
I'll be glad to tell them all what they can do
It's a matter of a simple form or two
It's not just remuneration, it's a liberal education
Ain't you kind of glad that I'm in debt to you

Chorus

Since the first amphibians crawled out of the slime
We've been struggling in an unrelenting climb
We were hardly up and walking before money started talking
And it's said that failure is an awful crime
Well it's been that way for a millennium or two
But now it seems that there's a different point of view
If you're a corporate Titanic and your failure is gigantic
Down in Congress there's a safety net for you

Chorus
DRAFT DODGER'S RAG

Will I'm just a typical American boy
From a typical American town
I believe in God and Senator Dodd
And keepin' ole' Castro down
But when it came my time to serve
I said "Better red than dead"
And when I saw my old draft board buddy
This is what I said,

Chorus:
Well I'm only 18, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, my feet are flat
And my asthma's getting worse.
Think of my career, my sweetheart dear
And my poor old invalid aunt
Well I ain't no fool I'm going to school
And working in a defense plant.

I got a racked up back and a dislocated disc
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
When the big bomb hits I get epileptic fits
I'm addicted to a thousand drugs
Hey, I'm so fat I can't touch my toes
I can barely touch my knees.
And if the enemy ever gets too close
I'll probably start to sneeze.

Chorus

Will I hate Chi Minh and I hope he dies
And this is what I feel,
If somebody's gotta go over there
That somebody isn't me
So come on Sarge let's have a ball
Maybe kill me a thousand or so
If they find a war without any gore
Well I'll be the first to go.

Chorus
I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to be a soldier,
Don't want to be a man of Mars,
I just want to go down to old Soho,
Pinching all the girlies on the shoulder blades.
I don't need no foreign women,
London's full of girls I never had,
I want to stay in England, jolly, jolly England
Following the footsteps of me Dad.

Chorus:
Call out the Army and the Navy
Call out the rank and file
Call out the members of the Queen's Marines,
They'll serve England with a smile, with a smile.
Call out the bloody politicians
Call out the King's artillery
You can call out me mother, me sister or me brother
But Goddamn don't call me!

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday, success, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I saw it Gor blimey,
Friday I had me hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak,
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the damn thing up her,
And now I'm payin' thirty bob a week.

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly underground,
Living off the earnings of a high class lady.
I don't want a bullet in me backside,
I don't want me buttocks shot away,
I want to stay in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate me friggin' life away.
SHOVE IT HOME
(Tune: She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain)

I gave her inches one, shove it home, shove it home,
I gave her inches one, Shove it home;
I gave her inches, she said, "Johnny, ain't it fun,
Put your belly next to mine and shove it home."

I gave her inches two,
She said, "Johnny, I love you."

I gave her inches three,
She said, "Johnny, I got to pee."

I gave her inches four,
She says, "Johnny, I want more."

I gave her inches five,
She says, "Johnny, look alive."

I gave her inches six,
She says, "I've seen bigger pricks."

I gave her inches seven,
She says, "Golly, ain't it heaven."

I gave her inches eight,
She says, "Johnny, this is great!"

I gave her inches nine,
She says, "Johnny, ain't this fine."

I gave her inches ten,
She says, "Can't you come again?"

I gave her inches twent,
She says, "Johnny, that's a-Plenty,
Put you pecker in your pants
And shove off home."
ROLL ME OVER

Oh, this is number one and the fun has just begun,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh, this is number two and his hand is on my shoe . . .

Oh, this is number three and his hand is on my knee . . .

Oh, this is number four and he's got me on the floor . . .

Oh, this is number five and he's got me dancing jive . . .

Oh, this is number six and he's got me doing tricks . . .

Oh, this is number seven and it's feeling just like heaven . . .

Oh, this is number eight and the doctor's awful late . . .

Oh, this is number nine and the twins are doing fine . . .

Oh, this is number ten and let's do it all again . . .

Oh, 'this is number 'leven and it's just like number seven . . .

Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard
To fetch her poor dog a bone.
But when she bent over, old Rover took over
And gave her a bone of his own.
THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

We sailed the good ship Venus,
My God you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed
On top of a throbbing penis.

