

Beastiality's Best

(To the tune of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down")

Chorus

Beastiality's best, boys, beastiality's best...

(Echo) Fuck a wallaby!

Beastiality's best, boys, beastiality's best!

1

Shove your log in a dog, boys,

Shove your log in a dog.

(Echo) Fuck a wallaby!

(You've gotta) shove your log in a dog,

boys,

Shove your log in a dog...

(Songmaster:) All together now!

2 Up the rear of a deer...etc.

3 Intercourse with a horse...

4 Have a fuck with a duck...

5 Chuck your sperm in a worm...

6 Lick the twat of a cat...

7 Do an illegal with an eagle...

8 Up the hole of a mole...

9 Give some cock to a croc...

10 Shoot your load in a toad...

11 Have a rape with an ape...

12 Get in deep with a sheep...

13 Have a frig with a pig...

14 Up the thigh of a fly...

15 Give your gerbil some verbal...

16 Fool with the tool of a mule...

17 In the esophagus of an octopus...

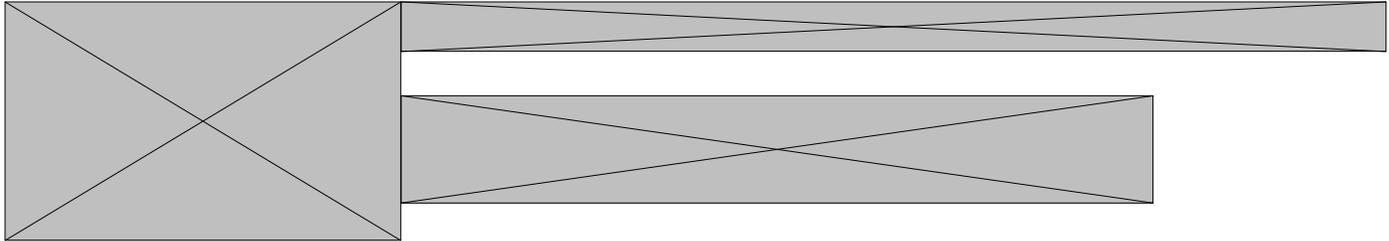
18 Make it twirl in a squirrel...

19 Down the throat of a goat...

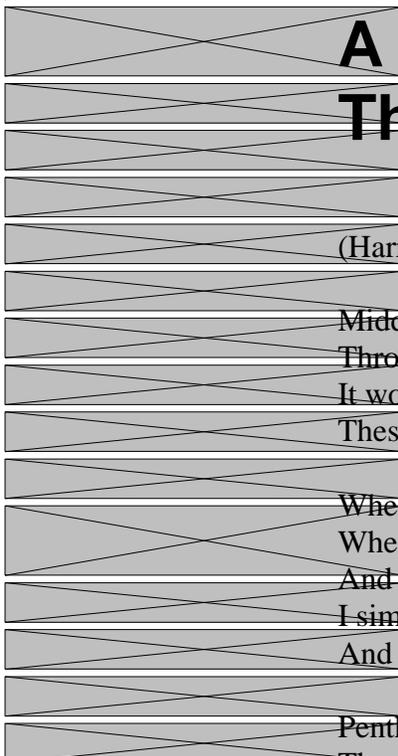
20 Shove your willy up a filly...

- 21 Stick you rod up a cod...
- 22 Up the spout of a trout...
- 23 Do it funky with a monkey...
- 24 Put your noodle to a poodle...
- 25 Make love with a dove...
- 26 Be very pleasant to a pheasant...
- 27 Sixty-nine with a swine...
- 28 Cunnilingo with a dingo...
- 29 Up the tail of a whale...
- 30 Up the ass of a bass...
- 31 Wear out a bug on the rug...
- 32 Mate a 'gator then fellate her...
- 33 Up the box of a fox...
- 34 Have a shag with a stag...
- 35 Nibble the twat of a rat...
- 36 In the dark with a shark...
- 37 Ejaculate in a skate...
- 38 Part the hare of a mare...
- 39 Have a screw with a shrew...
- 40 On top of the easel with a weasel...
- 41 Lick the clit of a nit...
- 42 Drink the pee of a bee...
- 43 Give a half to a giraffe...
- 44 Give a lickin' to a chicken...
- 45 Go a rounder with a flounder...
- 46 Make it wonky with a donkey...
- 47 In the sack with yak....
- 48 Get a suck from a duck...
- 49 Get under the tail of a snail...
- 50 Up the fanny of a nanny...
- 51 Get it out for a trout...
- 52 Up the hole of a sole...
- 53 On the lawn with a prawn...
- 54 Be a queer with a deer...
- 55 Have a shaggin' with a dragon...
- 56 Up the anus of a platypus...
- 57 Get the pox off a fox...
- 58 Any which way with a jay...
- 59 Have a hug with a bug...
- 60 Make some porn with a unicorn...
- 61 Put it through a gnu...
- 62 Have a goose with a moose...
- 63 Up the cunt of a runt...
- 64 Get frisky with a pixie...
- 65 In the Bahamas with some llamas...
- 66 Up the flue of a shrew...

67 Have a filler with a gorilla...
68 In the lake with a drake...
69 Get your release in a fleece...
70 Put it in the mid of a squid...
71 Make it course with a horse...
72 Help old Watson with a dachshund...
73 Soixante-neuf with a smurf...
74 Put it in the mouth of a sloth...
75 Get your oats with some stoats...
76 In the lake with a drake...
77 A dirty weekend in Wirral with a squirrel...
78 In the lug of a slug...
79 Have a squirm with a worm...
80 Have a cracker with a quacker...
81 Go and defile a crocodile...
82 In a bag with a stag...
83 Have a lark with an aardvark...
84 In a heap with a sheep...
85 Have a deer from the rear...
86 Go the whole way with a moray...
87 Have a toss with a hoss...
88 Put your thang in an orangoutang...
89 In the ear of a deer...
90 Make it limp in a chimp...
91 Beat you wick with a stick...
92 Up the toot-toot of a coot...
93 Be a rotter with an otter...
94 Put your cock in a peacock...
95 In the bog with a dog...
96 Have a chimp with an imp...
97 Come from behind with a hind...
98 Up the back of a yak...
99 On a train with a crane...
100 Anyway you can with a pelican...
101 On a honeymoon with a raccoon...
(And it never ends, make up your own!)



A Few of My Favorite Things



(Harriers)

Middle and Pinky and Index and Ring,
Throw in the thumb and you've got the whole thing,
It works just fine and it's also quite safe,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dawn breaks,
When I wake up,
And it's feeling hard,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

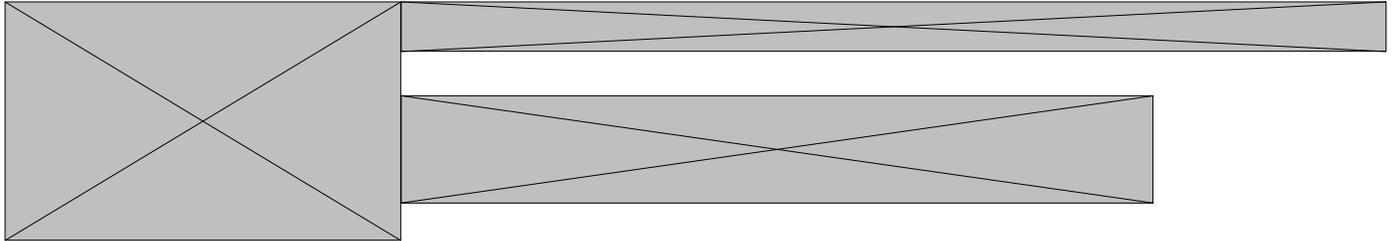
Penthouse and Playboy and something called Forum,
They're what I use to help start something going,
Centerfolds spread-eagled showing me pink,
These are a few of my favorite things.
When I'm lonely,
Really lonely,
By myself again,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

(Harriettes)

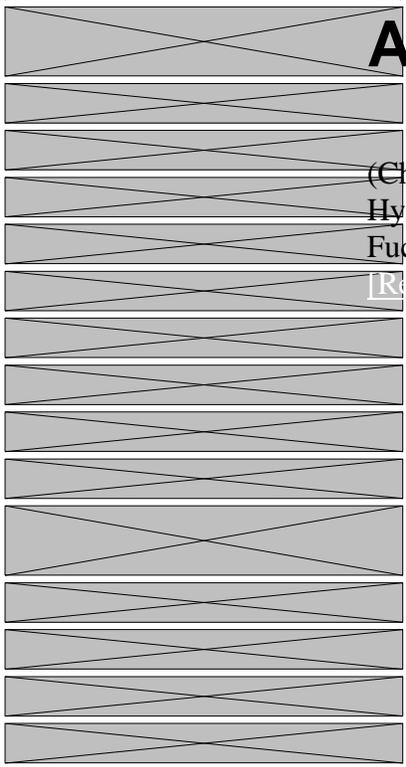
Dildos and vibrators and vaseline jelly,
That's what I use to set fires in my belly,
In and out up and down making me wet,
These are a few of my favorite things.
Men are useless,
I don't need them,
I'm the best I've had,
I simply remember my favorite things,

And that's when it feels so good.

Tight buns, silk undies, and erotic books,
Make me excited I'm starting to cook,
I stir me up and the honey will come,
These are a few of my favorite things.
When I'm thinking,
Of a hard cock,
But I don't see one,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

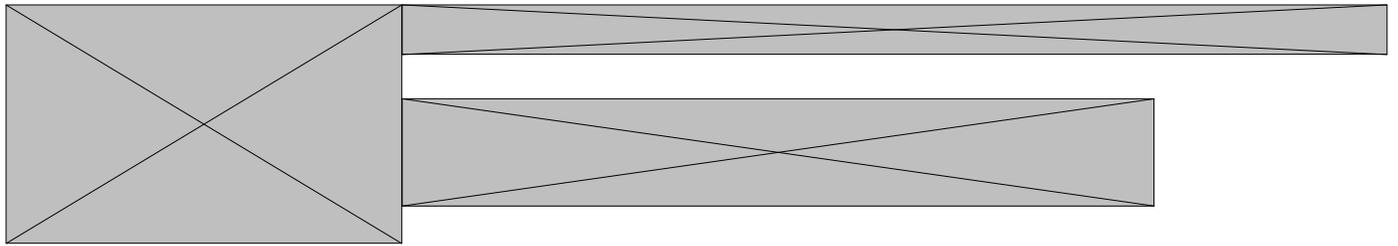


A Small Hymn



(Chant slowly with reverence.)
Hymn, Hymn,
Fuck him.

[R]



Aahlawetta

(To "Alouette", the songmaster points to

various parts of a "volunteer" harriette's anatomy
as the song progresses.)

Chorus

Aahlawetta, gentil Aahlawetta,
Aahlawetta, je te plumerai.

1

Songmaster: How I love her curly hair.

Pack: How I (you) love her curly hair.

Songmaster: Curly hair.

Pack: Curly hair.

Songmaster: Alouett.

Pack: Alouett.

Together: Oh-oh-oh-ohhh. (to Chorus)

2

Songmaster: How I love her bushy brows.

Pack: How I (you) love her bushy brows.

Songmaster: Bushy brows.

Pack: Bushy brows.

Songmaster: Curly hair.

Pack: Curly hair.

Songmaster: Alouett.

Pack: Alouett.

Together: Ohohohohhh.

3

Songmaster: How I love her criss-cross
eyes...etc.

(And so it goes adding one more part with each
verse to the anatomy list to test the sobriety and

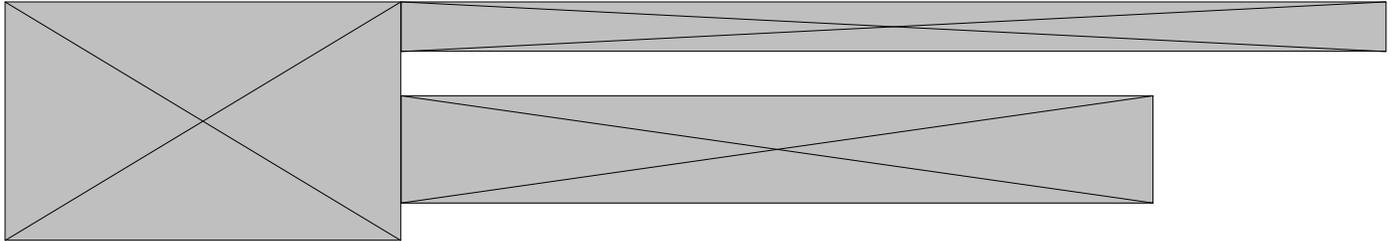
memory of the songmaster. Tradition would have the songmaster do a down down for missing a part during the listing or otherwise screwing up the song.)

Harriette List from Top (with alternates):

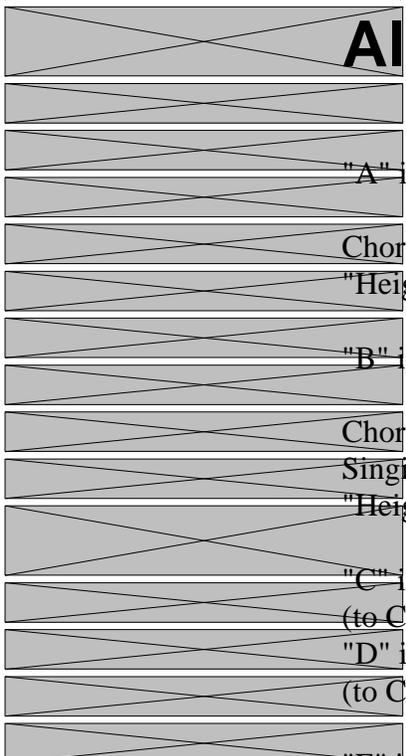
- 1 Curly hair (rat's nest hair)
- 2 Bushy brows (furrowed brow)
- 3 Criss-cross eyes (bloodshot eyes)
- 4 Crooked nose (broken nose)
- 5 Lubra lips (sucking lips)
- 6 Two buck teeth (cum-stained teeth)
- 7 Double chin (drooling chin)
- 8 Saggy tits (swinging tits)
- 9 Big pot belly (pregnant belly/big beer belly)
- 10 Moofy crotch (furry thing)
- 11 Knobbly knees (skinny legs)
- 12 Tinea toes (big smelly feet)

Harrier List from Top (with alternatives):

- 1 Thinning hair (balding head)
- 2 Neaderthal brow (wrinkled brow)
- 3 Blood-shot eyes (one glass eye)
- 4 Broken nose (hairy nose)
- 5 Smelly breath (pukey breath)
- 6 Rotten teeth (toothy gap)
- 6 Double chin (Dumbo ears)
- 7 Hairy chest (skinny chest)
- 8 Big beer belly (Big pot belly)
- 9 Tiny dick (micro-penis)
- 10 Drooping sac (tiny balls)
- 11 Creaky knees (skinny legs)
- 12 Tinea toes (big smelly feet)



Alphabet Song



"A" is for asshole, all covered in shit

Chorus 1

"Heigh-ho," says Rowley.

"B" is for the bugger who revels in it,

Chorus 2

Singing rolly, poley, up'em and stuff'em,

"Heigh-ho," says Anthony Rowley.

"C" is for cunt all dripping with piss,
(to Chorus 1)

"D" is for the drunkard who gave it a kiss,
(to Chorus 2)

"E" is for the eunuch with only one ball, etc.

"F" is for the fucker with no balls at all, etc.

"G" is for goiter, gonorrhoea, and gout, etc.

"H" is the harlot who spreads it about, etc.

"I" is for insertion, injection and itch, etc.

"J" is the jerk of a dog on a bitch, etc.

"K" is for knight who thought fucking a bore, etc.

"L" is the lesbian who came back for more, etc.

"M" is for maidenhead all tattered and torn, etc.

"N" is the noble who died on his horn, etc.

"O" is for orifice all cunningly concealed etc.

"P" is the penis all pranged up and peeled etc.

"Q" is the Quaker who shat in his hat. etc.

"R" is the Rajah who rogered the cat, etc.

"S" is the shit-pot all filled to the brim, etc.

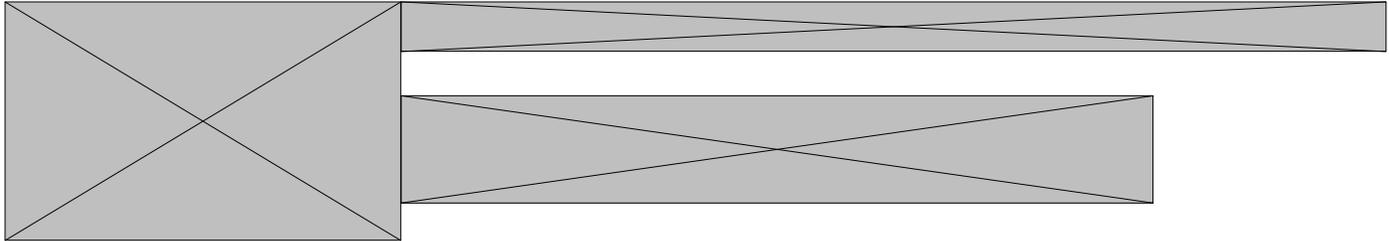
"T" is the turds which are floating within, etc.

"U" is the usher who taught us at school, etc.

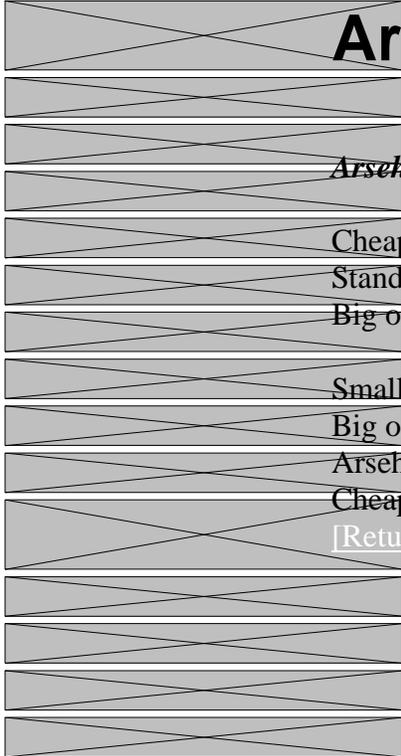
"V" is the virgin who played with his tool, etc.

"W" is the whore who thought fucking a farce, etc.

And "X", "Y", and "Z" you can shove up your arse,
etc.



Arse Holes For Sale

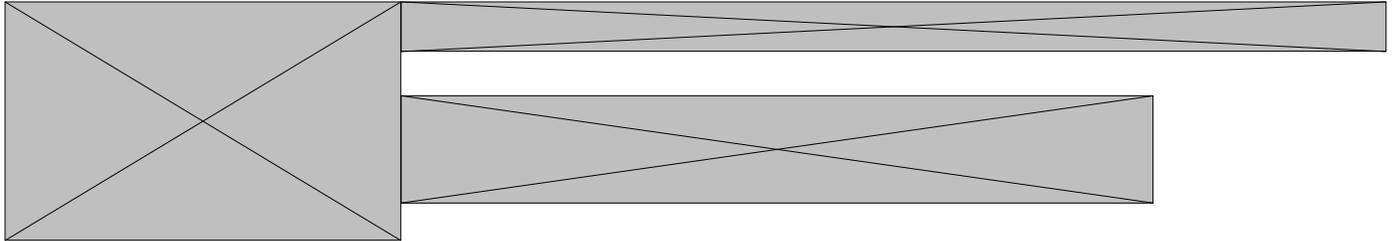


Arseholes are cheap tonight,

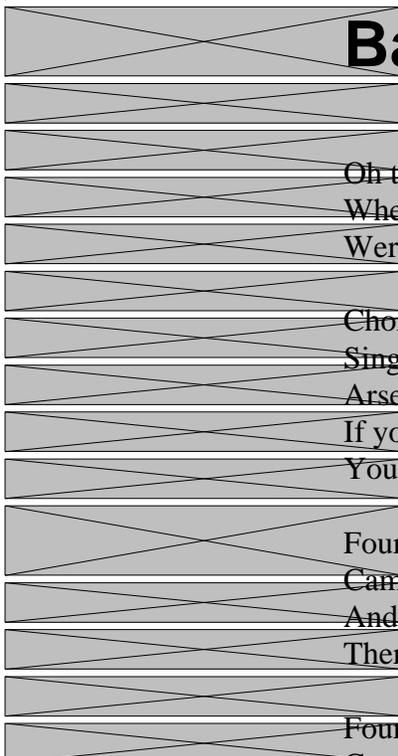
Cheaper than other nights,
Standing or bending down,
Big ones for half a crown.

Small ones are three and six,
Big ones for bigger pricks,
Arseholes are cheap tonight,
Cheaper than other nights.

[Retu



Ball of Kirriemuir



Oh the Ball, the Ball of Kirriemuir,
Where your wife and my wife,
Were a-doing on the floor.

Chorus
Singing, balls to your partner,
Arse against the wall.
If you've never been fucked on Saturday night,
You'll never get fucked at all."

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

Four and twenty prostitutes,
Came up from Glockamore,
And only one went home that night,
And she was double-bore.

The village plumber he was there,
He felt an awful fool.
He'd come eleven leagues or more,
And forgot to bring his tool.

Sandy McPherson he came along,
It was a bloody shame.
He fucked a lassie forty times,
And wouldna take her haim.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
A-jumping off the mantelpiece,
And landing on her tits.

The minister's wife was at the ball,
A-sitting in the front,
A wreath of flowers 'round her ass,
A carrot up her cunt.

Father O'Flannigan he was there,
And in the corner he sat,
Amusing himself BY abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

The Parson's daughter she was there,
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her ass,
And thistle up her cunt.

Bayard Stockton he was there,
Drunk beyond a doubt.
He tried to stuff the parson's wife,
But couldna get the root.

The Vicar's wife she was there,
A-sitting by the fire,
Knitting rubber Johnnies,
Out of India rubber tire.

The Vicar's wife she drank beer,
Back up against the wall,
"Put your money on the table boys,
I'm fit to do ye all."

The Vicar and his lovely wife,
Were having lots of fun,
The Parson had his finger,
Up another lady's bum.

The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey,
The King was in the chambermaid,
And she was in the money.

First lady forward,
Second lady back,
Third lady's finger,
Up the fourth lady's crack.

The bride was in the kitchen,

Explaining to the groom.
The vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the parlor,
Explaining to his bride.
The penis not the scrotum,
Is the part that goes inside.

Mick McMudock when he got there,
His prick was long and high,
But when he fucked her forty times,
He was fucking mighty dry.

McTavish, oh yes, he was there,
His prick was long and broad,
And when he fucked the furrier's wife,
She had to be rebored.

Jock McVenning he was there,
A looking for a fuck,
But every bitch was occupied,
And he was out of luck.

McCardew-Roberts he was there,
His dick was all alert,
But when half the night was done,
'Twas dangling in the dirt.

Lindsay Bedogni he was there,
And he was in despair.
He couldna get his dick,
Through the tangles in his hair.

Dino had a even stroke,
His skill was much admired,
He gratified one cunt at a time,
Until his skill expired.

One village idiot he was there,
Sitting on a pole.
He pulled his foreskin o'er his head,
And whistled through the hole.

The horny idiot he was there,
A-leaning on the gate.

He couldna find a cunt,
So he had to flatulate.

Another idiot he was there,
He wasn't such a fool,
He pulled his foreskin over his head,
And whistled thru his tool.

The village magician he was there,
Doing his favorite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head,
And vanishing up his prick.

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't up too much,
He lined them up against the wall
And shagged them with his crutch.

The village smithy he was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score,
With a red-hot piece of wire.

The blacksmith's brother he was there,
A mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall,
And fucked them three by three.

Now farmer Giles he was there,
His sickle in his hand,
And when he swung the blade around,
He circumcized the band.

Giles he played a dirty trick,
We cannot let it pass,
He showed his lass his mighty prick,
Then shoved it up her ass.

Farmer Brown he was there,
A' jumping on his hat,
For half an acre of his corn
Was fairly fucking flat.

Officer O'Malley he was there,
The pride of all the force.
They found him in the stable,

Wanking off his horse.

The chimney sweep he was there,
They had to throw him out,
For every time he passed his wind,
The room was filled with soot,

The village builder he was there,
He brought his bag of tricks,
He poured cement in all the holes,
And blunted all the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys,
To make their voices higher.

Little Tommy he was there,
He was only eight,
He was too small for the women,
So he had to masturbate.

The village doctor he was there,
He had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances,
He was sterilizing pricks.

The doctor's daughter she was there,
She went to gather sticks.
She couldna find a blade of grass,
For cunts and standing dicks.

The village postman he was there,
The poor man had the pox,
He couldna fuck the lassies,
So he fucked the letter box.

The village butcher he was there,
His cleaver in his hand
And every time he turned around,
He circumcised the band.

The village economist, he was there,
His penis in his hand,
Waiting for the time to come,
When supply would meet demand.

The tax collector he was there,
Collecting all his tax,
The woman who couldna pay,
Were paying on their backs.

The village lawyer he was there,
Collecting all his fees,
The men who couldna pay,
Were paying on their knees.

The village baker she was there,
All covered up in dough,
Men were kneading her up and down,
And slippin' it in her ho'.

The village witch she was there,
In an upstairs' room,
The men were ignoring her,
So she was riding on her broom.

The local herder he was there,
And he began to weep,
All these willing ladies,
And not a single sheep.

The village decorator he was there,
Interiors he likes to design,
Men were leery of him,
For he'd fuck them from behind.

The village nurse she was there,
Checking all the cocks,
She said of all these blisters,
It isn't chicken pox.

The local harlot she was there,
A lay'in on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs,
The vacuum shut the door.

The village leper he was there,
Sitting on a log,
Peeling off his foreskin,
And feeding it to the dog.

The village doctor he was there,
Examining all the men.
Having them turn their heads,
and grabbing all he can.

The village prince he was there,
With his sword in hand.
Every time he turned around
He circumcised the band.

The groom was all excited,
And racing 'round the halls,
A-stumblin' on his pecker,
And tripping o'er his balls.

The elders of the church,
Who were far to old to firk,
All sat around the table,
Were they had a circle jerk.

There was fucking in the haystacks,
Fucking in the ricks,
You couldna hear the music,
for the swishing of the pricks.

A couple of Hashmen they were there,
A' looking for a fuck
But all the cunts were occupied,
And they were out of luck.

They were fucking in the parlor,
They were fucking in the grass,
And all that you could see were waves,
Of undulating ass.

There was fucking on the couches,
There was fucking in the cots,
And lying up against the wall,
Were rows of grinning cunts.

There was fucking in the hallways,
There was fucking in the ricks.
Your couldna hear the music,
For the swishing of the pricks.

There was fucking in the kitchen,

And fucking in the halls.
The most predominate sound,
Was the clanging of the balls.

They were fucking in the ante-room,
And fucking on the stairs.
You couldna see the carpet,
For the cunts and curly hairs.

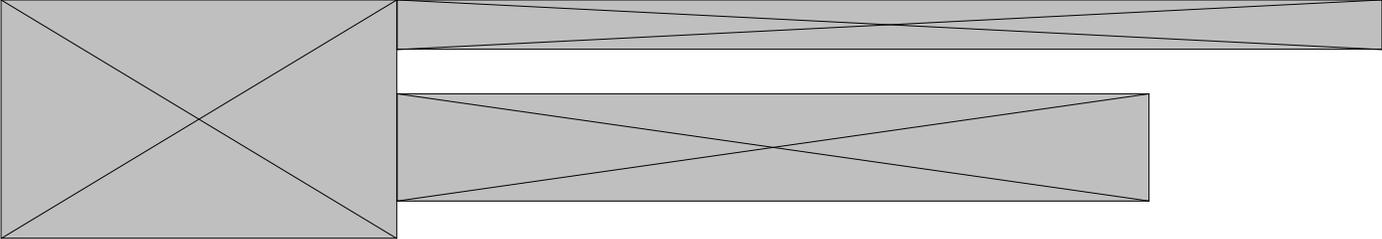
There was fucking in the cornfield,
Fucking in the oats,
Most were doing lassies,
But _____ was doing the goats.

Jockie Stewart did his fucking,
Right upon the moor.
It was, he thought, much better,
Than fucking on the floor.

There was fucking on the highways,
And fucking on the lanes,
You couldna hear the music,
For the rattling of the panes.

And when the ball was over,
Everyone confessed,
They all enjoyed the dancing,
But the fucking was the best.

And so the ball was over,
They all went home to rest,
And the music has been exquisite,
But the fucking was the best.



The Ballad Of The Bobbit Hillbillies

(To "The Beverly Hillbillies Theme")

(Words in parentheses spoken not sung)

~~Come and~~ listen to my story 'bout a man named John,
~~A poor ex-~~Marine with a little fraction gone.
~~It seems one~~ night after gettin' with the wife,
~~She lopped~~ off his schlong with the swipe of a knife.
(Penis that is, clean cut, missed his nuts.)

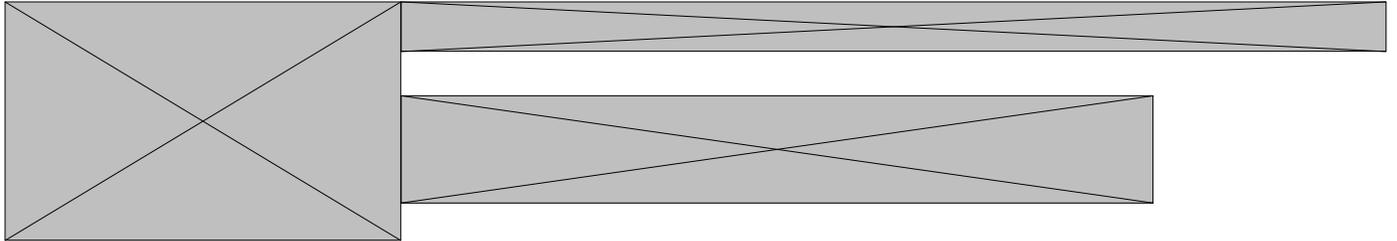
~~Well, the next~~ thing you know there's a Ginsu by his side,
~~And Lorena's~~ in the car takin' willie for a ride.
~~She soon got~~ tired of her purple-headed friend,
~~And tossed~~ him out the window as she went around a bend.
(Curve that is, pricker shrubs, wheel hubs.)

She went to the cops and confessed to the attack,
And they called out the hounds just to get his weenie back.
They sniffed and they barked and they pointed "over there",
To John Wayne's Henry that was waiving in the air.
(Found that is, by a fence, evidence.)

Now Peter and John couldn't stay apart too long,
So a Dick Doc said, "Hey I can fix that Dong!",
"A needle and a thread is all you're gonna need,"
And the whole world waited till they heard that Johnny peed.
(Whizzed that is, even seam, straight stream.)

Well, he healed and he hardened and he took his case to court,
With a cockeyed lawyer since his assets came up short.
They cleared her of assault and acquitted him of rape,
And his pecker was the only one they didn't show on tape.
(Video that is, unexposcase closed.)

Ya all "cum" back now, hear?)



Barnacle Bill

(To "Barnacle Bill the Sailor")

Harriettes:

"Who's that knocking at my door?"
"Who's that knocking at my door?"
"Who's that knocking at my door?"
Said the fair young maiden.

Harriers:

"It's Barnacle Bill, from over the hill,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"It's Barnacle Bill, from over the hill,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

Harriettes:

"Why are you knocking at my door?",
"Why are you knocking at my door?",
"Why are you knocking at my door?",
Said the fair young maiden.

Harriers:

"Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

(Harriettes continue to sing first lines and harriers the second lines with the same repeats and style as above.)

"Shall I come and let you in?"
"Open the door, you dirty old whore,"

"Will you sleep upon the floor?"
"Get off the floor, you dirty old whore,"

"Will you sleep upon the mat?"
"Bugger the mat, you can't fuck that,"

"Will you sleep upon the stairs?"
"Bugger the stairs, they got no hairs,"

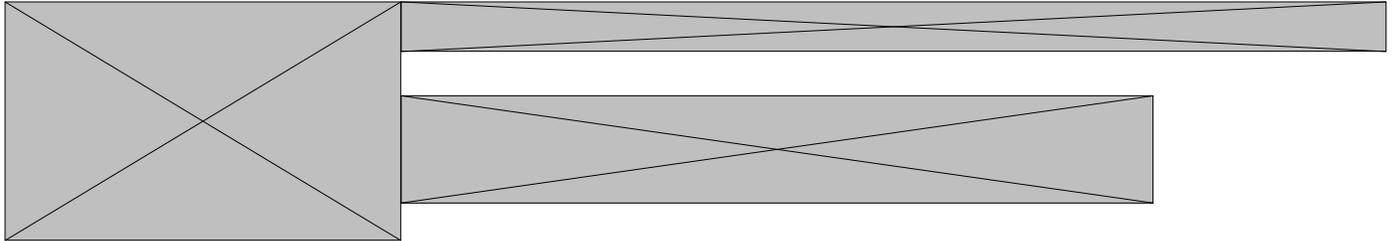
"Will you sleep upon my breasts?"
"Bugger your tits, they give me the shits,"

"Will you sleep between my thighs?"
"Cut the talk and open your fork,"

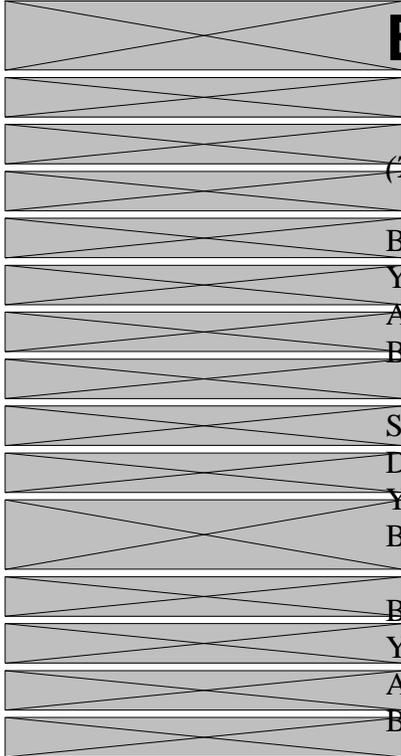
"Will you sleep within my cunt?"
"Bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt,"

"What if we should have a child?"
"Smother the bugger and fuck for another,"

"What if we should have a girl?"
"We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch."



Born Dead



(To Born Free)

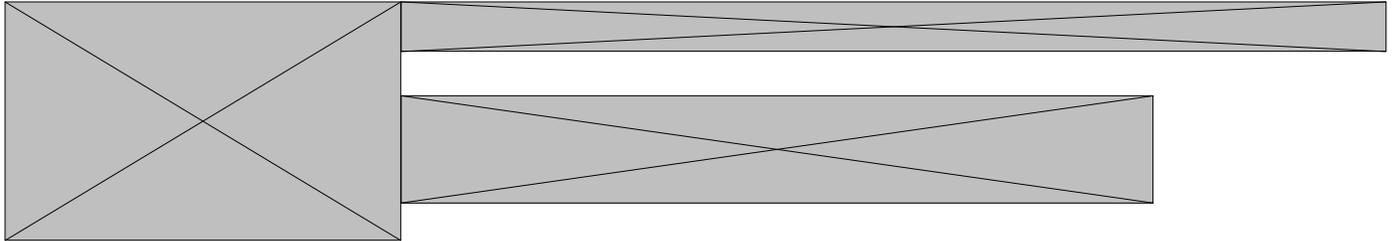
Born dead!
Your baby was born dead;
All torso and no head,
Born dead to live in a jar.

Stay dead!
Don't come back to haunt me;
You really don't want me,
Born dead to live in a jar.

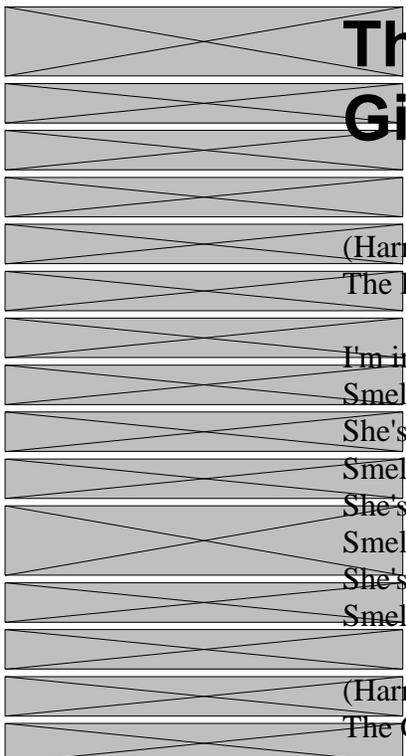
Brain dead!
Your husband is brain dead;
A vein popped in his head,
Brain dead so why not fuck me.

I'm dead!
You killed me for money;
You were such a honey,
I'm dead so you can be free.

Your dead!
You fucked one too many;
You got AIDS a plenty,
You're dead, thank God, you're dead!



The Boy's Song and Girl's Song



(Harriers begin....)

The Boy's Song

I'm in love with the girl next door...

Smell my finger,

She's a big one.

Smell my elbow,

She's enormous.

Smell my armpit,

She's gigantic.

Smell my ankle...

(Harriettes retaliate...)

The Girl's Song

I'm in love with the boy next door...

Where's his pecker?

I can't find it.

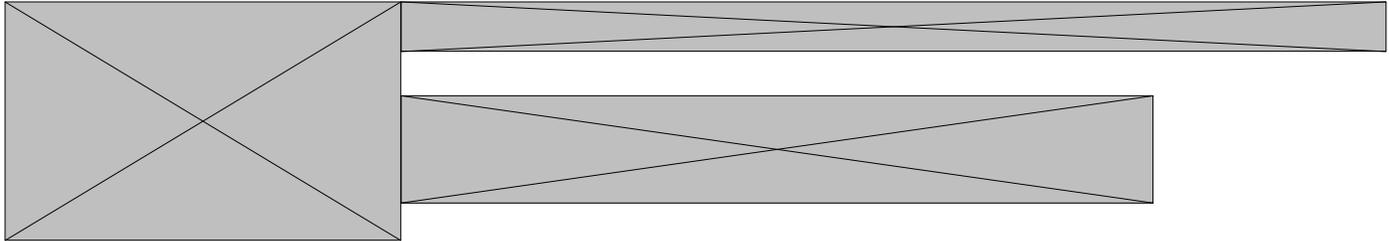
Guess I missed it.

Want a big one.

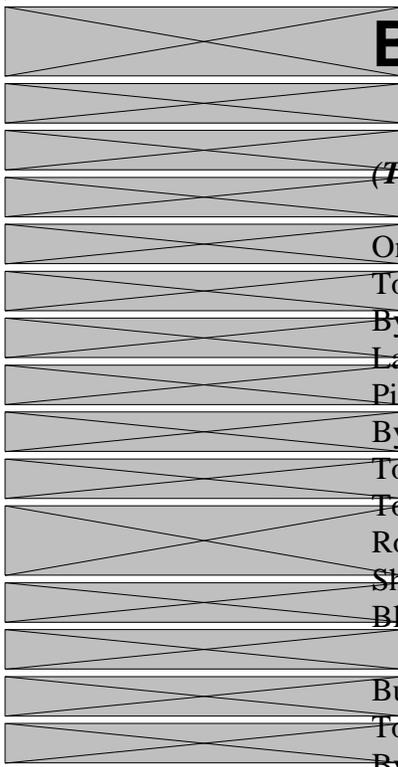
Got a small one.

Want a stiff one.

Got a limp one.



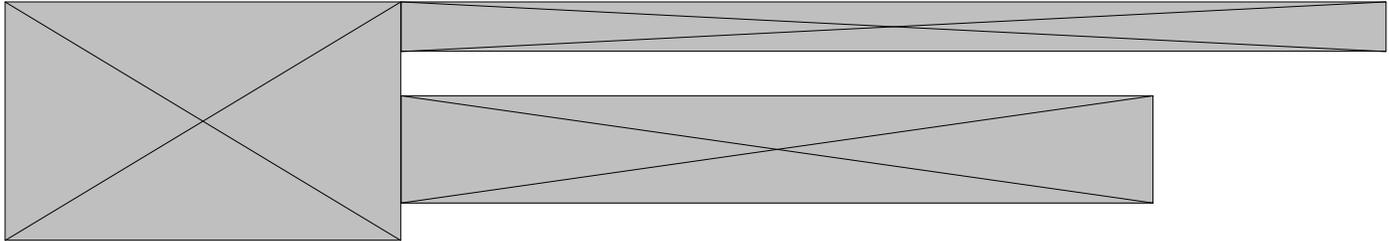
Bye, Bye Blackbird



(To "Bye, Bye Blackbird")

Once a boy was no good,
Took a girl into a wood,
Bye, Bye Blackbird.
Laid her down upon the grass,
Pinched here tits and slapped her ass,
Bye, Bye Blackbird.
Took her where nobody else could find her,
To a place where he could really grind her.
Rolled her over on her front,
Shoved his cock right up her cunt,
Blackbird, Bye Bye.

But this girl was no sport,
Took her story to a court,
Bye, Bye Blackbird.
Told her story in the morn,
Judge and jury had a horn,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.
Then the Judge came to his decision,
This poor fuck got 18 years in prison.
So next time boy, do it right,
Stuff her cunt with dynamite,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.



Can You Walk a Little Way With It In?

(To the tune of "Billy-Boy". Harriers ask and

harriettes answer.)

Can you walk a little way,
With it in, with it in?

Can you walk a little way,
With it in-*nnn*?

I can do it with a smile,
I can walk a bloody mile,
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you pour me frosty beer,
With it in, with it in?

Can you pour me frosty beer,
With it in-*nnn*?

I can poor your frosty beer,
Even with your mug in here,
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you sing a pretty tune,
With it in, with it in?

Can you sing a pretty tune,
With it in-*nnn*?

I can sing a pretty tune,
Under your most handsome moon,
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you drive my father's car,
With it in, with it in?

Can you drive my father's car,
With it in-*nnn*?

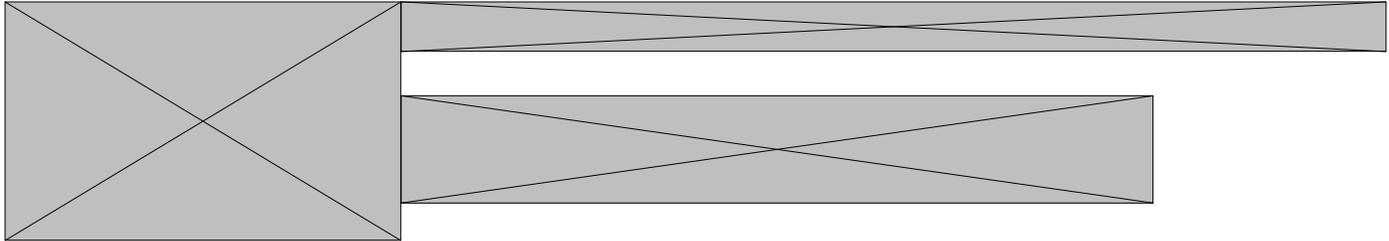
I can drive your father's car,
To the local village bar,
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you stay upon my horse,
With it in, with it in?
Can you stay upon my horse,
With it in-*nnn*?

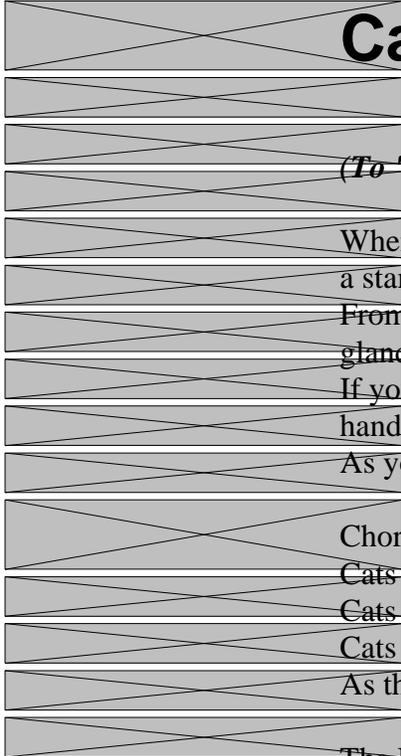
I can stay upon your horse,
And continue intercourse,
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

How soon can you let go,
With it in, with it in?
How soon can you let go,
With it in-*nnn*?

I cannot let it go,
Un-til your seeds you sow,
For I love you and I want to be a mother.



Cats on the Rooftops



(To "Do Ye Ken John Peel")

When you wake up in the morning with the devil of
a stand,
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary
gland.
If you haven't got a woman, use you own horny
hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

Chorus

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable
life,
He can't afford a mistress, and he doesn't have a
wife,
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental
Fife,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor old desert camel has no water for a week,
And as he doesn't drink, the poor bugger cannot
leak,
So he has to hold his water -- so to speak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,
It's very, very seldom that he ever gets a poke.
But when he does- he lets it soak,
And he revels in the joys of fornication.

The hippopotamus, so it seems,
Very, very seldom has wet dreams,
But when he does -- it come in streams,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty
song,
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long.
You should hear his high crescendo-
When his mate is on the prong,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime with a surge
of sexual
joy, and you wife has got the rags on,
And your daughter's feeling coy,
Then jam it up the jacksie of your favorite
choirboy,
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.

The ape is small and rather slow,
Erect he stands just a foot or so,
So when he comes, it's time to go,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The orangutan is a colorful sight,
There's a glow on its arse like a pilot light,
As he jumps and leaps - in the night,
And revels in the joys of fornication.

The flea disports among the trees,
And there consorts with whom he please,
To fill the land with bastard fleas,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,
His night is made when he is done,
He always gets two humps for one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The owls in the trees and cats on the tiles,
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in piles,
You can hear their delighted howls and shrieks for
miles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

Long-legged curates grind like goats,
Pale faced spinsters shag like shoats,
And the whole damn world stands by and gloats,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

Poor old Mr. Bengelstein, whose morals we doubt,
He wanders round with his noodle hanging out,
And when he sees a wench - it up and hits him in
the snout,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The labors of the poofter find but little favor
here.
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful
sleep I fear.
As he dreams he rips a red up some dirty urchin's
rear,
As he revels in the joys of fornication,

The elephant's prick is big and round,
A small one scales a thousand pounds,
Two together rock the ground,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The Australian lady who, when she wants to find a
mate,
Wanders 'round the desert with a feather up her
date.
You should see that feather - when she meets her
destined fate,
As she revels in the joys of fornication.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,
He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in
the throws,
He doesn't stop to take it out - he piddles
through his nose,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,
Gets a flip only once in a while,
But when he does - it floods the Nile,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The lady by the seaside was feeling very blue,
She saw the children at it and she thought she'd

like it too,
So she bought three bananas - and she ate the
other two,
As she reveled in the joys of masturbation.

The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,
But when he does - he makes up for arrears,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seventeen next July,
She's never had a naughty, but she thought she'd
like to try,
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it
on the sly,
And she reveled in the joys of masturbation.

When you wake up in the morning with a devil of a
stand,
From the pressure of the liquid in you seminary
gland,
If you haven't got a woman - use your own fucking
hand.
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day,
Never gets a chance to let himself go play.
So he licks at his dick - in a frantic way,
As he revels in the joys of fornication,

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But when he does - it slips in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell the he from the she,
But he can tell and so can she,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

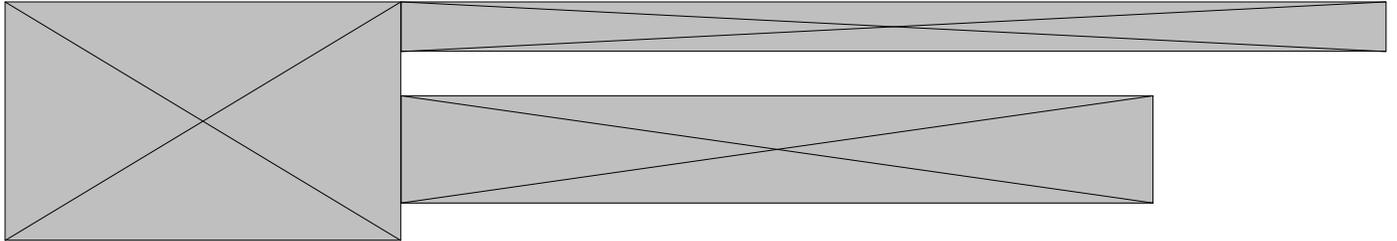
The wild boar is in the mud all day,
Thinks of the sows that are far, far away,
And the corkscrew motion of half a day,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale,

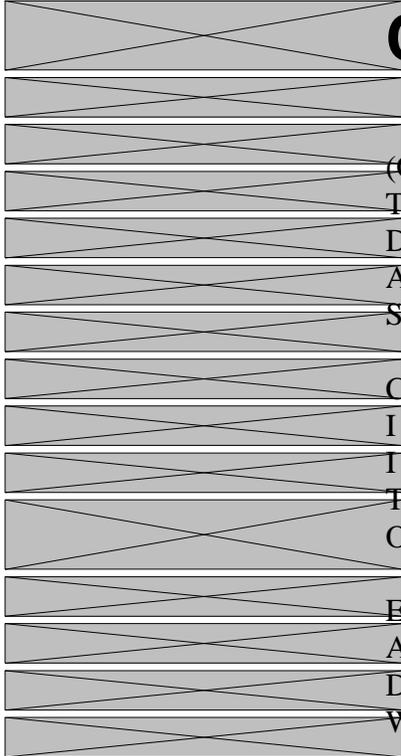
With a funny little diddle tucked under his tail,
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Now I met a girl and she was a dear,
And she gave me a dose of gonorrhoea,
Fools rush in where angels fear,
As I reveled in the joys of fornication.

A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To stand and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Reveling in the joys of fornication.



Clementine



(Oh, My Darline Clementine)
There she stood beside the bar rail,
Drinking pink gins for two bits,
And the swollen whiskey barrels,
Stood in awe beside here tits.

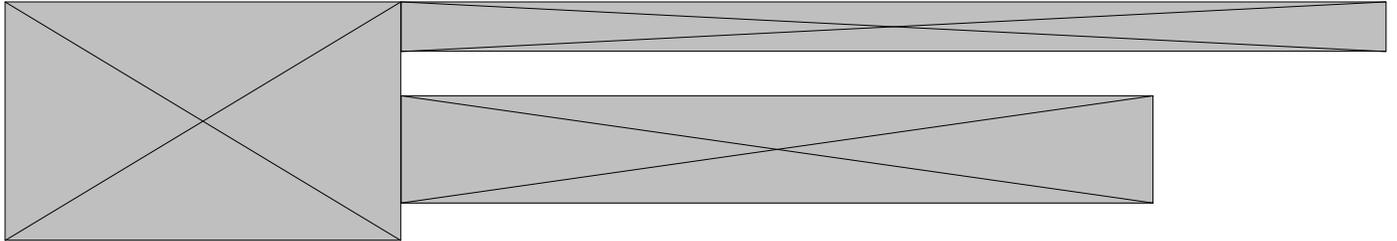
Chorus
I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin'
I owe my darlin', Clementine.
Three bent pennies and a nickel,
Oh my darlin' Clementine.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water,
As she vomits in my beer.
Dawns the daylight in her temple,
With a fucking warming leer.

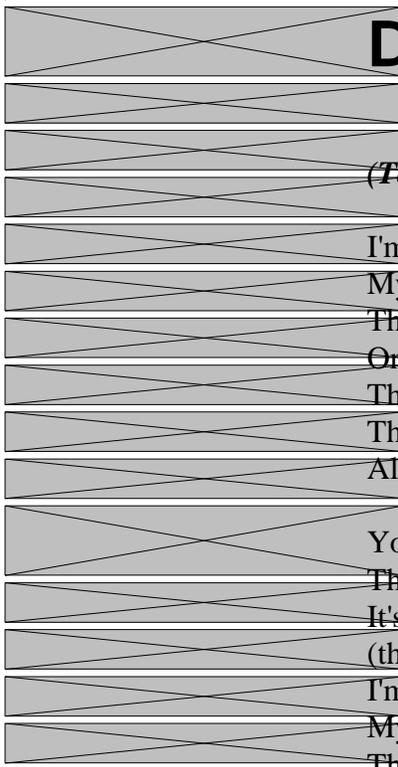
Hung me guitar on the bar rail,
At the sweetness of the sign.
In one leap leapt out me trousers,
Plunged into the foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was busty,
She could match the great Buzoom.
As she strained out of her bloomers,
Like a melon tree in bloom.

Oh, the Oak tree and the Cypress,
Never more together twine.
Since that creeping poison ivy,
Laid its blight on Clementine.



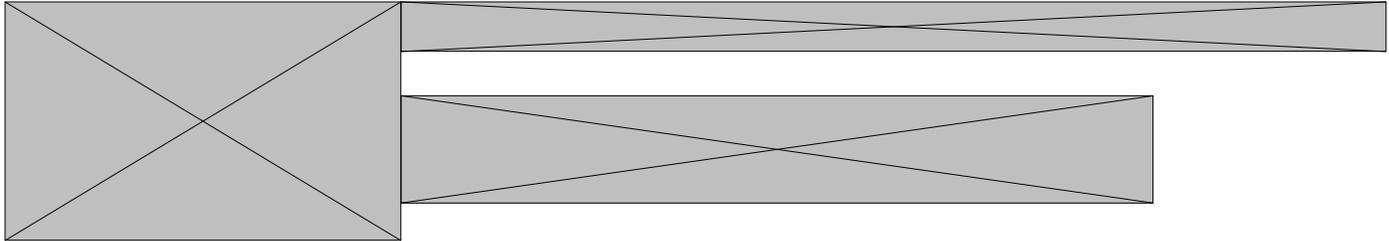
Dead Dog Rover



(To "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover")

I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I over ran with the mower.
One leg is missing,
The other is gone,
The third leg is shredded,
All over the lawn.

You see there's no use explaining,
The one remaining,
It's spinning on the carport floor
(the carport floor),
I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I over ran, that I over ran,
That I over ran with the mower!



Dead Whore

(To "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

I passed a dead whore on the roadside,
I knew right away she was dead.
For the skin on her stomach was flaking,
She hadn't a hair on her head.
She hadn't a hair on her head.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my dead whore to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my dead whore to me.

I first met my dead whore at Mitch's,
With a horrible snail-sucking face.
She'd roll them around on her tongue once,
And barf them back up in your face.
And barf them back up in your face.

My dead whore looked into a gas tank,
The contents of it for to see,
I lit a match to assist her.
Oh bring back my dead whore to me, to me,
Oh bring back my dead whore to me,.

While nibbling my dead whore's festered nipples,
A horrible thing to discuss,
I thought it was milk I was sucking,
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus, green
pus,
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus.

My dead whore's vagina was swelling,
A condition I thought would soon pass.

I stuck in my pecker to explore it,
And she farted green gas from her ass,
She farted green gas from her ass.

I thought of a way of preserving,
My dead whore for posterity.
I'd dry her like a piece of beef jerky,
With a leathery twat just for me, for me,
With a leathery twat just for me.

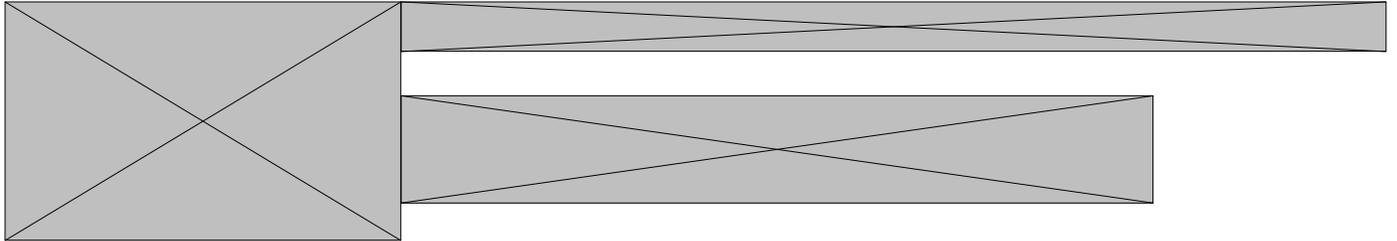
I French-kissed my dead whore named Merly,
I thought she had a very active tongue,
But after an evening of kissing,
I realized it was maggots from her lung,
I realized it was maggots from her lung.

Once upon thinking it over,
I realized my terrible sin.
So I stuck my lips to her sweet pussy,
And sucked out the load I shot in, shot in
And sucked out the load I shot in,.

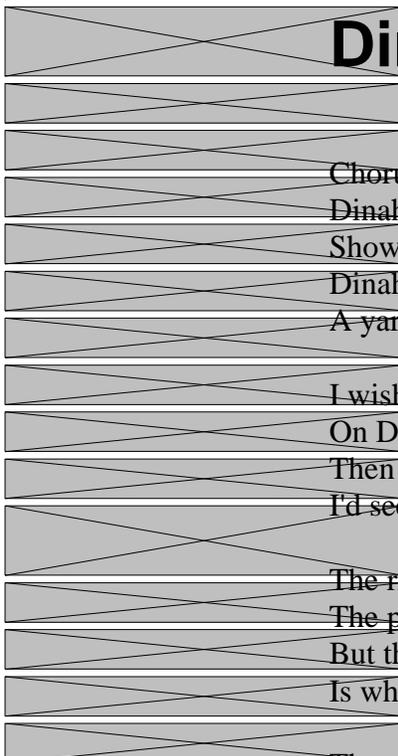
But before I could extract that jism,
My dead whore was pregnant and more.
Inside the maternity morgue,
She gave birth to a dead baby whore
She gave birth to a dead baby whore.

(To the tune of Born Free)

Born dead, your baby was born dead,
Three fingers and no head,
Born dead to live in a jar.
Stay dead, don't come back to haunt me;
You really don't want me.
Born dead to live in a jar.
(see "Born Dead" for more verses)



Dinah



Chorus

Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
Show us your leg, show us your leg.
Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
A yard above your knee.

I wish I were the diamond ring,
On Dinah's dainty hand.
Then every time she wiped her ass,
I'd see the promised LAND! LAND! LAND!

The rich girl rides a limousine,
The poor girl rides a truck.
But the only ride that Dinah has,
Is when she has a RIGHT GOOD FUCK!

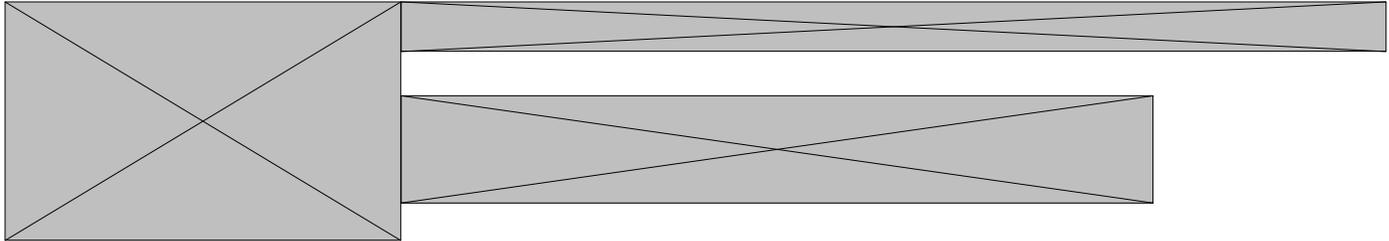
The rich girl uses a sanitary towel,
The poor girl uses a sheet.
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
Leaves a trail along the STREET! STREET! STREET!

The rich girl wears a ring of gold,
The poor girl one of brass.
But the only ring that Dinah wears,
Is the one around her ASS! ASS! ASS!

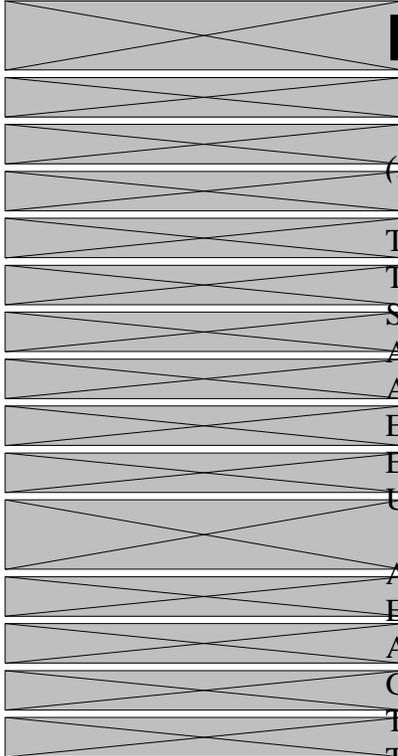
The rich girl wears a brassiere,
The poor Girl uses string,
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
She let's the bastards SWING! SWING! SWING!

The rich girl uses Vaseline,
The poor uses lard.
But Dinah uses axle grease,
Because her cunt's so HARD! HARD! HARD!

The rich girls work in factories,
The poor girls work in stores.
But Dinah works in a honky-tonk,
With forty other WHORES! WHORES! WHORES!



Doggies' Meeting

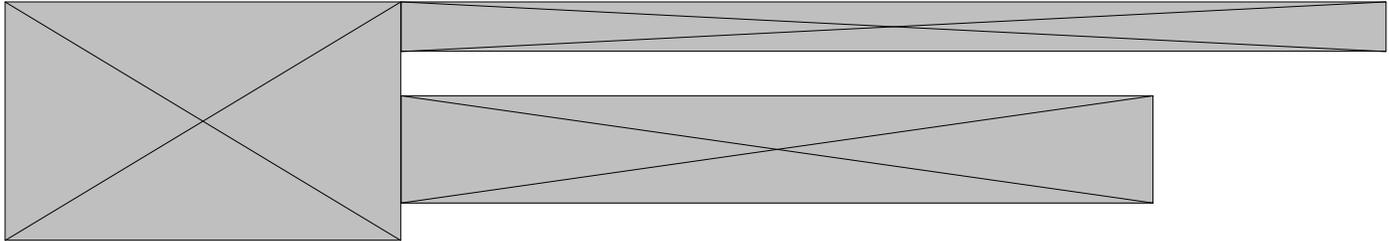


(To: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

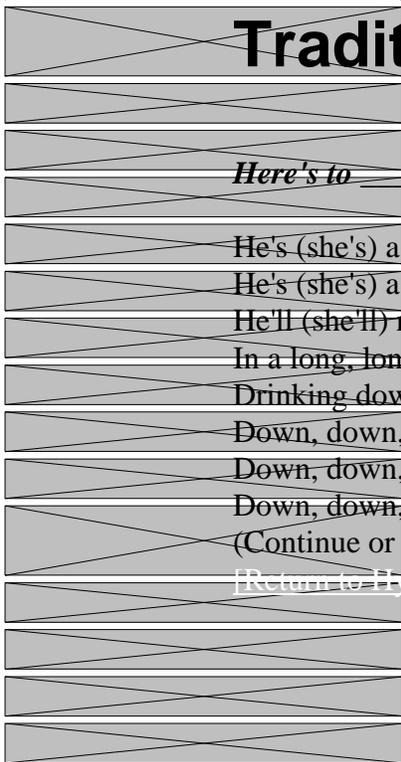
The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by motorcycle,
And some by motorcar.
As each doggie passed the entrance,
Each doggie signed the book,
Each doggie hung his asshole,
Upon his very own hook.

And when they were assembled,
Each mother, son and sire,
A dirty little mongrel,
Got up and shouted "FIRE!"
The dogs they were in panic,
They had no time to look,
Each doggie grabbed an asshole,
From the nearest hook.

A dog is often listless,
For it is very sore,
To wear another dog's asshole,
He's never worn before.
And that's the only reason,
A dog will leave his bone,
To sniff another dog's asshole,
To see if it's his own.



Traditional Down Down Song II



Here's to _____, *he's (she's) true blue.*

He's (she's) a hasher through and through.

He's (she's) a pisspot, so they say.

He'll (she'll) never to get to heaven,

In a long, long way.

Drinking down, down, down, down,

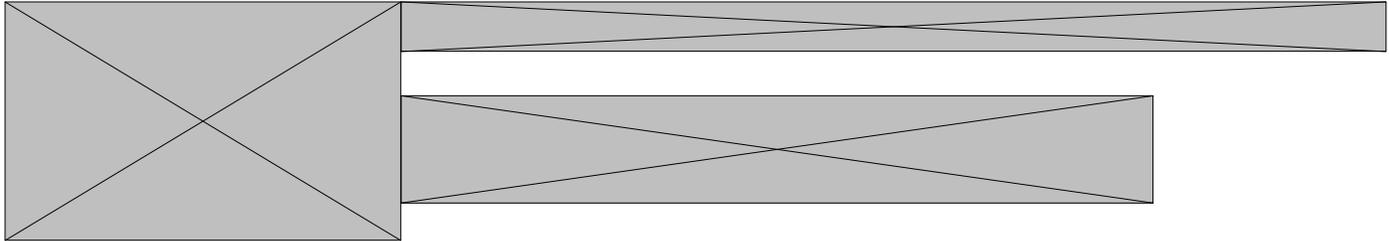
Down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down,

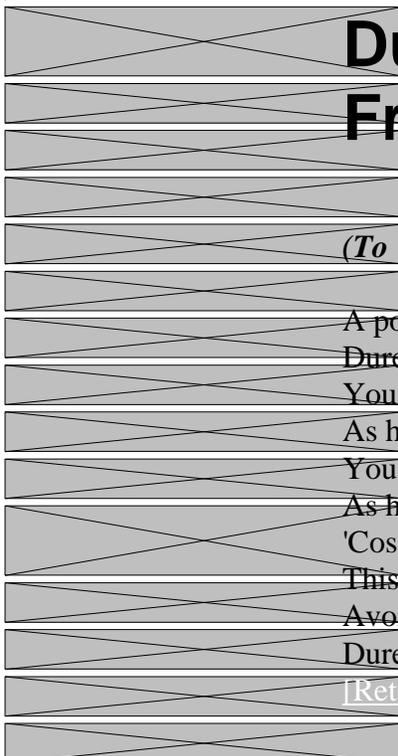
Down, down, down, down.

(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")

[Return to H]



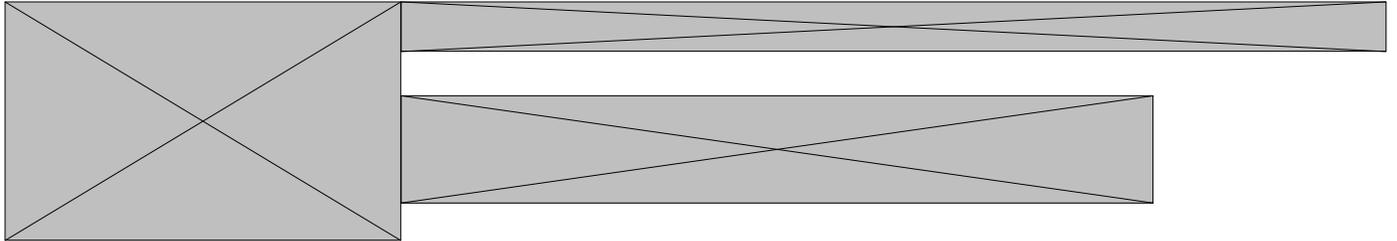
Durex is a Girl's Best Friend



(To 'Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend')

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,
Durex is a girl's best friend,
You may get the works, but you won't be parental.
As he slides it in,
You trust that good old latex skin.
As he lets fly, none gets by,
'Cos it's all gathered up in the end.
This little precaution,
Avoids an abortion,
Durex is a girl's best friend.

[Ret



The Engineer Song

(May be done to "Johnny Comes Marching Home")

An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,

An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-hum, ah-hum.

An engineer told me before he died,
I have no reason to believe he lied,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Ah-hum, ah-hum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum.

So he built a bloody great wheel, ...
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel, ...

The balls of brass he filled with cream, ...
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam, ...

He tied her to the leg of the b...
Tied her hands above her head, ...

There she lay demanding a fuck, ...
He shook her hand and wished her luck, ...

'Round and 'round went the bloody great wheel, ...
In and out went the prick of steel, ...

Up and up went the level of steam, ...
Down and down went the level of cream, ...

'Till at last the maiden cri...
Enough, enough, I'm satisfi...

Now we come to the tragic bit, ...
There was no way of stopping it, ...

She was split from ass to tit, ...
And the whole fucking thing was covered in shit, ...

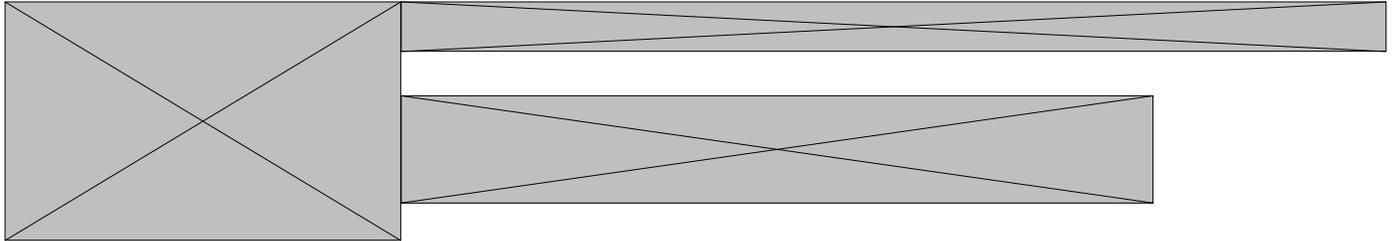
It jumped off her, it jumped on him, ...
And then it bugged their next of kin, ...

It jumped on an uptown bus, ...
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss, ...

The last time, Sir, that prick was seen, ...
It was over in England fucking the Queen, ...

There is a moral to the story I tell, ...
If you see it coming better run like hell, ...

Nine months later a child was born, ...
With two brass balls and a bloody great horn, ...



Eskimo Nell

Gather round all you whorey,
Gather round and hear this story!

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the tip of the tool turns blue,
And it bends in the middle like a one-string
fiddle,
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Go forth in search of fun,
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick,
And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Are sore, depressed and sad,
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt,
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,
And such was their luck that they'd had no fuck,
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,
And a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick,
This was mighty slow.

So do or dare, this horny pair,

Set forth for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his might prick,
And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail,
No man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride,
A pregnant widow now stood.

They reached the sand of the Rio Grande,
At the height of the blazing noon,
And to slack the thirst and do their worst,
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide,
Both prick and gun flashed free,
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,
You'll fuck or you'll drink with me.

They'd heard of the prick of Dead-eye Dick,
From Main to Panama,
And with scarcely worse that a muttered curse,
Those Dingoes sought the bar.

The girls too know his playful ways,
Down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawers,
At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete,
Itch on the trigger grip,
And they didn't wait at a fearful rate,
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick,
With lecherous snorts and grunts,
As forty arses were bared to view,
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts,
If you can use your wits,
And if you're slick at arithmetic,
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight,
For a man with a raging stand,

It may be rare in Berkeley Square,
But not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few,
On the last preceding night,
This he had done just to show his fun,
And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,
As he backed and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart,
And scored a hole in one.

He bore this whore to the sandy floor,
And there he ground her fine,
And though she grinnit put the wind,
Up the other thirty nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick,
He's got no time to spare,
For speed and length combined with strength,
He fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,
When into that Harlot's Hell,
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,
And her name was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick,
Well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,
She bawled to him: "Hey, you!"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick,
And the girl flew over his head,
And he wheeled about with an angry shout,
His face and his balls were red.

She glanced our hero up and down,
Her tits were proud and high,
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn,
That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette,
Over his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete,

That he failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,
In accents clear and cool,
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,
You call that a 'kingly tool'?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"
She sneered to those cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one,
With an air of conscious pride,
And as she stood in her womanhood,
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on table top,
Where someone had left his glass.
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits,
Between the two cheeks of her ass.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,
And spread her legs apart,
With a friendly nod to the horny sod,
She gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,
He meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was fucking bliss,
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his asshole in an out,
And made his balls inflate,
Until they looked like granite knobs,
On top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,
His balls increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick,
Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol,
And made it steaming hot,
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob,
With a cayenne pepper pot.

Then neither did he take a run,
Nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop,
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight,
Along his mighty tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in,
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons,
On the might C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse?
Well, you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn,
The ins and outs of the trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run,
By a guy named Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,
As good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,
And the rock of ages between 'em.

She could take the stream of a lover's cream,
Like the flush of a water closet,
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood Lock,
On the National Safe deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick,
He meant to conserve his powers,
If he'd had a mind he'd grind and grind,
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,
The grip of her cunt grew keener,
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry,
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick,
As to set in complete defiance,
The basic cause and primary laws,
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code,
Which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools,
In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end,
Of copulation's classic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,
And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more,
His passions extinct and dead,
And he did not shout as his prick fell out,
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread.

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet,
To avenge his pal's affront,
With a jarring jolt he rammed his Colt,
Right up her gaping cunt.

He rammed it hard to the trigger guard,
And fired it three plus three,
But to his surprise she closed her eyes,
And squealed with ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,
"Bully," she said, "for you."
"It's hard to believe that was the best,
That you poor cunts could do.

"When next, my friend, that you intend,
To sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick,
Any yourself an elephant gun.

"I'm going back to the frozen North,
Where the pricks are hard and strong,
Back to the land of the frozen stand,
Where the nights are six months long.

"It's hard as tin when they put it in,
In the land where spunk is spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,
But a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand,

What it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed,
And the babies masturbate.

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,
Where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,
That's where they'll sing this song.

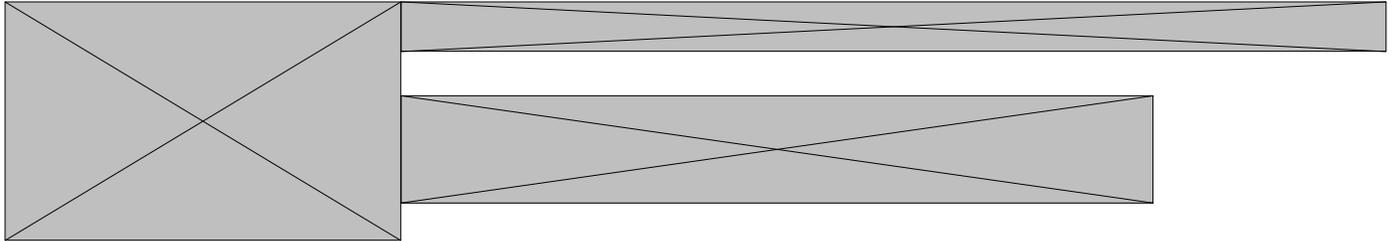
"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,
Where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are
sold,
Wrapped up in a ball of snow.

"In the valley of death with baited breath,
That's were they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,
And the rotting corpses screw.

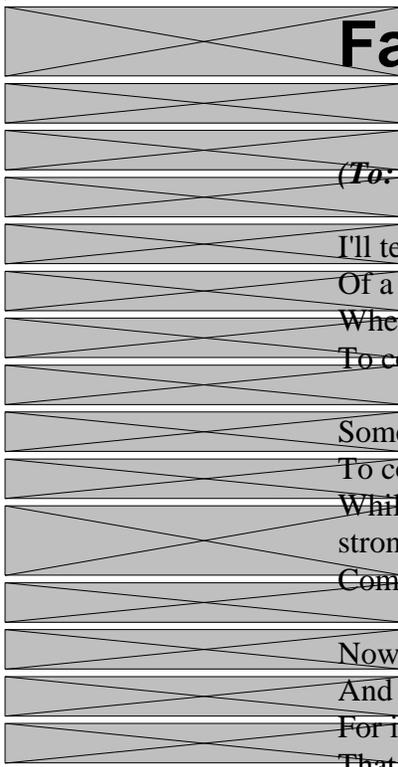
"Back to the land where men are men,
Terra Bellicum,
And there I'll spend my worthy end,
For the North is calling: 'Come!'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick,
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

Yes, when a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the end of his tools turns blue,
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,
I'd say he was fuckwouldn't you?



Farting Contest



(To: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

I'll tell you a story that is sure to please,
Of a great farting contest at Burton-on-Tease,
Where all the best arses paraded the field,
To compete in a contest for various shields.

Some tighten their arses and fart up the scale,
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale.
While others whose arses are biggest and
strongest,
Compete in the section for loudest and longest.

Now this year's event had drawn quite a big crowd,
And the betting was even on Mrs. McLeod.
For it had appeared in the evening edition,
That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.

Now old Mrs. Jones had a perfect backside,
Half a forest of hairs with a wart on each side,
And she fancied her chance of winning with ease,
Having trained on a diet of cabbage and peas.

The Vicar arrived and ascended the stand,
And thus he addressed this remarkable band.
"The contest is on as is shown in the bills.
We've precluded the use of injections and pills."

Mrs. Bindle arrived amid roars of applause,
And promptly proceeded to pull off her drawers.
For though she'd no chance in the farting display,
She'd the prettiest bottom you'd see this day.

Now, young Mrs. Pothole was backed for a place,
Though she'd often been placed in the deepest

disgrace,
By dropping a fart that had beaten the organ,
And the poor Vicar, Old Jonathan Morgan.
The ladies lined up at the signal to start,
And winning the toss, Mrs. Jones took first fart.
The people around stood in silence and wonder,
While her wireless announced gale warnings and
thunder.

Now Mrs. McLeod reckoned nothing of this,
She'd had some weak tea and was all wind and
pride.
So she took up her place and her ass opened wide,
But unluckily shit and was disqualified.

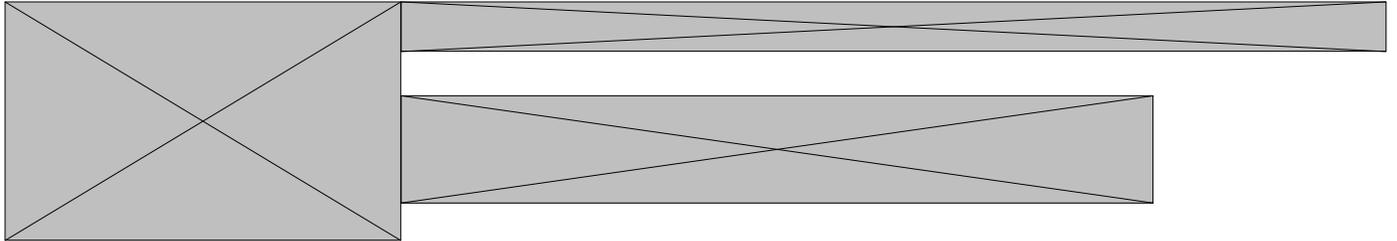
Then young Mrs. Pothole was called to the front,
And started by doing a wonderful stunt.
She took a deep breath and clenching her hands,
She blew the whole roof off the popular stands.

That left Mrs. Bindle, who shyly appeared,
And smiled at the clergy who lustily cheered,
And though it was reckoned her chances were small,
She ran out a winner, outfarting them all.

With hands on her hips she stood farting alone.
And the crowd stood amazed at the sweetness of
tone,
And the clergy agreed without hindrance or pause,
And said, "First to Mrs. Bindle. Now pull up your
drawers."

But with muscles well tensed and legs full apart,
She started a final and glorious fart.
Beginning with Chopin and ending with Wing,
She went right up the scale to God Save the King!

She went to the rostrum with maidenly gait,
And took from the Vicar a set of gold plate,
Then she turned to the Vicar with sweetness
sublime,
And smilingly said, "Come see me sometime."



Father Abraham

(Good warmup song when it's cold or while waiting to run.)

Chorus

Father Abraham had seven sons.
And seven sons had Father Abraham.
And he never laughed,
And he never cried,
All he did was go like this.

With a left. (Hold left arm out, moving hand to vertical and back again, and sing chorus while doing it.)

(Stop moving arm and drop to side, then start over.)

With a left, (Start moving left arm again.)

And a right. (Start moving right arm in same fashion at same time as left, then sing chorus again while doing so. This goes on adding movements in order with each verse.)

With a left,
And a right,
And a left (Start moving left leg back and forth to side along with the arms.)

With a left,
And a right,
And a left,
And a right, (Now you are doing jumping jacks)

(Repeat the limb positions, then:)
And a Hooh! (Thrust out your butt, do chorus with

the jumping jacks, shouting "Hooh!" and doing the butt thrust after "Father Abraham and at the end of each line except the last.)

(Repeat the previous positions, then:)
And a Hah! (Thrust your pevis forward and ending with the chorus like this:)

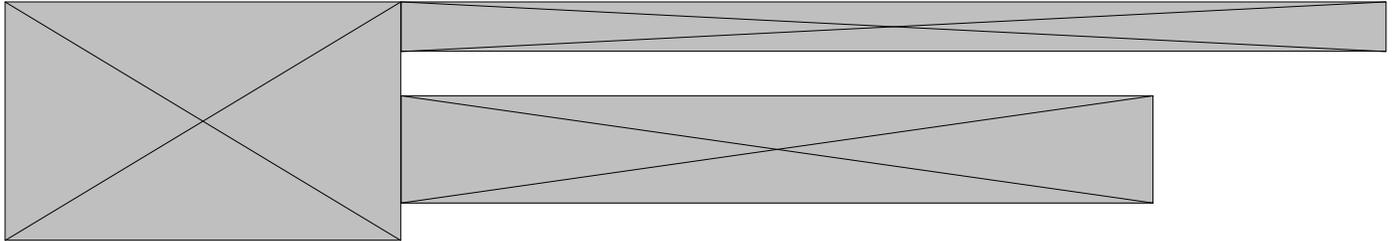
Father Abraham (Hooh! Hah!) had seven sons (Hooh! Hah!)

And seven sons had Father Abraham (Hooh! Hah!)

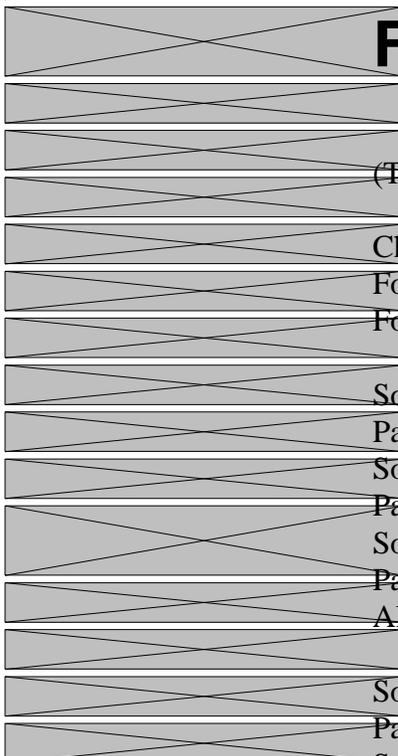
And he never laughed (Hooh! Hah!)

And he never cried (Hooh! Hah!)

All he did was go like this- (Thrust out your butt, grab your ankles, and make a loud farting noise.)



Fornication



(Tune: Aahlawetta)

Chorus

Fornication, I like fornication,
Fornication, I like to fornicate.

Songmaster: How I like to bump and grind.

Pack: Yes, he likes to bump and grind.

Songmaster: Bump and grind.

Pack: Bump and grind.

Songmaster: Fornicate.

Pack: Fornicate.

All: Oh, oh, oh, oohhh ...

Songmaster: How I love to be on top.

Pack: Yes, he loves to be on top.

Songmaster: Be on top.

Pack: Be on top.

Songmaster: Bump and grind.

Pack: Bump and grind.

Songmaster: Fornicate.

Pack: Fornicate.

All: Oh, oh, oh, oohhh ...

(Continue adding lines from the additional verses below.)

How I love...
...It from behind
...To slam the salami
...To drive it in deep
...To bark like a dog
...It doggie style
...To pump and hump
...To ground her mound

...To give jungle love

...It in the dirt

...It on the sand

...It on a boat

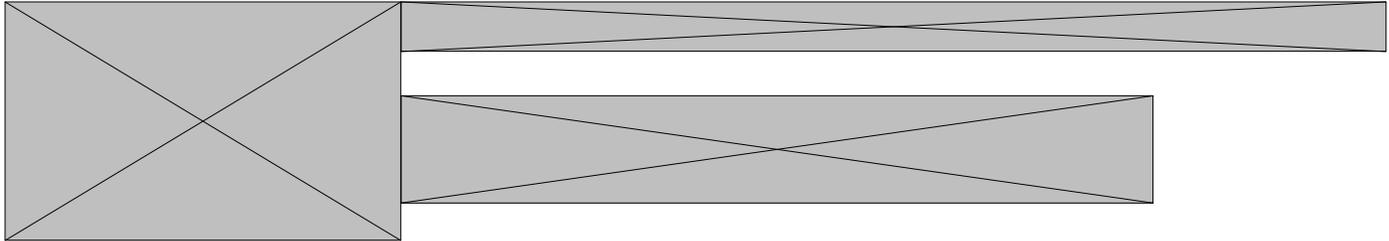
...It in a car

...It in plane

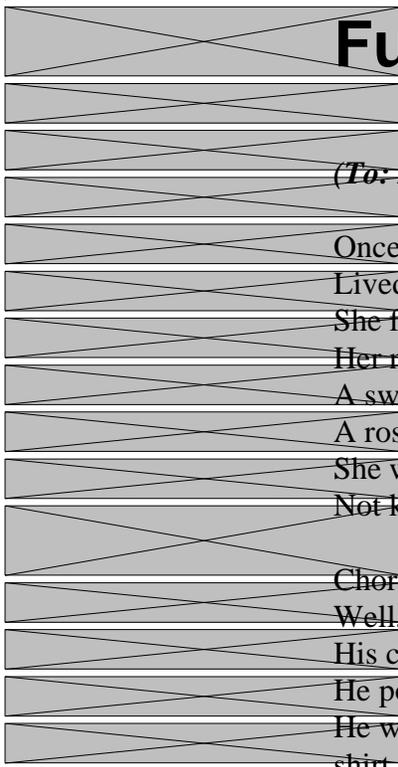
...It on a bus

...It on a ... etc.

(See "Masturbation" for another song
to naturally follow this one.)



Fuck the Giant Penis



(To: Puff the Magic Dragon)

Once a pure white virgin,
Lived by the sea,
She frolicked over pastoral fields,
Her name Virginitity.
A sweet young lass of just sixteen,
A rosebud ripe and firm,
She wandered o'er the verdant hills,
Not knowing of the sperm.

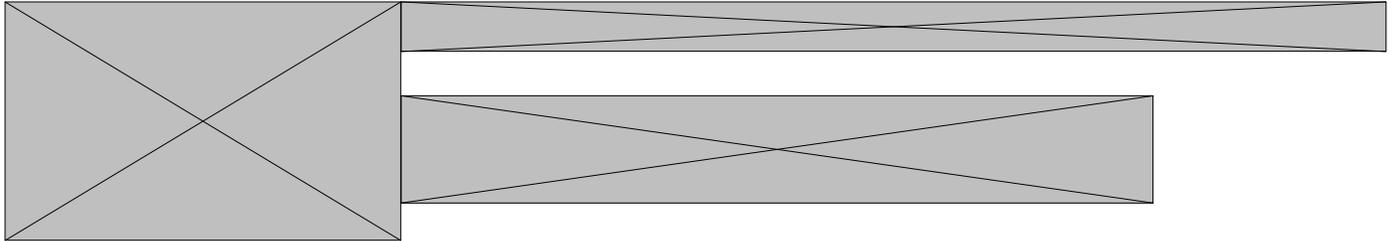
Chorus

Well, fuck the giant penis lived not so far away,
His cock was damn near two feet long,
He poked one twice a day,
He was an Ivy Leaguer, with vest and pinstriped
shirt,
He drove a Roadster XKE, that sexed-up extrovert.

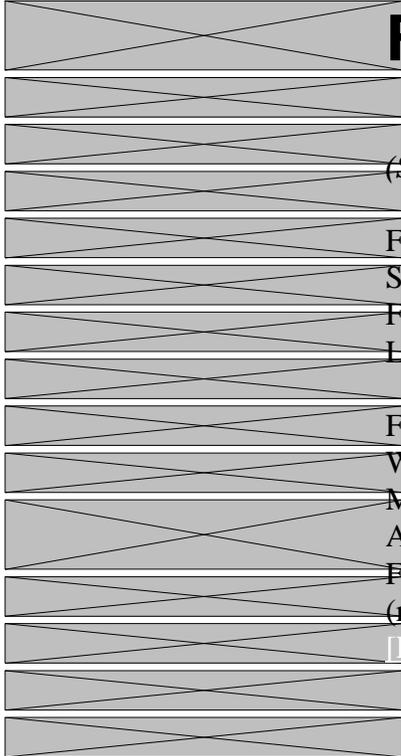
One day while he was roaming,
Round the rural strips,
He spied her picking flowers there,
That bitch with swinging hips.
He jumped out of the driver's seat,
And grabbed her by the ass,
He tore off all her clothing,
And laid her in the grass.

Her maiden head was busted,
The ground ran bloody red,
He poked her till the twilight came,
Then took her home to bed,
He poked her till the sun rose,
She begged for more and more.
He turned that pure white virgin,

Into to a fucking whore!



Fuck a Duck

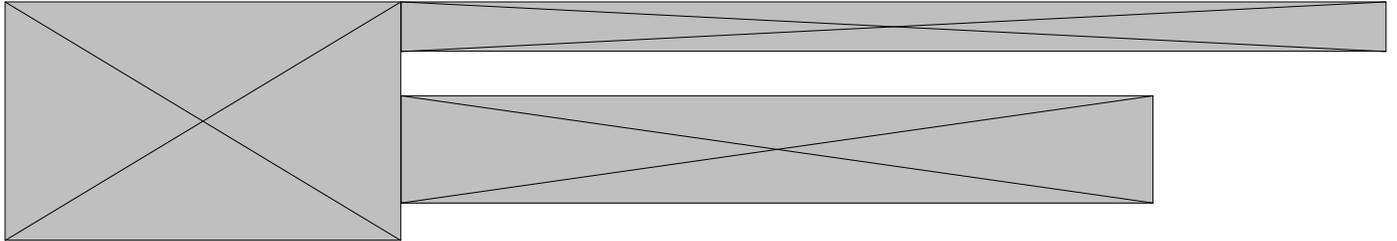


(Sung to "Do Re Me")

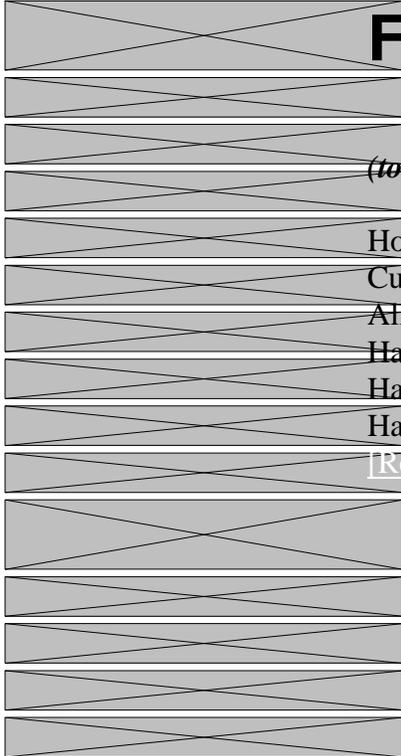
Fuck a duck, a female duck,
Screw a baby kangaroo.
Finger-bang an orangutang,
Let an elephant do you.

Fell the penis of an eel,
Whack! the asshole of a yak.
Masturbate with a gnu,
And that will bring you back to,
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

(repeat as needed)



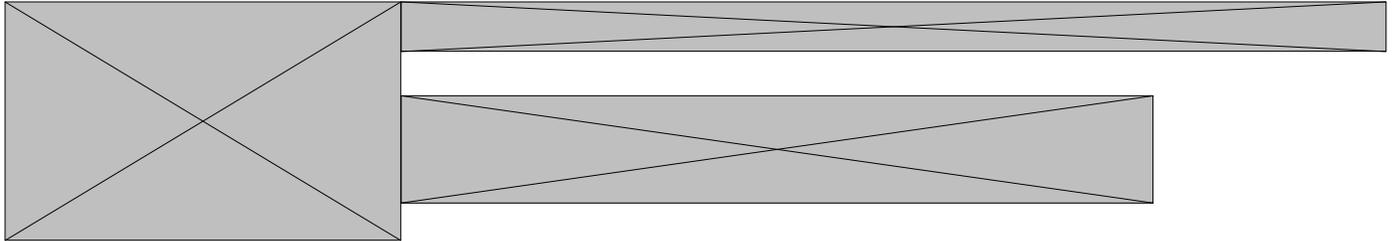
Furburger King



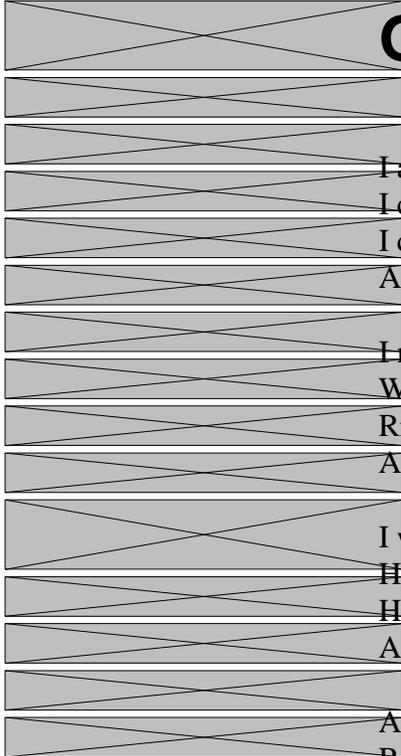
(to old Burger King jingle)

Hold my pickle, I'll eat your lettuce,
Cunnilingus don't upset us,
All we ask is that you let us have it your way.
Have it your way-sit on my face,
Have it your way-give us a taste,
Have it your way at Furburger King.

®



Gay Caballero



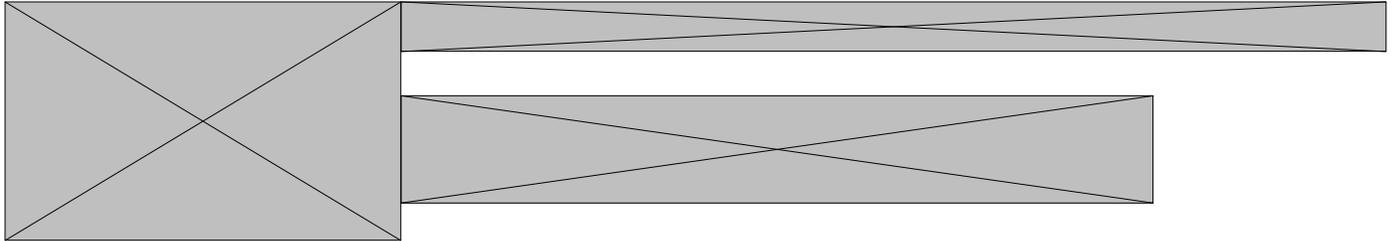
I am a gay young caballero,
I come from Rio de Janeiro,
I carry with me my weetrembeli,
And both of my latrabaleros.

I met a gay young seorita,
Who gave me a dose of clapita,
Right on the end of my weetrembeli,
And both of my latrabaleros.

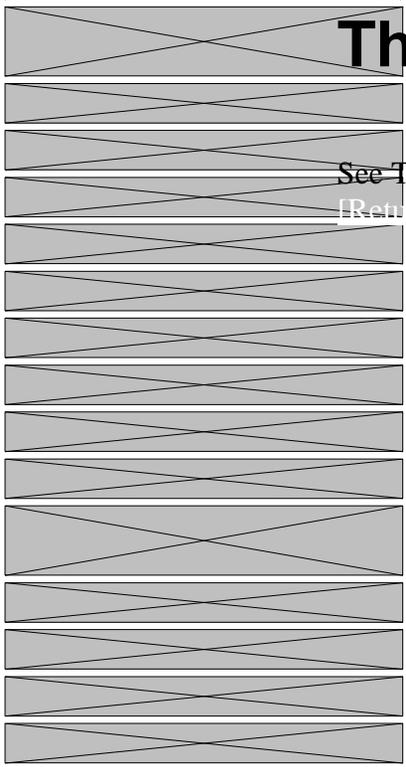
I went to a wise surgeano,
He said, "I prescribe purgeano."
He cut off the end of my weetrembeli
And both of my latrabaleros.

And now I'm a sad Cabellero,
Returning to Rio de Janeiro.
But not, as you see, with my weetrembeli,
And both of my latrabaleros.

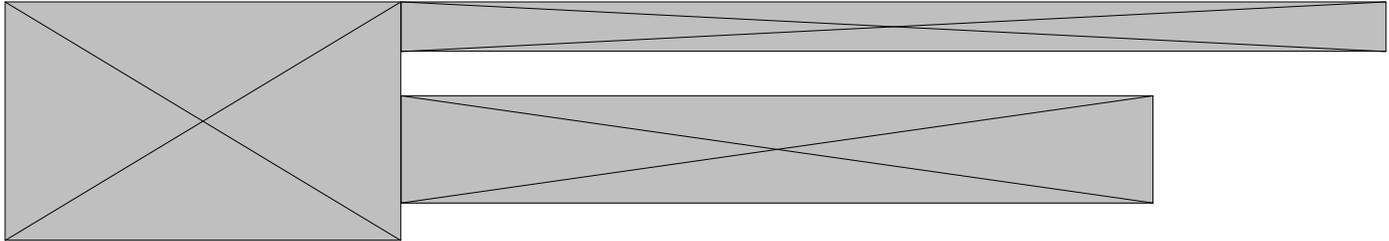
At night as I lie on my pillow,
Seeking to finger my willow,
All I find there is a handful of hair,
And one dried up latrabalero.