Chorus:
    Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

The first mate's name was Andy,
By God he had a dandy,
They crushed his cock upon a rock
For pissing in the brandy.

The second mate was Morgan,
By God he was a Gorgon.
From half past eight, he played till late
Upon the skipper's organ.

The cabin boy was chipper,
A likely little nipper,
He filled his ass with broken glass
And circumcized the skipper.

The captain's daughter Mabel
Would screw when she was able.
The dirty shits, they nailed her tits
Upon the galley table.

Another daughter Betty,
To screw was always ready,
She'd fornicate with the second mate
Upon the chartroom table.

The captain's youngest daughter
Was washed into the water.
Her plaintive squeals announced that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

The captain's wife was Charlotte,
Born and bred a harlot,
At night her thighs were lily white,
And by morning they were scarlet.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
We rolled that poor dog over,
And ground and ground that faithful hound
From Cape Cod back to Dover.

And when we reached our station,
In the midst of jubilation,
The ship was sunk from too much spunk
And too much fornication.
THE ROOSTER SONG

We had some ____ (a) ____
We had some ____ (b) ____
My wife said, "Honey, we're losing money, 'cause those ____ (c) ____
One day that Rooster snuck into that yard
He caught those ____ (d) ____ right off of their guard
_____ (e) ____

Since that Rooster came into that yard.

1. (a) hens, who wouldn't lay eggs
   (b) hens, no eggs would they lay
   (c) hens they won't lay eggs
   (d) hens
   (e) They're laying eggs now, just like they used to

2. (a) a milk cow, who wouldn't give milk
   (b) a milk cow, no milk would it give
   (c) milk cow won't give milk
   (d) milk cow
   (e) She's giving egg nog, in quart containers

3. (a) a gum tree, that wouldn't give gum
   (b) a gum tree, no gum would it give
   (c) gum tree won't give gum
   (d) gum tree
   (e) It's giving chiclets, in little boxes

4. (a) a gas pump, that wouldn't pump gas
   (b) a gas pump, no gas would it pump
   (c) gas pump won't pump gas
   (d) gas pump
   (e) It's pumping Egg-son, and Shell

5. (a) a marijuana plant, that wouldn't give grass
   (b) a marijuana plant, no grass would it give
   (c) marijuana plant won't give grass
   (d) marijuana plant
   (e) It's giving chicken pot pie, aged and smoked

6. (a) an actor, who wouldn't do Shakespeare
   (b) an actor, no Shakespeare would he do
   (c) actor won't do Shakespeare
   (d) actor, bending over
   (e) Now he's doing Omelet, and he's even cut a record album in
      (but you got to egg him on)

7. One day the Rooster, the Rooster went gay.
   One day the Rooster, he like, Anita Bryanted out.
   My wife said, "Honey, we're losing money 'cause the Rooster done
   went gay."
   One day the hens snuck into that yard.
   They caught that Rooster right off of his guard.
   He's laying hens now, just like he used to,
   And that's the story of the Rooster who came into our yard.
THE WILD WEST SHOW

Chorus:
We're off to see the Wild West Show
The elephants and the kangaroos
Whenever we're together
There's never stormy weather
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

Leader: Step right up and see the amazing (insert animal's name)!*
Crowd: The amazing (insert animal's name)!
Leader: Yes, the amazing (insert animal's name)!
Crowd: FANTASTIC!, INCREDIBLE!, NO SHIT!
Tell us about the motherfucker!
Leader: repeat the verse.

*Leader may make the introduction as long as he wants.

1. Oh No Bird
The Oh No Bird is an amazing little bird. Its legs are three inches long and its balls are twelve inches long. Whenever he comes in for a landing, he goes, "Oh No! Oh No!"

2. The Milormor Bird
He is a cousin of the Oh No Bird. He also has three inch legs and twelve inch balls. And when he comes in for a landing you can hear him for a mile or more.