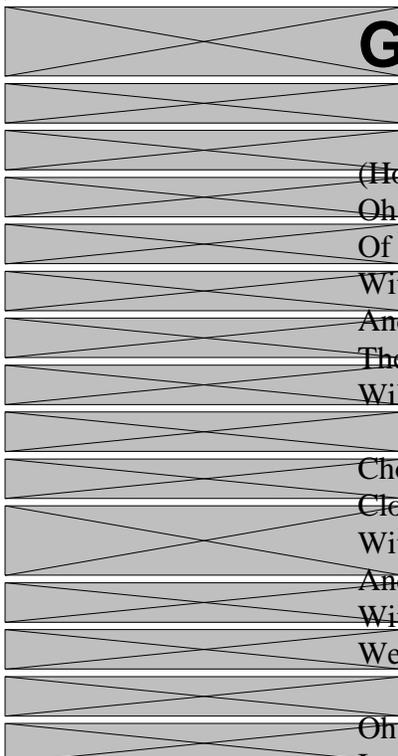
The Girl's Song



See The Boy's Song and Girl's Song
Retn



Give Me A Clone



(Home, Home on the Range)
Oh, give me a clone,
Of my own flesh and bone,
With its Y-chromosome changed to an X.
And when it is grown,
Then my own little clone,
Will be of the opposite sex.

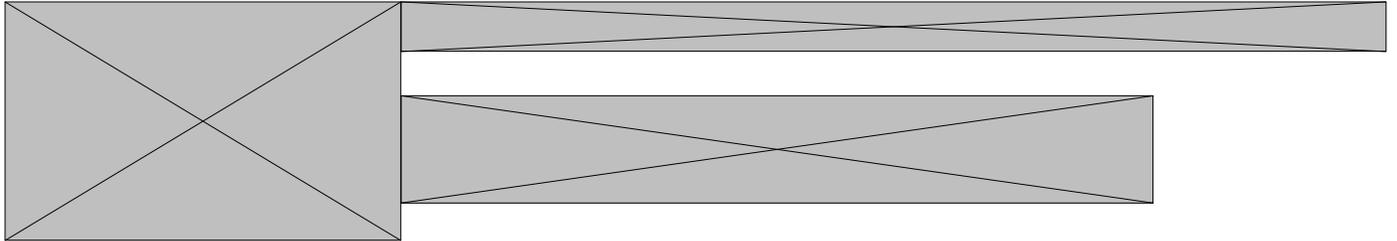
Chorus
Clone, clone of my own,
With your Y-chromosome changed to an X,
And when I'm alone,
With my own little clone,
We will both think of nothing but sex.

Oh, give me a clone,
Is my sorrowful moan,
A clone that is wholly my own.
And if she's an X,
Of the feminine sex,
Oh, what fun we will have when we're prone.

My heart's not of stone,
As I've frequently shown,
When alone with my own little X,
And after we've dined,
I'm sure we will find,
Better incest than Oedipus Rex.

Why should such sex vex,
Or disturb or perplex,
Or induce a disparaging tone.
After all, don't you see,
Since we're both of us are me,
When we're having sex, I'm alone.

And after I'm done,
She'll still have her fun,
For I'll clone myself ere I die.
And this time without fail,
They'll be both of them male,
And they'll each ravish her by and by.



Good Ship Venus

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
By Christ you should've seen us,
The figurehead was a nude in bed,
Sucking a red hot penis.

Chorus
Frigging on the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
Masturbating on the grating,
There's fuck all else to do.

The Captain's name was Slugger,
He was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit,
On any bugger's lugger.

The First Mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball,
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer,
Round the friggin' wall.

The Second Mate's name was Andy,
His legs were long and bandy.
We filled his ass with molten brass,
For pissing in the brandy.

The Third Mate's name was Carter,
By God, he was a farter,
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship wouldn't
go,
We'd get Carter the farter to start her.

The crew they were all whiney,
They'd drink up all their winey.
From bed to bthey looked for head,

But settled for some hiney.

One seaman's name was Morgan,
He was a grisly Gorgon.
Three times a day he strummed away,
Upon his sexual organ.

Another's name was Wiggun,
By God he had a big 'un.
We bashed that cock,
With a bloody rocks,
For cumming in the riggin'.

Another's name was Slater,
He was a masturbator.
He'd pump and pump his massive stump,
And clean the mess up later.

The Captain's wife was Mabel,
Whenever she was able.
She gave the crew their daily screw,
Upon the messroom table.

His mistress was called Charlotte,
Who was born and bred a harlot
Her legs at night were lily-white,
But in the morning they were scarlet.

The Captain's randy daughter,
Was swimming in the water,
Delighted squeals came as eels,
Entered her sexual quarter.

Then there was the Navigator,
He was a fornicator.
The horny sod he took a broad,
And after he fucked her, her ate her.

The cook whose name was Freeman,
He was a dirty demon,
He served the crew with menstrual stew,
And hymens fried in semen.

Another cook was O'Mally,
He didn't dilly dally,
He shot his bolt with such a jolt,

He whitewashed half the galley.

Another cook was Herbert,
A gastronomical pervert.
He puts it in through thick and thin,
And whacks off in the sherbet.

The Boatswain's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester.
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick,
And leave it there to fester.

The engineer was McTavish,
And young girls he did ravish.
His missing tool's at Istanbul,
He was a trifle lavish.

A homo was the Purser,
He couldn't have been worser,
With all the crew he had a screw,
Until they yell "Oh, no sir."

Another one was Cropper,
Oh Christ he had a whopper.
Twice round the deck, once round his neck,
And up his bum for a stopper.

The cabin boy was Kipper,
A dirty little nipper,
He lined his ass with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
The whole crew did him over,
They'd ground and ground that faithful hound,
From Singapore to Dover.

The ship's cat's name was Kitty,
His hole was black and shitty,
But shit or not it had a twat,
The Captain showed no pity.

'Twas in the Adriatic,
Where the water's almost static,
The rise and fall of arse and ball,
Was almost automatic.

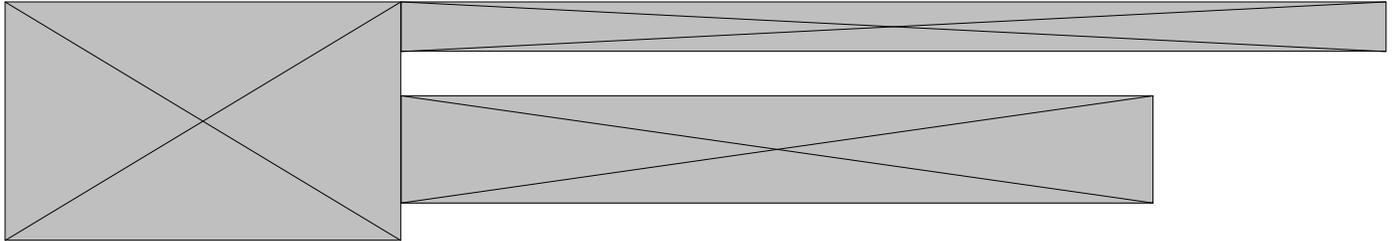
On the trip to Buenos Aires,
We rogered all the fairies.
We got the syph at Tenneriffe,
And a dose of clap in the Canaries.

'Twas on the China Station,
To roars of approbation,
We sunk a Junk with a load of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

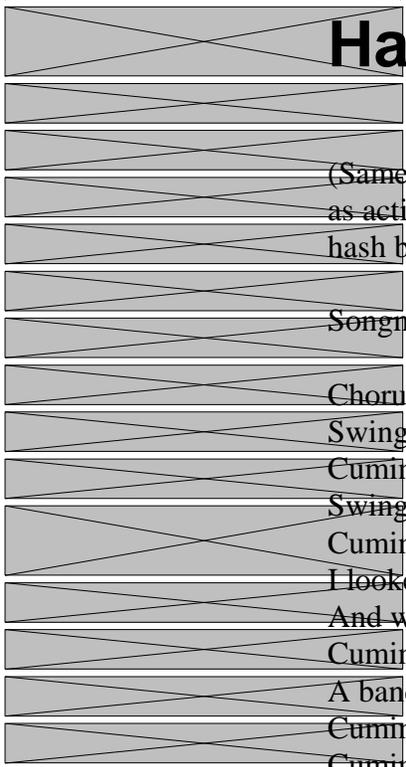
The Captain was elated,
The Crew investigated,
They found some sand in his prostrate gland,
He had to be castrated.

And the ladies of the nation,
Arose in indignation,
They stuffed his bum with chewing gum,
A smart retaliation.

So now we end this serial,
Through sheer lack of material,
We wish you luck and freedom from
Diseases venereal.



Hash Hymn



(Same tune as the lyrics. Sing with gestures, as actions speak much louder than words. Standard hash benediction closing down-downs.

Songmaster says, 'Respect for the Hash Hymn'

Chorus

Swing low, sweet char-i-o-ot,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
Swing low, sweet char-i-o-ot,
Cumin' four two carry me home.
I looked over Jordon,
And what did I see-ee,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
A band of An-gels,
Cumin' after me-ee,
Cumin' four two carry me home...

(Songmaster says, '2nd verse')
If you get there be-four I doo,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
Tell all my friends I'm cumin' twoo,
Cumin' four two carry me home...

(Songmaster says, '3rd verse')
I'm sometimes up, I'm some-times down,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
But still my sole feels heav-en-ly bound,
Cumin' four two carry me home...

Options:

Songmaster says, 'Harlots', then women do chorus in high pitched voices, screaming in high pitchexagerated climax at the each pause.

Songmaster says, 'Real Men', then men do chorus in low, deep voices, exaggerating the size of their penis in the 'cumin' gesture by hold both hands apart in sweeping, two-handed masturbating gesture and swinging hands low to the ground with 'swing low'

Songmaster says, 'Ray Charles', then pack closes eyes and sings chorus with gestures, moving head from side to side with the beat.

Songmaster says, 'Humming', then pack hums chorus with gestures.

Songmaster says, 'Silently', then pack does chorus silently with gestures only, following the lead of the songmaster. Songmasters who screw up the gestures significantly are traditionally awarded a down down after the song.

Songmaster says, 'Helen Keller', then pack closes eyes and does chorus with gestures only, saying "Wa Wa" whenever Jordon comes up.

Songmaster says, 'Fast Finish', then pack sings loud and fast with gestures)
Swing low, sweet char-i-o-ot,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
Swing low, sweet char-i-o-ot,
Cumin' four two carry me home.
(Slowly)
Cumin' four two carry me home.

Hash Hymn Gesture Dictionary

All - Make wide sweeping gesture with hands outward.

Angels - Flap hands to side as though flying.

Band - Hold hands in front of you, cuffing the fingers and making a gesture as though playing the slide of a trombone.

Be-four - hold up four fingers.

Carry - Put hands together in front and briskly swing them back and forth as though cradling a baby.

Cumin' - Cuff hand and make a masturbation gesture. (Some hashers mask the motion with slight of hand by first moving the other hand behind their head and patting it a split second before the masturbating gesture, sometimes coughing at the same time).

Chariot - Shake both hands outward as though holding the reins and make horse whinnying noises.

Doo - Put hands on hips and squat as though taking a crap.

Down - Put index and thumb together near crotch as if holding a small penis then move the hand downward slightly and wiggle it briskly.

Four - Hold up four fingers.

Friends - Cuff fingers of left hand held outward in front, with thumb and index finger forming a circle. Rapidly insert and withdraw the index finger of the right hand into the circle in a universal fornication gesture.

Home - Hold arms above your head, fingers extended and touching together forming a 'roof' over your head.

I - Point to your eye with your index finger

I'm - Point to your chest with your index finger

Heavenly Bound - With hand holding foot, swing it into the air.

Jordon - (River Jordon, traditional) Move hands outward, then right to left, wiggling fingers in a wave motion. (Michael Jordon, U.S.) Make a basketball jump shot motion.

Looked - Shading eyes with hand and moving head back and forth as if searching.

Me or My - Point to your chest with your index finger.

Over - Sweep hand from 'Looked' position outward.

See - Point index finger from 'I' position outward.

Sole - Point to bottom of shoe.

Still - (as in distiller) Make drinking gesture with hand, moving head backward.

Sweet - Kiss 1st and 2nd finger and thumb together, throwing the kiss outward.

Swing Low - Intertwine fingers forming a cradle and with arms down, swing them back and forth.

Tell - Put back of hand to mouth, rapidly moving thumb with fingers as in speaking gesture.

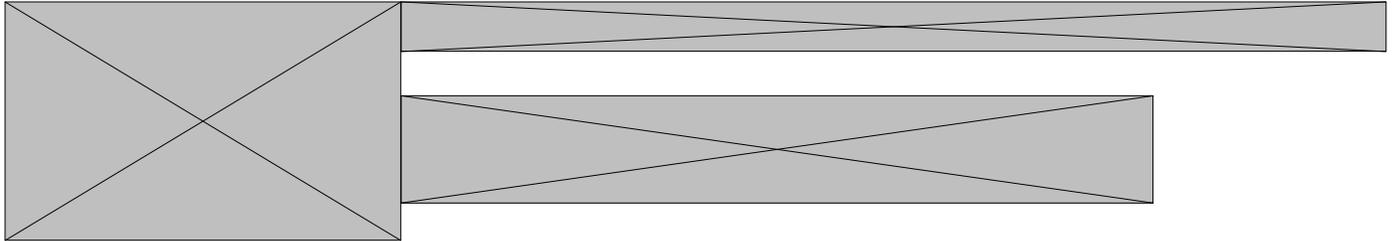
There - Point back over your shoulder with your index finger.

Two - Hold up two fingers.

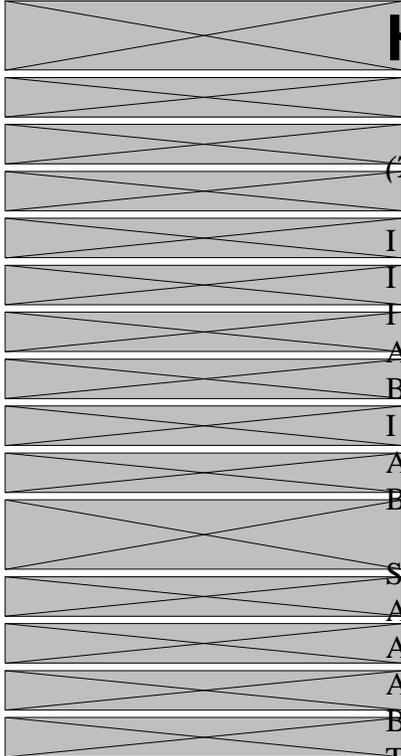
Up - Cuff fingers in front as holding a long penis then move the hand upward.

What - Hands out to side, palms up as in a question.

You - Point outward with index finger.



Hash House Harrier



(To "British Grenadier")

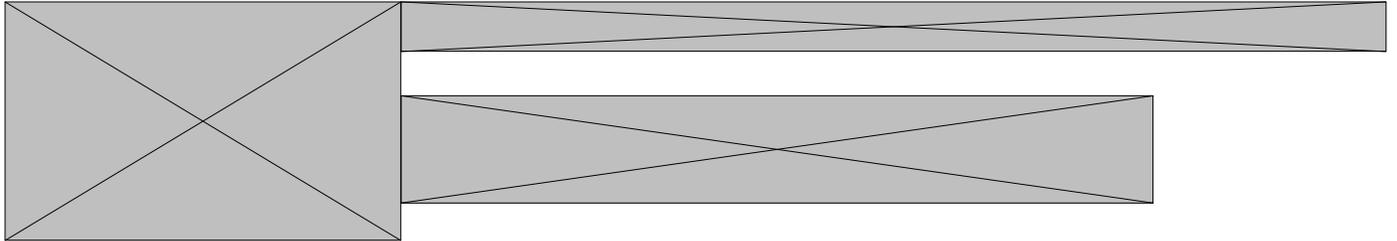
I like the girls who say they will,
I hate the girls who don it.
I hate the girls who say they will,
And then they say the won't.
But of all the girls I like the best,
I may be wrong or right,
Are the girls who say they never will,
But look as though they might.

Some die of constipation,
And some of diarrhea.
And some of masturbation,
And some of gonorrhea.
But of all the world's diseases,
There's none that can compare:
With the drip, drip, drip,
Of the syphilitic prick,
Of a Hash House Harrier.

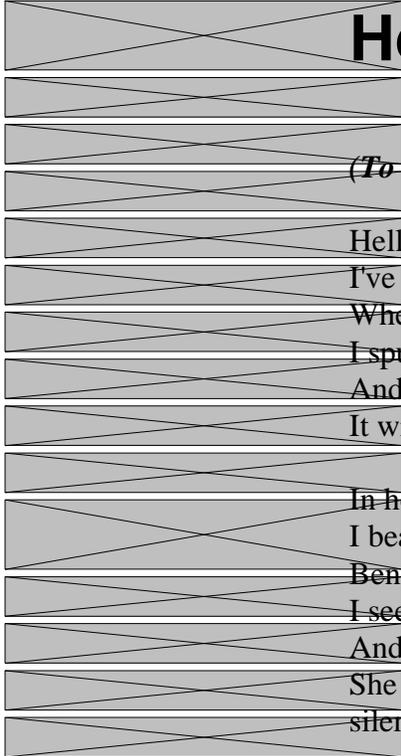
When he goes forth in pursuit,
His bottle in his hand,
The lasses fall like cattle,
There's none can make a stand.
But when the campaign's over,
It's then he's bogged in mire:
With the drip, drip, drip,
Of the syphilitic prick,
Of a Hash House Harrier.

And when he does retire,
To take his well-earned rest,
There burns an ancient fire,
To do what he does best.

And yet, the truth is bitter,
'Cause he could never be a marrier:
With the drip, drip, drip,
Of the syphilitic prick,
Of a Hash House Harrier.



Hello Penis



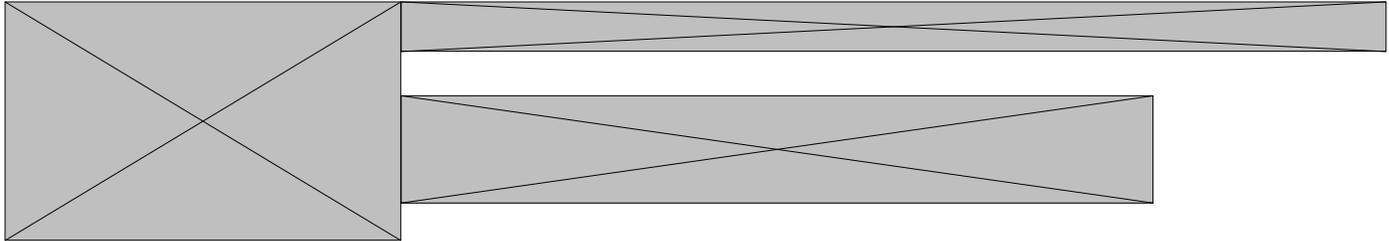
(To "The Sounds of Silence")

Hello penis my old friend,
I've come to play with you again,
When those wet dreams come a-creeping,
I spurt my seeds while I am sleeping,
And with your helmet firmly planted in my hand,
It will expand, while jerking off in silence.

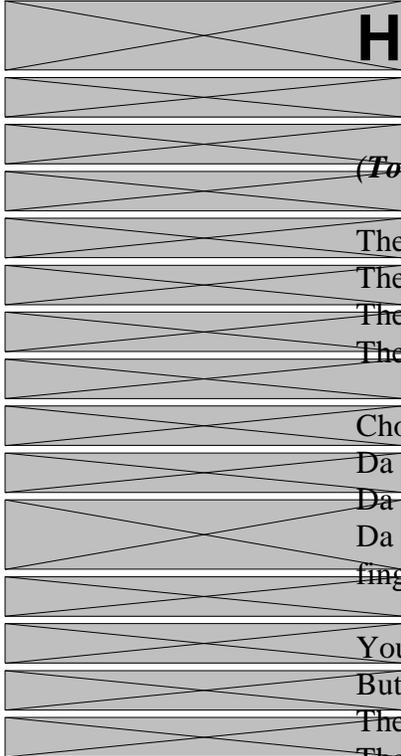
In horny dreams I get a bone,
I beat off on cobble stones,
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,
I see a whore who's getting very damp,
And for some money in a flash she's on her back,
She spreads her crack, and twitches her twat in
silence.

Those who see and do not know,
How to make my penis grow,
I whipped you out so she might eat you,
I stuffed you up into her pussy spew,
And then my sperm, like silent raindrops fell,
And turned to gel, while jerking off in silence.

And the ants came out and played,
In the fucking mess I'd made,
But in heeding daddy's warning,
That mum would find it in the morning,
So I rolled out of bed and wiped it up with my
shirt,
God, what a squirt! Jerking off in silence.



Herpes Family



(To "Addams Family")

They're goofy and they're itchy,
They make your girlfriend bitchy,
They hide out in her snitchy,
The Herpes Family!

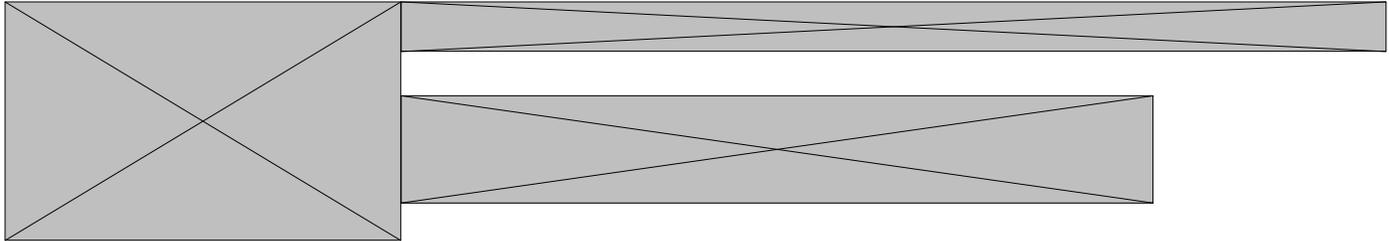
Chorus

Da da da da (snap fingers twice),
Da da da da (snap fingers twice),
Da da da da, Da da da da, Da da da da, (snap
fingers twice).

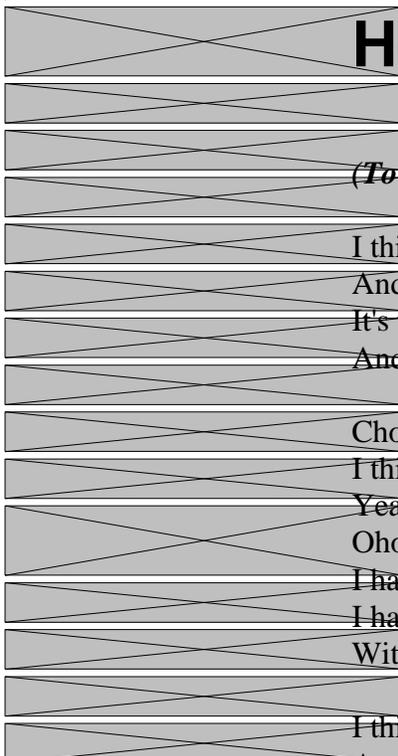
You can hardly see 'em,
But when you start a-pee'n,
They really get ya screamin',
The Herpes Family!

If a scab you ta-aste,
It's already to la-ate,
What a shitty da-ate,
The Herpes Family.

You really wouldn't miss it,
If you didn't kiss it,
Just put it in and piss it,
The Herpes Family.



Herpes Song



(To "She Loves You")

I think I've got a dose,
And it's not the dripping kind,
It's the one that hurts the most,
And it makes you fucking blind.

Chorus

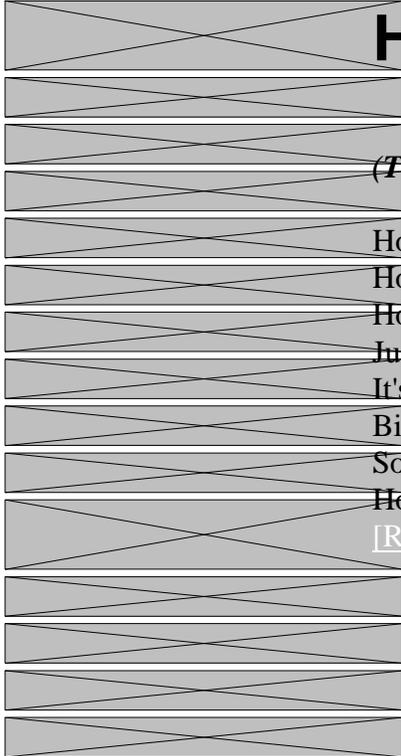
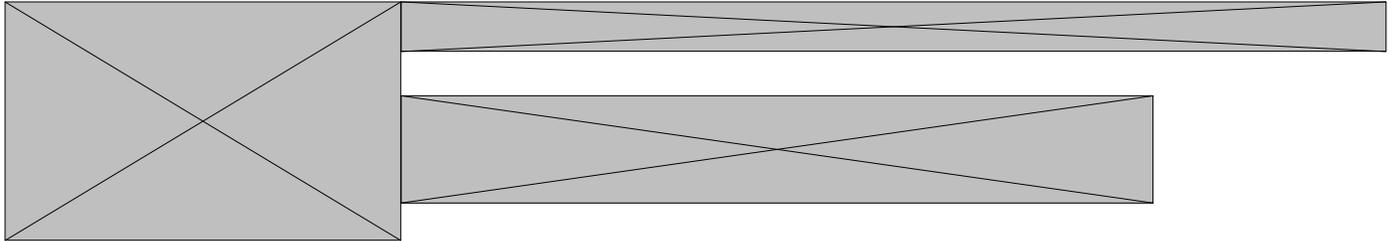
I think it's herpes and you know that can be bad,
Yeah that herpes, it can make you fucking mad
Ohoooh,
I hate it yeah, yeah, yeah,
I hate it yeah, yeah, yeah,
With a dose like that it's very, very sad.

I think I've got a dose,
And I got it yesterday,
I came so very close,
To giving it to the maid.

I know there's something wrong,
'Cause there's blisters on my knob,
And the skin's peeling off my dong,
And erections make it throb,

I'm going to see the quack,
'Cause I cannot stand the pain,
I stuffed it up her crack,
But I won't do that again,

When the doctor took his knife,
I went deeply into sho-o-ock,
What will I tell my wife,
He's going to cut it off.

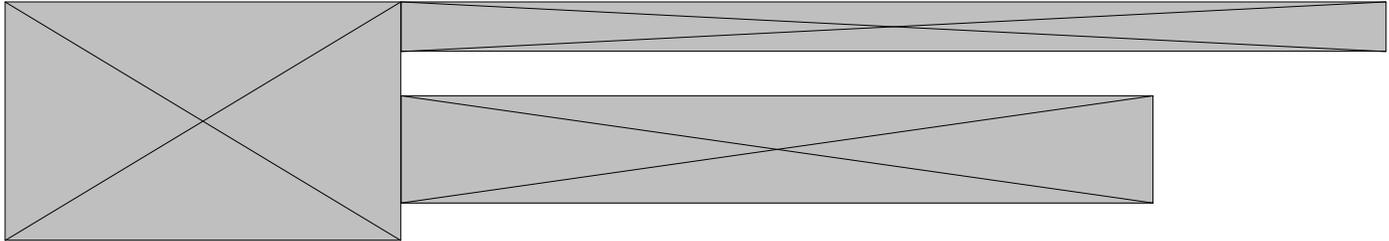


Hot Vagina

(To "Yellow Rose of Texas")

Hot vagina for your breakfast,
Hot vagina for your lunch,
Hot vagina for your dinner,
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.
It's so speedy and nutritious,
Bite-size and ready to eat,
So take a tip, go eat your mom;
Hot vagina can't be beat.

[R]



Here's to Brother Hasher

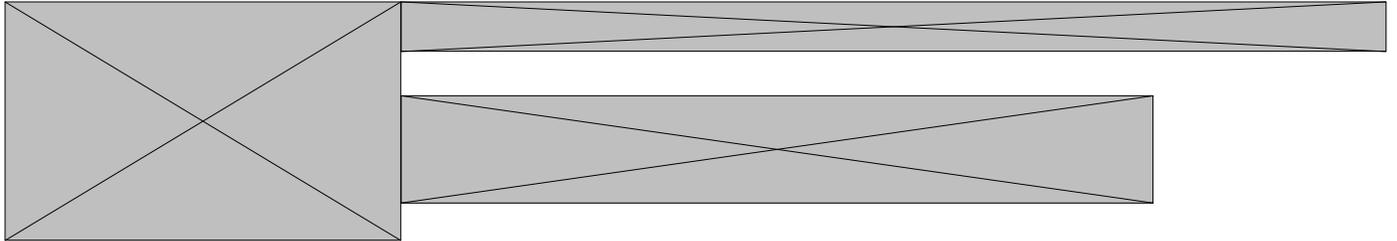


(Tune: Ach, Du; Lieber Augustin)
(You may substitute sister for brother.)

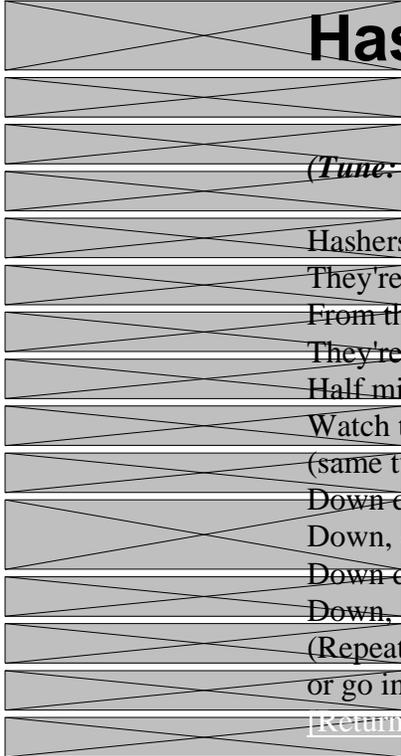
Here's to brother hasher(s),
Brother hasher(s), brother hasher(s),
Here's to brother hasher(s),
May he (they) chug-a-lug.

He's (Their) happy, he's (their) jolly,
He's (Their) fucked up by golly,
Here's to brother hasher(s),
May he (they) chug-a-lug.

So drink motherfucker(s),
Drink motherfucker(s),
Drink motherfucker(s),
Drink motherfucker(s),
Here's to brother hasher(s),
May he (they) chug-a-lug.
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue until down down is finished,
or go into "Why are you waiting".)



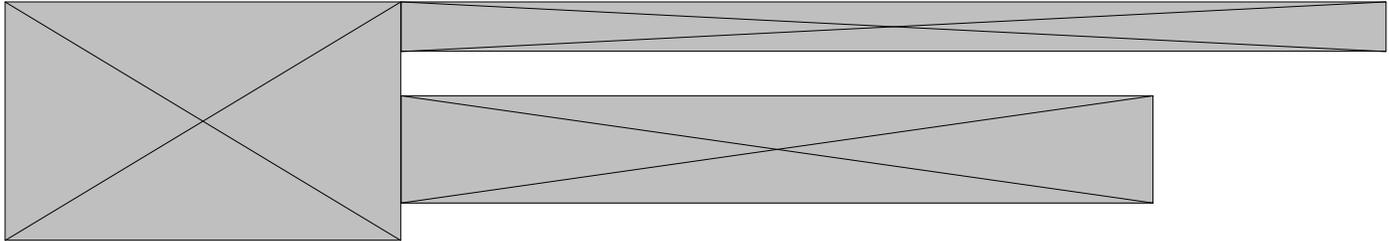
Hashstones



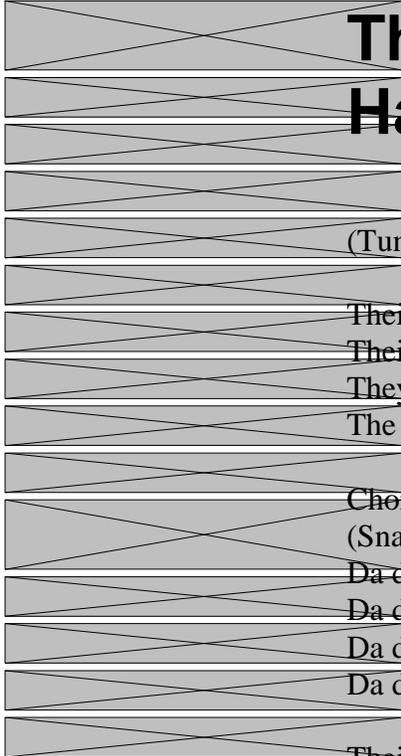
(Tune: The Flintstones)

Hashers, meet the Hashers,
They're the biggest drunks in history.
From the hash of (your hash here),
They're the leaders in debauchery.
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years.
Watch them, as they down a lot of beers.
(same tune as first four lines)
Down down, down down down down,
Down, down down down down down down, down, down.
Down down, down down down down,
Down, down down down down down down, down, down!
(Repeat until down down is finished,
or go into "Why are you waiting".)

[Return



The Hash House Harriers



(Tune: Addams Family)

Their drinking is compulsive and,
Their running is convulsive.
They're morally repulsive,
The Hash House Harriers.

Chorus

(Snap fingers twice with words "Down Down")

Da da da da, Down Down.

Da da da da, Down Down.

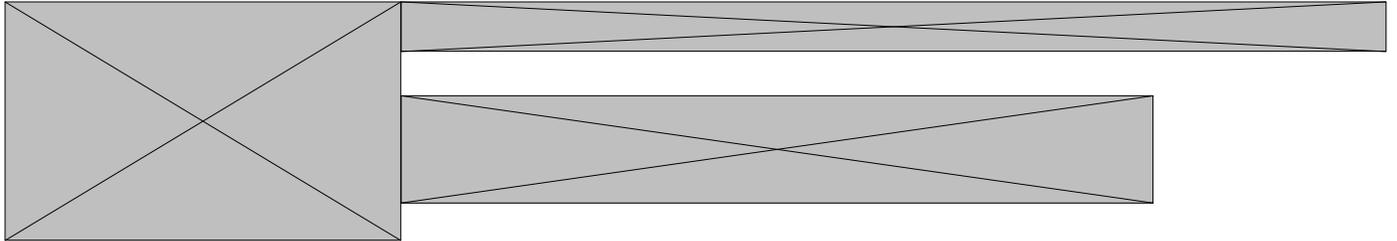
Da da da daa, Da da da daa,

Da da da da, Down Down.

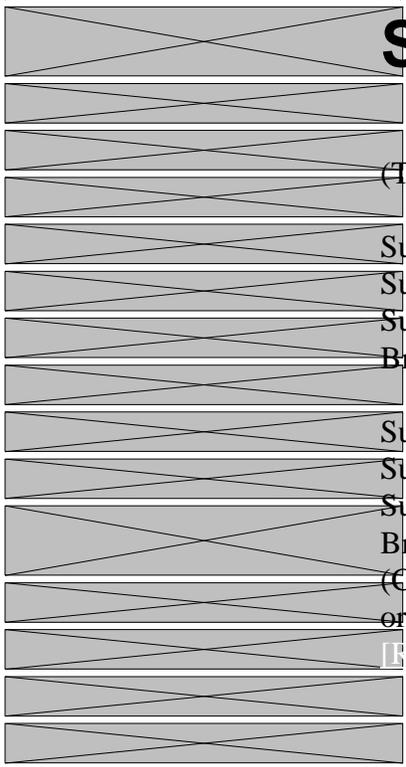
Their flatulence is rude and,
Their genitals protrude when,
They're running in nude in,
The Hash House Harriers.

They're always shiggy tracking,
From constantly bushwhacking,
Intelligence they're lacking,
The Hash House Harriers.

Down, down, down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down, down, down.
(Continue until down down is finished,
or go into "Why are you waiting".)



Suck-Swallow



(Tune: Chanted)

Suck, swallow

Suck, swallow

Suck, swallow

Breathee!

Suck, swallow

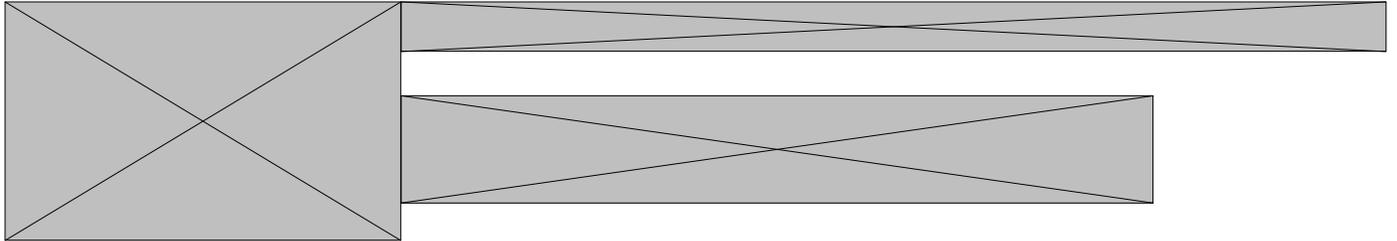
Suck, swallow

Suck, swallow

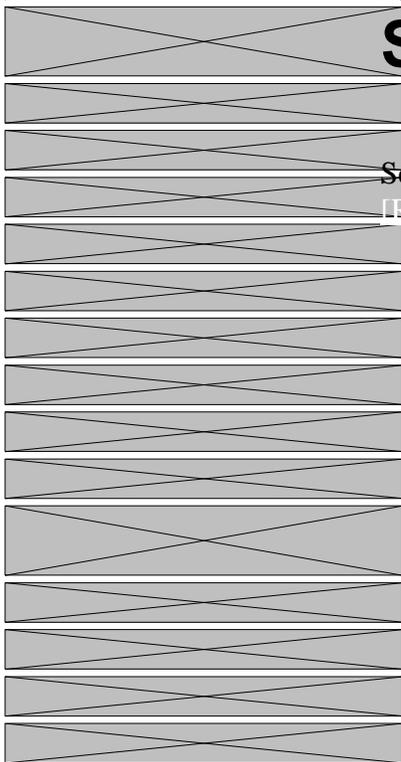
Breathee!

(Continue until down down is finished,
or go into "Why are you waiting".)

F

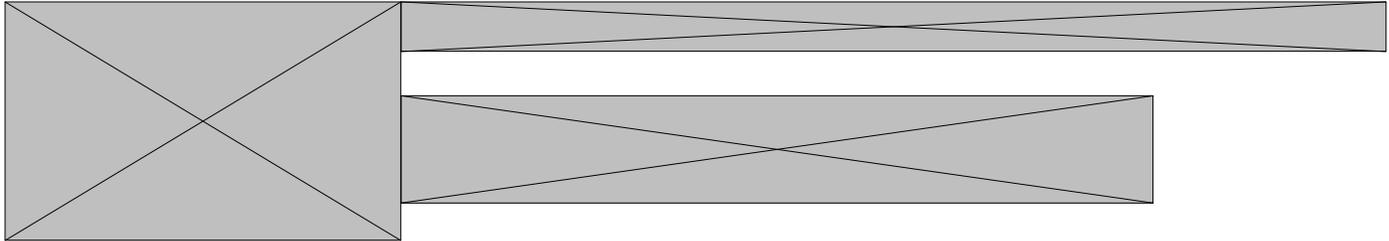


Swing Low

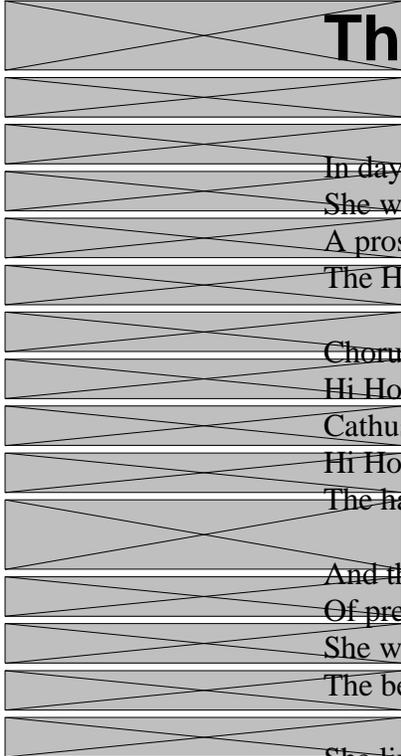


See Hash Hymn.

11



The Harlot of Jerusalem



In days of old there lived a maid,
She was mistress of her trade,
A prostitute of high repute,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus
Hi Ho Cathusalem,
Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Hi Ho Cathusalem,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

And though she fucked for many a year,
Of pregnancy she had no fear,
She washed her passage out with beer,
The best in all Jerusalem.

She lived within the palace walls,
And round the walls were hung the balls,
Of every cock who'd tried to root,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Now in a hovel by the wall,
A student lived with but one ball,
Who'd been though all, or nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.

His phallic lean was lean and tall,
His phallic art caused all to fall,
And victims lined the Wailing Wall,
That goes around Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
With customary whore-lust he,
Made up his mind to call and see,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

It was for her no fortune good,
That he should need to root his pud,
And choose her out of all the brood,
Of harlots in Jerusalem.

For though he paid his women well,
This syphilitic spawn of hell,
Struck down each year and tolled the bell,
For ten harlots of Jerusalem.

Forth from the town he took the slut,
For 'twas his whim always to rut,
By the Salvation Army hut,
Outside of Old Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look,
He took out from its filthy nook,
His penis twisted like a crook,
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He leaned the whore against the slum,
And tied her at the knee and bum,
Knowing where the strain would come,
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bum,
And rattling like a Lewis gun,
He sowed the seed of many a son,
Into the fair Cathusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick,
To hear him grunt so fast and quick,
While grinding with his crooked prick,
The womb of fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,
With warty prick besmeared with shite,
He'd sworn that he would goal that night,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

He loathed the art of copulation,
For his delight was masturbation,
And with a spurt of cruel elation,
He saw the whore Cathusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,
With roars of rage he rent the air,
And vowed that he would soon take care,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

Upon the earth he found a stick,
To which he fastened half a brick,
An took a swipe at the mighty prick
Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by his crook,
With a single furious look,
And flung him over Kedrun's brook,
That babbles past Jerusalem.

The student gave a furious roar,
And rushed to even up the score,
And with his swollen prick did bore,
The cunt of fair Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rage and fight,
He pushed the bastard Onanite,
And rubbed his face in Cathy's shite,
The foulest in Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she knew her part,
She closed her cunt and blew a fart,
That sent him flying like a dart,
Right over old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee,
He flew straight out towards the sea,
But caught his asshole in a tree,
That grows in Old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see,
His asshole hanging from that tree,
Let that to you a warning be,
When passing through Jerusalem.

And when the moon is bright and red,
A castrated form sails overhead,
Still raining curses on the head,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

As for the student and his lass,

Many a playful night did pass,
Until she joined the V.D. class,
For harlots of Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived an Arab tall,
Who with his prick could move a wall,
It was the pride of nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
He saw her there beneath a tree,
And vowed that very night that he,
Would lay her in Jerusalem.

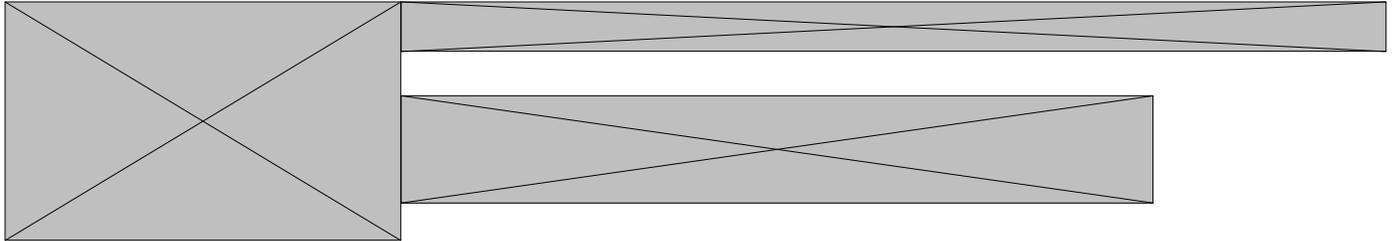
He took her to a shady nook,
And from his open fly he took,
A penis like a butcher's hook,
The finest in Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon her back,
And tried to shove it up her crack,
But had no luck in trying to fuck,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

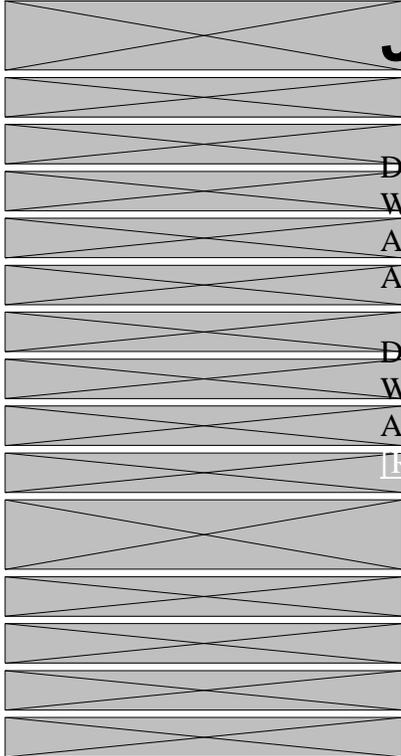
Cathusalem she gave a grunt,
And with a snap she shut her cunt,
And threw him high into the sky,
Far beyond Jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea,
Across the Sea of Galilee,
And caught his bullock in a tree,
Three leagues beyond Jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day,
And seen by all who pass that way,
The silly ape that tried to rape,
The harlot of Jerusalem.



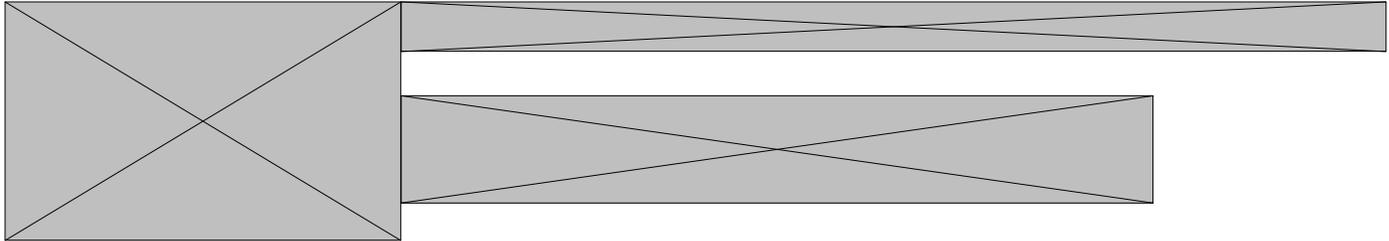
John Peel



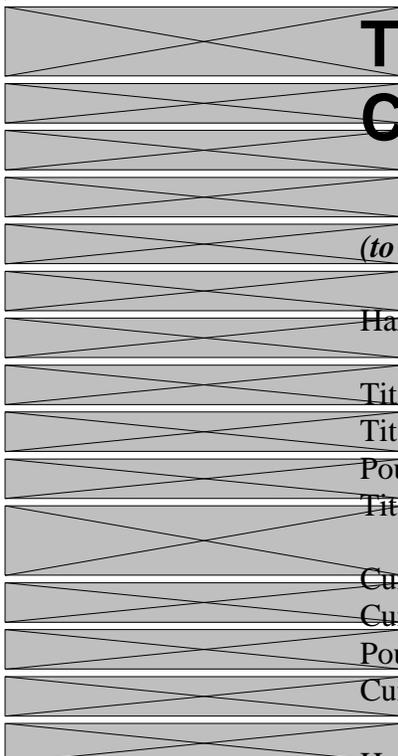
Do you ken John Peel,
With his prick of steel,
And his balls of brass,
And his celluloid ass.

Do you ken John Peel,
With his prick of steel,
And it all comes in the morning!

1



Things Go Better with Coke



(to old Coca Cola jingle)

Harriers:

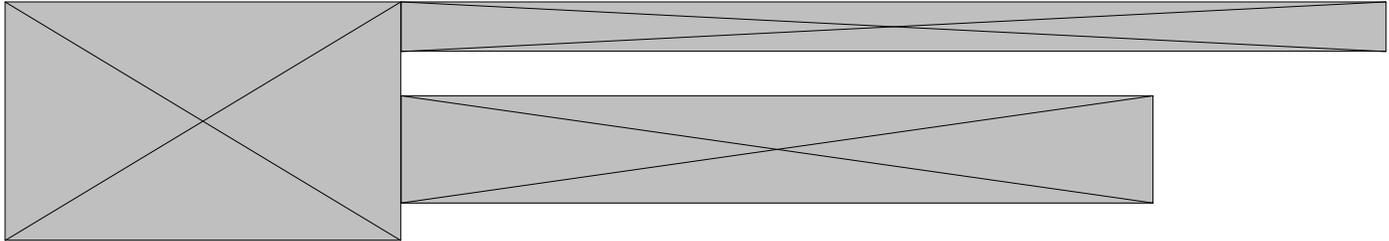
Tits go better with Coca Cola,
Tits go better with Coke.
Pour it onto the nipples for a taste.
Tits go better with Coke.

Cunts go better with Coca Cola,
Cunts go better with Coke.
Pour it in then just lap it all right up.
Cunts go better with Coke.

Harriettes:

Dicks go better with Coca Cola,
Dicks go better with Coke.
Just rinse it down and you will not smell a thing.
Dicks go better with Coke.

Cum goes better with Coca Cola,
Cum goes better with Coke.
Just a swig and that taste will go away.
Cum goes better with Coke.

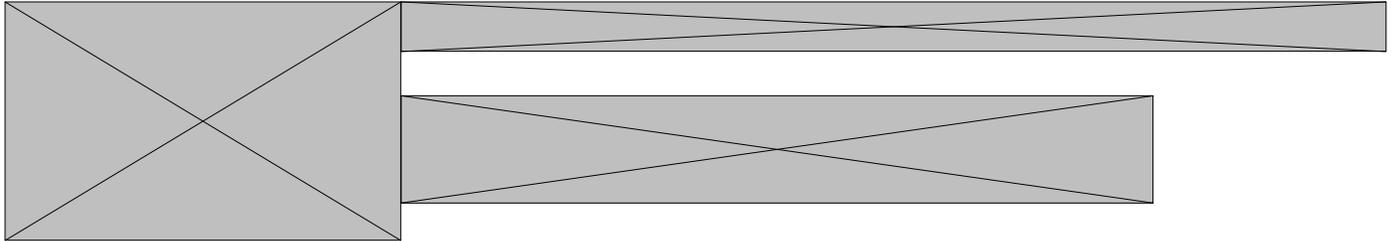


I Don't Want to Be a Housewife

(To "I Don't Want to Join the Army")

I don't want to be a housewife,
I'd much rather be a whore,
I'd rather turn some tricks,
Involving foot long pricks,
Housework is a bore, gor blimey.
I don't want to do his laundry,
I don't want to cook his fucking food,
And if I'm getting laid,
I should be getting paid,
Or else I must be truly getting screwgor
blimey.

||



Masturbation

(To "*Finculi-Fincula*")

Harriers:

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would,
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

You, should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand,
You, should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.

Smash it, bash it, throw it on the floor,
Wrap it around the bedpost, stick it in the door,
Some people say that sexual intercourse is
something really grand.
But, me, I'd rather stay at home and work it off
by hand.

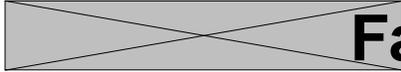
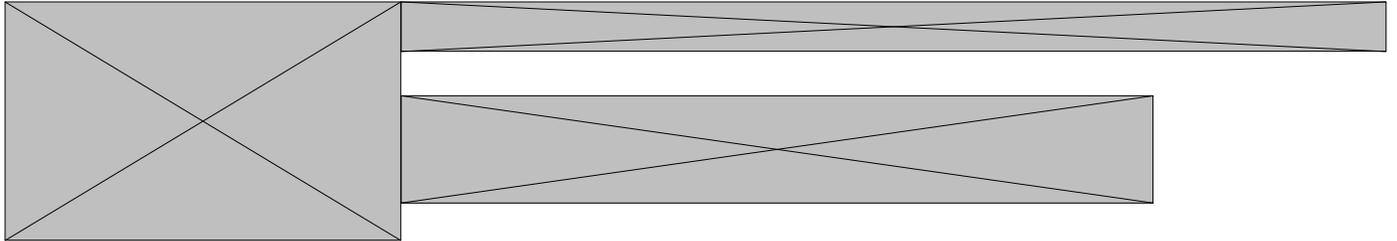
Harriettes:

Last night I laid and masturbated,
It did me good, I knew it would.
All night, the bed springs they vibrated,
I think it's canny, to rub my fanny.

You, should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand.
You, should have seen me on the long strokes,
Around and round, and up and down.

Eased it, teased it, slid along the floor,
Rubbed it, scrubbed it, tickled it to the core.
Some people say that being fucked is very grand,
But for personal enjoyment, I'd would rather use

my hand.



Father



(words in parentheses are echoed by pack)



Father



F is for the farts that used to linger



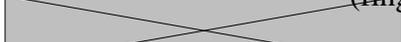
A is for his arse all racked with piles

(all racked with piles)



T is for the turds he pried out by finger

(finger)



H is for his hole all wreathed with smiles

(all wreathed in smiles)



E is for the eggs he used to dine on

(dine on)



R is rotten and rotten they'd always be

(they'd always be)

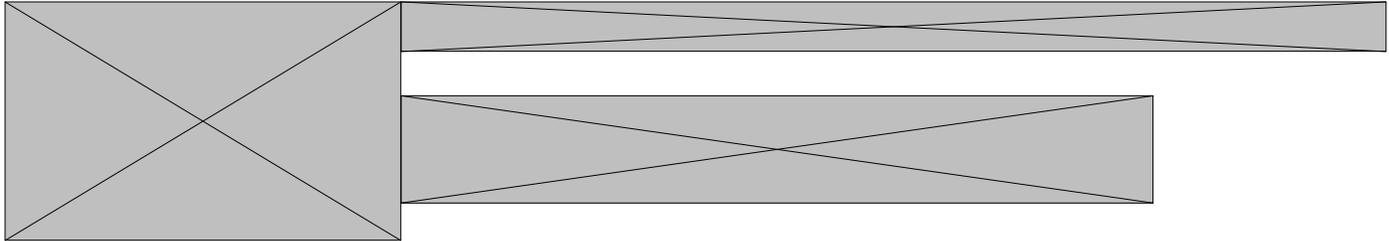
Put them all together and they spell FATHER.

The one who fouls the air for me,

I don't mean maybe,

The one who fouls the air for me,

(the air for me)

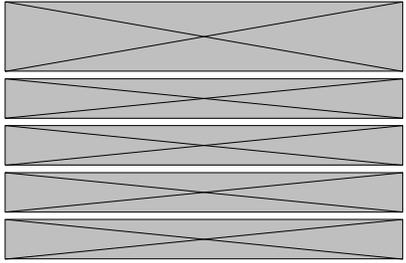


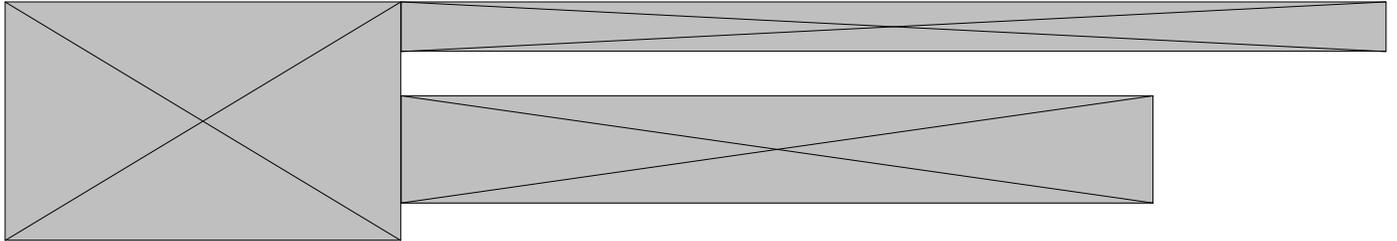
Sing Us Another One Do

*(To be sung as chorus between limericks or
between songs. See Limericks for material.)*

That was a terrible song,
Sing us another one,
Just like the other one,
Sing us another one do.

[Return to Hymn





Rodriguez the Mexican Pervert

(Tune: Frito Bandito)

Ai, ya, ya, yaaa,
Rodriguez the Mexican pervert,
He buggered his mother,
And cornholed his brother,
So they waltzed him around by his willy.

(limerick - *pack repeats last two words of
first and second lines of all limericks)

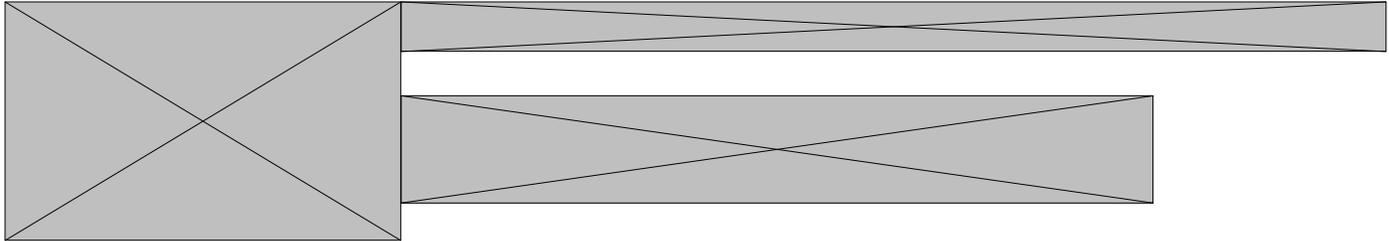
A visiting hasher was here,
(was here?*)
To run him some trails and drink beer.
(drink beer?*)
He molested a cow,
And buggered a sow,
Two hares and a fully grown steer.

Chorus
Ohhhhh, Ai, ya, ya, yaaa,
(Use one line insult here from list below)
So sing me another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
and waltz me around by my willy.

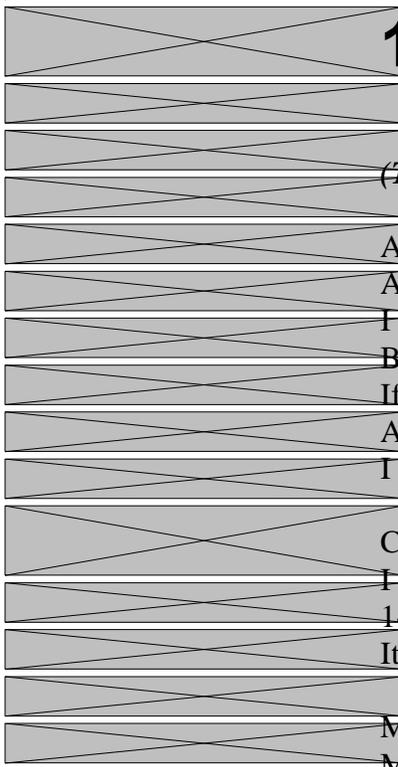
(Sing limericks for verses and alternate with
chorus)

(Insults):
Your mother does squat thrusts on fire hydrants.
Your sister got turned down by hashers.
Your brother bends over for quarters.
Your sister swims after troop ships.

You and your father are brothers.
Your sister goes down for a quarter.
Your brother wears white silk stockings.
Your sister douches with Drano.
Your father's boyfriend's in prison.
Your sister's in love with a carrot.
Your mother likes gangbangs from scout troops.
Your sister sucks moose cum off pine cones.
Your mother sucks farts from dead chickens.
Your father does eight year old Brownies.
Your mother uses Frisbees for diaphragms.
Your brother likes sheep more than women.
Your mother eats shit and lives.
Your sister give head to your brother.
Your mother's vibrator is made by John Deere.



1-900 Sex



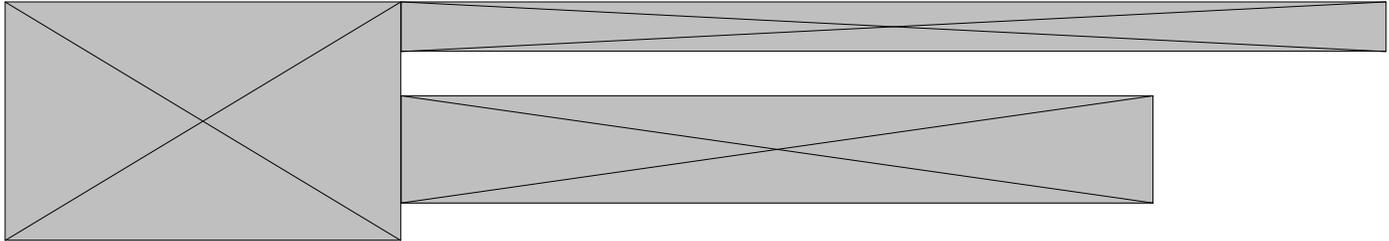
(To: Pig Vomit)

Alone at last,
Another Saturday night,
I can't get it up,
But I'll be all right.
If I can just find me a telephone -
As long as I can find me a telephone,
I won't be alone.

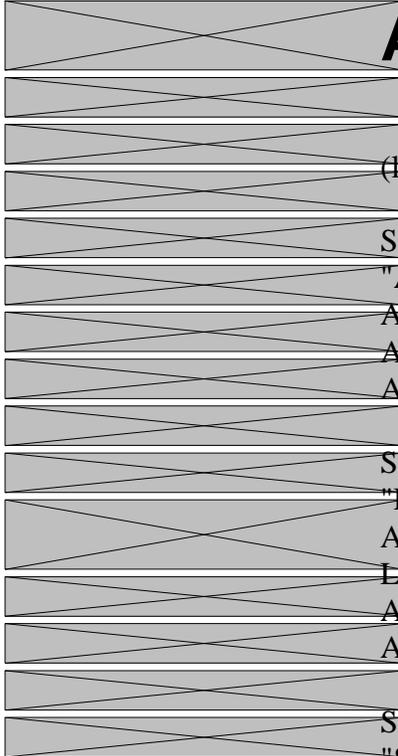
Chorus
I dial 1-900-SEX,
1-900-SEX,
It's a direct connection with my erection.

My hand's in my lap,
My butt in a sleazy chair,
My pants around my ankles,
I can't walk,
But I don't care...

The louder she moans,
The harder I get,
She's beggin' for more,
But I won't let her come yet,
And I'm sleeping with my telephone,
I'm engaged to my telephone,
And when I'm done...



A Is For A



(like a Gregorian chant)

Songmaster:

"A" is for A.

All:

A,

Aye, aye, aye, aye.

Songmaster:

"L" is for Long.

All:

Long,

A long,

Aye, aye, aye, aye.

Songmaster:

"S" is for Strong.

All:

Strong,

Long strong,

A long strong.

Aye, aye, aye, aye.

Songmaster:

"B" is for Black.

All:

Black,

Strong black,

Long strong black,

A long strong black,

(Continue as above with the songmaster adding more on from below.)

"P" is for Pudding.

"U" is for Up.

"M" is for My.

"S" is for Sister's.

"C" is for Cat's.

"A" is for Asshole.

"T" is for Twice.

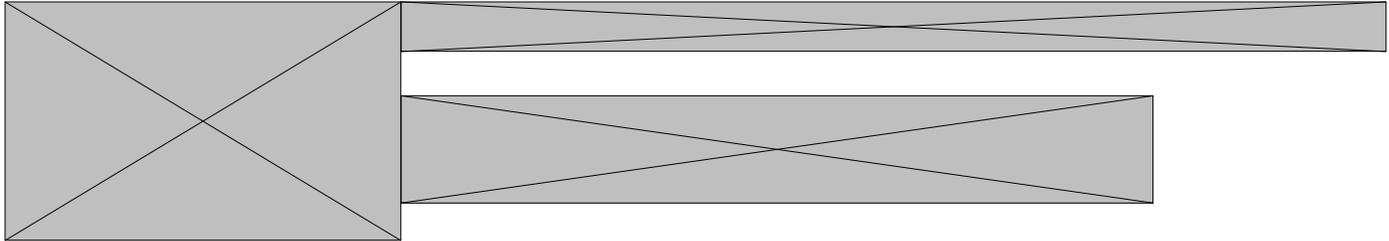
"N" is for Nightly.

"W" is for Weather.

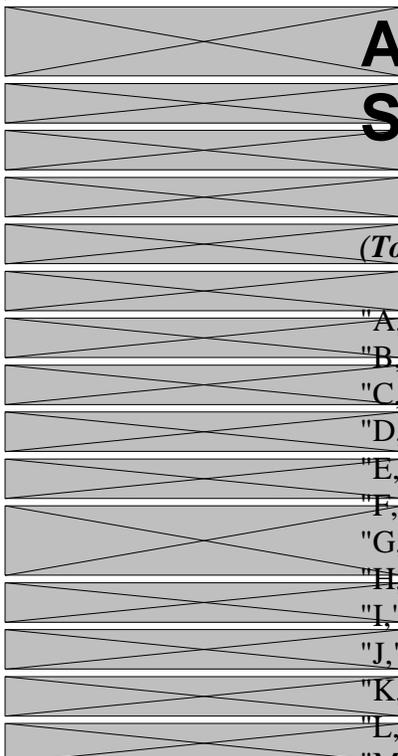
"P" is for Permitting.

"S" is for Sideways.

(If the songmaster and pack is really good, add more. Be creative. Make up additions or even a completely different set of lines.)



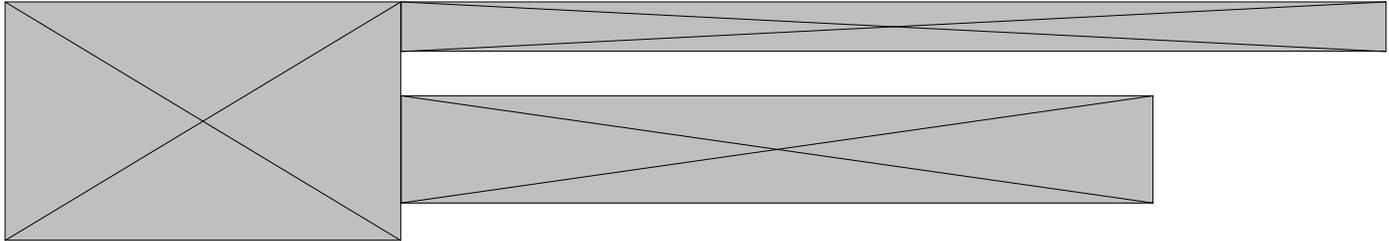
A, You've Got Asshole Stains



(To: You're Adorable)

"A," you've got asshole stains,
"B," you've got balls for brains,
"C," you've hardly got a cock at all,
"D," like a dorker's tool,
"E," your ass exudes stool,
"F," your farts smell like fucking shit,
"G," you've got gonorrhea,
"H," hemorrhoids to your knees,
"I," eyes that run and bleed and itch,
"J," you can jack your jizz,
"K," you can kiss my phizz,
"L," fuckin' lousy son-of-a-bitch,
"M-N-O-P," menstrual blood on your prick,
"Q-R-S-T," alphabetically speaking,
You're S-H-I-T,
"U," make my pussy itch,
"V"-D down to your feet,
"W-X-Y-Z,"

I love to wander through the alphabet with you,
To tell the Hash what you mean to me.



A Prayer

(To: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin)

(Do as a chant. The chant alone without, the following song is frequently done by RA's to start hashes or down downs.)

Leader: And now, hashers, a prayer,
Leader: A Prayer for the constipated.

Response: SHIT!

Leader: A prayer for the inebriated.

Response: PISS!

Leader: A prayer for the frustrated.

Response: FUCK!

Leader: A prayer for the dehydrated.

Response: BEER!

Leader: A prayer for the emasculated.

Response: BALLS!

(sing)

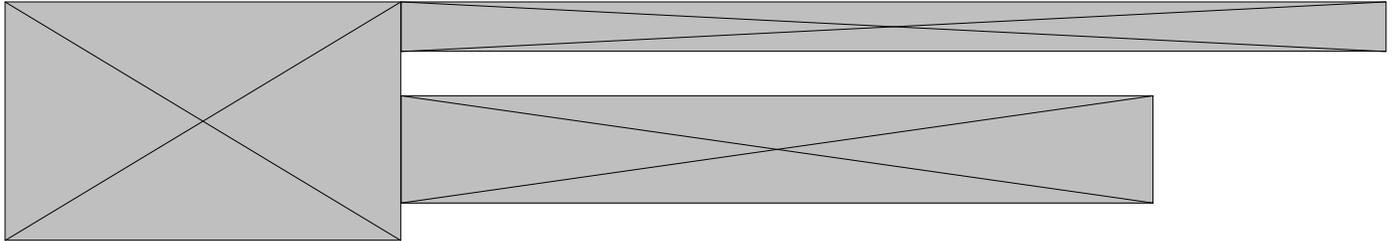
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein, Bengelstein,
Bengelstein,
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

He sits on the steeple and shits on the people,
So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

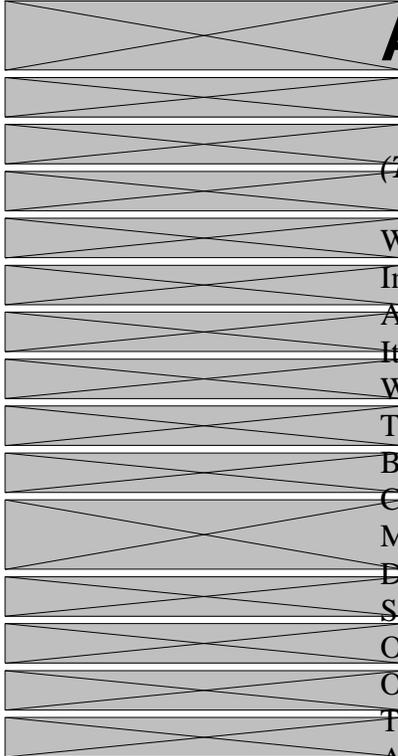
He keeps us all waiting, while he's masturbating,
So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

He tried Mrs. Bengelstein, but she's old and
rotten in-between,
So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

He ups and he downs them, he fucking well grounds
them,
So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.



Alcoholic's Anthem

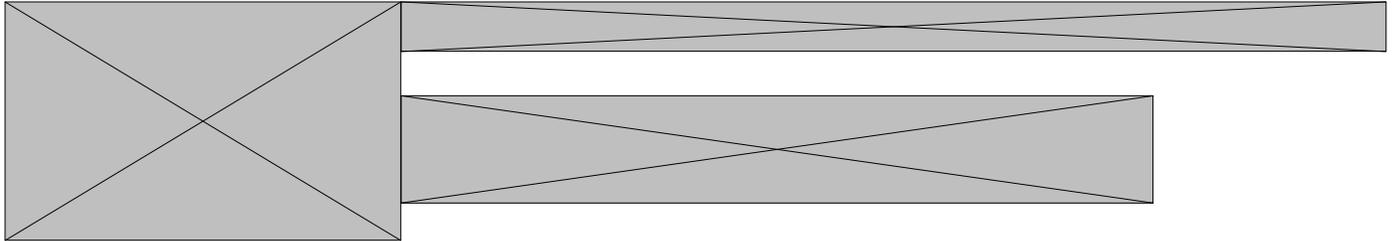


(To: Men of Harlech)

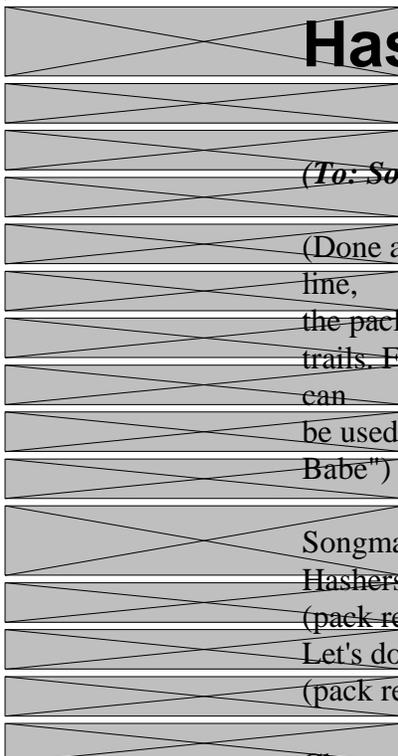
What's the use of drinking tea,
Indulging in sobriety,
And teetotal perversity?
It's healthier to booze.
What's the use of milk and water?
These are drinks that never oughter,
Be allowed in any quarter.
Come on, lose your blues,
Mix yourself a shandy,
Drown yourself in brandy,
Sherry sweet,
Or whisky neat,
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.
There's no blinking sense in drinking,
Anything that doesn't make you stinking,
There's no happiness like sinking,
Blotto to the floor.

Put an end to all frustration,
Drinking may be your salvation,
End it all in dissipation,
Rotten to the core.
Aberrations metabolic,
Ceilings that are hyperbolic,
There are for the alcoholic,
Lying on the floor.
Vodka for the arty,
Gin to make you hearty,
Lemonade was only made,
For drinking if your mother's at the party,
Steer clear of home-made beer,
And anything that isn't labeled clear,
There is nothing else to fear,

Bottom's up, my boys.



Hasher Cadences - Jerk Off



(To: Sound Off)

(Done as a cadence, with songmaster doing a line, the pack repeating. Good for long, boring, trails. For optional singing version that can be used with the same verses see "Honey Babe")

Songmaster: Repeat after me...
Hashers, hashers are you out of song,
(pack repeats)
Let's do a little cadence all night long.
(pack repeats)

Chorus:
Songmaster:
Jerk off!
Pack (making masturbation gestures):
One Two!
Songmaster:
Jerk off!
Pack (with gestures):
Three Four!
Songmaster:
Cumming now!
Pack (with gestures):
One, two, three, four,
One, two-oooh, three four, Ooouwwwww!
(climaxing)

Alternate Chorus:
Songmaster:
On On!

Pack (making masturbation gestures):

One Two!

Songmaster:

On On!

Pack (with gestures):

Three Four!

Songmaster:

On On!

Pack (with gestures):

One, two, three, four,

One, two-oooh, You whore!

I don't know but I've been told,
Hashers shorts are filled with gold.

Have another beer now, don't you frown,
Hashers doing cadence can rock the town.

People say we're primitive,
We say it's the only way to live.

See that girl who's dressed in black,
She makes her living on her back.

Run and drink in our underwear,
Following the trail set by the Hare.

Doctor, doctor can't you see,
This hashin' life is killing me.

I got a girl from ol' Kentuck,
She can't cook, but she sure can fuck...

Too much beer and too much trail,
Another mile and I'm ready for hell.

See that girl who's dressed in red,
For a dollar more she'll give you head.

Checking left and checking right,
This damn trails' gotten outta sight.

That hasher over there is such an ugly fellow,
He can't even get laid in a cheap bordello.

Back check, what the heck turn around,

This damn Hare is goin' down.

I know a girl from Arkansas,
She can take you balls and all,

Make up a new verse when your time comes 'round,
Or grab a mug of beer and do a down down.

Losing your virginity ain't no sin,
I been poppin' them cherries since I was ten.

I know a girl from Ann Arbor,
Her cunt you see is as big as a harbor...

The hasher's dick was a swingin' low,
'Til the harriette kneeled and began to blow.

I know a girl from Oklahoma,
She's not bad if you can take the aroma.

The naked hasher finishon his face was a
wince,
He'd got a circumcision on a barbed-wire fence.

I know a girl from Sioux Falls,
She'll suck your dick and swallow your balls...

One and one makes two - two and two makes four,
If the bed breaks down, we'll fuck on the floor.

Got his shorts down around his knobby knees,
His ass and cock swinging in the breeze.

I got a girl from Niagara Falls,
She's got a mortgage on my balls...

The hare's in the valley the beer's on the hill,
Fuck the trail, short-cut to the thrill.

I got a gal, about six-foot-four,
She fucks everything like a two bit whore.

I have a girl from the Motor City,
Her breath smells bad, but her cunt smells
shitty...

Hashers in the shiggy, hashers in the bed,
Hashers in the outhouse getting some head.

If I die on the Korean Front,
Bury me with a Korean cunt...

I got a gal she lives on a hill,
She won't fuck, but her sister will.

Her cousin from the city is a harriette,
She'll straddle your face and make you wet.

Momma's on the bottom, Papa's on top,
Baby's in the attic, filling rubbers with snot.

Momma's on the bottom, Papa's on top,
Baby's in the cradle yelling, "Shove it to her
Pop!"

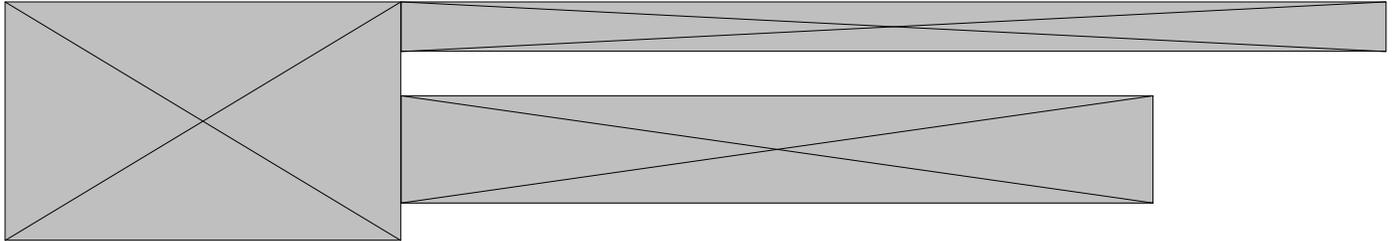
Momma's in the hospital, Papa's in jail,
Sister's in the corner crying, "Pussy for sale!"

Daddy's got a watch, Momma's got a ring,
Sister got a baby from shaking that thing.

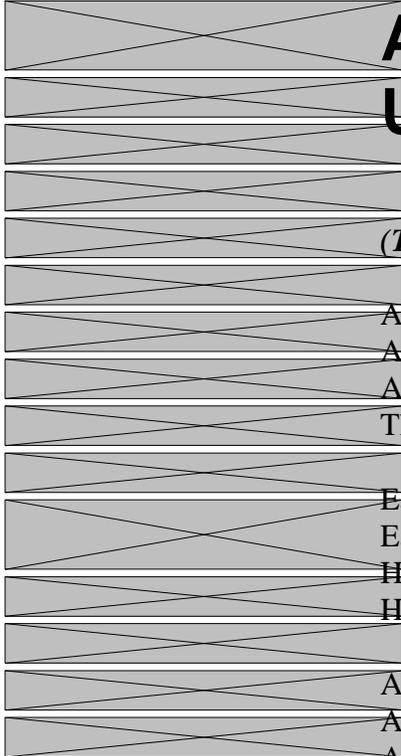
I boogied last night, and the night before,
I'm goin' back tonight, and boogie some more.

I got a gal, about six-foot four,
She fucks everything, like a two-bit whore.

Papa's got a watch, mama's got a ring,
Sister's got a baby, from shakin' that thing.



All Things Dull and Ugly



(To: All Things Bright and Beautiful)

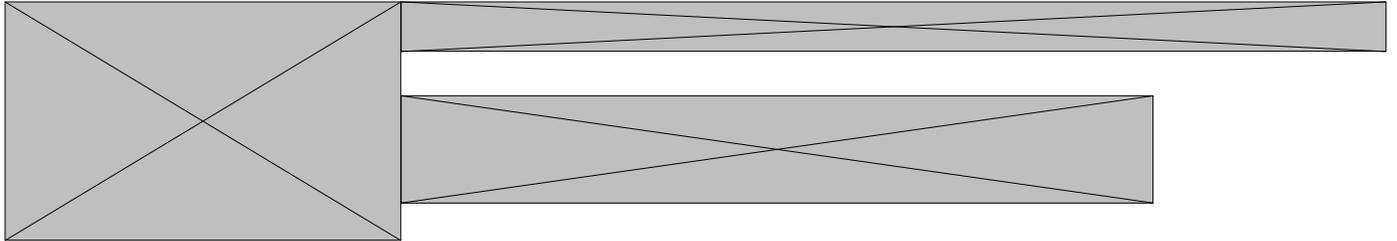
All things dull and ugly,
All creatures short and squat,
All things rude and nasty,
The Lord God made the lot.

Each little snake that poisons,
Each little wasp that stings,
He made their brutish venom,
He made their horrid wings.

All things sick and cancerous,
All evil great and small,
All things foul and dangerous,
The Lord God made them all.

Each nasty little hornet,
Each beastly little squid,
Who made the spikey urchin,
Who made the sharks, He did.

All things scabbed and ulcerous,
All pox both great and small,
Putrid, foul, and gangrenous,
The Lord God made them all.



Ancient Hash Song

(To: Tidings of Comfort and Joy)

A hasher is a manly chap,
He's full of vim and vigor,
And maidens gather round in droves,
To see his manly figure.
Of flashing thighs and knobby knees,
He makes a splendid sight,
And all the girls do seek of him,
To spend with them the night,

At this ancient sport he does excel,
None is better in the land,
Tis only on a Monday night,
He needs a bit of a hand.
But Tuesday sees him big and bold,
If a little red of eye,
He tells himself he's not so old,
And has another try.
As lovers go he is the best,
The girls cannot go wrong.
Where others limp and sweat and pant,
The hasher cries, "On-On!"

Now you may think this splendid brute,
Is more animal than man,
But concealed inside his lofty head,
Is more than a empty beer can.
Of intellect he is most high,
Long words come naturally,
In more than a dozen languages,
He cries, "Jeez, I need a pee!"

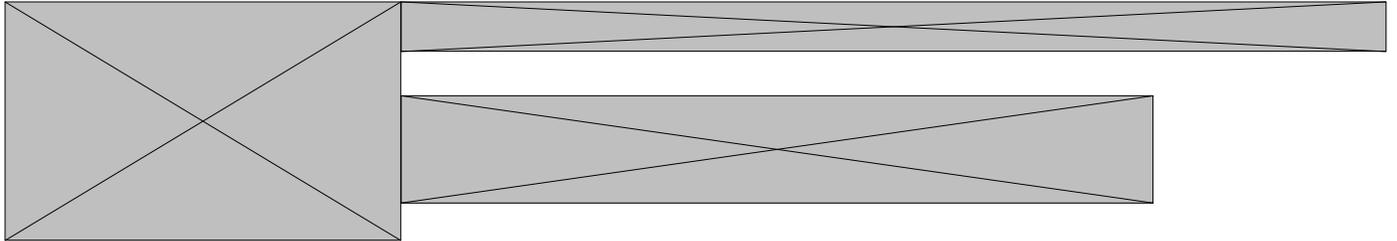
On Monday night great minds confer,
To put the world to right.

Engineers and scientists,
Politicians from Left and Right.
It really is a treasure trove,
Of wit and repartee,
Foul language is never heard,
Just the occasional "Cooee."

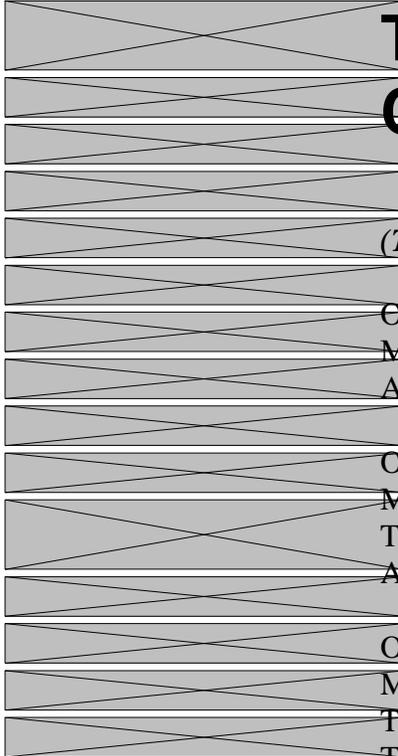
This lofty band,
This group most high,
Gentlemen, one and all,
If only the world was made of such,
Then life would be a ball.

In this modern world we find,
Such violence and sin,
Isn't it a comfort then,
To find this band of men.
Whose only care is a maiden's prayer,
And to keep them safe from harm.
Oh, fret not, pretty maiden,
A hasher will keep you warm.
Not only warm but fed and clothed,
With oils he'll anoint your body,
And all he wants in return,
Is the occasional bit of nooky!

And when a Hasher's run is o'er,
To the Golden Gate he goes.
St. Peter studies the Hash Cash book,
To see what he might owe.
"Tha's fully paid, oop, no problem there,
And what's this I see here?
The likes of a bit of hot nooky,
After a few cold beers.
Tha's just the sort we need oop 'ere,
So tha can move along,
Vestal Virgins is on the left."
The hasher cri "On-On!"



The Twelve Days of Christmas



(To: song of same name)

On the first day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me,
A nice lager in a brown mug.

On the second day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me,
Two dirty shoes,
And a nice lager in a brown mug.

On the third day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me,
Three french kisses,
Two dirty shoes,
And a nice lager in a brown mug.
etc...

Four call-ing "On!"
Five golden ales.
Six hares a laying.
Seven bastards swimming.
Eight poofers walking.
Nine bitches dancing.
Ten hashers leaping.
Eleven buglars blowing.
Twelve down downs drinking.

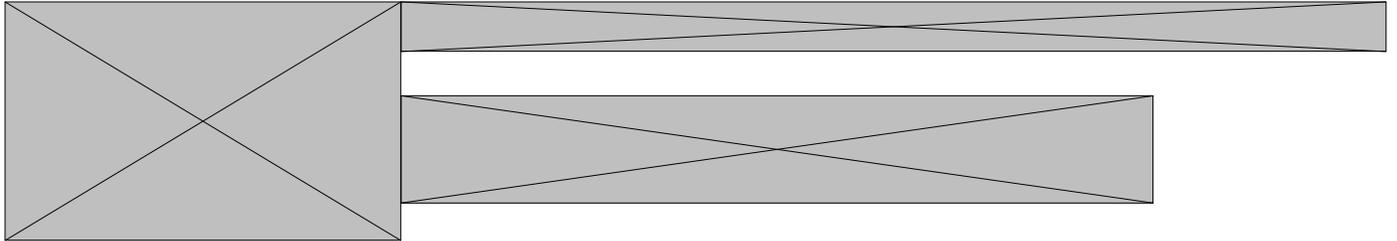
(Second Alternate Verses)
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck.
(On-on-on).
Two shit house doors,
Three French whores,

Four calling girls,
Five blow jobs,
Six 69'ers,
Seven sucking sisters,
Eight aching assholes,
Nine gnawed off nipples,
Ten torn off titties,
Eleven leaping lesbians,
Twelve twats a'twitching.

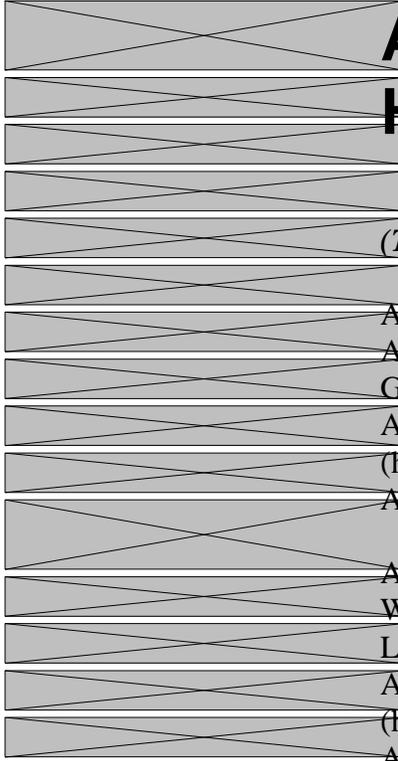
(Third Alternate Verses)

A hand job in an MG.
(squirt, squirt, squirt).
Two rectal sores.
Three droopy drawers.
Four fucking whores.
Five pubic hairs.
Six seeping chancres.
Seven sucking sisters.
Eight edible panties.
Nine nibbled nipples.
Ten tons of titty.
Eleven lickable labia.
Twelve twats 'a twitchin'.

Make up your own verses!



And So This is Hashmas



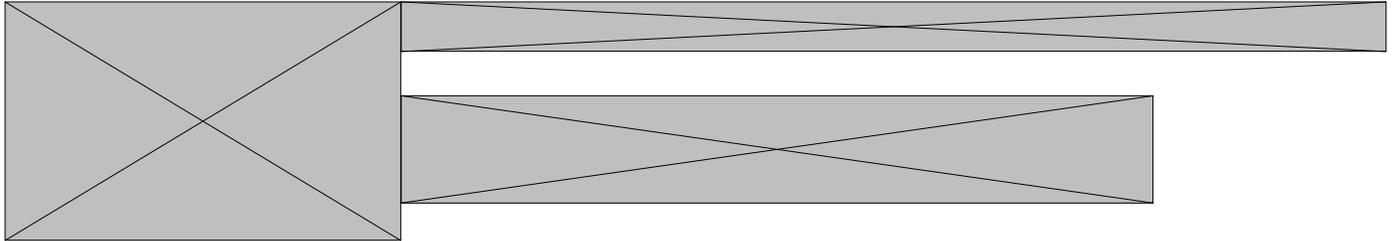
(To: And So This is Christmas)

And so this is Hashmas,
And a happy new year,
Get in a drunk punch-up,
And get socked in the ear.
(hold your ear, then)
Aarh-aarh-aarh-aarh

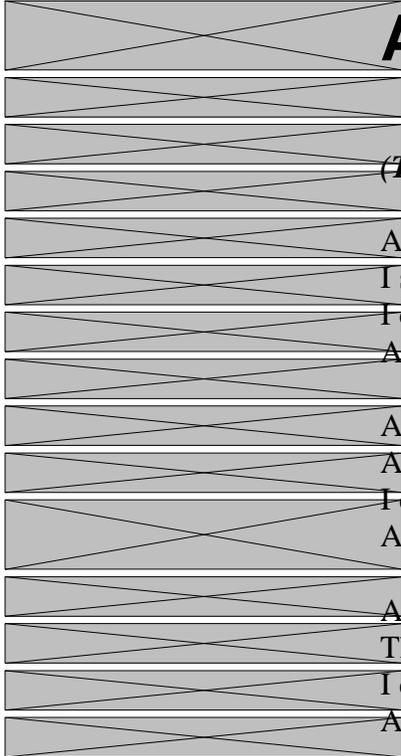
And so this is Hashmas,
With a wink and a leer,
Let's eat too much turkey,
And drink lots of beer.
(hold your belly)
Aarh-aarh-aarh-aarh.

And so this is Hashmas,
No need to look glum,
We'll drink too much whiskey,
And fall on our bum.
(grab your ass)
Aarh-aarh-aarh-aarh

And so this is Hashmas,
What a load of old crap,
Let's put it up your bottom,
And cum on your back.
(gesture accordingly)
Oooh-aarh-oooh-aarh



As I was walking



(To: Old One Hundredth)

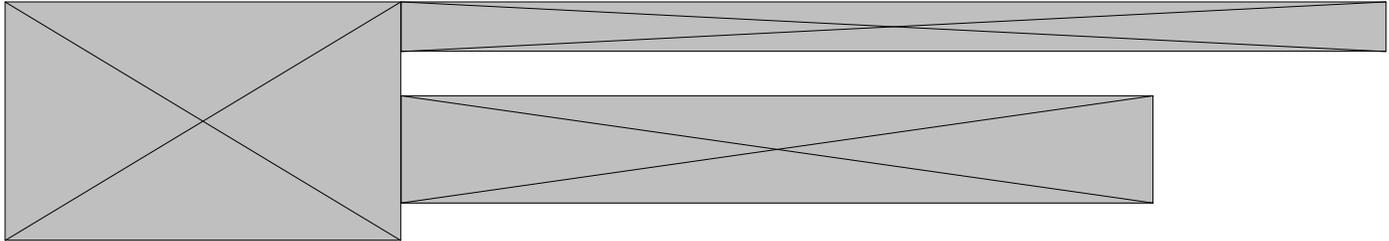
As I was walking through the wood,
I shat myself, I knew I would.
I cried for "Help!", but no help came,
And so I shat myself again.

As I was walking down the street,
A whore grabbed me by the meat.
I cried for "Help!", but no help came,
And so she grabbed my meat again.

As I was walking through Saint Pauls,
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.
I cried for "Help!", but no help came,
And so he grabbed my balls again.

As I was walking through St. Giles,
Some bastard grabbed me by my piles.
I cried for "Help!", but no help came,
And so he grabbed my piles again.

As I lay sleeping in the grass,
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.
I cried for "Help!", but no help came,
And so he rammed it up again.



Austin Hash Song

To: Redneck Mother

(Start with lots of "Ba doom, ba doom, ba doom,
boom, boom boom")

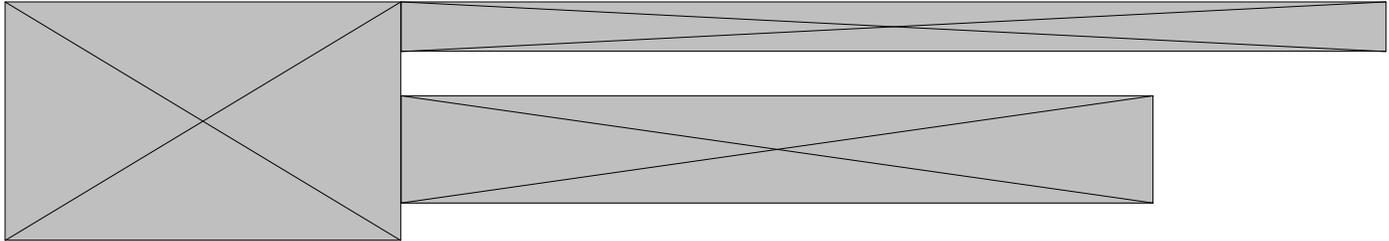
I brought a newboot out to meet the gang;
He said he needed a crowd for which to hang.
He ran like a rabbit out on the false trails,
By the time we got to the beer he was dragging his
tail.

Chorus

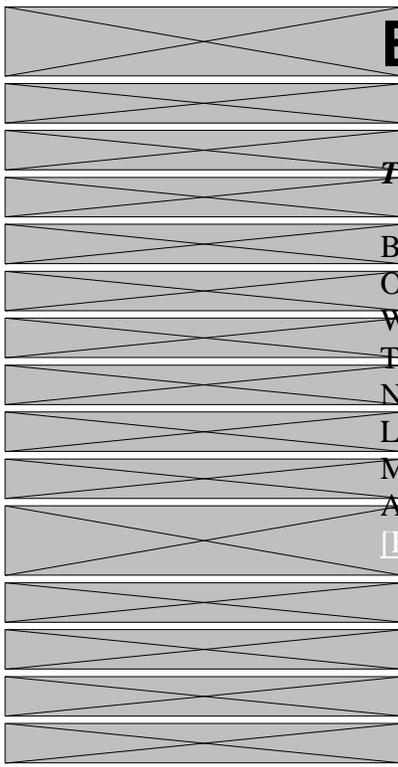
Well,
H is for the hair that just laid the trail
A is for the soil we hash on (yell) AUSTIN!
S that's for shiner
H is for us hounds
E is for everyone wearing
R ubbers

Well it's cross the creek and up the other side,
Thru some Poison Oak, Bull Nettle by my side.
Well it's off the road and off into some deep dark
woods,
Running up and down hills just to get them goods.

Well you just might see a Llama along the way,
Or ford a dangerous river who's to say.
But for all us who knows, to bring some dry
clothes,
Take a short cut thru the creek to where the beer
flows.



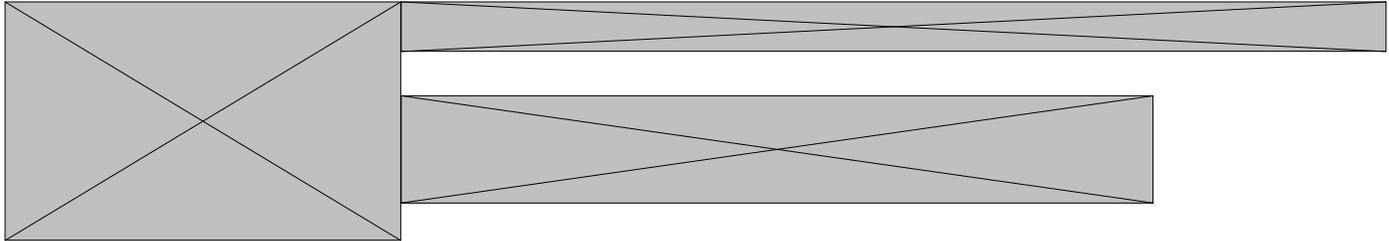
Bad King Hashmas



To: Good King Wenceslas

Bad King Hashmas spent the lot,
On some horse called Steven,
Was the bloke out to lunch or what,
The odds weren't nearly even,
Now that all the beer money's spent,
Life will seem quite cruel,
Might as well go home to the wife,
And send the kids to school.