3. Rat-A-Tat Bird
He is another cousin of the Oh No Bird. He also has three inch legs and twelve inch balls. He always lands on railroad tracks. When he comes in for a landing he goes, "Rat-a-tat-tat, Rat-a-tat-tat."

4. The Kiki Bird
The Kiki Bird is a little bird who lives on the South Pole and when it's real cold at night you can hear his cry, "Ki, Ki, Ki-rist it's cold!"

5. The Wicky-Wacky Bird
His foreskin is attached to his eyelid. When he wacks, he winks, and when he winks, he wacks. (DON'T THROW SAND IN HIS EYE, LADY)

6. The Tatooed Lady
The Tatooed Lady has a "W" tattooed on her left cheek of her ass and another "W" tattooed on the right cheek of her ass. When she stands up it says "WOW", when she stands on her head it says, "MOM", and when she does cartwheels it says, "WOW, MOM!"

7. The Tatooed Lady's Sister
The Tatooed Lady's Sister has "Merry Christmas" tattooed on the inside of her right thigh and "Happy New Year" tattooed on the inside of her left thigh. She always says, "Stop up and see me between the holidays."
8. The Mathematical Impossibility
There she is, the Mathematical Impossibility. The only woman who was "eight" before she was seven.

9. The Amazing American Station Wagom
The Amazing American Station Wagon is the only automobile in the world where you can get "eight" in the front and sixty-nine in the back.

10. The Bengal Tiger
The Bengal Tiger is the only pussy in the world that is so big, it eats you.

11. The Orangutan
The Orangutan is a jungle creature with brass ball, and as he swings through the trees you can hear them go, Or-ang-u-tang, Or-ang-u-tang!

12. The Laid Back Rhino
The Laid Back Rhino is a creature that no matter how many times he gets laid, he's still horny.

13. The Pornographic Woodland Creatures
The Pornographic Woodland Creatures number in the thousands, and include the two legged deer, the bear assed bear, the one eyed winking worm, the horny toad, the zipper snake, the trouser trout, and the wide open beaver.

14. The Fugawi Tribe
The Fugawi Tribe is a group of African natives. They stand four foot tall and live in grass that is six feet high. All day long they keep jumping up and down saying, "We the Fugawi!, We the Fugawi!"

15. The Moanback Tribe
The Moanback Tribe is another group of African natives. They are commonly found behind gargabe trucks saying, "Mon back, Mon back."

16. The Ho-Di-Do Tribe
The Ho-Di-Do Tribe is another group of African natives commonly found running for an elevator yelling, "Ho de do, Man."

17. The Pigmy Rapist
The Pigmy Rapist is a little fucker about this tall.

18. The Navy Ensign.
He takes out gorgeous women. He wines them and dines them. He dances them and romances them. And at the end of the evening, he's cuddling her on her front door step and he says, "How about a little good night fuck?" And she replies, "Good night, fuck!"

19. The Navy Lieutenant
He only dates bi-sexuals. He wines them and dines them. He dances them and romances them. And at the end of the evening, he's cuddling her on her front doorstep and he says, "How about a little sex?" And she replies, "Bye!"
20. The Navy Commander
Let me tell you about the Navy Commander. I met him in a bar one night. He was sitting there with ten martinis in front of him. I said, "Why do you have ten martinis in front of you?" To which he replied, "I am celebrating my first blow job." I asked if I could buy him another one and he said, "No, if ten don't get the taste out of my mouth, nothing will."

21. The Navy Captain
Let me tell you about the Navy Captain. I met him in a bar one night. He was sitting there with ten martinis in front of him. I said, "Why do you have ten martinis in front of you?" To which he replied, "I am celebrating my first fuck." I asked him if I could buy him another one and he said, "No, if ten don't kill the pain in my ass, nothing will."
KNOCK-KNOCK SONG

1. Knock-knock!
   Who's there?
   Sheila!
   Sheila who?
   She loves to...(chorus)

   CHORUS: Gang bang and always will
   Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill
   When I was younger and in my prime
   I used to gang bang all the time
   But now I'm older and turning grey
   I only gang bang twice a day.