[



The Bagpipe Song

(To: Scotland The Brave)

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assey,
Who was lifting up her kilty at the _____ Hash.
(pack does two lines sounding like a bagpipe)

Then there was the jockey with his upstanding cocky,
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,
Who was lifting up her kilty at the _____ Hash.
(do two lines sounding like a bagpipe)

Then there was the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,
Who was lifting up her kilty at the _____ Hash.
(bagpipe)

Then there was the queerie who was leering through his beery,
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,
Who was lifting up her kilty at the _____ Hash.
(bagpipe)

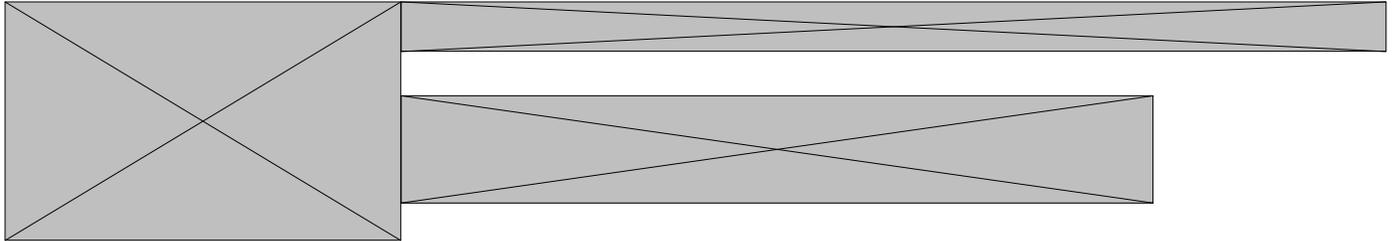
Then there was the Harlot making money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery,
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,
Who was lifting up her kilty at the _____ Hash.
(bagpipe)

Then there was the HASHER who was posing as a flasher,
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery,

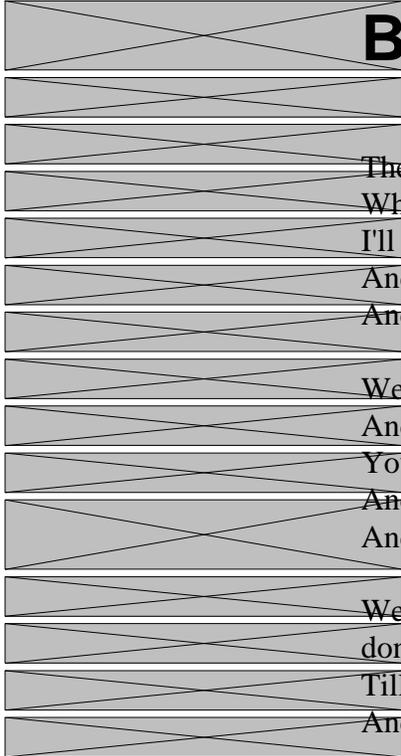
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,
Who was lifting up her kilty at the _____ Hash.
(bagpipe)

Then there was the Wenchy doing down-down on a benchy,
Making money for the HASHER who was posing as a flasher,
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery,
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,
Who was lifting up her kilty at the _____ Hash.
(bagpipe)

Now the moral of this ditty is that when in _____ City,
And you're with your favorite girlie,
Chasing hairs all short and curly,
Just remember to take her hashing and to give her a good bashing,
And keep her away from the Wenchy doing down-down on a benchy,
Making money for the HASHER who was posing as a flasher,
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery,
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,
Who was lifting up her kilty at the _____ Hash.
(bagpipe)



Balham Vicar

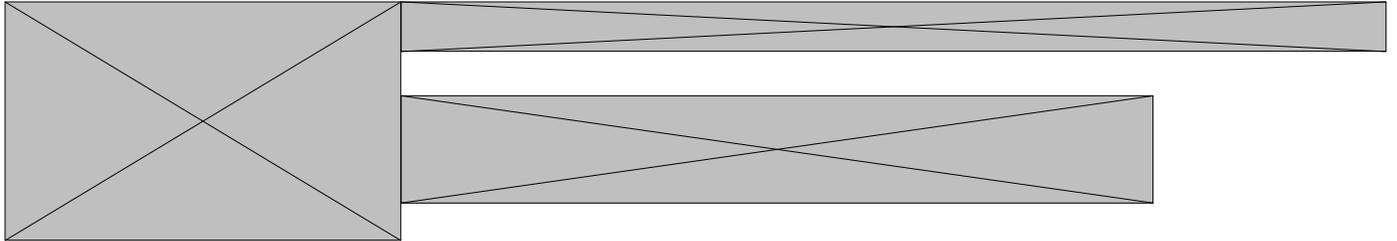


There once was a Balham vicar,
Who said to his curate,
I'll bet I've fucked more women than you,
And the curate said, you're on.
And the curate said, you're on.

We'll stand outside the church this day,
And this will be our sign:
You ding-a-ding for the women you've fucked,
And I'll dong-a-dong for mine, for mine.
And I'll dong-a-dong for mine, for mine.

Well there were more ding-a-dings and
dong-a-dongs,
Till a pretty young bird came by,
And curate went ding-ding.

Oh, said the vicar, don't ding-a-ding there,
That's my wife I do declare,
Hell said the curate, I don't care.
Ding-a-ding-a-ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
Ding-a-ding-a-ding, ding, dong.



Ball of Yarn

Chorus

Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.

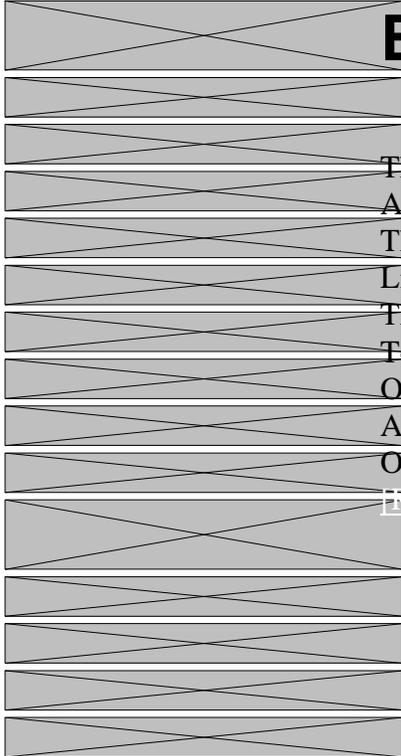
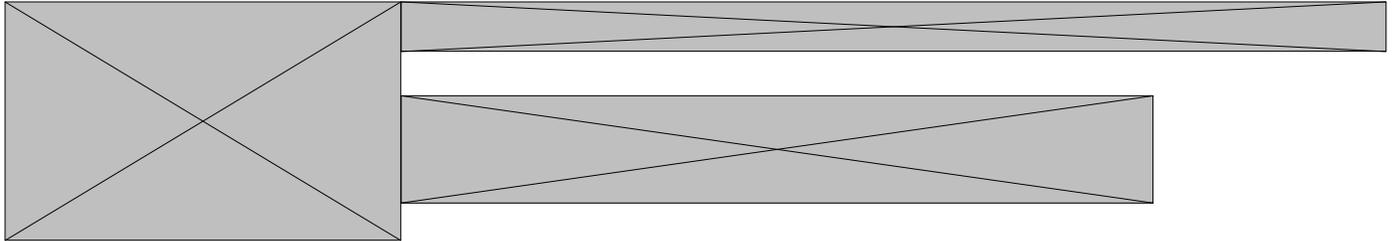
It was in the month of June,
When the flowers are in bloom,
I found her sitting out behind the barn;
As she shoveled up the gobs,
So I gently pinched her knobs,
And asked to spin her little ball of yarn.

She undressed before my sight,
We went at it all that night,
Her little body shaking stem to stern;
And the blackbird and the robin,
Saw her little butt a'bobbin,
As I spun her little ball of yarn.

It was two months after that,
In the office where I sat,
Never dreaming she had done me any harm;
And a doctor dressed in white, said,
"Man, your pecker is a sight,
It's been tangled in a little ball of yarn."

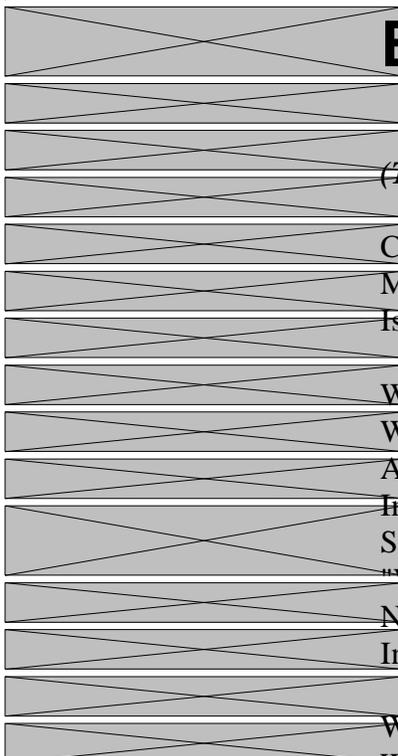
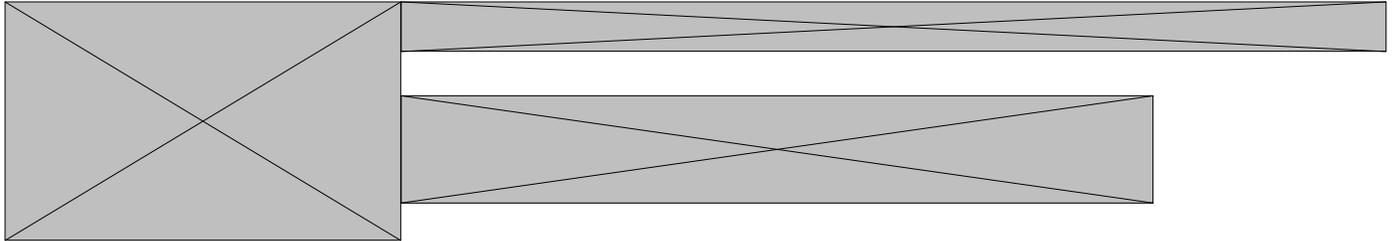
It was nine months to the day,
In the bathtub where I lay,
I felt a heavy hand on my arm;
And a policeman with a hose,
Said, "Get up and get your clothes!"
"You're the father of a little ball of yarn!"

In my prison cell I sit,
In my bathrobe in my shame,
The shadow of my finger on the wall;
And the ladies as they pass,
Stick their hatpins up my ass!
And little mice play hopscotch,
With my little ball of yarn.



Balls of O'Leary

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're stately and shapely,
Like the dome of Saint Paul's.
The women all muster,
To view that great cluster,
Oh, they stand and they stare,
At the bloody great pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.



Barcelona

(To: Manana)

Chorus

Manana, manana,
Is my banana good enough for you?

Way down in Barcelona,
Where ladies learn to knit,
A lady stuck a knitting needle,
In another lady's tit.
Said the lady to the lady,
"We're here to learn to knit,
Not to stick a knitting needle,
In another lady's tit."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where drummers play the drum,
A drummer stuck a drumstick up,
Another drummer's bum.
Said the drummer to the drummer,
"We're here to play the drum,
Not stick a drumstick up,
Another drummer's bum."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where lepers decompose,
A leper picked a snotty from,
Another leper's nose.
Said the leper to the leper,
"We're here to decompose,
Not to pick a snotty from,
Another leper's nose."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where ladies learn to swim,

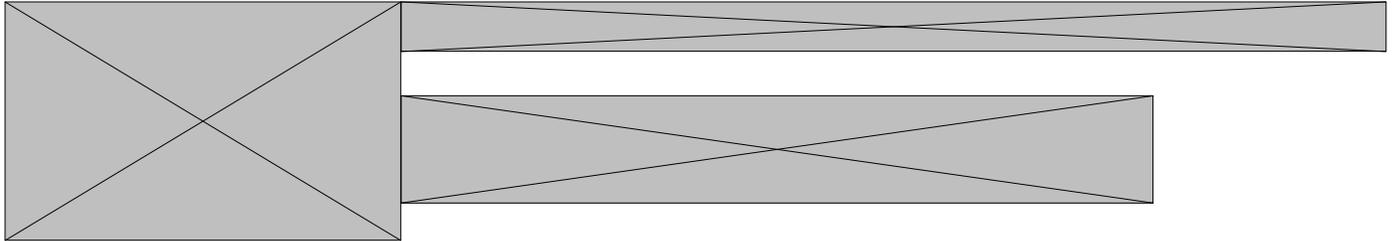
A lady put her finger up,
Another lady's quim.
Said the lady to the lady,
"We're here to learn to swim,
Not to put our fingers up,
Another lady's quim."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where beggars beg for food,
A beggar chucked a lunger,
In another beggar's gruel.
Said the beggar to the beggar,
"We're here to beg for food,
Not to chuck a lunger in,
Another beggar's gruel."

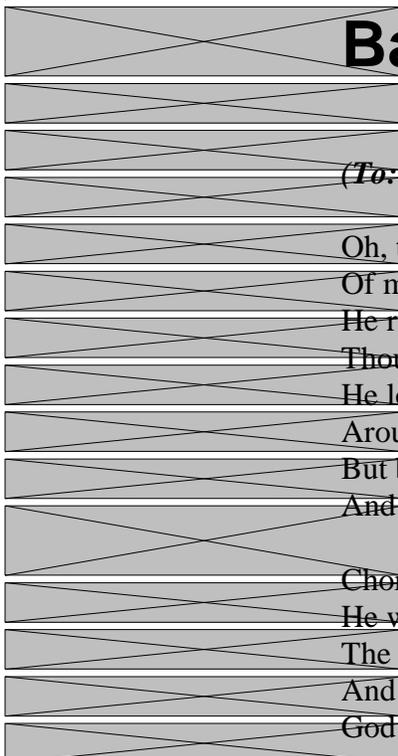
Way down in Barcelona,
Where wankers yank their crank,
A wanker took a yank of,
Another wanker's crank.
Said the wanker to the wanker,
"We're here to yank our crank,
Not to yank a crank of,
Another wanker's crank."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where the miners shovel coal,
A miner shoved a shovel up,
Another miners hole,
Said the miner to the miner,
We're here to shovel coal,
And not to shove a shovel up,
Another miners hole.

Way down in New York City,
Where the cabbies drive so fast.
A cabby rammed his cab up,
Another cabbies ass,
Said the cabby to the cabby,
(Wind down window),
FERK YOU - BUDDY!



Bastard King of England



(To: The Irish Washerwoman)

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English King,
Of many long years ago,
He ruled his land with an iron hand,
Though his mind was weak and slow.
He loved to hunt the royal stag,
Around the royal wood,
But better by far he loved to sit,
And pound the royal pud.

Chorus

He was lousy and dirty and covered in fleas,
The hair on his balls hung down to his knees,
And he had his women in twos and threes.
God bless the Bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane,
And a sprightly wench was she,
She longed to fool with the royal tool,
From far across the sea.
So she sent a royal message,
With a royal messenger,
To invite the King of England down,
To spend the night with her.

Now 'ol' Philip of France he heard by chance,
Within his royal court,
And he swore, "She loves my rival best,
Because my tool is short,
So he hurried off to Spain,
Where he did the deed again,
To give the Queen a dose of clap,
To pass it on to the Bastard King of England.

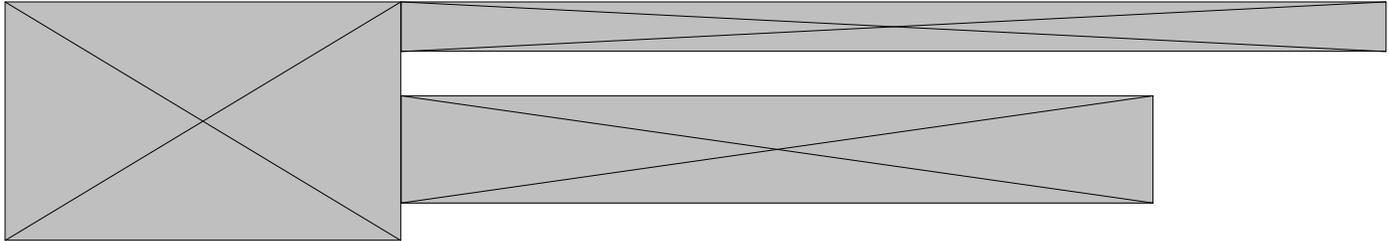
When news of this foul deed was heard,
Within the royal halls,
The King he swore by the royal whore,
He'd have to Frenchman's balls.
He offered half the royal purse,
And a piece of the Queen Hortense,
To any British subject,
Who could do the King of France.

So the noble Duke of Middlesex,
He took himself to France,
He swore he was a fairy,
So the king let drop his pants,
Then on Philip's dong he slipped a throng,
Leaped on his horse and galloped along,
Dragging the Frenchman back,
To merry old England.

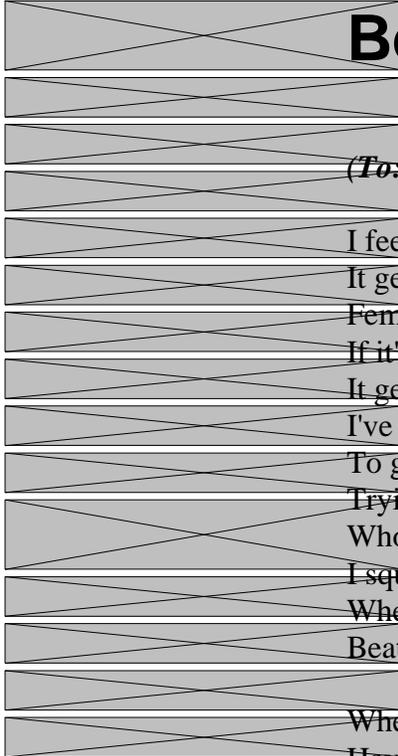
When the returned to London town,
Within fair England's shores,
Because of the ride King Philip's pride,
Was stretched a yard or more.
And all the whores in silken drawers,
Came down to London town,
And shouted round the battlements,
"To hell with the British Crown."

And Philip alone usurped the throne,
His scepter was his royal bone,
With which he ditched the Bastard King of England.

Rule Britannia, Marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese crackers up your arsehole,
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.



Beat My Meat



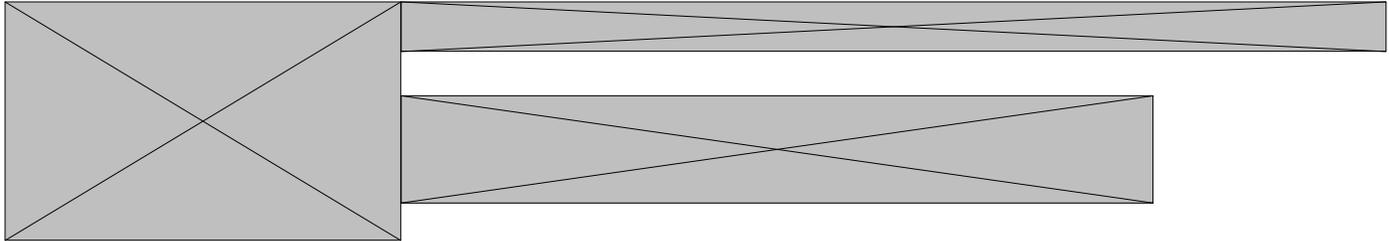
(To: Pig Vomit)

I feel so good when I beat my meat,
It gets so hard it's like concrete.
Feminine flesh makes it start to rise,
If it's covered with clothes,
It gets undressed by my eyes,
I've got plenty of pictures all over my walls,
To give me inspiration while I scratch my balls,
Trying to decide who's gonna be the next one,
Who's face is going to wear the juice,
I squirt from my erection.
When I beat my meat, beat my meat
Beat my meat, beat my meat, Yeah, yeah, yeah!!!

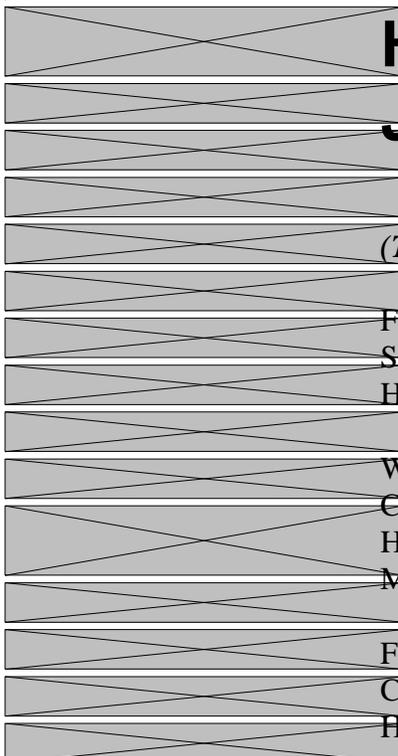
When I was real young,
Hey I was just a teenie weenie,
I used to have a hard on for "I dream of Jeannie",
She granted my wish,
I was a happy little male,
If I told you what I wished for though,
You'd throw me in jail.
My habit was a product of a mis-spent youth,
Staining floors and walls in the peep show booths,
Penis physical ed - I was such a sick pup,
I would make it do those push-ups every day till
it threw up.

Cause I would beat my meat, beat my meat,
Beat my meat, beat my meat, yeah, yeah, yeah!!!

Cause I would beat my meat, beat my meat
Beat my meat, beat my meat, yeah, yeah, yeah!!!



Has Anybody Seen J.C.?



(To: Has Anybody Seen My Gal?)

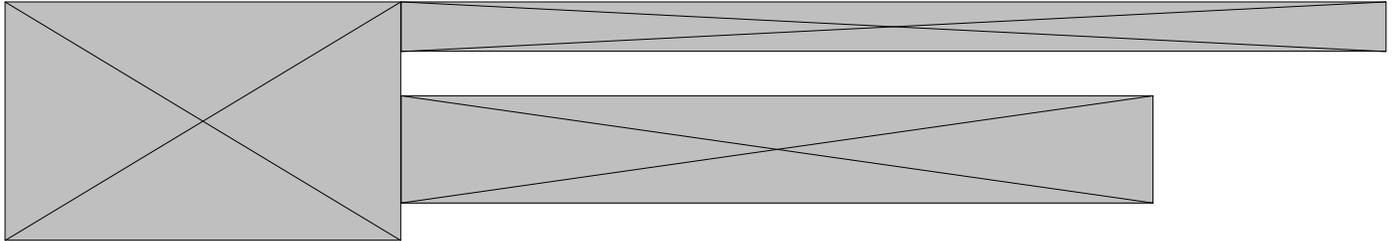
Five foot nine; He's divine;
Says He comes from Palestine,
Has anybody seen J.C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,
Covered with thorns,
Holes in his hands, spear in his side,
Man, that cat's been crucified!

Five foot nine; He's divine;
Changes water into wine,
Has anybody seen J.C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,
Covered with thorns,
Holes in his hands, spear in his side,
Man, that cat's been crucified!

Well, he is camp, he is cool,
He will walk across your swimming pool,
Has anybody seen J.C.?



A Hasher's Love Song

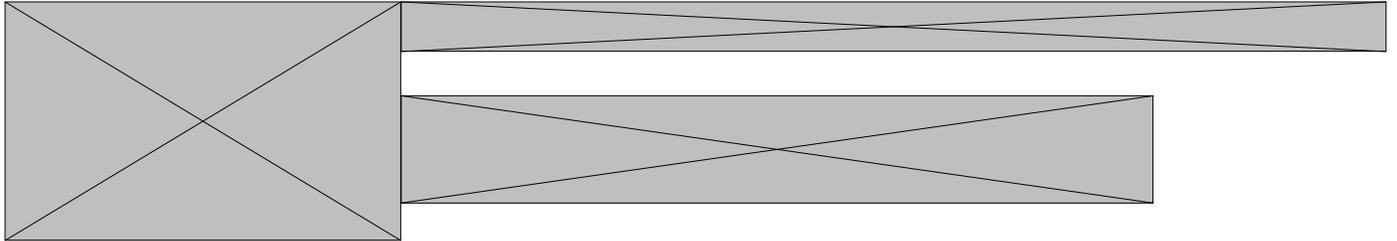
(From Tom Lehrer)

Since I still appreciate you,
Let's make love while we may,
Because I know I'll hate you,
When you're old and gray.
So say you'll love me here and now,
I'll make the most of that,
Say you'll love and trust me,
For I know you'll disgust me,
When you're old and getting fat.

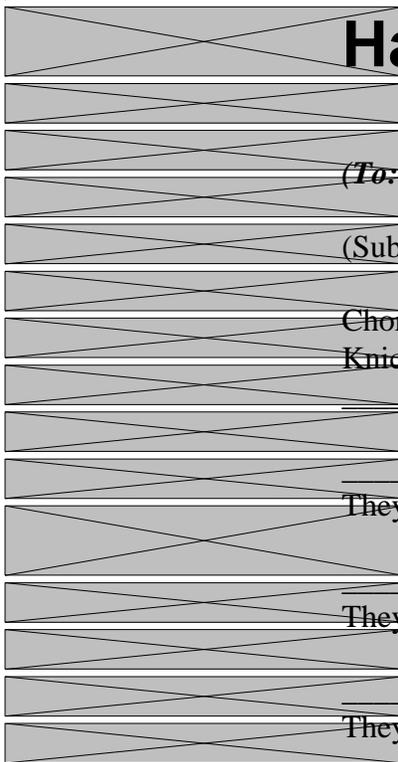
An awful debility, a lessened utility,
A loss of mobility is a strong possibility.
In all probability I'll lose my virility,
And you your fertility and desirability,
And this liability of total sterility,
Will lead to hostility and a sense of futility.

So let's act with agility while we still have
facility,
For we'll soon reach senility and lose the
ability.

Your teeth will start to go dear,
Your waist will start to spread,
In twenty years or so dear,
You'll wish that I were dead.
I'll never love you then all,
In these words you can trust,
So please remember,
When I leave in December,
I warned you in August!



Hasher Men



(To: This Old Man)

(Substitute Hash in blanks)

Chorus

Knick knack paddy whack give themselves a bone,
men have sex alone.

_____ men, they play one,
They think they have all the fun.

_____ men, they play two,
They can't get it up to screw.

_____ men, they play three,
They think they get sex for free.

_____ men, they play four,
They can't get it up to score.

_____ men, they play five,
They don't have enough sex drive.

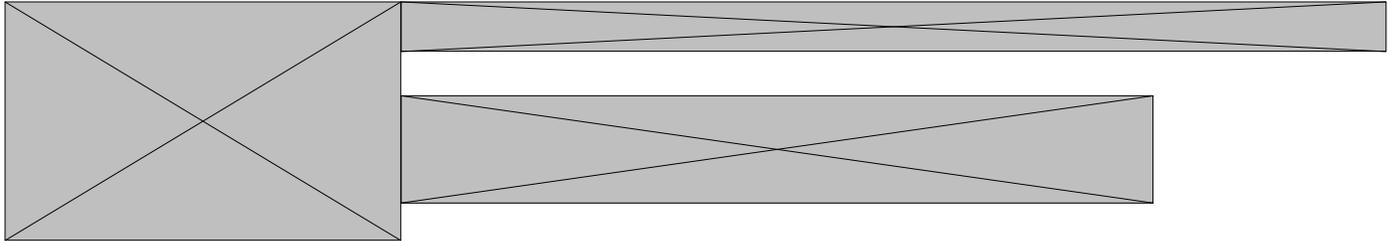
_____ men, they play six,
Little men with little dicks.

_____ men, they play seven,
Masturbation is their heaven.

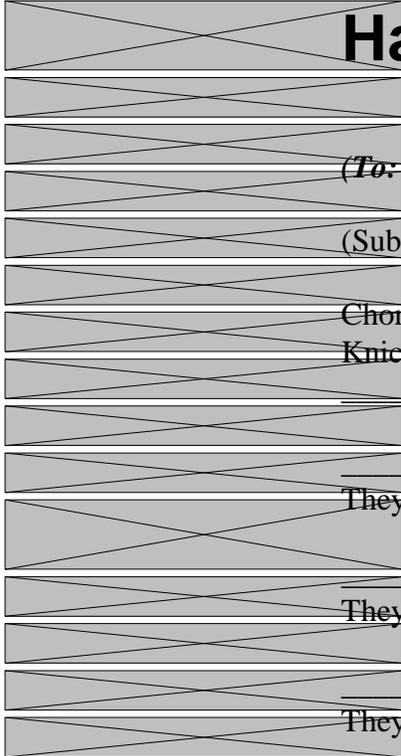
_____ men, they play eight,
They can't get their dicks in straight.

_____ men, they play nine,
They take theirs up from behind.

_____ men, they play ten,
Little boys who think they're men.



Hasher Women



(To: This Old Man)

(Substitute hash in blanks)

ChorusK

Knick knack paddy whack give themselves a tickle,
women use a pickle.

_____ women, they play one,
They don't know how to get it on.

_____ women, they play two,
They say, "Not now, I've got the flu."

_____ women, they play three,
They say, "Not now, I've got to pee."

_____ women, they play four,
They say, "Not now, who's at the door?"

_____ women, they play five,
They'll cut your balls off with a knife.

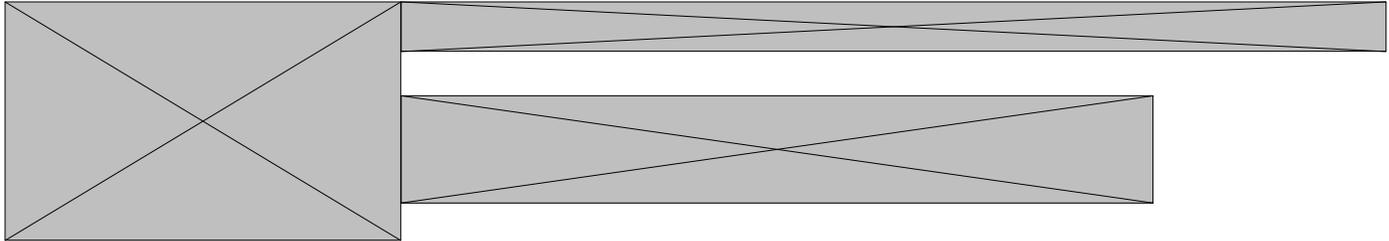
_____ women, they play six,
They're never satisfied with our pricks.

_____ women, they play seven,
Life without sex is their idea of heaven.

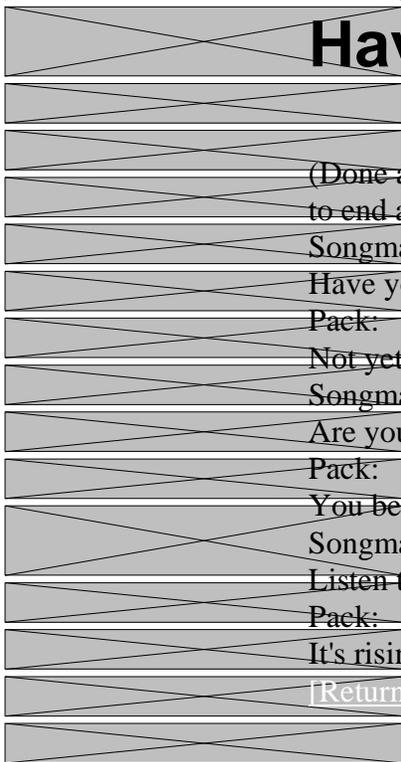
_____ women, they play eight,
They always seem to have a headache.

_____ women, they play nine,
Their sex lives are in decline.

_____ women, they play ten,
If they were better looking they might get some
men.



Have You Got a Hard-On?



(Done as cadence. May be used to end any song or cadence.)

Songmaster:

Have you got a hard-on?

Pack:

Not yet.

Songmaster:

Are you gonna get one?

Pack:

You bet.

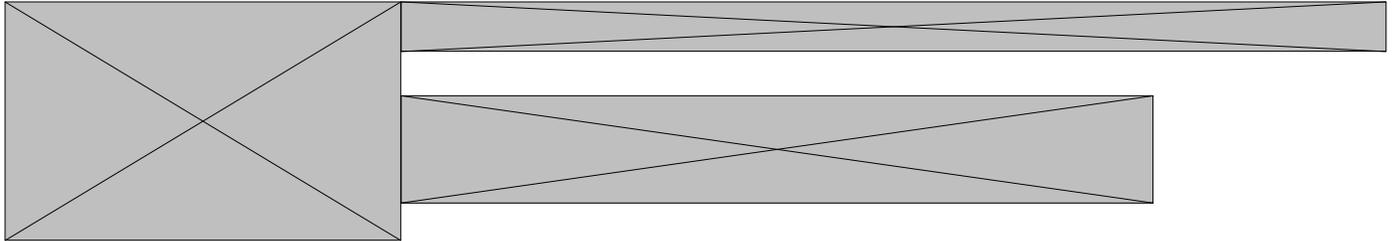
Songmaster:

Listen to the whorehouse quartet.

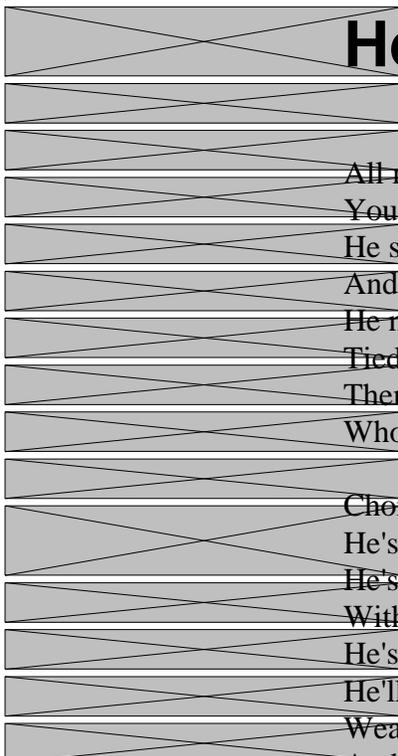
Pack:

It's rising now!

[Return



He's A Cunt



All mouth, no brains, this guy's a pain,
You can scream and cuss,
He stuck his boot up your dog's arse,
And licked your daughter's puss,
He nicked your fags, drank your booze,
Tied fireworks to the cat,
Then he told the dole you were working,
Who is this fuckin' twat?

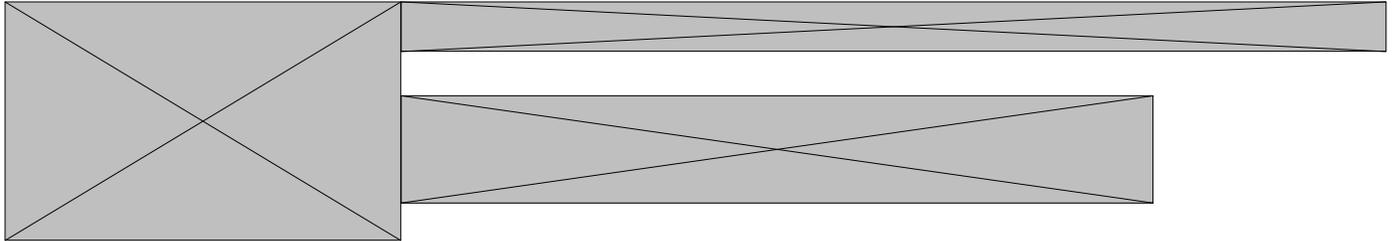
Chorus

He's a cunt, he's a cunt,
He's a C-U-N-T cunt,
With his broken teeth and his ugly face,
He's a mental riddle that's out of place,
He'll sleep with your granny, bite her fanny,
Wears his trousers back to front,
And he farts, sucks cock,
And he's riddled with pox,
'Cause basically he's a cunt.

He dyes his hair to match his clothes,
He smells like shit, he'd fill your nose,
With a small tattoo to prove he's tough,
And an earring 'cause he's a fuckin poof,
You've never heard of this human turd,
He'd be a pig if he could grunt,
And what's more he talks bullshit,
'Cause basically he's a cunt.

He's got spots and warts and blackheads too,
He doesn't know a joke unless it's blue,
The vicar's daughter swears and cries,
He fucked her with a pack of lies,
You say you've never heard of this man,
Well you don't have to hunt,

'Cause it's me, it's me you bastards,
'Cause basically I'm a cunt.



He's a Hasher

(To: Monty Python Lumberjack Song)

He's a hasher, he's OK,
Works all day comes out to play,
Drinks it down without complaint,
Or he wears it well.

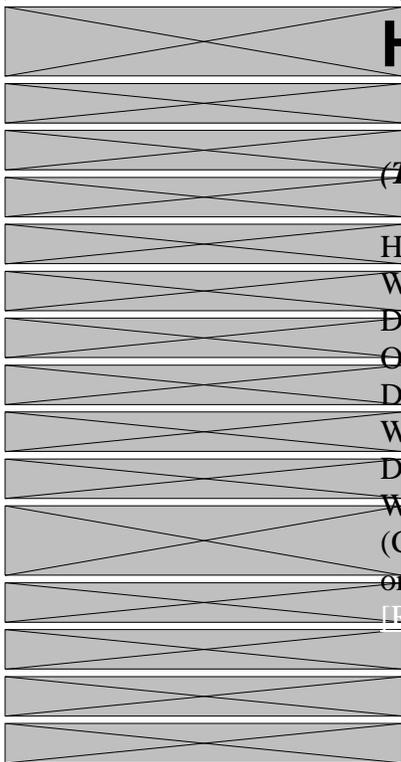
Drink it.

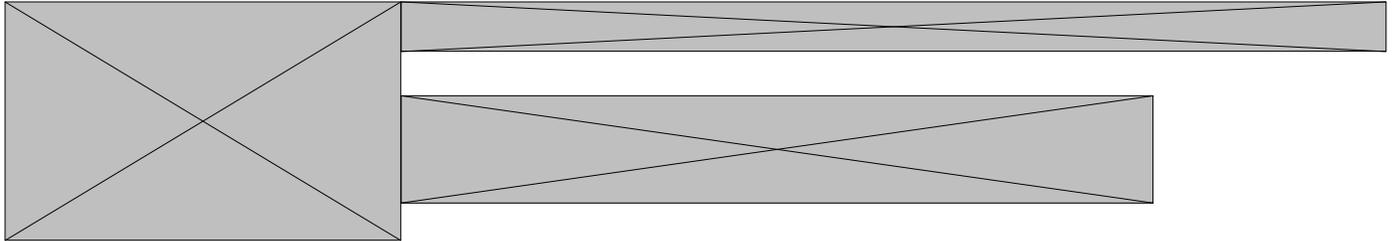
Wear it.

Drink it.

Wear it...

(Continue until down down is finished,
or go into "Why are you waiting".)





Here's the Season

(To: Deck the Halls)

Here's the season to be greedy,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Eat until you feel quite seedy,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Lots of beer and food and lollies,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

In the morning you'll be sorry,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

We always put up our Christmas stocking,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Santa might give us something to cock in,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Last year he said he wouldn't come round here,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Some bastard stuffed it up his reindeer,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

Get the maid under the mistletoe,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

If the wife sees you'll soon know,

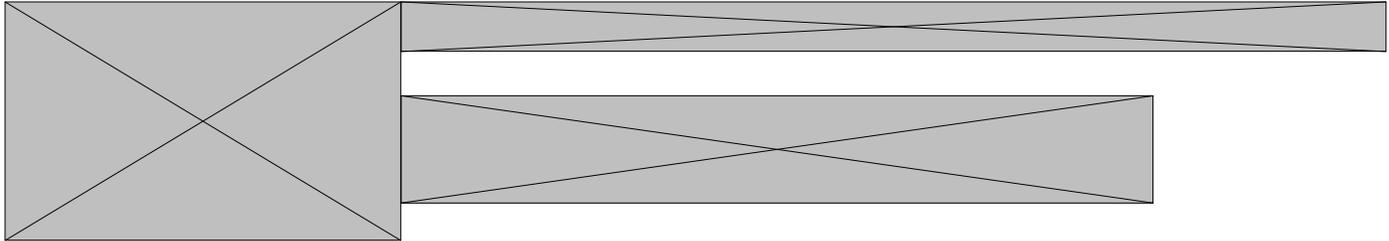
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Is that what they mean by sticky pudd'n,

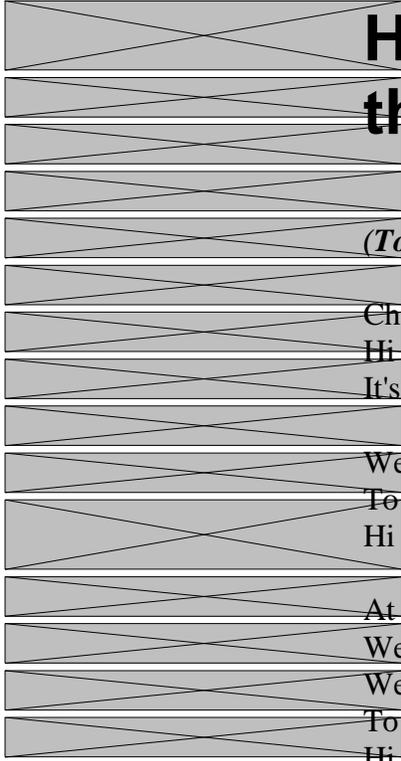
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Serves you right if you get dripping,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.



Hi Ho! Hi Ho! It's Off to the Burlesque Show



(To: Hi Ho, Hi Ho)

Chorus
Hi ho! Hi ho!
It's off to the burlesque show,

We'll sit up front,
To see their cunts.
Hi ho! Hi ho!

At half past eight,
We'll masturbate.
We'll sit up front,
To see their cunts.
Hi ho! Hi ho!

We're small on wits,
But big on tits.
At half past eight,
We'll masturbate.
We'll sit up front,
To see their cunts.
Hi ho! Hi ho!

We'll drop our drawers
And fuck some whores...
(Keep adding as above)

We'll get a horn,
Eating popcorn.

I paid my buck,
Now where's my fuck.

With back stage pass,
We'll see some ass.

We'll be urgin'
Many a virgin.

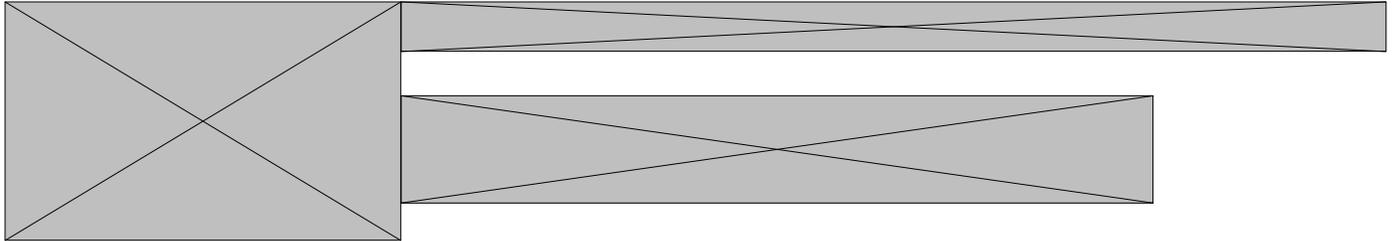
From 10 'til 8,
We'll fornicate.

From 9 'til 10,
The girls will sin.

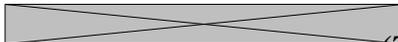
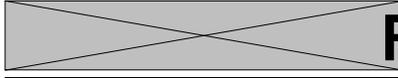
We'll screw a while,
In the doggie style.

While they show puppies,
We'll fuck some Yuppies.

We'll spew our sperm,
At the paciderm.



Return to Sender



(To: Return to Sender [Elvis])



I gave my cum to the sperm bank,



Some semen in a sack.



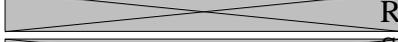
Bright and early next morning,



They brought my semen back.



They wrote upon it:



Return to sender,



Species unknown.



No such donor,



No more bone.



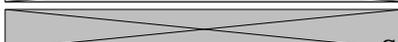
She wanted a baby,



Begged me for my sack.



I gave her my seed,



But my seed keeps cumming back.



So then I cummed into the mailbox,

And sent it Special D,

Bright and early next morning,

It came right back to me.

She wrote upon it:

Return to sender,

Species unknown.

No such donor,

No more bone.

This time I'm gonna cum myself,

And put it right in her hand.

And if it cums back the very next day,

Then I'll understand.

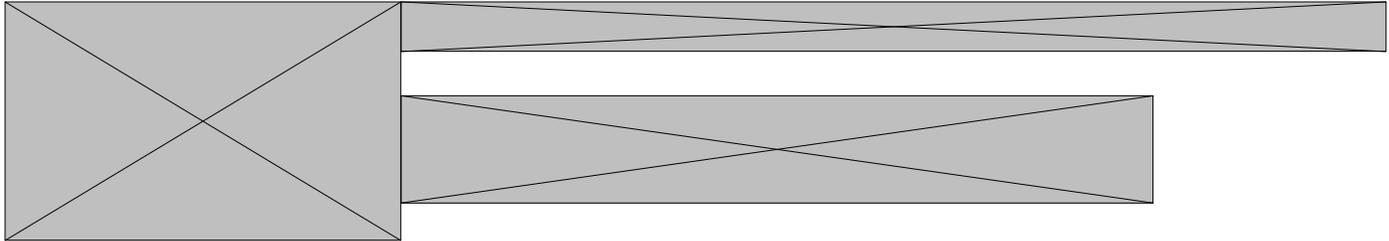
The writing on it:

Return to sender,

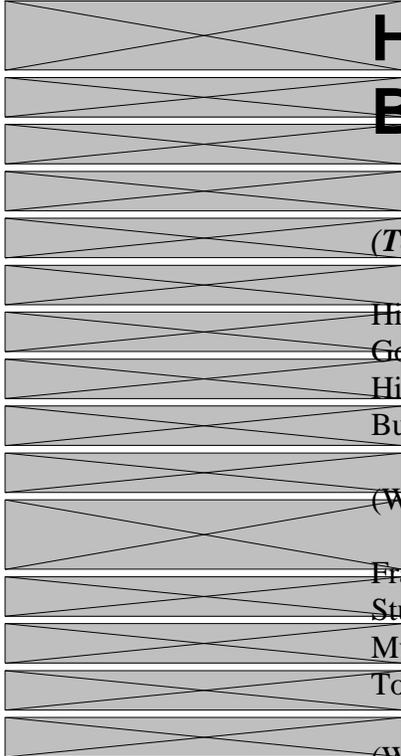
Species unknown.

No such donor,

No more bone.



Hitler Only Had One Ball



(To: Colonel Bogey March)

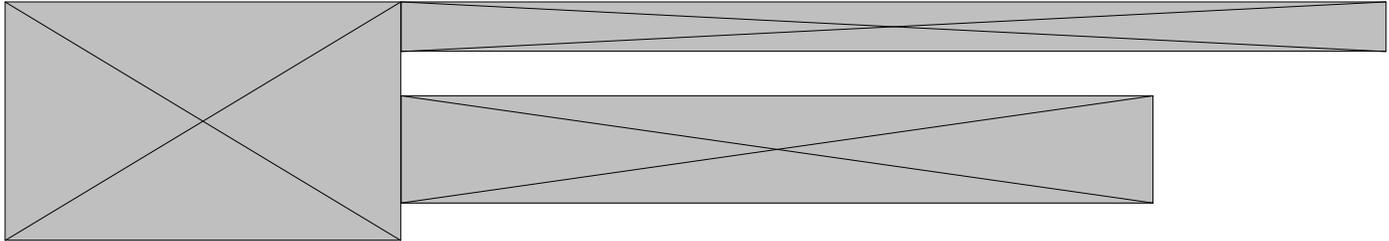
Hitler, he only had one ball,
Goering, he had two but very small,
Himmler had something sim'ler,
But poor old Goebbels had no balls at all.

(Whistle melody for Chorus)

Frankfurt has only one beer hall,
Stuttgart, die Muenchen all on call,
Munich, vee lift our tunich,
To show vee 'Cherman' have no balls at all.

(Whistle melody for CHORUS)

Hans Otto is very short, not tall,
And blotto, for drinking Singhai and Skol.
A 'Cherman', unlike Bruce Erwin,
Because Hans Otto has no balls at all.



Hog Calling Time In Nebraska

(Best done with animal noises and gestures)

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,

Then it's hog calling time in Nebraska.

(Alternate verses)

When it's sheep fucking time in Australia...

(Continue as above)

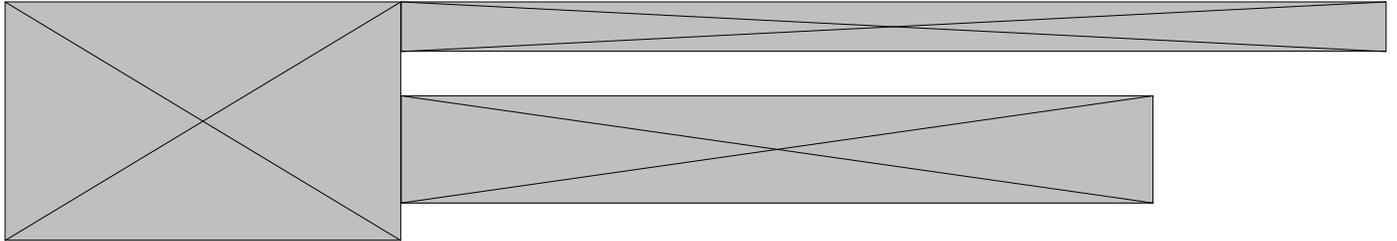
When it's cow punching time in Texas...

When it's pig squeeling time in Georgia...

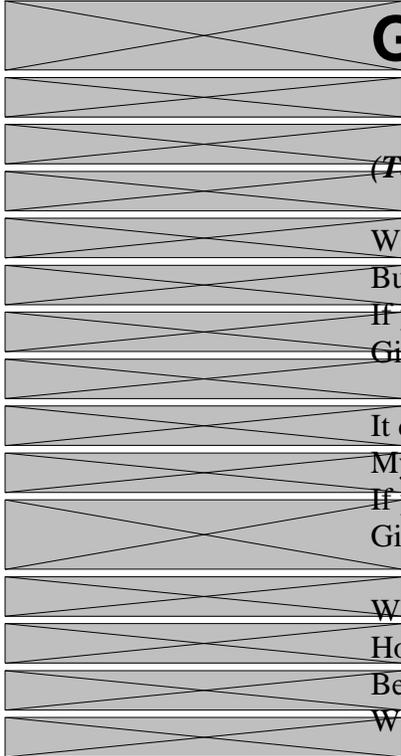
When it's shit packin' time in San Francisco...

When it's hare hoppin' time in the Hash House...

[Return to f



Give It a Blow



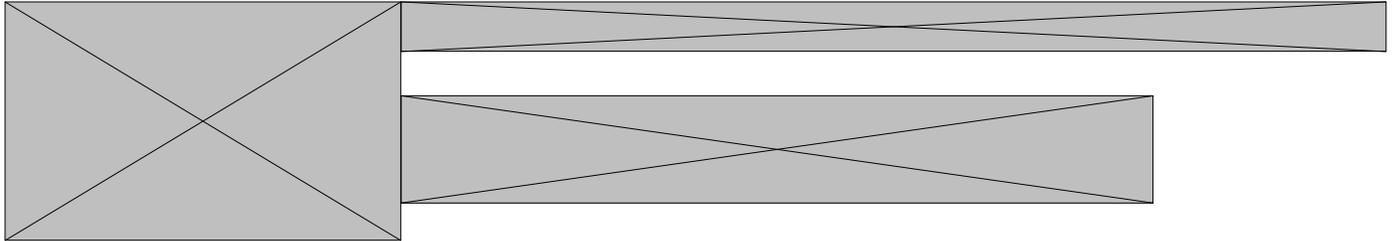
(To: Let it Snow)

Well the weather outside is frightful,
But my dick is so delightful.
If you really want to see it grow,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

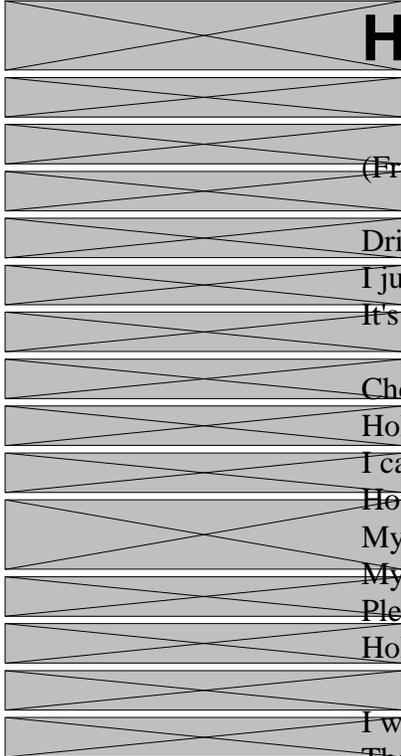
It doesn't show signs of stopping,
My dick is ready for hopping.
If you want a really good show,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

When it's time to kiss good-night,
How I'll hate going out in the storm!
Be careful now don't you bite,
With your tongue I will make you warm.

The fire is slowly dying,
And my dear, we're still good-bye-ing,
But as long as you want me so,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.



Holy Shit I Gotta Pee



(From Pig Vomit)

Driving in my car,
I just left the bar.
It's getting late, I can't wait...

Chorus

Holy shit I gotta pee.
I can't believe it,
How could this be happening to me?
My brain is in crisis mode,
My bladder's about to explode.
Please help me, please help me,
Holy shit I gotta pee.

I was at a ball game,
The sun was really hot,
Hangin' with my buddies,
And we kinda drunk a lot,
The final score was near,
The crowd began to cheer,
I'd love to do the wave with you but...

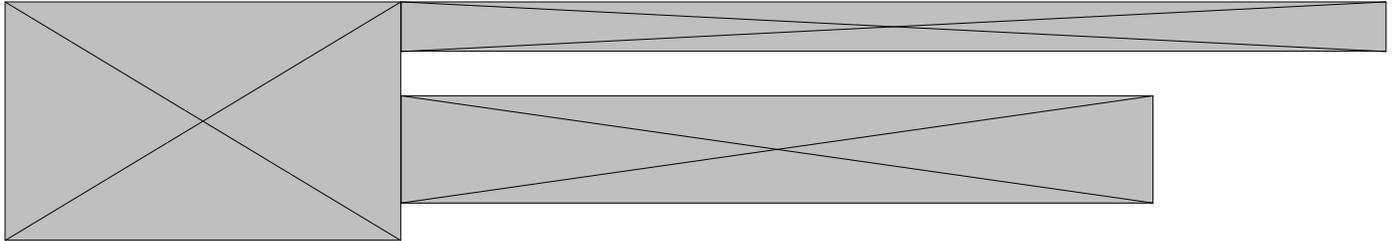
I was in the store,
In aisle twenty-four,
When I had to take a leak,
I should have taken before,
I run up to the check-out,
A lady pulls a check out,
She's paying for her poupon with a friggin' little
coupon...

There was a public toilet,
Just around the block,
I tried to yank it open,

But the friggin' thing was locked,
My efforts were in vain,
I had to drain the vein,
I took a chance and dropped my pants...

I was at a party,
Flirting with my date,
Deep in conversation,
When I had to urinate,
The line was full of girls,
Then one began to hurl,
I threw her out and started shoutin'...

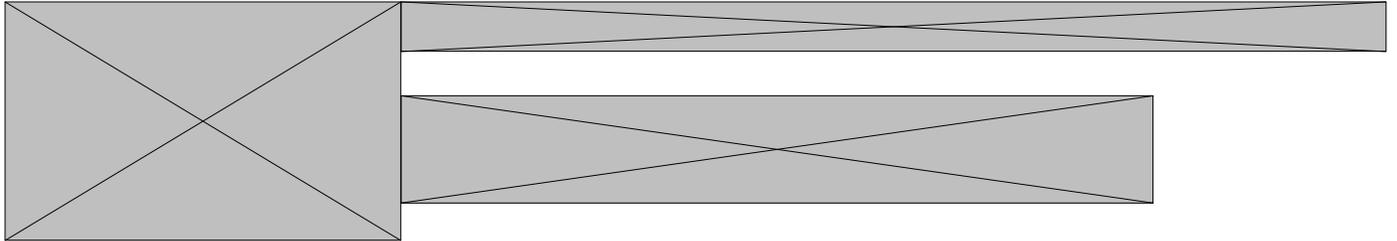
I was with my lady,
We were both in bed,
Starin' at the ceiling,
While I got a little head,
My girl began to hum,
But I could not cum,
She could see my agony cause...



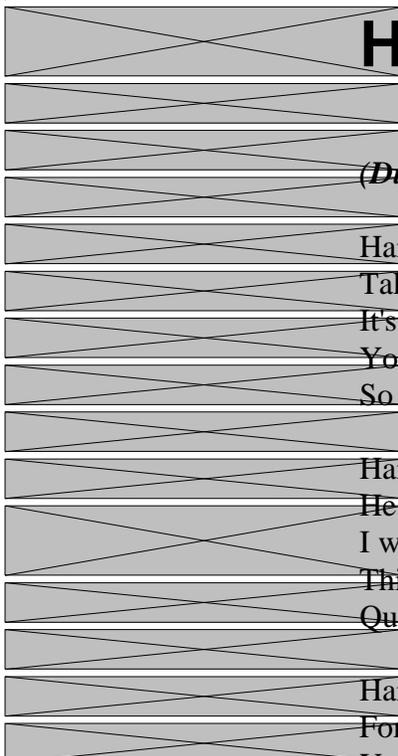
How Ashamed I Was

I met her on the hash, how ashamed I was,
I met her on the hash, how ashamed I was,
I met her on the hash,
I thought I'd try a bash,
O' gor blimey how ashamed I was!

I touched her on the knee -
She said "you're fairly free."
I touched her on the thigh -
She said "you're rather high."
I touched her on the spot -
She said "I'd rather not."
When I put it in -
She said "you're rather thin."
Then when I did come -
She said "you're up my bum."
So then I took it out -
She said "no need to pout."
So I tried to put it back -
But my prick had gone quite slack.
Then she took me in her hand -
And she made my roger stand.
Then she climbed up on top -
I tried to make her stop.
She rode me like a horse -
I came again, of course.
But still she wanted more -
She must have been a whore.
And then my tool grew thinner -
I couldn't keep it in her.
The she called me a nasty name -
"You bloody hashers are all the
same."



How To Handle A Date



(Duet to: Que Sera, Sera)

Harrier:
Take her hand, her hand, her hand,
It's time to stand, to stand,
You're the king of the land,
So take her hand.

Harriette:
He's squeezing my hand, my hand, my hand,
I wish he'd take a stand, a stand,
This wimp of the land,
Quit squeezing my hand.

Harrier:
Fondle her breast, her breast, her breast,
You know they're the best, the best,
They've passed all the tests,
So fondle her breasts.

Harriette:
He's fondling my breast, my breast, my breast,
I know they're the best, the best,
They can pass any test,
So fondle my breast.

Harrier:
Finger her twat, her twat, her twat,
Now you've hit the spot, the spot,
It gets her real hot,
When you finger her twat.

Harriette:
He's poking my twat, my twat, my twat,
I bet he thinks he's hit the spot, the spot,

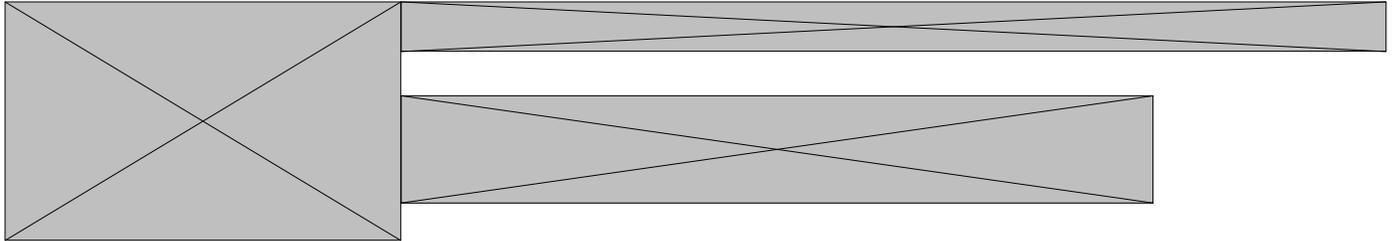
That makes me real hot,
Oh, quit poking my twat.

Harrier:
So lay that pipe, that pipe, that pipe,
We know she's the type, the type,
She thinks she's real tight,
So lay that pipe.

Harriette:
But what a small cock, small cock, small cock,
He thinks it's a lot, a lot,
Is that all he's got?
Oh, what a small cock.

Harrier:
Roll over and sleep, and sleep, and sleep,
I gave her the meat, the meat,
It wasn't too deep,
But I got it real cheap.

Harriette:
Wasn't it quick, so quick, so quick,
Just like a prick, a prick,
To give me a stick,
That's just too quick.



Humoresque

(To: Humoresque)

I love to go out after dark,
And goose the statues in the park,
A lovely pastime at the close of day!
Unperturbed they stand so still,
While whoops! it's me that gets the thrill.
It really is a lovely way to play.

I've noticed lately,
They stand so stately,
Out there in the dark when dew is on the ground.
I sometimes tease them,
And do displease them,
If I fail to show up as the sun goes down.

The Thinker is the only one,
With whom I can have no fun.
He sits upon a boulder, rough and coarse.
Napoleon sits upon his steed,
I cannot goose him, no indeed,
And so instead I goose his horse.

Passengers will please refrain,
From flushing toilets while the train,
Is standing in the station, I love you.
We encourage constipation,
While the train is in the station,
Moonlight always makes me think of you.

If you simply have to go,
When other people are too slow,
There is only one thing you can do.
You'll just have to take a chance,
Be brave and do it in your pants,

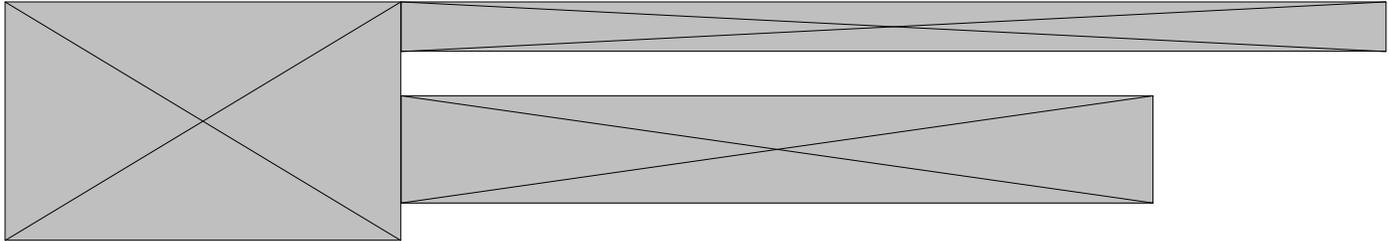
But I'll forgive you, darling, I love you.

Mabel, Mabel, strong and able,
Get your big ass off the table,
Don't you know the quarter is for beer?
You can always earn your pay,
But make your tips another way,
And I'll forgive you, darling, I love you.

Ever since you met our Nelly,
She's had trouble with her belly,
Wish you'd never seen our little town!
Ever since I met your Venus,
I've had trouble with my penis,
Wish I'd never seen your little town.

Was it you who did the pushin',
Put the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Was it your sly woodpecker,
That got into my girl Rebecca?
If it was, you better leave this town.

It was I who did the pushin',
Put the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
But since I got into your daughter,
I've had trouble passing water,
Now I guess we're even all around.



I Don't Want to Join a Convent

(To: I Don't Want to Join the Army)

I don't want to join a convent,
Purity is really quite a bore,
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,
I don't want to waste my life a virgin,
I don't want to count my rosary,
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

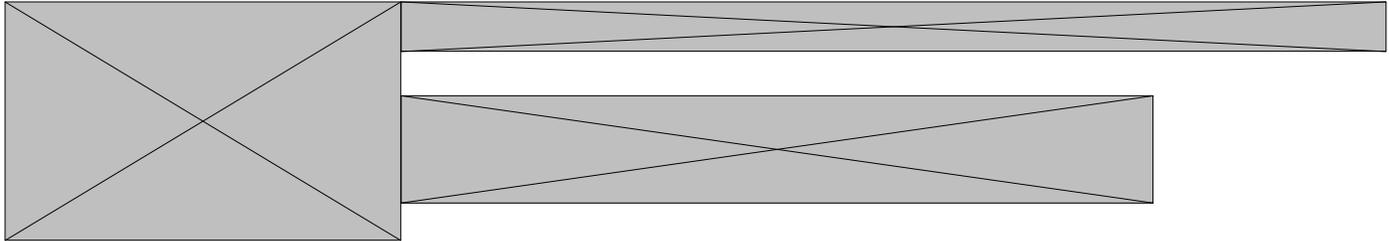
Chorus

Call out the all of the Queen's old maids,
Call out the King's mistress three,
Call out my mother, my sister and my lover,
But for God's sake don't call me.

Monday I got myself deflowered,
Tuesday I moved into his house,
On Wednesday I declaryou Hashers aren't so
bad,
Thursday a climax! Oh, gor blimey,
Friday he told me he was leaving,
Saturday he flew to Singapore,
And Sunday starts the party,
To celebrate his parting,
And now I've got eight weeks to fuck around, gor
blimey.

I don't want to raise a family,
I'm not cut out for nine to five,
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,

I don't care if I don't go to heaven,
I don't want to go there all alone,
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.



I Don't Want to Join the Navy

(To: I Don't Want to Join the Army)

I don't want to join the navy,
I don't want to be a man of war,
I would rather go down to old Soho,
Living off the earnings of a high class whore,
I don't want a bullet up me backside.
I don't want me knickers shot away.
I'd rather be in England, jolly-jolly England,
And fornicate me bloomin life away.

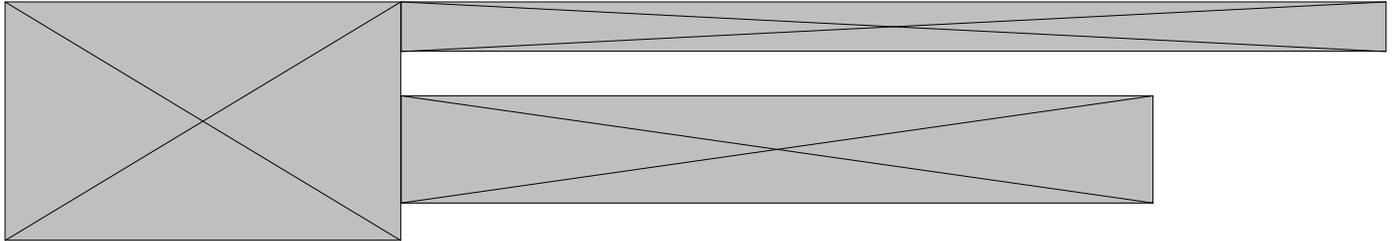
Chorus

Call out the members of the Queen's marines,
Call out the King's artillery,
Call out my mother, my sister and my brother,
But for God's sake don't call me.

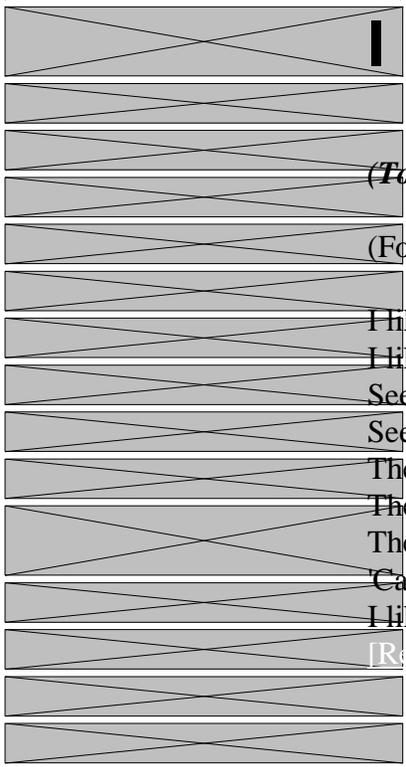
I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to be a man of Mars,
I just want to hang around the Picadilly
Underground,
Pinching all the girlies on their arses,
I don't want no foreign women,
London's got a lot I've never had,
I'd rather stay in England, jolly-jolly, England,
And follow the fly-prints of my Dad.

Sunday night my hand was on her ankle,
Monday night my hand was on her knee,
Tuesday night, success! I lifted up her dress,
Wednesday night I lifted up her lace chemise,
Thursday night I got my hand upon it,
Friday night I gave it just a tweak,

Saturday after supper,
I finally got ir up her,
And I'm not paying seven bob a week. Gor Blimey.



I Like Cock

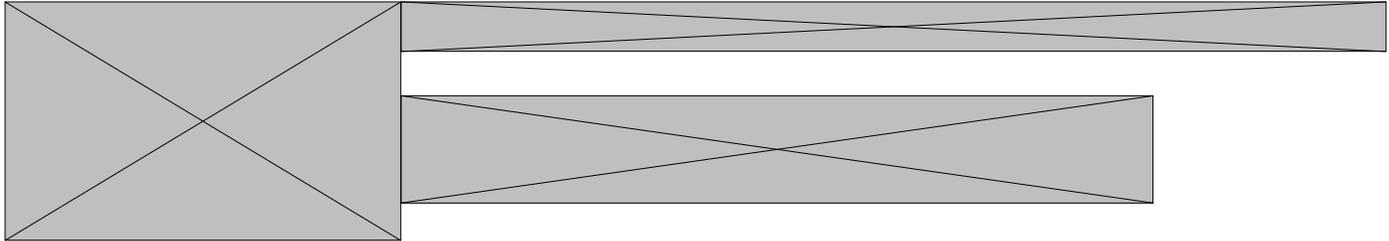


(To: Three Blind Mice)

(For harriettes)

I like cock,
I like cock,
See how they rise,
See how they rise,
They fit so nicely and feel so grand,
They come in all sizes, all shapes and brands,
There's nothing finer than making them stand,
Cause I like cock,
I like cock.

[R]



I Like Cunt

(To: Three Blind Mice)

((o Harriers))

I like cunt,

I like cunt,

Up against railings I've often stood,

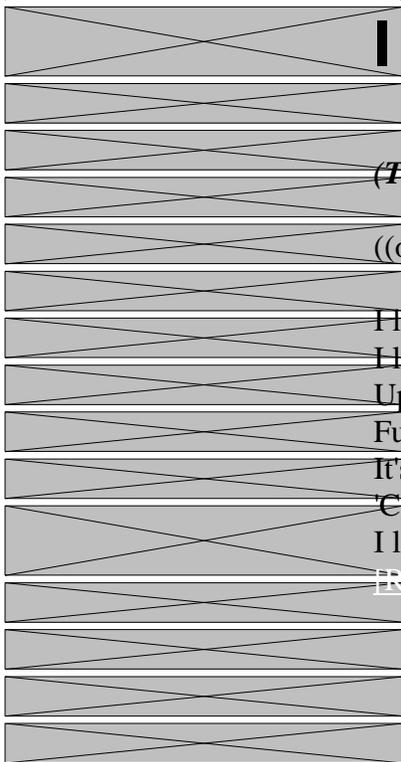
Fucking young ladies and doing them good,

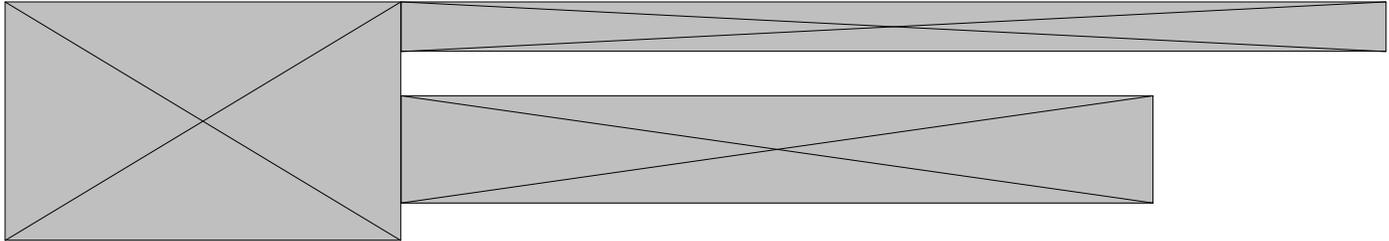
It's so much better than pulling your pud,

Cause I like cunt,

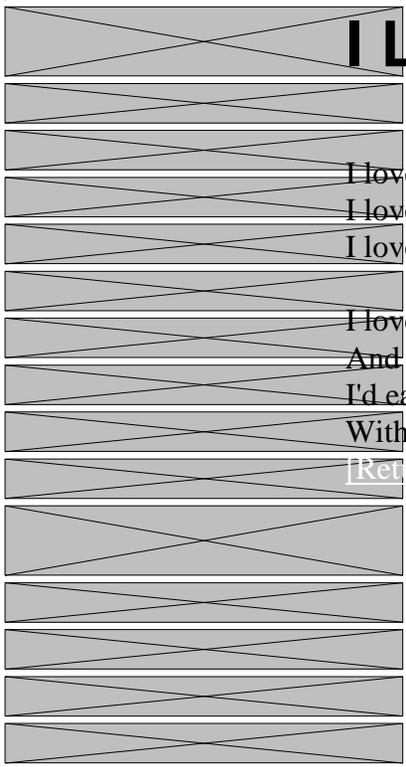
I like cunt.

ES



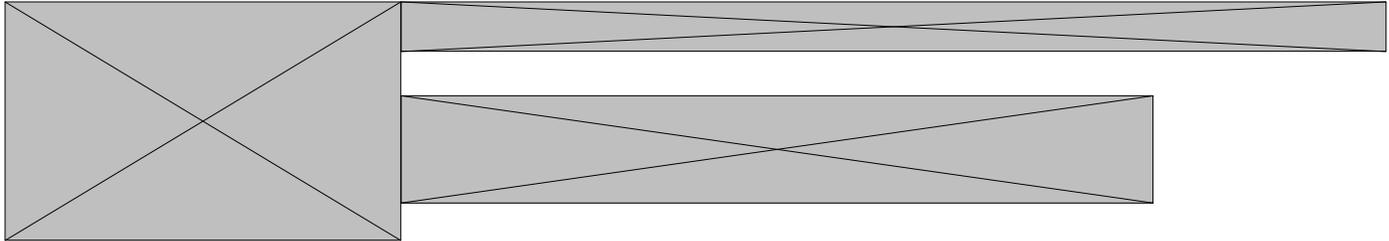


I Love My Wife



I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,
I love her truly,
I love the hole that she pisses through,
I love her lily white tits and her ruby red lips,
And her little brown asshole,
I'd eat her shit, gobble-gobble, chomp-chomp,
With a rusty spoon (with a rusty spoon).

[Ref



I'll Never Piss Again

(To: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

My dick has felt the burning of the coming of the
clap,
I've been clean all these years and now I've got a
real bum rap,
That bitch said she was clean but she really was a
liar,
'Cause now my dick's on fire.

Chorus
Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire,
Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire,
Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire,
And I'll never piss again.

I saw her coming at me from across the Georgia
bar,
Her ass was swinging wildly and her tits were
sagging far.
I propped her on a barstool and I bought that
bitch a drink,
Then I smelled that telltale stink.

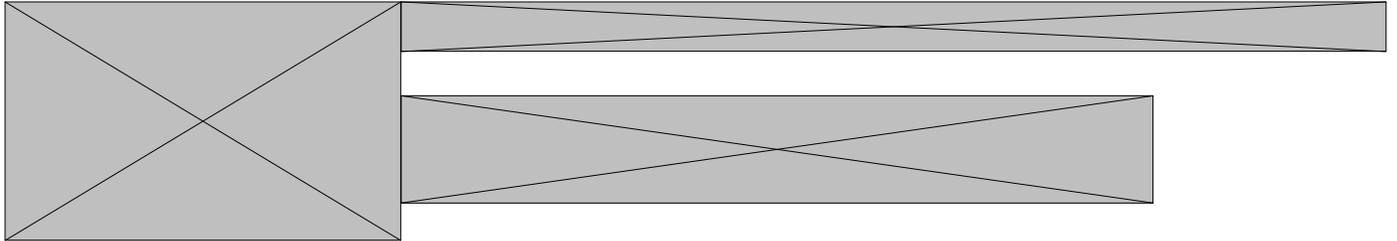
Swedish Bees, Kamikazes, Stolies, and some brew,
My dick was getting hard, Man, the big old Wally
grew.
She reached into my pants and she pulled that
monster out,
Then John Cleveland began to shout.

Well I should have listened to him 'cause he'd
been with her before,
That must have been where he got that bloody
festered sore.

I should have listened to him when he said she was
a whore,
But you knows "Bo needs more".

So I took her on a hash run and that bitch ran
fast and hot,
You could almost see the nasty stuff a-dripping
out her slot,
And at the On-In, she told me she really wanted to
fuck,
But I should have just let her suck.

Now I'm in the doctor's office sitting in the
chair,
Nothing like a red hot poker way down deep in
there.
The doctor pushed too far and my scrotum began to
tear,
God, this really sucks.



I'll Take the Left Leg

(To: Loch Lomond)

Chorus

Oh, I'll take the left leg, and you take the right leg,

It's my turn to give her the caber.

'Cos me and my true love have never been the same,

Since I shared her with the next door neighbor.

When the Lord and his band were shaping up this land,

They found that they had left over,

A pike of useless crap on the left side of the map,

That they'd hacked out of the White Cliffs of Dover.

Angel Gabriel scratched his head and asked the Lord instead,

"What can we do call a land so mean, Sire?"

"Och, Gabe, call it what ye will, maybe Largs or Motherwell,

No, on second thoughts we'll call it Aberdeenshire."

Now there was me and Auntie Annie,

Cousin Jock and dear old Granny,

And we'd all had a roll in the heather.

'Cos we come from Braemar, and we'll not forget that our,

Family motto is, "We're all queers together."

Now the old goat diaround Eastertide,

So jock rammed the bloody coal scuttle up her.

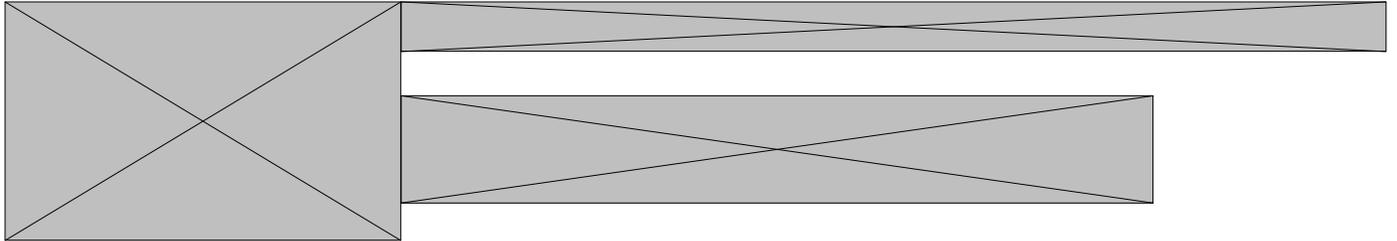
He threw her on to boil, then he topped her off

with soil,
And served her up as haggis supper.

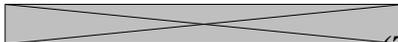
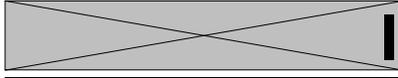
When a visiting rugby team took a whore from
Aberdeen,
To agree on a price took an eternity.
But she took them without a fuss and had triplets
on the bus,
And sued them for collective paternity.

Now wee Ronnie teaches pipes to girls of all
types,
His methods are revelation.
Just cut your bloody banter, get your mouth round
my chanter,
And I'll complete your education.

Now in Burn's magic prose, a Scottish girl is like
a rose.
My lass was more like Ben Nevis when I found her.
Her southern slopes were gray, half the nation
knew the way,
And the Hash had run up and down her.



If I Had a Hard On



(To: If I Had a Hammer)



Chorus



Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh,



Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh,



Oeh-oeh-oeh.



If I had a hard-on,



A hard-on in the morning,



A hard-on in the evening,



An all-night stand.



I'd screw without danger;



I'd screw without a warning;



I'd screw you and you,



Your mother and your sister,



Aa-all, all night long.

(Gesture: Hold dick as if in pain)

But I don't have a hard-on,

No hard-on in the morning,

No hard-on in the evening,

No hard-on at all.

So there is no danger,

You don't need a warning,

I won't screw you and you,

Your mother nor your sister,

Oh-no, I want to die.

(Gesture: Wipe tears from face)

I bought myself a dildo,

A dildo for the morning,

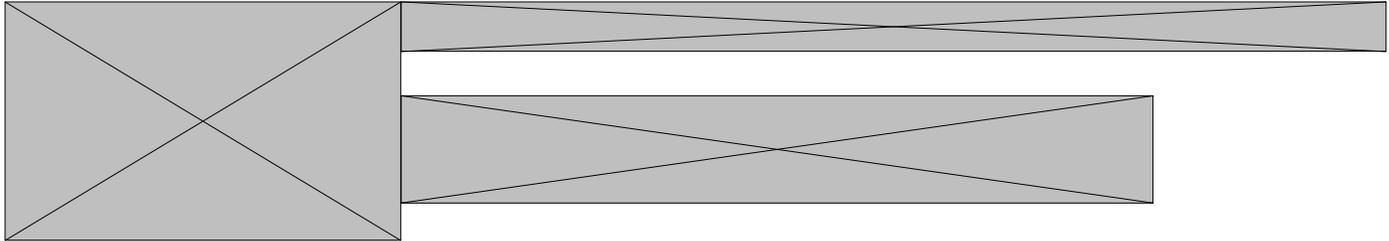
A dildo for the evening,

To screw around all night.

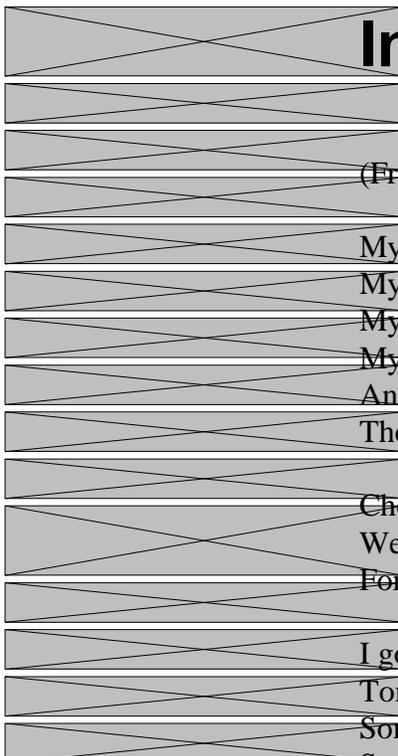
I screw without danger,

Now I screw without a warning,

But I won't screw you or you,
Your mother nor your sister,
Oh-no, I sodomize myself.
(Gesture: Hold ass as if in pain)



Inbred



(From Rev. Billy C. Wirtz)

My brother is my uncle
My daddy is my cousin,
My nephew is my brother-in-law,
My sister is my aunt,
And mamma was a sheep,
The sweetest thing that we ever saw.

Chorus
We're inbrinbred,
For us it's a way of life.

I got a cute little sister, only thirteen,
Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife.
Some folks play baseball, some like golf,
Some go jet skiin' that's cool,
But I'd rather stay at home with my family,
And go swimmin' in my own genetic pool.

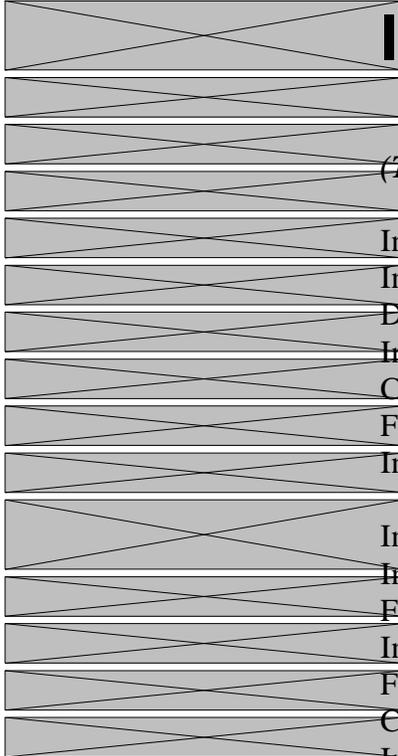
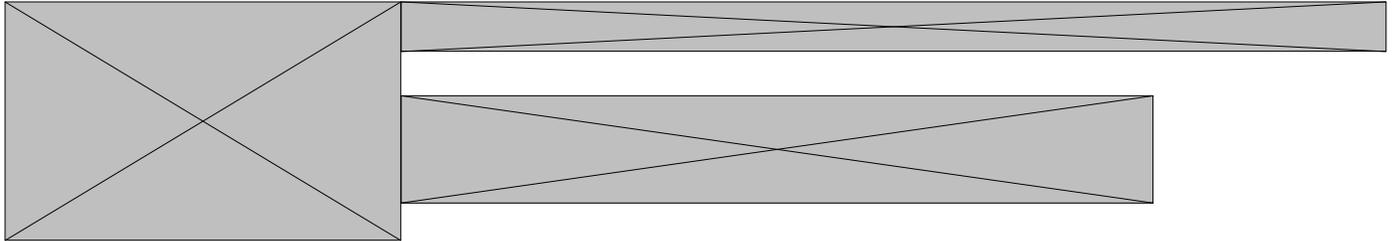
Now we got a large frontal lobe,
And we got that extra finger,
And when we're cut, it'll really start to bleed,
But you know lust like little dogs,
We keep crossin' our lines,
And one day we'll build me a champion breed.

Some folks say I'm a little sick
And come call me trash,
Some say "Buddy you ought to be sterilized!"
But I can't help it if I love my little sis,
When I'm looking in those pretty crossed eyes.
We're inbrinbred,
To us it's a way of life.

I got a cute little sister,
I swear, I know she's at least twelve!
Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife
You fat little heifer,
Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife.
Get your butt back in the trailer,
Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife.

(End)

We're inbred in the USA, buddy.



Inbred Man

(To: Honey, Babe)

Inbred Man, he's our man,
Inbrinbred.
Don't matter if he's kin or Klan,
Inbrinbred.
Cunt or mouth or asshole too,
Fuck you good that's what he'll do,
Inbrhe's an inbred.

Inbred Man had a sister once,
Inbrinbred.
Fucked that bitch way up her cunt,
Inbrinbred.
Fucked her good then she died,
Cause his dick was laced with cyanide,
Inbrhe's an inbred.

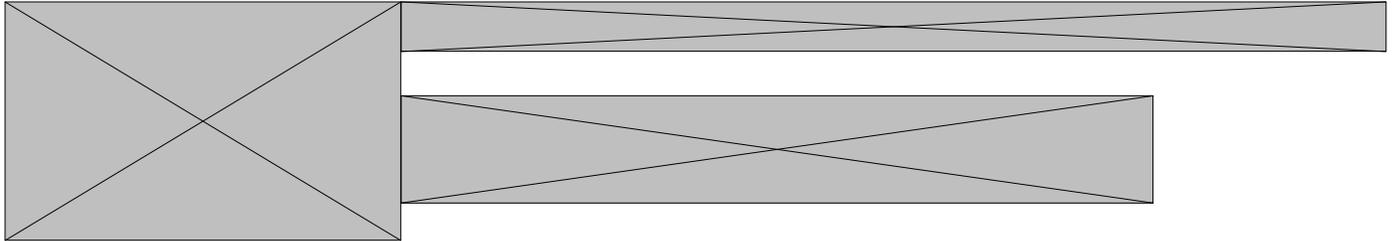
Inbred Man he loses his truck,
Inbrinbred.
But with his truck he does not fuck,
Inbrinbred.
Under the hood is much better,
Puts his lips around that header,
Inbrhe's an inbred.

Inbred Man went down to the creek,
Inbrinbred.
Jacking on his big old dick,
Inbrinbred.
Saw a girl, she look so neat,
GOD DAMN, she's got feet!
Inbrhe's an inbred.

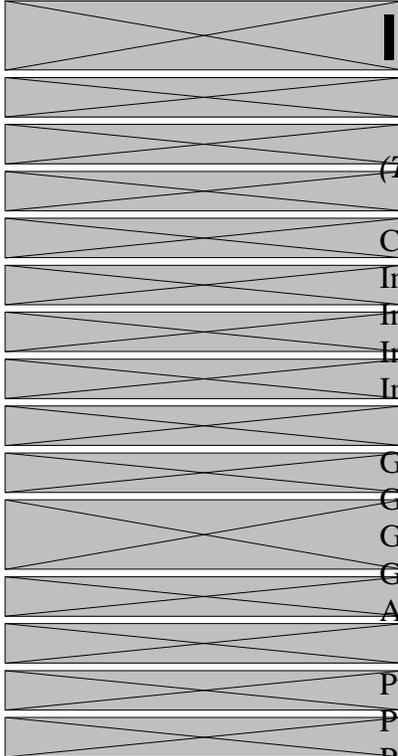
Inbred Man had a dog named Rover,

Inbrinbred.
Inbred yell "Well, come on over",
Inbrinbred.
Inbred came and so did Rover,
That's more luck than a four-leaf clover,
Inbrhe's an inbred.

Inbred Man, he's got this punk,
Inbrinbred.
Boy, that kid smells like a skunk,
Inbrinbred.
Took it out and shot it twice,
This song is over, ain't that nice,
Inbrhe's an inbred.



Incest is Best



(To: Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

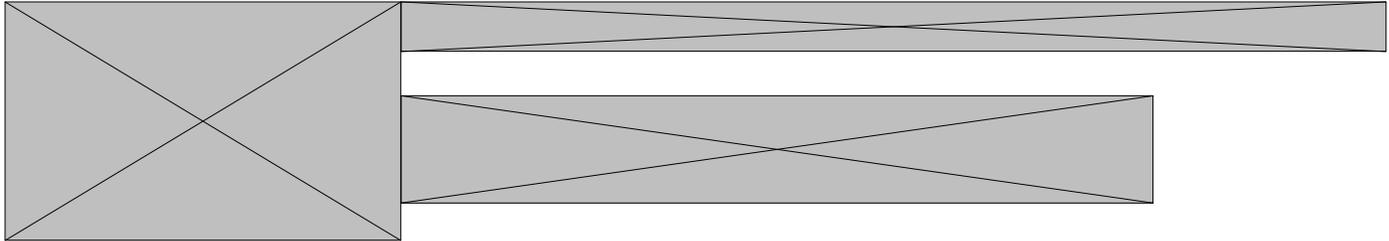
Chorus

Incest is best boys,
Incest is best (Fuck a relative!)
Incest is best boys,
Incest is best,

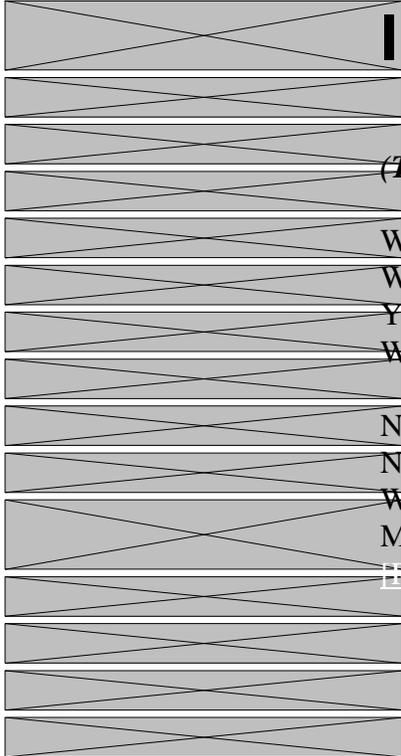
Give a piece to your niece boys,
Give a piece to your niece.
Give a piece to your niece boys,
Give a piece to your niece.
All together now...

Put your knob in Uncle Bob boys,
Put your knob in Uncle Bob.
Put your knob in Uncle Bob boys,
Put your knob in Uncle Bob.
All together now...

(Additional verses as above)
Give a blow to your bro girls...
Shower your sis with some piss boys...
My significant other's my brother girls...
Shoot some goo on Aunt Sue boys...
Do the bum of your Mum boys...
Give a kiss to your sis boys...
Make lovin' to your cousin boys...
I've just had my dad girls...
Put your sis in bliss boys...
Let's fuck Uncle Buck girls...
Rub your palm on your mom boys...
Hide the salami with your mommy boys...



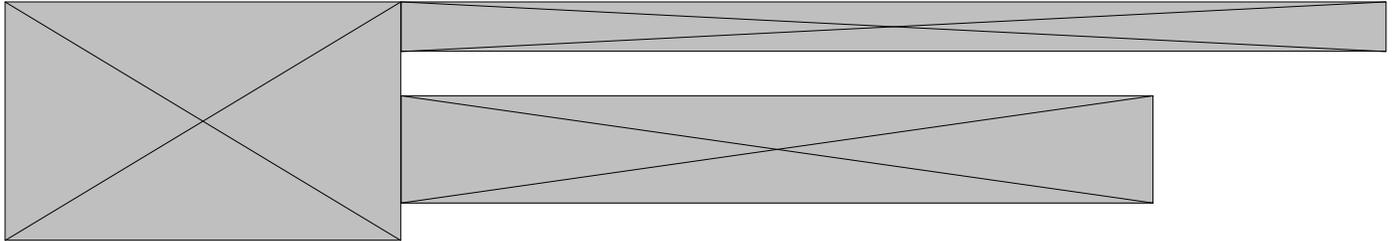
Incest Time in Texas



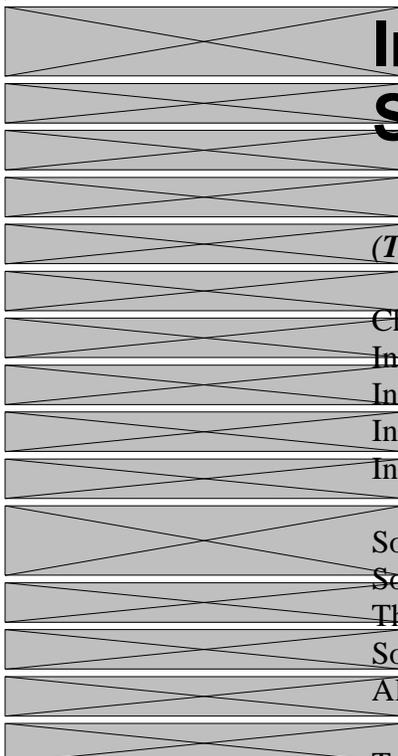
(To: Yellow Rose of Texas)

When it's incest time in Texas,
When there's no cunt to be found,
Your mother's in the bathroom,
With her panties halfway down,
No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat,
When it's incest time in Texas,
Mother-fucking can't be beat!

H



Incontinence Is The Shits



(To: Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

Chorus

Incontinence is the shits, mates,
Incontinence is the shits (Damn, too late!)
Incontinence is the shits, mates,
Incontinence is the shits.

Soil your pants at the dance, boys,
Soil your pants at the dance, (Incontinence!)
That's how they do it in France, boys,
Soil your pants at the dance,
All together now...

Take a whiz in your sleep, girls
Take a whiz in your sleep, (Incontinence!)
New sheets are real cheap, girls,
Take a whiz in your sleep.
All together now...

(Other verses, 1st and 3rd lines,
use same form as above:)
Piss down your thigh with a sigh, guys...
What a big mess-oh my, guys...

Move your bowels on her towels, boys...
Never mind all her howls, boys...

Drop a load on the road, boys...
Squat in the road like a toad, boys...

Spend a penny in your teddie, girls...
What's another soaked nightie, girls?

Go wee wee in the laundry, girls...
What a great place for a pee, girls...

Wet your panties at Auntie's, girls...
Another pair of damp scanties, girls...

Piddle right down your middle, boys...
In a constant dribble, boys...

Crap right in your wrap, girls...
A cozy place for a crap, girls...

Relieve yourself in a crowd, mates...
Who'll know if you're not loud, mates?

Make poo poo in your shoe, boys...
Fill that brogan with doo, boys...

Smell like piss at the Ritz, girls...
Give the concierge the fits, girls...

Smellin' like stool ain't too cool, boys...
Clear the classroom at your school, boys...

Wear a diaper on your bottom, boys...
You won't show if you've got 'em, boys...

Stuff TP down your crotch, girls...
That way you won't show a blotch, girls...

Put a catheter up your peter, boys...
Don't that peg your Fun Meter, boys?

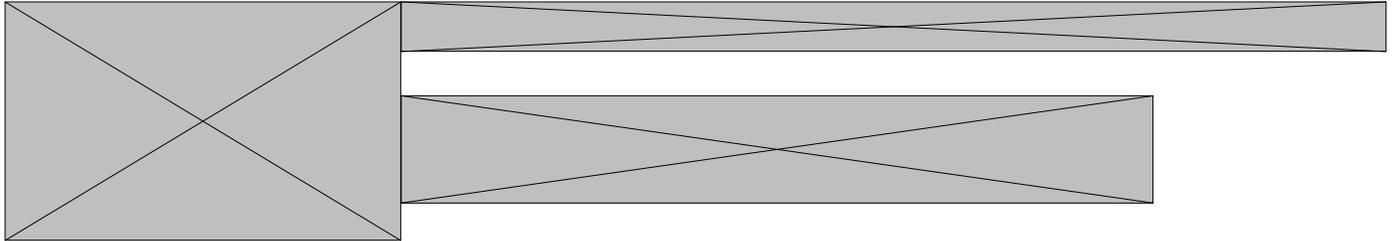
Wear rubber undies on Sundays, girls...
What the hell, better wear them on all days!

Be all a-drip on a ship, mates...
Mind the puddle-don't slip, mates...

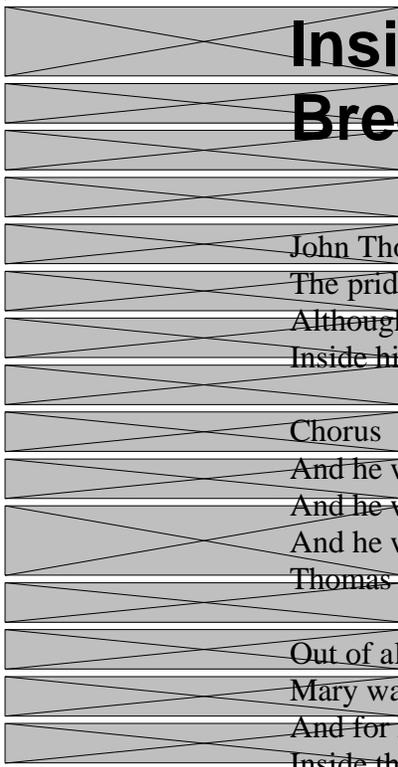
Make a piddle while you diddle, boys...
Let it dribble on her middle, boys...