2. Knock-knock!
   Who's there?
   Ammonia!
   Ammonia who?
   I'm only a little guy
   but I love to...

3. Knock-knock!
   Who's there?
   Eisenhower!
   Eisenhower who?
   I'd like an hour late
   for the...

4. Knock-knock!
   Who's there?
   Euripides!
   Euripides who?
   You rippa dese pants
   off and we'll have a...

5 Knock-knock!
   Who's there?
   Wilma!
   Wilma who?
   Will my finger do if
   if my zipper's gets
   stuck during the...

6. Knock-knock!
   Who's there?
   Emerson!
   Emerson who?
   'Em are some nice tits, lady
VATICAN RAG

First you get down on your knees
Fiddle with your rosaries
Bow your head in great respect and
Genuflect, genuflect, genuflect
Do whatever steps you want if
Your in tandem with the pontiff
Everybody sees him
Kyrie elaison
Doin' the Vatican Rag.

Get in line in that procession
Step into that small confessional
There's a man who's got religion who'll
Tell you if your sin's original
If it is just play it safer
Drink the wine and chew the wafer
Two, four, six, eight
Time to transcendentiate

Get yourself down on your knees
Fiddle with your rosaries
Bow your head in great respect and
Genuflect, genuflect, genuflect
Make the cross on your abdomen
When in Rome do like a Roman
Ave Maria
Gee it's glad to see ya
Doin' the Vatican
Doin' the Vatican
Doin' the Vatican Rag.
RODRIGUEZ, THE MEXICAN PERVERT
(Tune: Ciolito Lindo)

Chorus: Aye, aye, aye, aye
Rodriguez, the Mexican pervert (this changes every chorus)
So let's sing another verse
That's worse than the other verse
And waltz me around by my willy

1. There once was a farmer named Lear
   Who possessed a fine cow that gave beer
   Budweiser and Schlitz
   Were tapped from her tits
   And pretzels came out of her rear.

   Chorus: Your sister sucks bird shit off statues.

2. There once was a young man named Dave
   Who kept a dead whore in a cave
   He said I'll admit
   That she does stink a bit
   But think of the money I save.

   Chorus: Your father beats off in confession.

3. There once was a young girl named Sue
   Who filled her vagina with glue
   She said with a grin
   If they'll pay to get in
   They'll pay to get out again, too.

   Chorus: Your mother goes down for a quarter.

4. There once was a lady named Alice
   She used a dynamite stick for a phallus
   They found her vagina
   In South Carolina
   And the rest of her body in Dallas.

   Chorus: Your sister does squat thrusts on bedposts.

5. The once was a young lad named Lou
   Who bedded a young girl named Sue
   If he'd been richer a quarter
   Or half an inch shorter
   He wouldn't have caught NSU.

   Chorus: Your grandmother swims after troopships (AND CATCHES THEM)

6. There once were two young girls from Birmingham
   And this is the story concerning 'em
   They lifted the frock
   And diddled the cock
   Of the bishop who was confirming 'em

   Chorus: Your grandmother douches with DRANO.

7. There once was a young man named James
   Who loved to play childish games
   He lighted the rim
   Of his grandmother's quim
   And laughed as she pissed through flames.

   Chorus: Your father does push-ups on doughnuts.

8. There once was a man from Nantucket
   Who has a dick so long he could suck it
   He said with a grin
   As he wiped off his chin
   If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it.

   Chorus: Your Dad likes to wear women's clothing.
CHORUS: Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die.
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die.
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

He was just a rookie trooper, and
he surely shook with fright
As he checked out his equipment
and made sure his pack was tight,
He had to set and listen to those
awful engines roar,
And he ain't gonna jump no more
(chorus)

"Is everybody happy!" cried the
Sergeant, looking up.
Our hero feebly answered "yes",
and then they stood him up,
He jumped right out into the blast,
his static line unhooked,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.
(chorus)

He counted long, he counted loud, he
waited for the shock,
He felt the clouds, he felt the
wind, he felt the awful drop,
He pulled the cord, the silk
spilled out, and wrapped around
his legs,
And he ain't gonna ....
(chorus)