Public diarrhea in the cafeteria, girls...
Isn't that your worst fear-ea, girls?

Make a stink at the skating rink, girls...
Leave a stain on the ice, girls...



Inside Those Red Plush Breeches



John Thomas was a servant tall,
The pride and joy of the servant's hall,
Although he only had one ball,
Inside his red plush breeches.

Chorus

And he wore red plush breeches,
And he wore red plush breeches,
And he wore red plush breeches that kept John
Thomas warm.

Out of all the servant's at the servant's post,
Mary was the one he loved the most,
And for her his balls would roast,
Inside those red plush breeches.

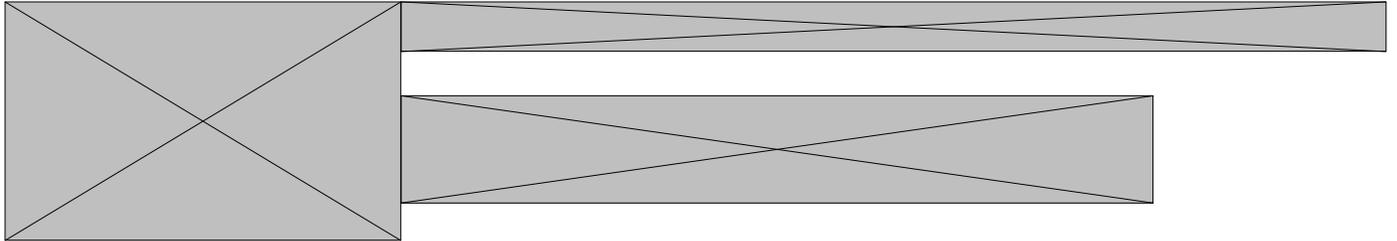
They went for a walk one moonlight night,
The stars were out and the moon was bright,
Things became extremely tight,
Inside those red plush breeches.

They found a stump to sit upon,
They found a stack to lay upon,
Next day Mary sewed buttons on,
That pair of red plush breeches.

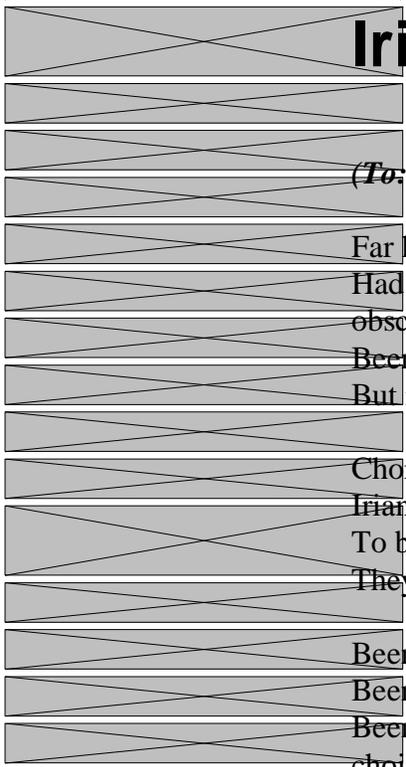
Mary had an illegit,
It's face looked like a piece of shit,
And every time she looked at it,
She cursed those red plush breeches.

Now Mary laid poor John a trap,
And he fell for it like a sap,

And now he's got a dose of clap,
Inside those red plush breeches.



Irian Jaya



(To: Mull of Kintyre)

Far have I traveled and much have I seen,
Had blow jobs from Bancis and fucked things
obscene,
Been crippled by herpes and things far more dire,
But if you want a blow job go to Irian Jaya.

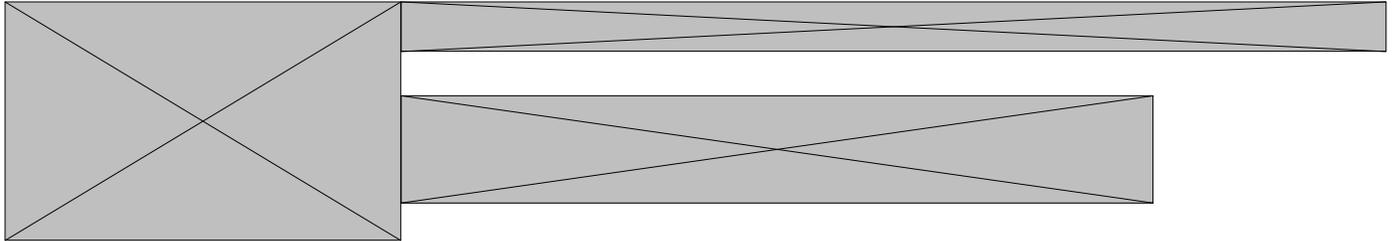
Chorus
Irian Jaya,
To be gobbled by natives is what I desire,
They practice on blowpipes in Irian Jaya.

Been rogered in Rio and poked in Peru,
Been massaged in Manila and then had a screw,
Been fucked in Llanelli by a Welsh male boys'
choir,
But for the height of perversion go to Irian Jaya.

Met a girl in the jungle with a bone through her
nose,
Cunt like a mantrap and strong I suppose,
Bush like a yardbroom that's made out of wire,
So be careful of pussy in Irian Jaya.

Oh the skirt she was wearing was made out of
grass,
It only just covered her sweet little ass,
I felt an erection getting higher and higher,
As I followed that lady from Irian Jaya.

She put down her basket, took hold of my tool,
Pulled back the foreskin and started to drool,
Curled her lips round it, and sir I'm no liar,
They still have headhunters in Irian Jaya.



Is it in Yet?

(From: Pig Vomit)

I tore off my pants, I was ready to burst
I had to stick it in,
She was big and I was small,
But size doesn't make a man.
I pushed in and out, thought I'd make her shout,
I knew I'd make her cum,
And that's when I heard those hurtful words.

Is it in yet?

Is it in yet?

I was feeling low from that awful blow,
But I would try again,
I rubbed it all day,
And I hoped and prayed that it would grow some
more.
I looked at my dick, this time it would do the
trick,
I mounted her and stuck it in,
And again I heard those hurtful words.

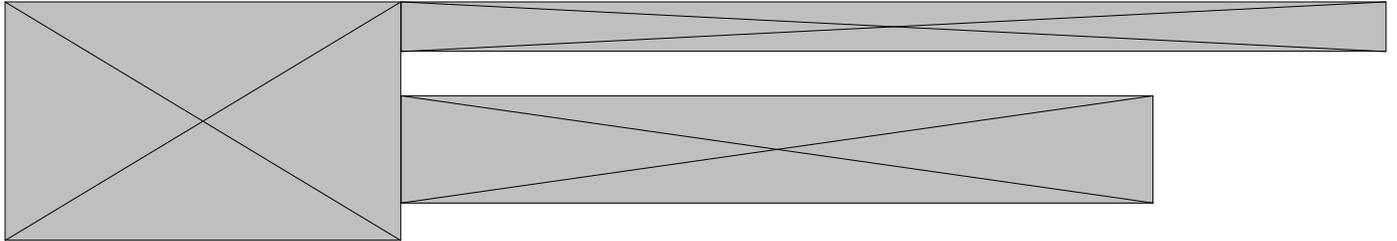
Is it in yet?

Is it in yet?

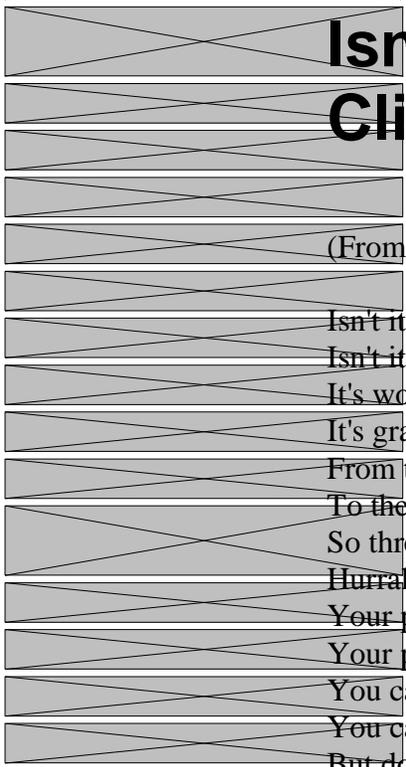
My penis is short,
As short as this song,
And that's why she asks.

Is it in yet?

Is it in yet?



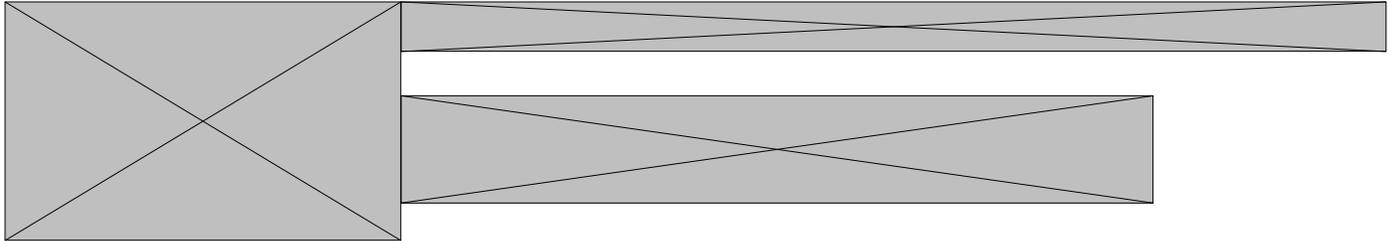
Isn't It Great To Have A Clitoris?



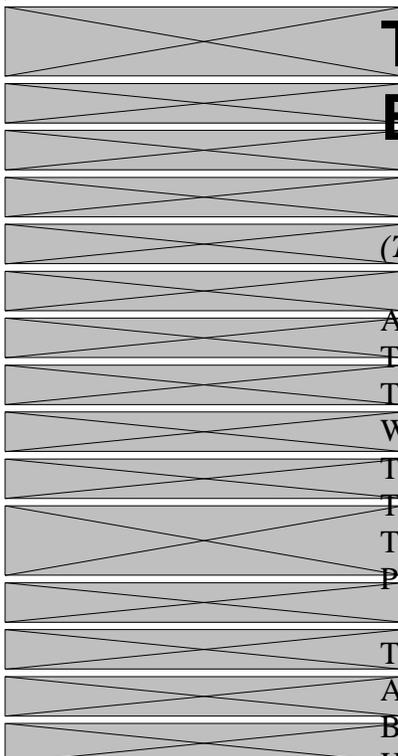
(From Monty Python)

Isn't it great to have a clitoris,
Isn't it great to have a box?
It's wonderful to own a vagina,
It's grand to own a bush,
From the tiniest little hole,
To the world's largest twat.
So three licks for your muff or furburger,
Hurrah for your Venus mound,
Your piece of ass, your guy's favorite toy,
Your pussy or your cunt.
You can keep it in edible undies,
You can put on crotchless panties,
But don't take it out in public,
Unless you charge a lot,
Or you won't get very rich.

(Spoken:)
Thank you very much.



The Little Late Bastard



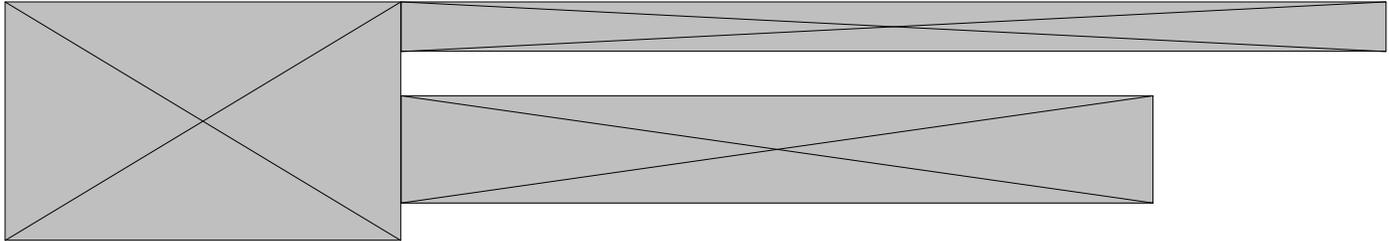
(To: Away in the Manger)

Away in the shiggy,
The FRB led.
The Little Late Bastard,
Was getting some head.
The hares on the tra-ail,
The hash did they lay.
The little late bastard,
Passed out on the hay.
The cattle were worried,
As hashers ran near,
But Little Late Bastard,
He needed a beer.
While hashers were sweating,
The Late One was spry.
The keg in the pick-up,
Was now half-way dry.

The hashers were near now,
The hares coming in.
The late one was finished,
Passed out with a grin.
The sheep in the manger,
Had nothing to fear.
The pack's all gone home now,
The hash has no beer.

The angels in heaven,
Were shocked when he showed.
The Little Late Bastard,
His cheeks how they glowed.

He wretched on St. Peter,
And pissed on the gate.
"To hell with the bastard,
He's too bloody late!"

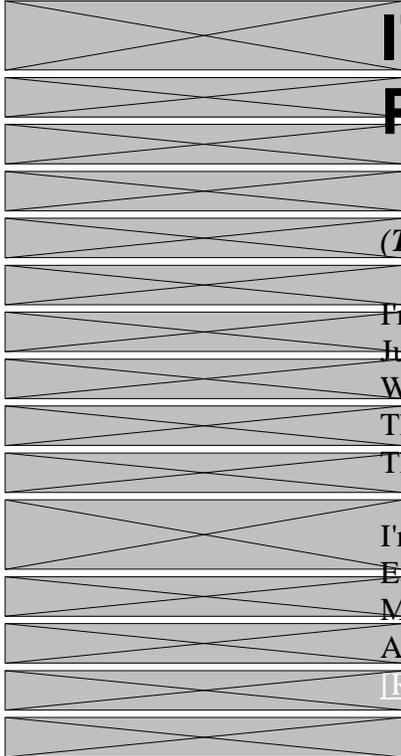


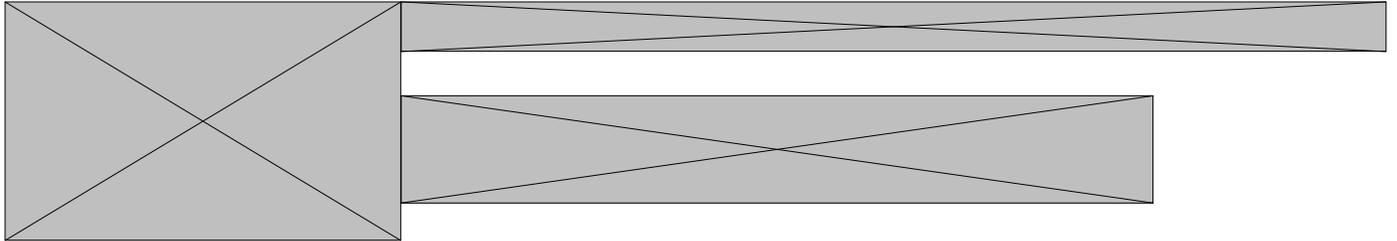
I'm Dreaming of a Pink Pussy

(To: White Christmas)

I'm dreaming of a pink pussy,
Just like the ones I used to screw,
With a sweet aroma,
Thank really shows ya',
Thank cunnilingus is for you.

I'm dreaming of my love's pussy,
Each time I jack off in the night.
May her thighs be creamy and white,
And may her vagina be tight.





'Twas The Night Before Christmas

(To: Chopsticks or recite)

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And God it was neat.
The kids were both gone,
And my wife was in heat.
The doors were all bolted,
And the phone off the hook,
It was time for some pussy,
Fuck reading that book.
*(tempo changes for the last four of each verse
as with chopsticks)*
Mom-ma, in her ted-dy,
And I, in the nude,
I'd just reached the bedroom,
And grabbed a jar of lube.

When out on the lawn,
There arose such a cry,
That I lost my boner,
And momma went dry.
Up to the window,
I sprang like an elf.
And tore back the shade,
While she played with herself.
The moon, on the crest,
Of the snow-man we'd built,
Shoved a broom, up his ass,
Clean up, to the hilt.

When what to my wondering,
Eyes should appear,
But a rusty old sleigh,

And eight mangy reindeer.
With a fat little driver,
Half out of his sled,
A sock in his ear,
And a bra on his head.
Sure as I'm, speaking,
He was high, as a kite,
And he yelled out to his team,
But it didn't sou-und right.

"Whoa Shithead, whoa Asshole,
Hey Dickfore, whoa Putz,
Either slow down this rig,
Or I'll cut off your nuts."
"Look out for the lamp post,
And don't hit the tree,
Quit shaking the sleigh,
'Cause I gotta go pee."
They clearthe old lamp post,
The tree, got, a rub,
Then Santa leaned right out,
And puked-up on my shrub.

And then from the roof,
We heard something splatter,
As each little reindeer,
Now emptied his bladder.
I put on my jacket,
To cover my ass,
When down through the chimney,
Santa came with a crash.
His suit was all covered with,
Dip spit, ga-lore,
He looked just like a bum,
And smelled just like a whore.

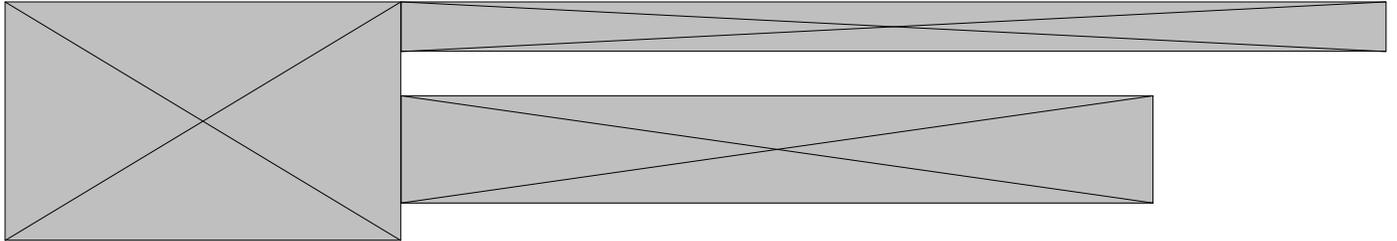
"I'm all fuckin' shit-canned,"
He said with a smile,
"And Rudolf was farting,
For the last half a mile."
He walked to the kitchen,
For himself poured a drink,
Then whipped out his pecker,
And pissed in the sink.
I start-ed to laugh,
As my wife, turned around.

For Santa was hung,
Half-way to the ground.

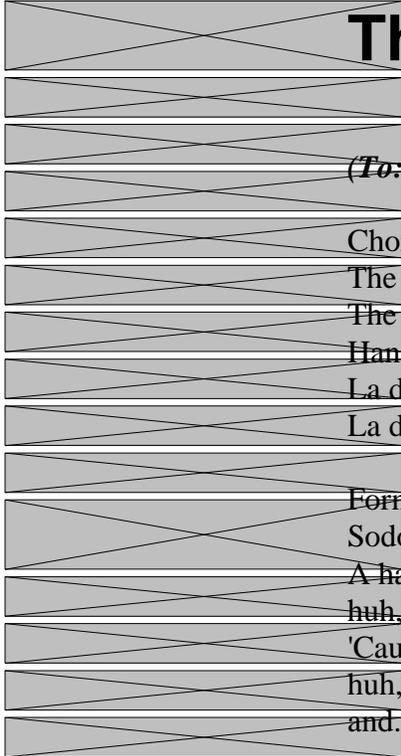
Back in the den,
Santa reached in his sack,
But his toys were all gone,
And some new things were packed.
The first thing he found,
Was a pair of false tits,
The next was a manual,
On how to pop zits.
A dime - bag of reefer,
Was Santa's. next find,
And six pair, of pan-ties,
The ed-i-ble kind.

A boarding school pissar,
A penis extension,
And many other things,
That I can't even mention.
A cock ring, a G-string,
And all types of oil,
And a bong that was wrapped,
With aluminium foil.
"This stuff's not for kids,
Mrs. Santa will shit,
So I'll leave it all here,
And then I'll just split."

He filled both our stockings,
Looked at my wife's cleave.
And tucked my son's crack pipe,
Up under his sleeve.
He sprang to his sleigh,
But his feet were like lead,
Made it out of the chimney,
And on my roof smacked his head.
(restart same tempo)
In time he was seated,
Took the reigns of his hitch,
Saying, "Take me home Rudolph,
This night's been a bitch!"
The sleigh was near gone,
When we heard Santa shout,
"The best thing about college,
Is that beer won't run out!"



The Beat Goes On



(To: tune of same name)

Chorus:

The beat goes on,

The beat goes on.

Hands keep pounding ryth-m on my dick (twat).

La da da di,

La da da da.

Fornicating was once the rage, uh - huh,

Sodomy was for any age, uh - huh.

A handjob now and then is the best thing, uh -

huh.

'Cause AIDS is now the newborn sexual king, uh -

huh,

and...

The groc'ry store has condoms now, uh - huh,

But some would rather screw a cow, uh - huh,

And men down under still like to shag sheep, uh - huh,

'Lec-tric'ly the girls dildo to sleep, uh - huh.

and...

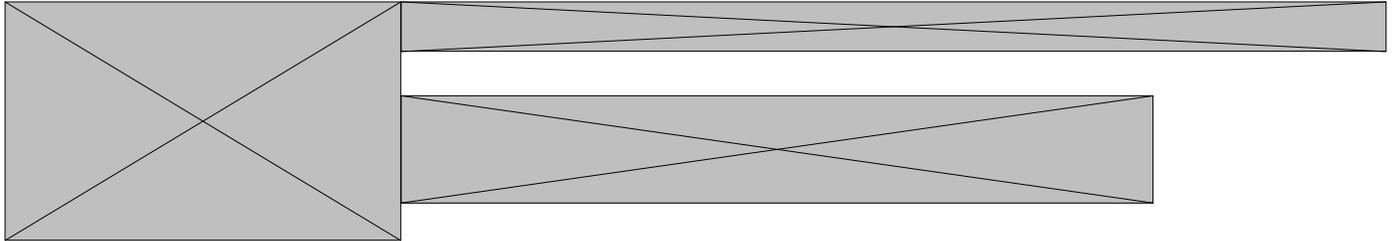
Grandmas sit in chairs and reminisce, uh - huh,

Little girls now only kiss, uh - huh,

And women realize they're out of luck, uh - huh,

It's hard today to get a decent fuck, uh - huh.

and...



Hail To The Chief

(To same, Sousa presidential fanfare

version.)

Hail to the Chief, our leader and our brother,

Morals and virtue, he teaches us integrity.

Hell fuck your wife, or your daughter or your mother,

They will blow him happily on bended knee.

Long may he reign, he rules us like no o-other.

Lift up your beers for sexual liberty!

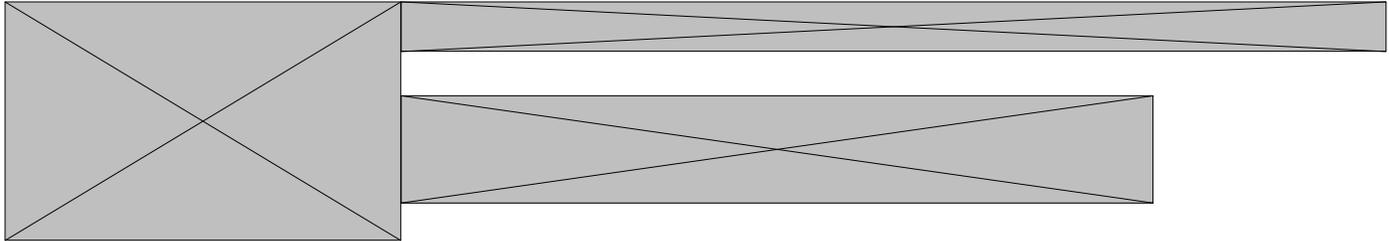
(slower tempo)

Beer, broads and barfing round our cir-cle of

friends,

(faster)

Hail to the Chief, we hope it nev-er ends.



Where, Oh Where

(To same, from Hee Haw)

Where, oh where were you hashing last time?

Why did you leave us here all alone?

We hashed the world over,

While you tried to get some,

You met another,

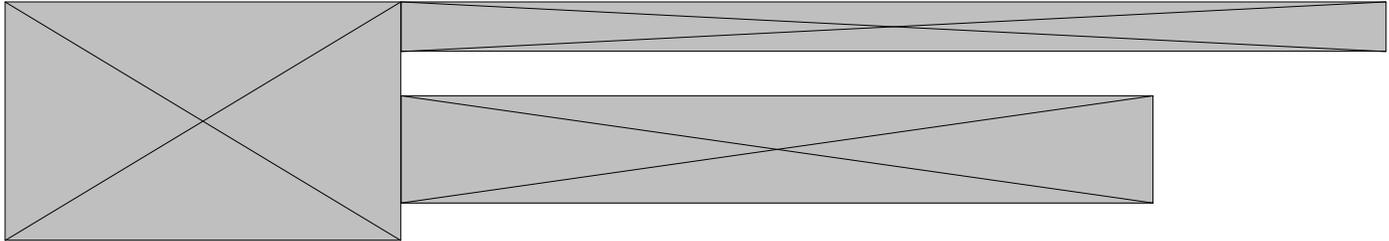
And BBLLLLHHH! You was gone!

(alt: You went to another and BBLLLLHHH! Now
you drink!)

Drink it down, down, down, down...

BBLLLLHHH! [raspberry] On a hot day can be done
with a shower

of beer from a well shaken can, or like Hee Haw,
just spittle in their face! Hash vote!



That Old Toyota Truck

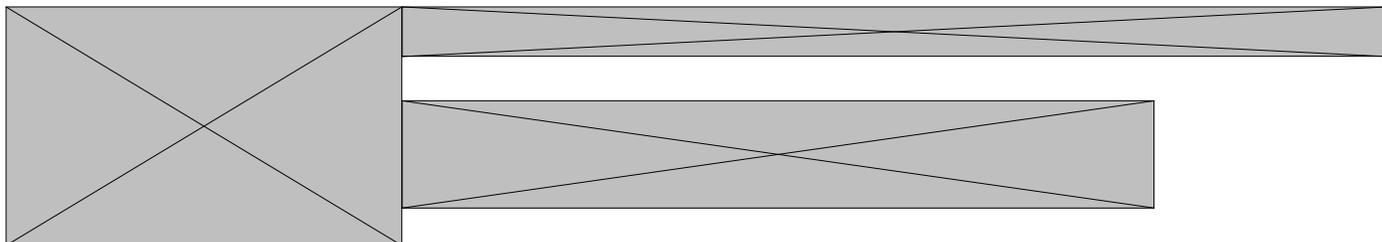
(To: My Old Kentucky Home)

I found her while I was lost and off the trail,
She was slopping hogs and holding a pail;
Barefoot and shorts and long legs up to her womb,
And I knew I had to have some tail.
The sun shines bright on my old Toyota truck,
I sweat on the seat as I fuck;
Her pussy's ripe and her tits are all in bloom;
Her nipple gets hard when I suck.

Chorus

Weep no more you hashers!
Weep no more to day!
We will sing one song for that old Toyota truck,
That old Toyota truck, got me laid.

As hashers sing about sex around the beers,
While glancing at sheep or at steers;
A woman's moan is the only happy tune,
This lost and horny hasher hears.
I hunt no more for the trail or for the whore,
In the meadow, the hill and the shore;
I sing no more, chug a beer or flash a moon,
I'm pussy-whipped and hash no more.



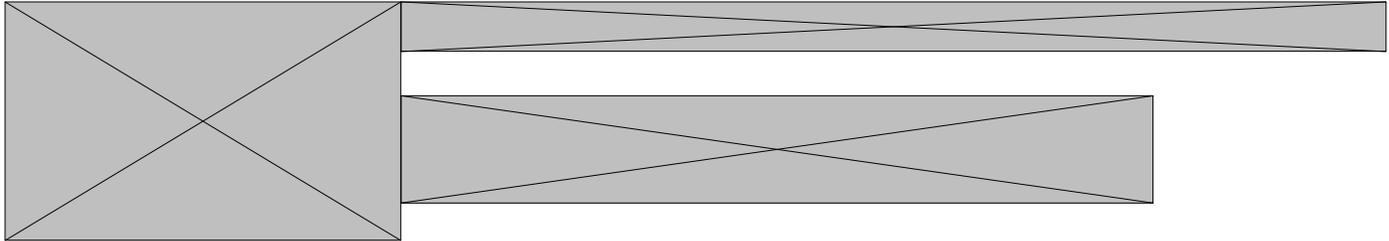
O Cum, Interhashers

(To: O Come, All Ye Faithful)

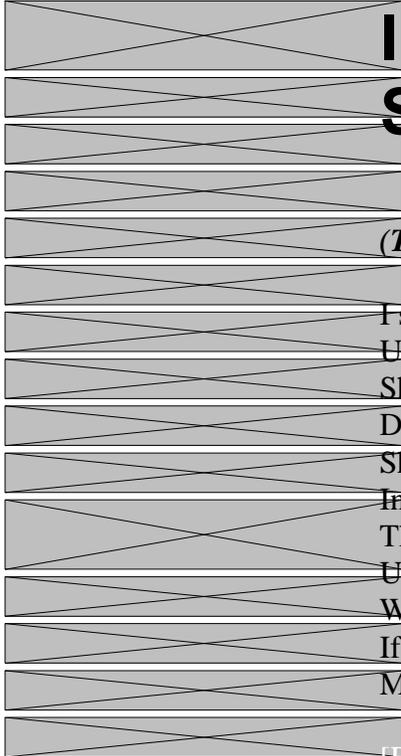
O cum, interhashers,
Joyful and triumphant,
O cum ye, O cu-um ye,
Behind the stage,
Cum in the bushes,
Climax in the portolets.
Oh cum and masturbation,
Oh cum and copulation,
Oh cum and fornication at Interhash.

Sing packs of hashers,
Nasty, dirty lyrics,
O sing all ye dirty bastards,
At the hash.
Sing to the virgins,
Sing to all the sin-in-ners.
Oh sing of masturbation,
Oh sing of copulation,
Oh sing of fornication at Interhash.

Beer to the hashers,
Beer this happy season,
Drink, beer until the bastards,
Spew it out.
Drink to the virgins,
Drink to all the sin-in-ners.
Oh beer and masturbation,
Oh beer and copulation,
Oh beer and fornication at Interhash.

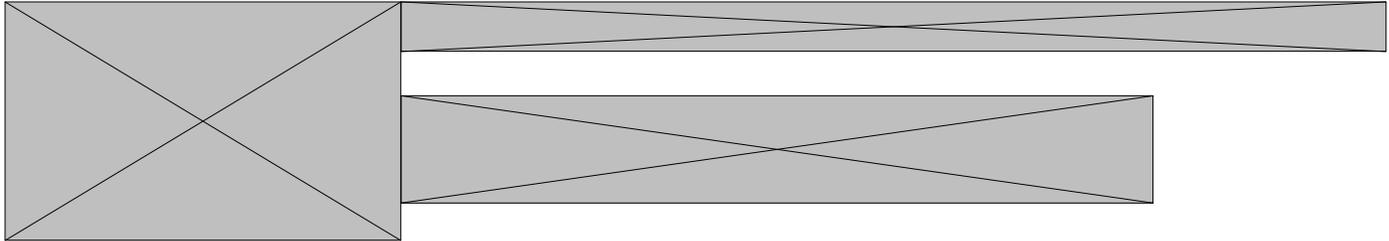


I Saw Mommy Fucking Santa Claus



(To: I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus)

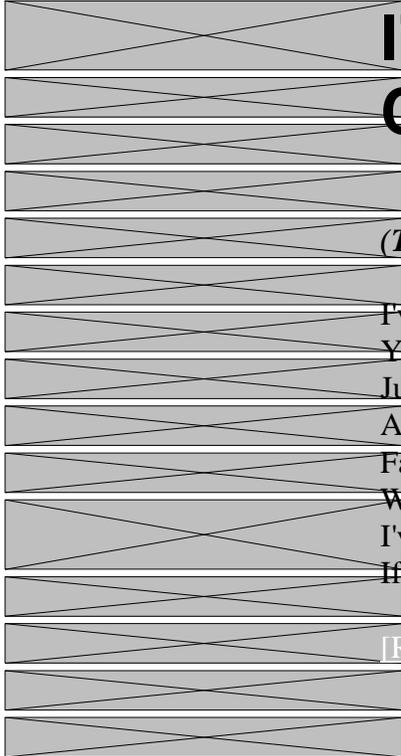
I saw Mommy fucking Santa Claus,
Underneath the Christmas tree at noon.
She didn't see me creep,
Down the stairs to have a peep,
She thought that I was napping,
In my bedroom fast asleep.
Then I saw Mommy fucking Santa Claus,
Underneath his swaying big fat moon.
What a sight that would have been,
If Daddy had only seen,
Mommy fucking Santa Claus at noon!

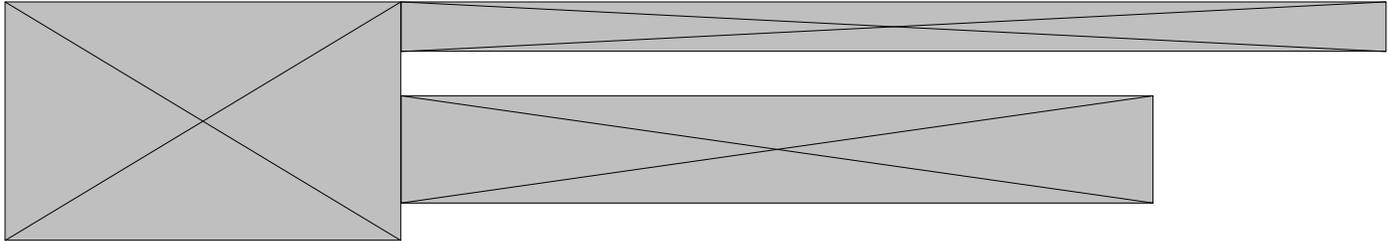


I've A Bone For Christmas

(To: I'll Be Home for Christmas)

I've a bone for Christmas,
You can count on me.
Just a blow and mistletoe,
And condoms on the tree.
Far from home you'll find me,
Wanking till I scream.
I've a bone for Christmas,
If only in my dream.





The Legal Night Before Christmas

Whereas, on or about the night prior to Christmas,

there did occur at a certain improved piece of real property (hereinafter "the House") a general lack of stirring by all creatures therein, including, but not limited to a mouse.

A variety of foot apparel, e.g. stocking, socks, etc., had been affixed by and around the chimney in said House in the hope and/or belief that St. Nick a/k/a/ St. Nicholas a/k/a/ Santa Claus (hereinafter "Claus") would arrive at sometime thereafter.

The minor residents, i.e. the children, of the aforementioned House, were located in their individual beds and were engaged in nocturnal hallucinations, i.e. dreams, wherein vision of confectionery treats, including, but not limited to, candies, nuts and/or sugar plums, did dance, cavort and otherwise appear in said dreams.

Whereupon the party of the first part (sometimes hereinafter

referred to as "I"), being the joint-owner in fee simple of the House with the parts of the second part (hereinafter "Mamma"), and said Mamma had retired for a sustained period of sleep. (At such time, the parties were clad in various forms of headgear, e.g. kerchief and cap.)

Suddenly, and without prior notice or warning, there did occur upon the unimproved real property adjacent and appurtenant to said House, i.e. the lawn, a certain disruption of unknown nature, cause and/or circumstance. The party of the first part did immediately rush to a window in the House to investigate the cause of such disturbance.

At that time, the party of the first part did observe, with some degree of wonder and/or disbelief, a miniature sleigh (hereinafter the "Vehicle") being pulled and/or drawn very rapidly through the air by approximately eight (8) reindeer. The driver of the Vehicle appeared to be and in fact was, the previously referenced Claus.

Said Claus was providing specific direction, instruction and guidance to the approximately eight (8) reindeer and specifically identified the animal co-conspirators by name: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen (hereinafter the "Deer"). (Upon information and belief, it is further asserted that an additional co-conspirator named "Rudolph" may have been involved.)

The party of the first part witnessed Claus, the Vehicle and the Deer intentionally and willfully trespass upon the roofs of several residences located adjacent to and in the vicinity of the House, and noted that the Vehicle was heavily laden with packages, toys and other items of unknown origin or nature. Suddenly, without prior invitation or permission, either express or implied the Vehicle arrived at the House, and Claus entered said House via the chimney.

Said Claus was clad in a red fur suit, which was partially covered with residue from the chimney, and he carried a large sack containing a portion of the aforementioned packages, toys, and other unknown items.

He was smoking what appeared to be tobacco in a small pipe in blatant violation of local ordinances and health regulations.

Claus did not speak, but immediately began to fill the stocking of the minor children, which hung adjacent to the chimney, with toys and other small gifts. (Said items did not, however, constitute "gifts" to said minor pursuant to the applicable provisions of the U.S. Tax Code.)

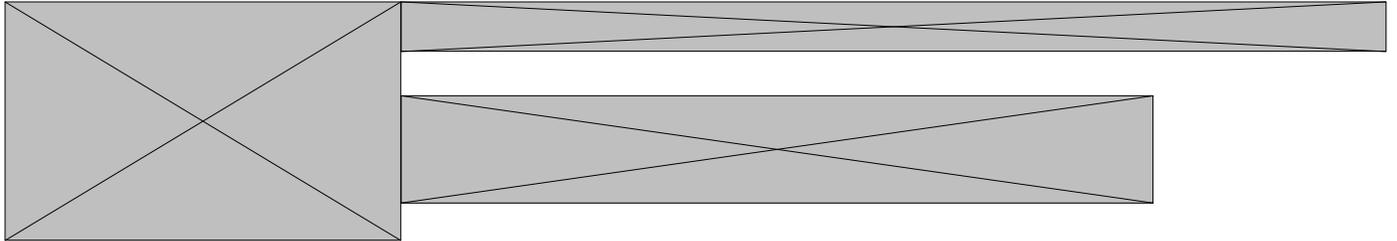
Upon completion of such task, Claus touched the side of his nose and flew, rose and/or ascended up the chimney of the House to the roof where the Vehicle and Deer

waited and/or
served as "lookouts." Claus immediately departed
for an
unknown destination.

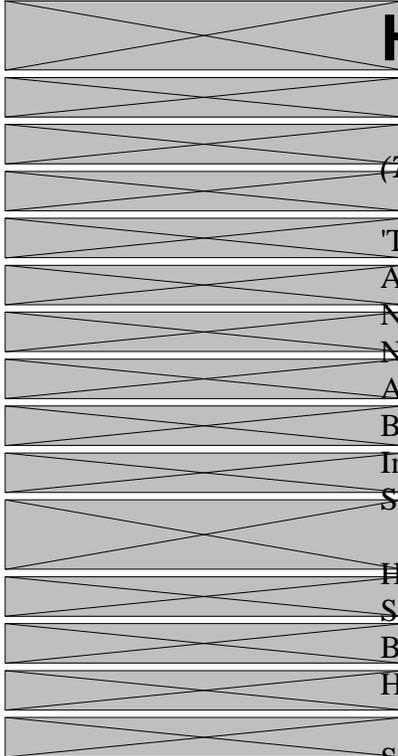
However, prior to the departure of the Vehicle,
Deer and
Claus from said House, the party of the first part
did hear
Claus state and/or exclaim: "Merry Christmas to
all and to all
a good night!" Or words to that effect also in
violation of local
environmental Noise Control regulations.

Respectfully Submitted,

s./ The Grinch



Hashmas Chopsticks

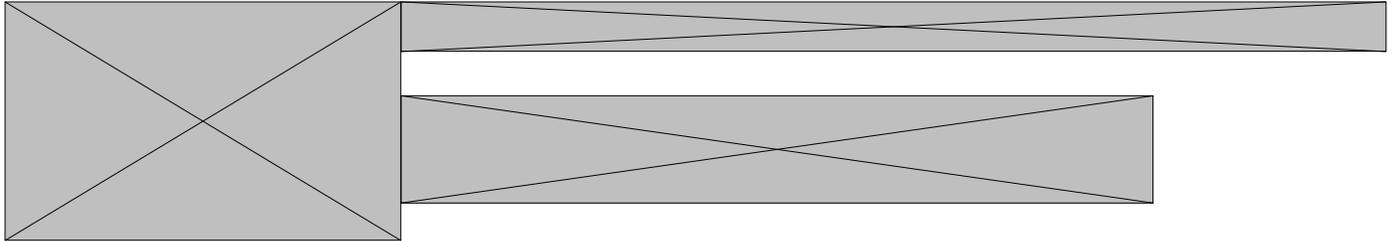


(To: Chopsticks or recite)

'Twas the morning of hashmas
And in the Hash House,
Not a hasher was stirring
Nor his trouser mouse.
All the beer kegs were drunk,
By the hashers with care,
In hopes that the Biermeister,
Soon would be there.

He's bringing lot's of cheer,
Some wine - and beer,
But wait until you see,
Hares throw up on the tree!

So, On! G M, On! R A,
On! Hash Horn and On Sec,
From K L to London to L A to Quebec.
To the top of the hill,
And then over the wall,
Here they come and they're sayin',
"Merry Hashmas to all!"

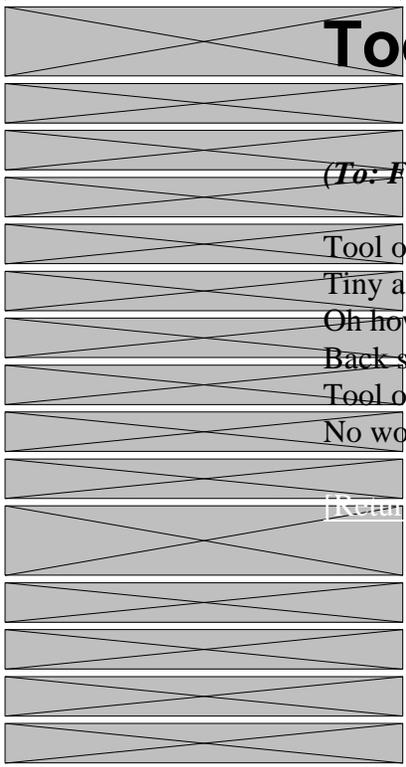


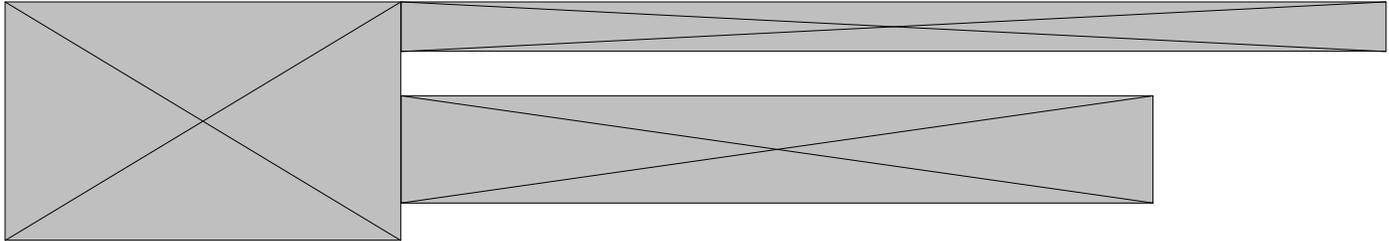
Tool of My Father

(To: Faith of Our Fathers)

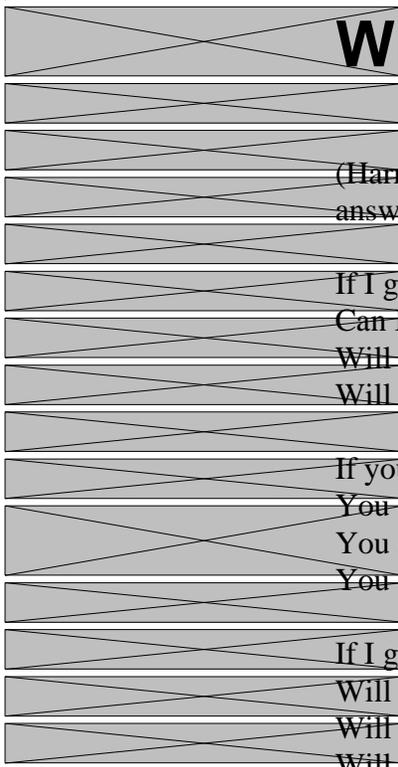
Tool of my Fa-ther, liv-ing still,
Tiny and use-less, be-quethed to me.
Oh how my heart breaks each time that I peal,
Back shrivelled fore-skin, each time I pee.
Tool of my Fa-ther, use-less dick,
No woman wants this di-min-u-tive prick.

[Return





Will You Marry Me



(Harriers ask questions, harriettes answer.)

If I give you half a crown,
Can I take your knickers down,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me half a crown,
You can't take my knickers down,
You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
You can't marry me.

If I give you two-and-six,
Will you let me squeeze your tits,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

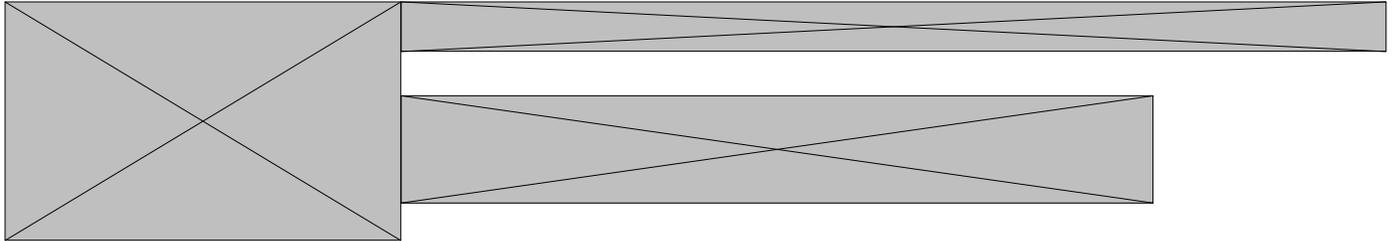
If you give me two-and-six,
I won't let you squeeze my tits,
You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
You can't marry me.

If I give you my big chest,
And all the money I possess,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me your big chest,
And all the money you possess,
I will marry, marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I will marry you.

Harriers:

Get out of the door, you lousy whore,
My money was all you were looking for,
And I'll not marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I'll not marry you.



Woodpecker's Song

(To "Dixie")

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

I removed my finger from a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back. put it back. put it back,
REPLACE IT."

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

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

I reversed my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
In and out, in and out, in and out,
RECIPROCATE IT."

I reciprocated my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Speed it up, speed it up, speed it down.
ACCELERATE IT."

I accelerated my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Slow it down, slow it down, slow it down,

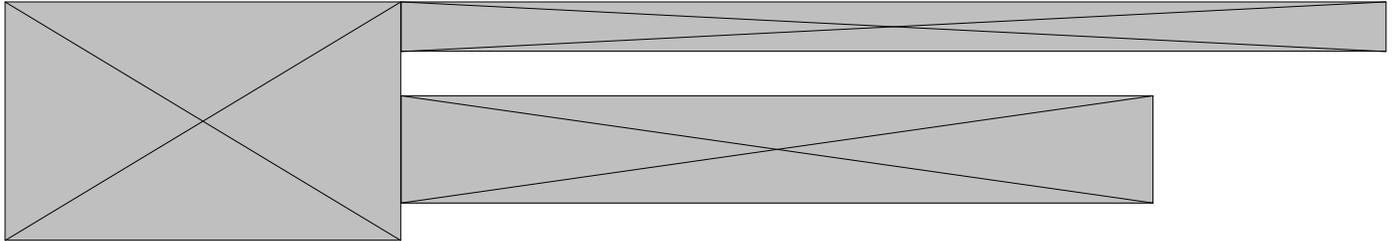
RETARD IT."

I retarded my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Once again, once again, once again,
REPEAT IT."

I repeated my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Leave it in, leave it in, leave it in,
RELAX IT,"

I released my finger in a woodpecker's hole, a
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
RETRACT IT."

I retracted my finger from a woodpecker's hole, a
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff,
REVOLTING."



Yogi Bear

(To the tune of "Camptown Races")

In the forest lives a bear, Yogi, Yogi,
In the forest lives a bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear.
Yogi, Yogi Bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear.
In the forest lives a bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo,
Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear.
Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear.
Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear.

Yogi likes candy, Gummy Bears, Gummy Bears,
Yogi likes candy, Gummy, Gummy Bears.
Gummy, Gummy Bears, Gummy, Gummy Bears.
Yogi likes candy, Gummy, Gummy Bears.

Yogi has a girl friend, Susie, Susie
Yogi has a girl friend, Susie, Susie Bear...etc.

Susie likes it on the fridge, Polar, Polar,
Susie likes it on the fridge, Polar, Polar
Bear...etc.