The days he'd lived and laughed and
loved kept running thru his mind
He thought about his girl back home,
the one he'd left behind.
He thought about the ground below,
and wondered what they'd find
And he ain't gonna jump no more
(chorus)

The sirens were a blaring
and the jeeps were running wild.
The medics on the ground below
rolled up their sleeves and smiled
For it had been a week or more
since last a chute had failed,
And he ain't gonna jump no more
(chorus)

He hit the ground the sound was
splat! The blood went spurting high
His comrades then were heard to
say, A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE!
He lay there rolling round
in the welter of his gore,
And he ain't gonna jump no more
(chorus)

(slower and slower)

There was blood upon the
risers, There was brains upon the
chute, his intestines were a
danglin' from his paratrooper boots.
They picked him up, still in
his chute, and poured him from
his boots,
(resume tempo and brightness)

AND HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(chorus)
YOUR BABY HAS GONE DOWN THE TUBBO

A mother was washing her baby one night
The youngest of ten and a delicate sight
The poor little thing was so skinny and thin
'Twas just but a skeleton covered with skin
The mother turned 'round for some soap of the rack
'Twas only a moment but when she turned back
The baby was gone and the poor mother cried,
"Oh, where can my baby be?" The angels replied.

Your baby has gone down the tubbo
Your baby has gone down the plug
The poor little thing was so skinny and thin
He should have been washed in a jug
Your baby is perfectly happy
He won't need a bath anymore
He's mucking about with the angels above
Not lost, just gone before.

THE WOODPECKER'S SONG

1. I stuck my finger in the woodpecker's hole
   And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul.
   Take it out. Take it out. Take it out.
   REMOVE IT"

2. I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
   And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul.
   REPLACE IT."

3. I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
   And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul.
   Turn it 'round. Turn it 'round. Turn it 'round.
   REVOLVE IT."

4. I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
   And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul.
   Turn it back. Turn it back. Turn it back.
   REVERSE IT."

5. I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
   And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul.
   Take it out. Take it out. Take it out.
   REMOVE IT."
THE GREEN BERET

CHORUS: Silver wings upon my chest
Fly my chopper above the best
I can make more dough that way
And I don't need a green beret

1. Tennis shoes upon his feet
Some folks call him Sneaky Pete
Sneaks around the woods all day
And wears that funny green beret (CHORUS)

2. As I fly my chopper home
I leave him out there all alone
But he's where Beret's belong
Deep in the jungle writing songs (CHORUS)
IF I WERE THE MARRYIN' KIND

CHORUS: If I were the marryin' kind
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir
The kind of man that I would be
Would be a rugby...

1. Goalpost, sir.
   'Cause I'd get split
   And she'd get split
   We'd all get split together
   We'd be alright
   In the middle of the night
   Getting split together

2. Sideline, sir.
   'Cause I'd get laid
   And she'd get laid
   We'd all get laid together
   We'd be alright
   In the middle of the night
   Getting laid together

3. Half-time orange, sir.
   'Cause I'd get sucked
   And she'd get sucked
   We'd all get sucked together
   We'd be alright
   In the middle of the night
   Getting sucked together.

4. Referee's whistle, sir.
   'Cause I'd get blown
   And she'd get blown
   We'd all get blown together
   We'd be alright
   In the middle of the night
   Getting blown together.

5. Scrum half, sir.
   'Cause I'd put it in
   And she'd put it in
   We'd all put it in together
   We'd be alright
   In the middle of the night
   Putting it in together.

6. Winger, sir
   'Cause I'd get creamed
   And she'd get creamed
   We'd all get creamed together
   We'd be alright
   In the middle of the night
   Getting creamed together.

7. Goalpost #2, sir.
   'Cause I'd stand erect
   And she'd stand erect
   We'd all stand erect together
   We'd be alright
   In the middle of the night
   Standing erect together.
SWEET ANTOINETTE

Sweet Antoinette
Your pants are wet
You say it's sweat
It's piss I'll bet
In all my dreams
Your bare ass gleams
Your the wrecker of my pecker
Sweet Antoinette