Susie likes it up the arse, Dirty, Dirty,
Susie likes it up the arse, Dirty, Dirty
Bear...etc.

Yogi's into whips and chains, Kinky, Kinky,
Yogi's into whips and chains, Kinky, Kinky
Bear...etc.

Susie has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly,
Susie has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly
Bear...etc.

Yogi has a cheesy dick, Camenbeart, Camenbeart,
Yogi has a cheesy dick, Camen, Camenbeart...etc.

Yogi uses condoms Clever, Clever,
Yogi uses condoms Clever, Clever Bear...etc.

Susie had a little cub, Bastard, Bastard,
Susie had a little cub, Bastard, Bastard
Bear...etc.

Susie asks for money, Hooker, Hooker,
Susie asks for money, Hooker, Hooker Bear...etc.

Yogi likes to role his on, Smokey, Smokey,
Yogi likes to role his on, Smokey, Smokey
Bear...etc.

Boo Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala,
Boo Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala
Bear...etc.

Yogi's got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy,
Yogi's got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy
Bear...etc.

Yogi's got a twelve inch cock, Lucky, Lucky,
Yogi's got a twelve inch cock, Lucky, Lucky
Bear...etc.

Boo Boo says he's got one too, Liar, Liar,
Boo Boo says he's got one too, Liar, Liar
Bear...etc.

Susie likes it twice a day, Horny, Horny,
Susie likes it twice a day, Horny, Horny
Bear...etc.

Susie sleeps in any bTeddy, Teddy,
Susie sleeps in any bTeddy, Teddy Bear...etc.

Yogi doesn't wipe his butt, Brown, Brown,
Yogi doesn't wipe his butt, Brown, Brown
Bear...etc.

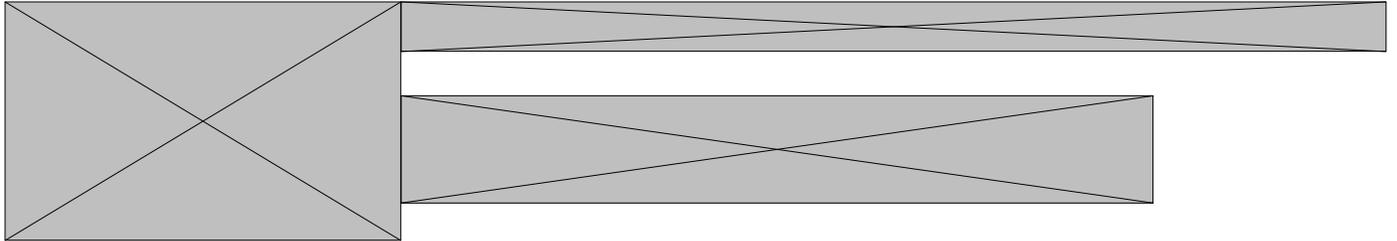
Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, Wanker, Wanker,

Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, Wanker, Wanker
Bear...etc.

Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger, Ranger
Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith...etc.

Ranger puts a hole in it, Naughty, Naughty,
Ranger puts a hole in it, Naughty, Naughty
Boy...etc.

Ranger likes the animals, Beastial, Beastial,
Ranger likes the animals, Beast-i-al-i-ty...etc.
(This can be a natural lead-in to Beastiality's
Best)



Zupata

(To "Singing in the Rain")

Songmaster sings chorus solo:

Chorus

I'm singin' in the rain,
Just singin' in the rain.
What a glorious feeling,
I'm hap-hap-happy again...

First Hasher interrupts: "Wait a minute, wait a minute, you need a little rythmn here... Here everybody join in..." (On example of First Hasher, pack swings back and forth with the beat chanting:)

A-Zup-pa-ta, A-Zup-pa-ta, Aa-Zuup-paa-taaa,

(All sing)

I'm singin' in the rain,
Just singin' in the rain.
What a glorious feeling,
I'm hap-hap-happy again...

Second Hasher interrupts: "Wait a minute, wait a minute, arms out"
(Everyone puts arms out, then sways back and forth with the beat, chanting:)
A-Zup-pa-ta, A-Zup-pa-ta, Aa-Zuup-paa-taaa,
(All sing chorus...)

Third Hasher interrupts: "Wait a minute, wait a minute, arms out",
(everyone puts arms out), "Thumbs up", (everyone puts thumbs up), then everyone sways back and forth with the beat, chanting:)
A-Zup-pa-ta, A-Zup-pa-ta, Aa-Zuup-paa-taaa,
(All sing chorus...)

Going around the circle, the interruptions continue, with each hasher getting a turn, with alternate finishes depending on the pack. Down Downs are usually awarded after the song to those who forget the sequence or screw it up or fail to participate and pass it to the next person...)

Hands together.
Elbows back.
Chest out.
Stomach in.
Arse out.
Knees together.
Feet together.
Chin up.

Traditional finish

Tongue out. (Singing chorus with tongue out is hilarious.)

Brrrrrup! (Pack makes farting noise, sometimes mooning with it.)

Alternate finish for adult packs and becoming popular at European interhashes. Hashers who fail to follow instructions are asked to leave circle and given down downs later.

Hats off. (if any have them)

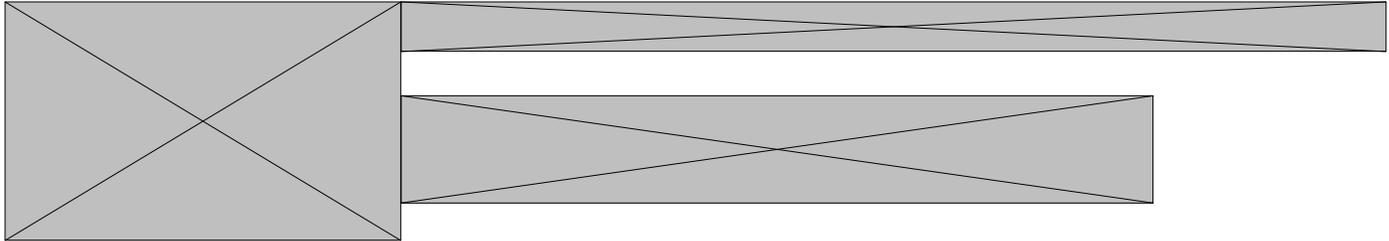
Shirts off.

Bras off. (if females have them)

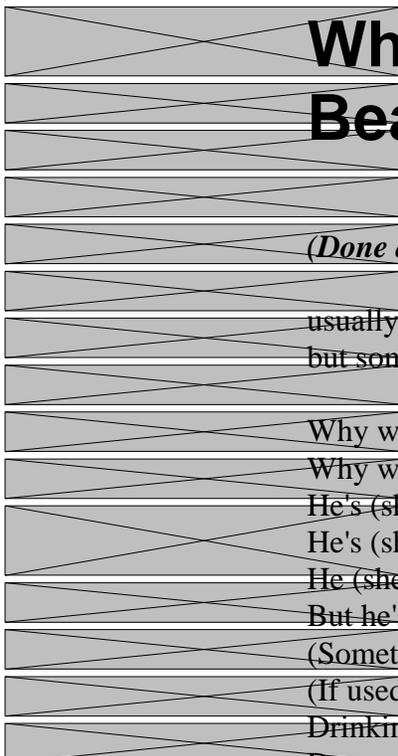
Shorts (pants) down.

Underware (shorts) down.

Brrrrrup! (Those left in the circle make farting noise and moon the rest.)



Why Was He (She) Born So Beautiful?

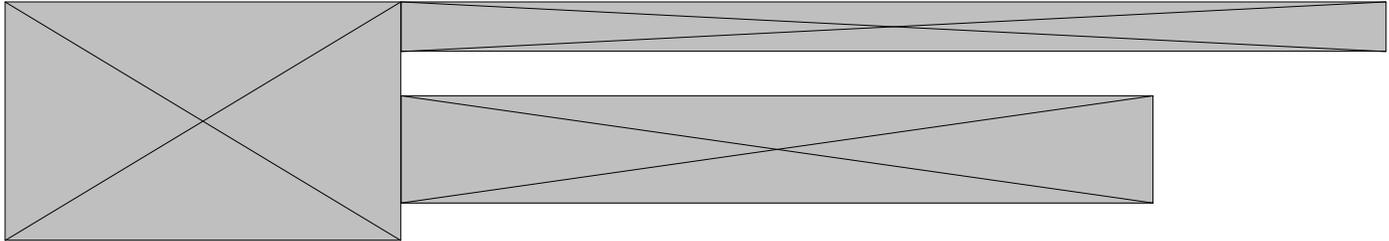


(Done as a tribute to hasher,

usually after a down down song,
but sometimes as the down down song.

Why was he (she) born so beautiful,
Why was he (she) born at all.
He's (she's) no fucking use to anyone,
He's (she's) no fucking use at all.
He (she) might be a joy to his (her) mother,
But he's (she's) a pain in the asshole to me!
(Sometimes mooning the recipient)
(If used as a down down song:)
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue until down down is finished,
or go into "Why are you waiting".)

(Alternate verse for harriette)
Why was she born so beautiful?
Why was she born a bitch?
She's no bloody use to anyone,
She's only got one tit.



He Ought to Be Publically Pissed Upon

(Done to humble a hasher,

usually after a down down song,
but sometimes as the down down song.)

He (she) ought to be publicly pissed upon.

He (she) ought to be publicly shot (Bang Bang!)

He (she) ought to be tied to a urinal

And kept there to fester and rot.

(Sometimes mooning the recipient)

(If used as a down down song:)

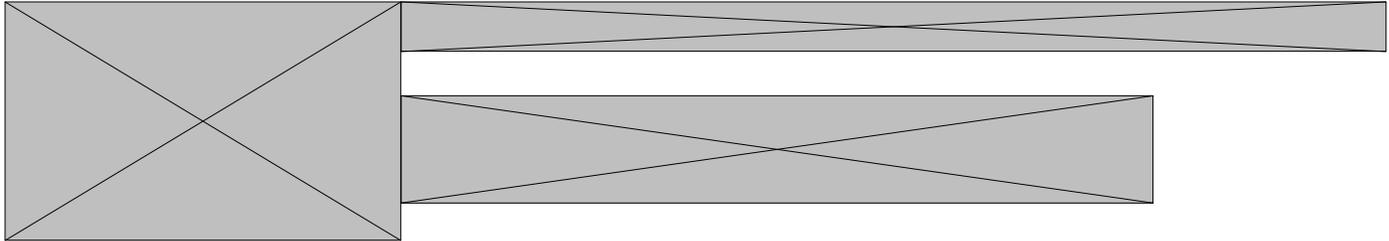
Drinking down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down,

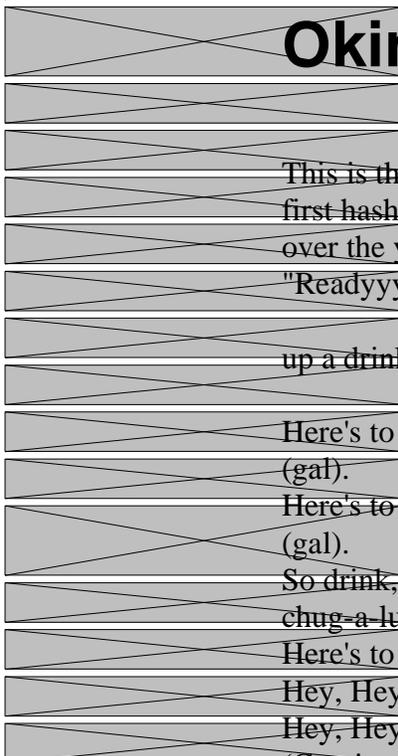
Down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down.

(Continue until down down is finished,
or go into "Why are you waiting".)



Okinawa Down Down Song



This is the song Okinawa used from its first hashes which spread to many others over the years. Started on cue from RA: "Readyyy, Go!". Used in some hashes to liven up a drinking contest.

Here's to _____ he's (she's) a damn fine guy (gal).

Here's to _____ he's (she's) a damn fine guy (gal).

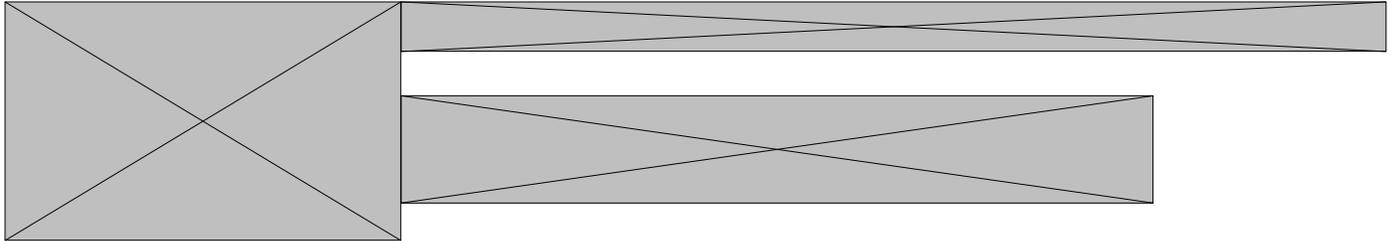
So drink, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.

Here's to _____ he's (she's) a horse's ass!

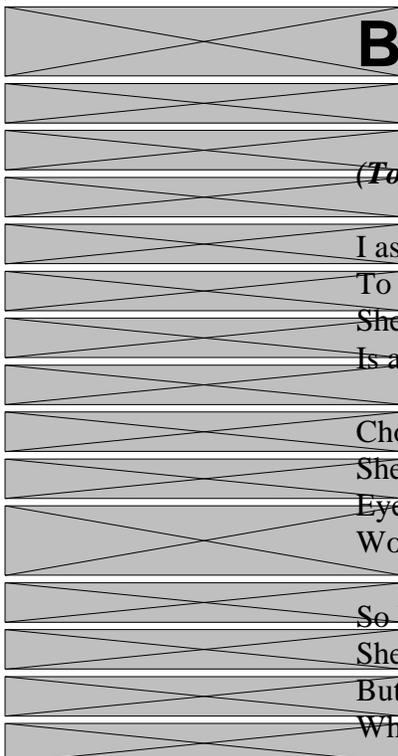
Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey!

Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey!

(Continue until down down is finished, or go into "Why are you waiting".)



Big Bamboo



(To: Working For the Yankee Dollar)

I asked my lady what should I do,
To make her happy, not make her blue,
She said, "The only thing I want from you,
Is a little bitty of the big bamboo."

Chorus
She wanted the big bamboo, bamboo,
Eye eye-eye eye-eye-eye,
Working for the Yankee dollar.

So I gave her a coconut,
She said, "I like him, he's okay,
But there's just one thing that worries me,
What good are the nuts without the tree?"

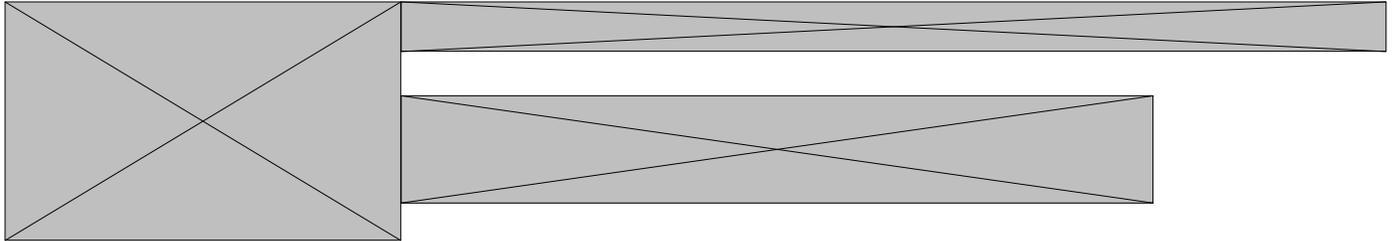
So I sold my lady a banana plant,
She said, "I like him, he's elegant,
We should not let him go to waste,
But he's much too soft to suit my taste."

So I bought my lady a sugar cane,
The fruit of fruits, I did explain,
But she was tired of him very quick,
She said, "I'd rather get my lips around your dip
stick."

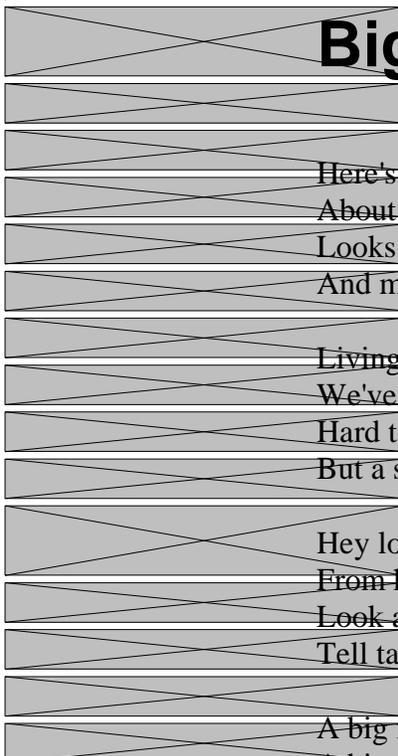
So I gave my honey a rambutan,
Soft and prickly, how the juices ran,
She said, "I've seen a fruit like this before,
But it had a long stalk and two pips in the core."

She met a china man, Him Hung Low,
They got marriwent to Mexico,

But she divorced him very quick,
She said, "I want bamboo, not chopstick."



Big Fat Ass



Here's a song about something we've all seen,
About a girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And more of something else than there ought to be.

Living in the land of good and plenty here,
We've got a lot of good food, wine, and beer.
Hard to keep trim with all that going on,
But a single man might sing this song:

Hey look at those girls sitting over there.
From here they all look pretty fair.
Look at them jugs, and loose fitting dress,
Tell tale signs of a big fat ass.

A big fat ass,
A big fat ass,
God damn I hate a big fat ass.

So just stay put, we'll drink some beer,
We can't be sure from over here,
When she goes to the john it'll tell the tale,
I told you so, it's a baby whale.
A baby whale,
A baby whale,
I won't put moves on a baby whale.

Here's another little verse about the same old
thing,
About this girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And more in back than what's meant for me.

We're living in the land of good and plenty here,

Too much food, and wine, and beer.
Hard to keep fit with all that going on,
But her boyfriend might just sing this song:

You know I don't mind the smoking, or the
halitosis,
A few bad zits, or a mild neurosis.
A little B.O., or a flabby gut,
But I just can't hack your big fat butt.

Your big fat butt,
Your big fat butt,
Don't want to be seen with that big fat butt.

I don't mind your bad grooming habits,
You can bay at the moon,
You can go run rabbits.
In fact, I can name a few tests you pass,
But you just flunked out with that big fat ass,

Your big fat ass,
Your big fat ass,
I'm giving you an "F" for your big fat ass.

Here's another little verse about the same old
thing,
About this girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And a rear like a five ton GMC.

We're living in the land of good and plenty here,
Too damn much food, and wine, and beer.
Hard to keep trim with all that going on,
But married man might sing this song:

Now baby, what the hell can I do with you?
To buy you dinner costs the price of two.
To games, to shows, you need two seats,
The city's planning wider streets.

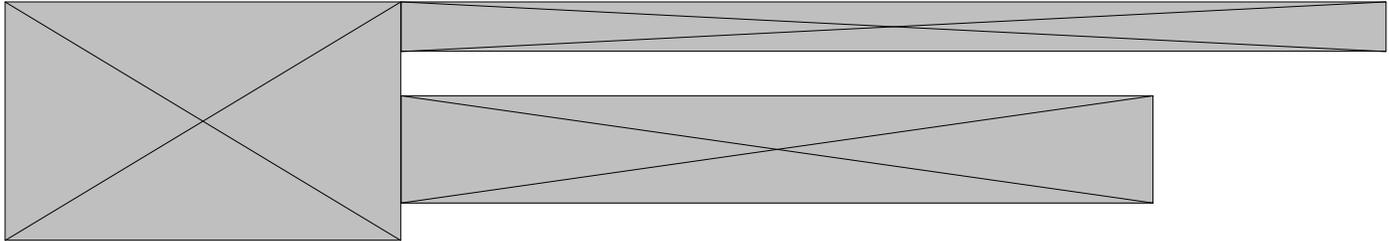
Wider walks,
Wider seats,
Now we've got to have wider streets.

Well, you broke my chair with those humongous
hocks,

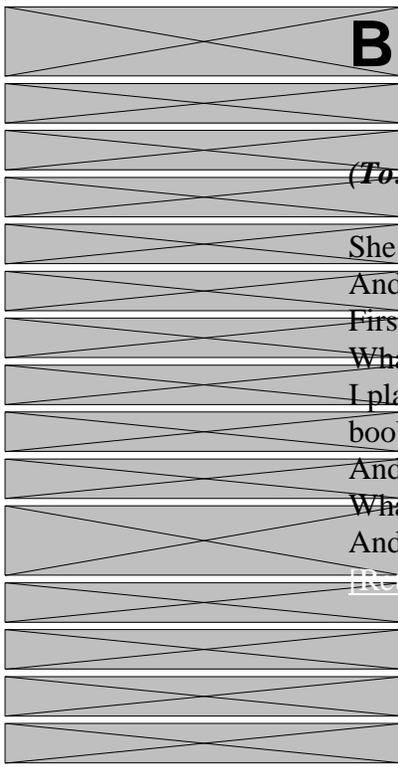
The car's gotten four new overload shocks.
You broke the toilet and an escalator,
Now you've got to ride in a freight elevator.

A freight elevator,
And an escalator,
You even crushed your new vibrator.
Well about this girl with everything,
This candidate for Dairy Queen.
She's pissed off now so I'll end this song,
Get rid of them buns and we'll get it on.

Get it on.
Get it on,
Get rid of them buns and we'll get it on.



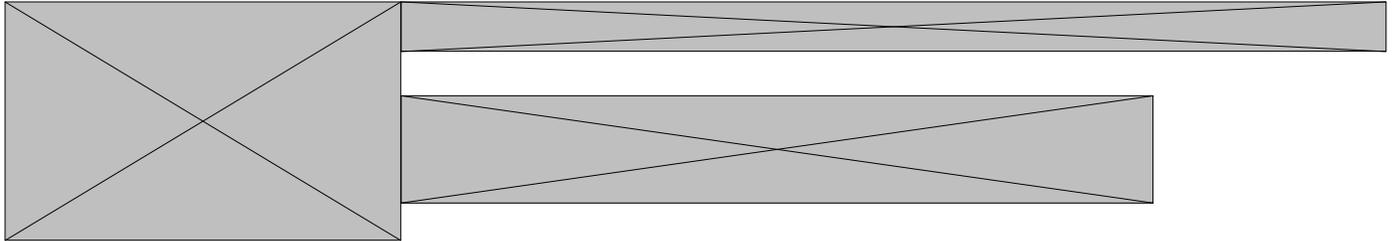
Big Red Rose



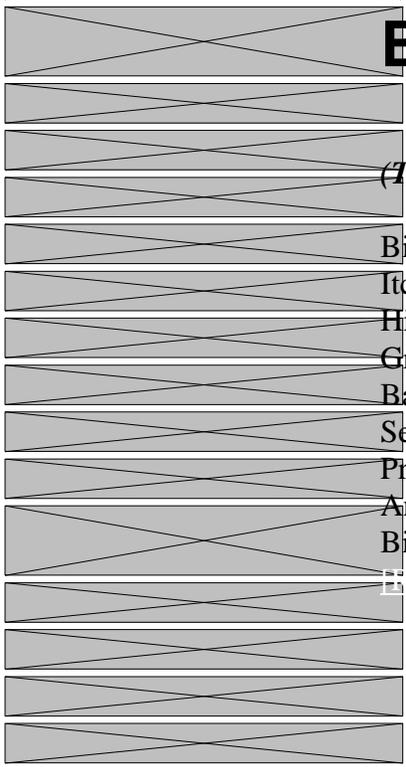
(To: When You Wore a Tulip)

She wore her panties, her pretty pink panties,
And I wore my BVDs.
First I caresses her, and then I undressed her,
What a thrill she gave to me.
I played with her boobies, her great big white
boobies,
And down where the short hair grows.
What could be sweeter as I played with my peter,
And white-washed her big red rose?

FRG



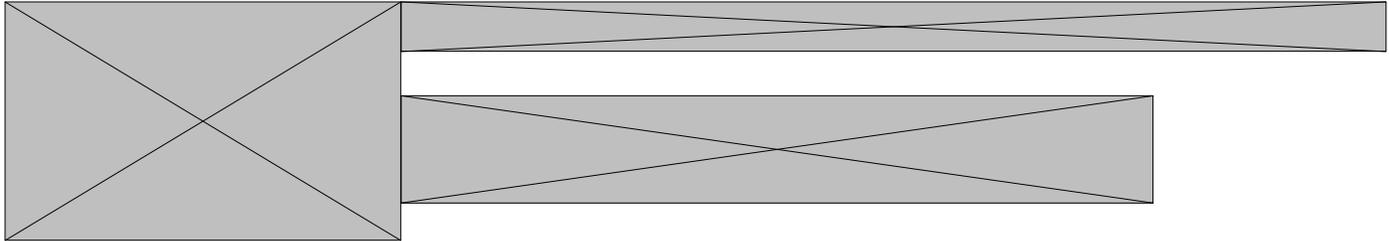
Bitch a Dog



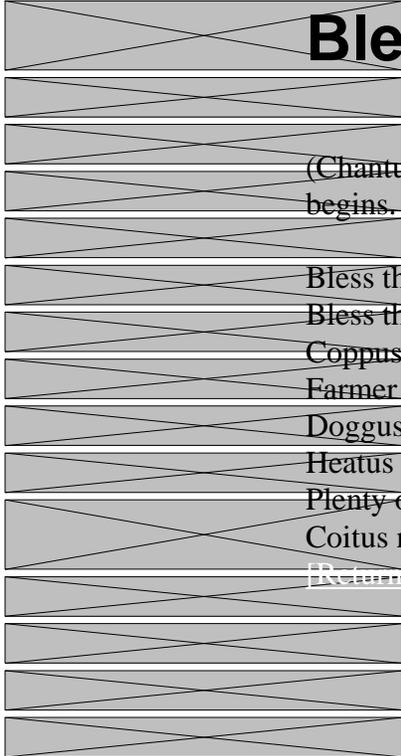
(To: Do, Re, Mi)

Bitch, a dog, a female dog,
Itch, a place for you to scratch,
Hitch, I pull my knickers up,
Grab, another word for snatch,
Bath, a place for making gin,
Sex, another word for sin,
Prick, a needle going in,
And that will bring us back to
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch...

B



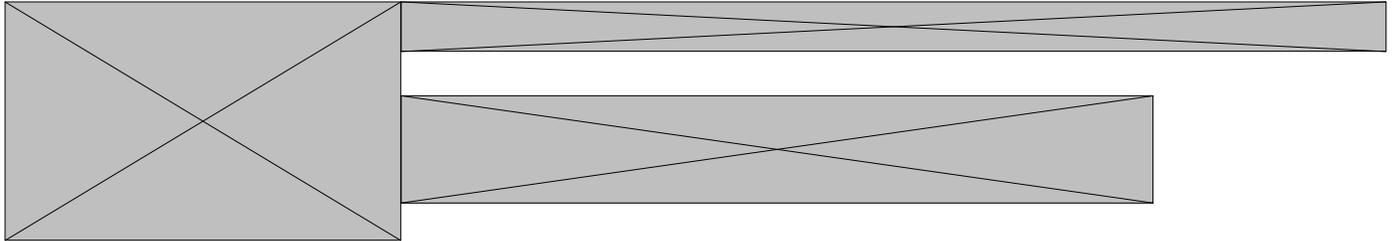
Blessing of the Hares



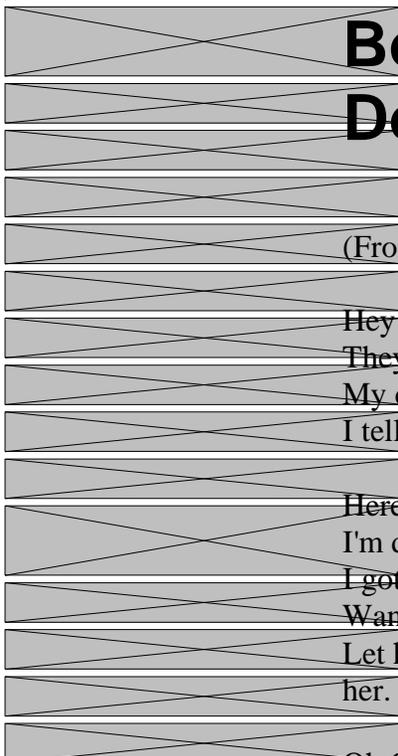
(Chant usually by the RA before the hash begins. Add or delete as needed.)

Bless these hares,
Bless this trail,
Coppus no catch us,
Farmer no shoot us,
Doggus no bite us,
Heatus no stroke us,
Plenty of cold beer to drink,
Coitus non interruptus.

Return



Bobby Brown Goes Down



(From Frank Zappa)

Hey there people, I'm Bobby Brown.
They say I'm the cutest boy in town.
My car is fast, my teeth is shiney,
I tell all the girls they can kiss my heinie,

Here I am at a famous school,
I'm dressin' sharp 'n' I'm actin' cool.
I got a cheerleader here,
Wants to help with my paper.
Let her do all the work 'n' maybe later I'll rape
her.

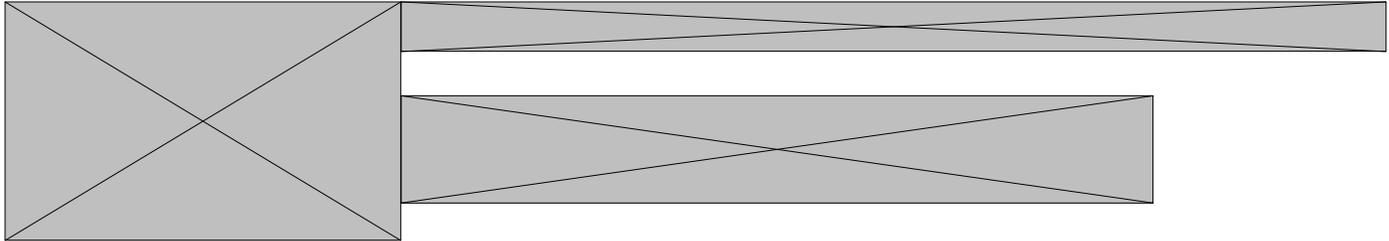
Oh God I am the American dream,
I do not think I'm too extreme.
An' I'm a handsome sonofabitch,
I'm gonna get a good job 'n' be real rich.

Women's liberation came creepin' across the nation
I tell you people, I was not ready,
When I fucked this dyke by the name of Freddie,
She made a little speech then,
Aw, she tried to make me say when,
She had my balls in a vice, but she left the dick.
I guess it's still hooked on,
But now it shoots too quick.

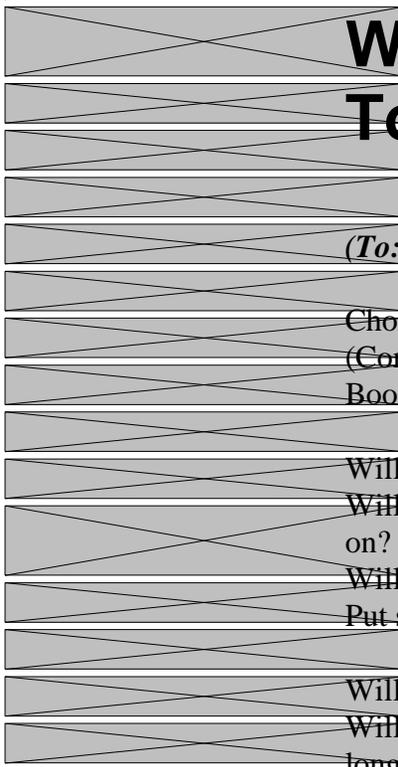
Oh God I am the American dream,
But now I smell of Vaseline,
An' I'm a miserable sonofabitch,
Am I a boy or a lady... I don;t know which.

So I went out 'n' bought me a leisure suit,
I jingle my change, but I'm still kinda cute.
Got a job doin' radio promo,
An' none of the jocks can even tell I'm a homo.
Eventually me 'n' a friend,
Sorta drifted along into S&M.
I can take about an hour on the tower of power,
'Long as I gets a little golden shower.

Oh God I am the American dream,
With a spindle up my butt till it makes me scream,
An' I do anything to get ahead,
I lay awake nights sayin', "Thank you Fred!"
Oh God, Oh God, I'm so fantastic!
Thanks to Freddie, I'm a sexual spastic,
And my name is Bobby Brown,
Watch me now, I'm goin' down.
And my name is Bobby Brown,
Watch me now, I'm goin' down.



Will You Miss Me Tonight?

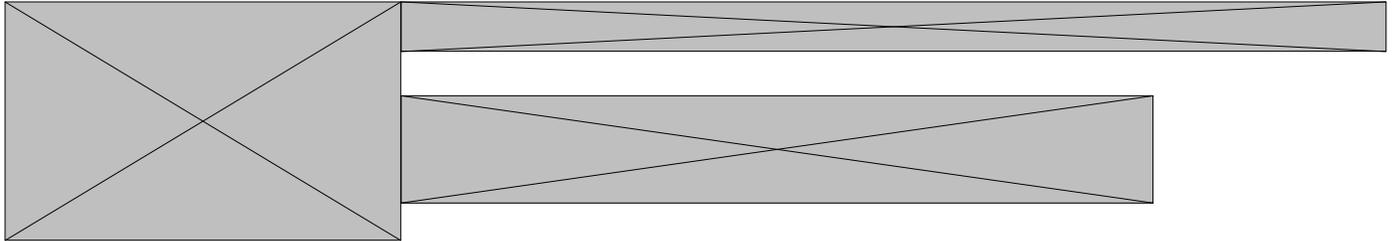


(To: Will You Kiss Me Tonight)

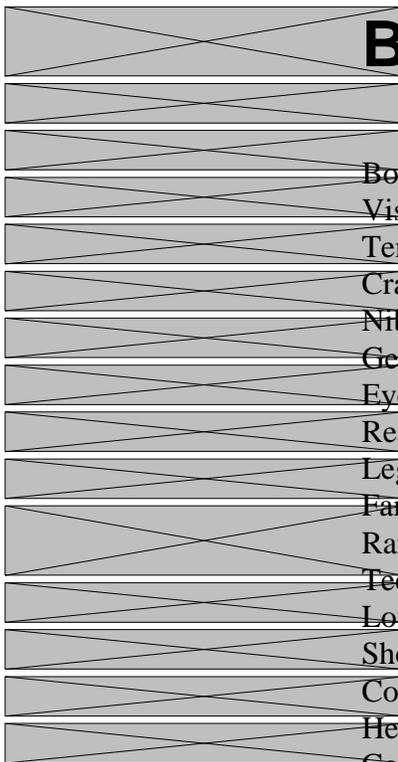
Chorus
(Continuously Through Song):
Boom, oooh, yakatata...

Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?
Will you go to bed with your see-through nighty
on?
Will you reach out for your little plastic friend,
Put some baby oil around it's throbbing end?

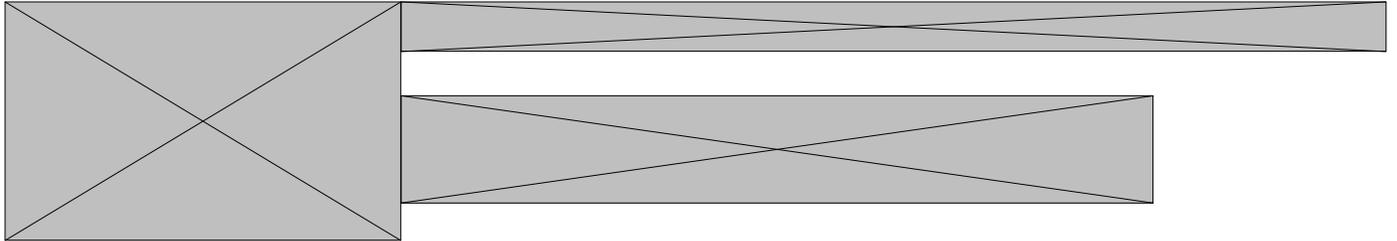
Will you spare a thought for me while I'm gone?
Will you laugh with your friend over which is
long?
Will you slide it up your thighs and up to your
crack,
Smile to yourself, "Thank God he's not back"?
Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?
'Cause the batteries in your friend have almost
gone,
And you never could make that charger thing come
on?
So now you'll miss me tonight 'cause I'm gone,
Try a banana,
'Cause you'll miss me tonight 'cause I'm gone,
Ya bitch.



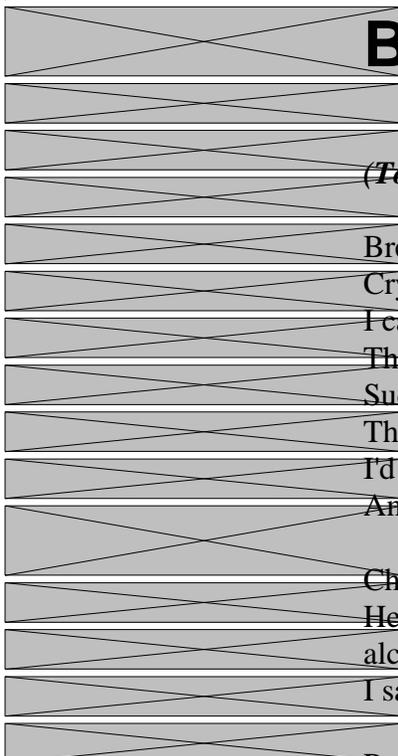
Boy Meets Girl



Boy meets girl, holds her hand,
Visions of a promised land,
Tender words, cling and kiss,
Crafty feel, heavenly bliss,
Nibble nipples, squeeze thighs,
Gets a beat, feels a rise,
Eyes ablaze, drawers down,
Really starts to go to town,
Legs outspread, virgin lass,
Fanny foams like bottled Bass,
Ram it home, moans of joy,
Teenage love, girl meets boy,
Love's a jewel, pearls he's won,
Shoots his load, what's he done,
Comes the payoff, here's the rub,
He's got her in the puffing club,
Comes the wedding, bridesmaids flap,
Love and cherish, all that crap,
A tubby tum, weighty gain,
Prams and nappies, labor pain,
Begins to realize what he did,
Nagging wife and screaming kid,
Sweats his ass off, works his stint;
Only pleasure is evening time,
When mattress creaks she's off again,
Can't forsake those sexy habits,
Breeding kids like bloody rabbits.



Breathalyzed



(To: Yesterday)

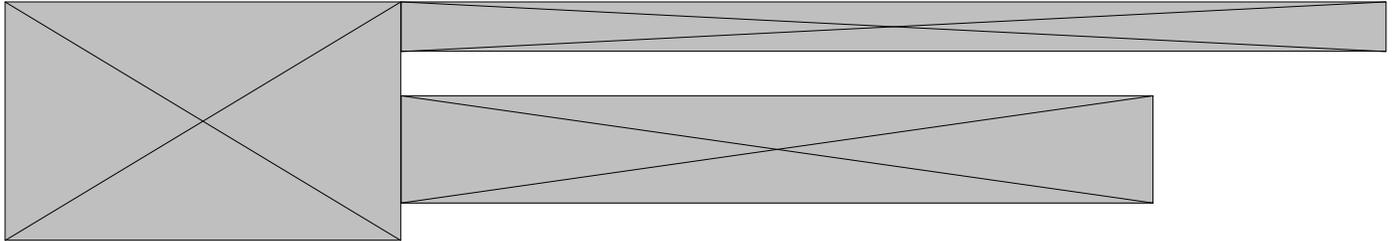
Breathalyzed,
Crystals turning green before my eyes.
I can hardly realize,
That I have just been breathalyzed.
Suddenly,
There's a policeman standing over me.
I'd like to punch him but he's six foot three,
And I would like to stay alive.

Chorus

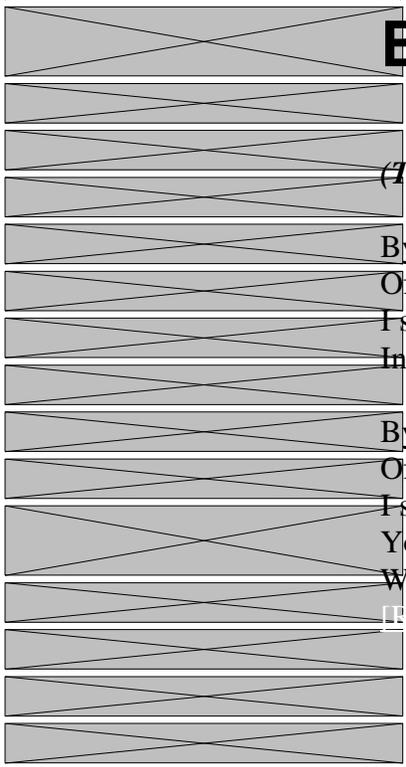
He said, "We'd like to test your blood for
alcohol."
I said, "Go away, you'll get nothing, Dracula."

Reality,
Five hundred milligrams per 100 mils.
Now they reckon, I'm a mobile still,
and I have to be penalized.
Custody,
When they took me to the local mick,
I've never seen a policeman move so quick,
But not as quick, as I got sick.

Misery,
And the judge says I must join AA,
And take the bus for 60 days.
Oh, why did I get breathalyzed?
Breathalyzed,
Couldn't wait to get back to the car,
But I hadn't gone very far,
'Til I again was breathalyzed.



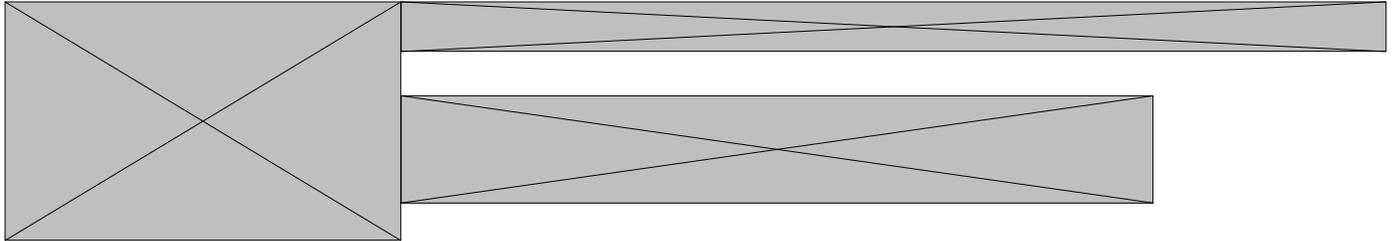
By the Light



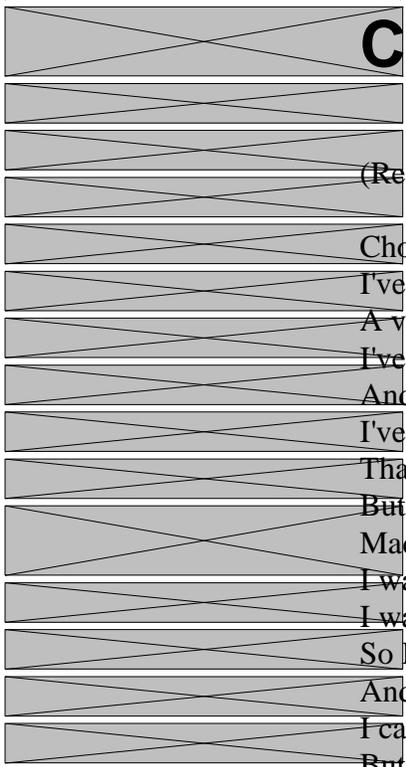
(To: By the Light of the Silvery Moon)

By the light (by the light, by the light),
Of a flickering match,
I saw her snatch,
In the watermelon patch.

By the light (by the light, by the light),
Of a flickering match,
I saw it gleam, I heard her scream,
You are burning my snatch,
With your fucking match.



Cactus In My Y-Fronts



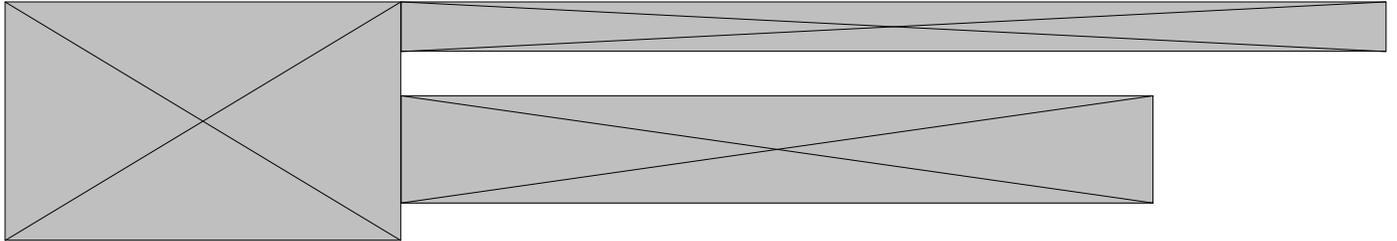
(Recitation)

Chorus

I've got Cactus in my Y-fronts,
A vulture on my head,
I've just been kissed by a Tennessee Miss,
And I wish that I was dead.
I've a jock strap made of leather,
That tickles tee hee hee,
But the cactus in my Y fronts,
Made a loser out of me.
I was up in Cripple Creek;
I was dying for a leak,
So I dropped behind a cactus there.
And when I did up my belt,
I can't tell you how it felt,
But I knew the meaning of a prickly pear.

I went down to Nevada,
Where the girls try so much harder,
And I met a cute young thing called Caroline.
But each time she felt my prickles,
She said "goodness me to tickles!"
Now she's gone and run off with a porcupine.

In Cal-i-for-ni-a where the rustlers are so 'gay',
I bought a gentle gee-gee name of jack.
But he livened up a lot,
When he felt my prickly bot,
That bucking bronco broke my bloomin' back.



Can't Hash Today

Dear Hash I sing this song to tell you of my

plight,

At the time of writing I am not a pretty sight.

Me body is all black and blue; and me face a
deathly gray,

And I hope you'll understand why I can't Hash
today.

I was working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks

I had to clear,

And throwin' 'em down from such a height was not a
good idea.

The foreman wasn't very pleashe bein' an awful
sod,

He said that I'd have to take them down the ladder
in me hod.

Now shiftin' all them bricks by hand seemed so
awful slow,

So I hoisted up a barrel and secured a rope below.

But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to
see,

That a barrel full of buildin' bricks was heavier
than me.

Now when I came down I cut the rope and the barrel
fell like lead,

And clinging tightly to the rope I started up
instead.

I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found,

That halfway up, I met the bloody barrel coming
down.

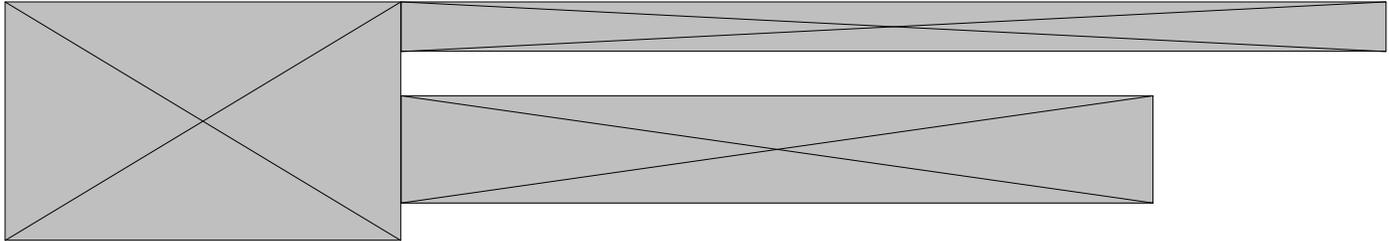
Now the barrel broke me shoulder as to the ground

it sped.
And when I reached the top I struck the pulley
with me head,
I still clung on though numbed and shocked from
this almighty blow,
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks
fourteen floors below.

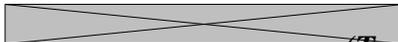
Now when the bricks had fallen from the barrel to
the floor,
I then outweighed the barrel and they started up
once more.
Clinging tightly to the rope as I headed for the
ground,
And I fell among the broken bricks that were
scattered all around.

As I lay there moaning on the ground, I thought I
passed the worst,
And the barrel struck the pulley wheel and didn't
the bottom burst.
A shower of bricks came down on me, sure I didn't
have a hope,
And as I was losing consciousness, I let go the
bloody rope.

Now the barrel being heavier started down once
more,
And landed right across me as I lay there on the
floor.
I broke three ribs and me left arm, and I can only
say,
That I hope you understand why I can't hash today.



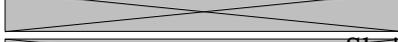
Carolina



(To: Sweet Betsy from Pike)



Way down in Alabama where the bullshit lies thick,
The girls are so pretty that the babies come
quick.
There lives Carolina, the queen of them all,
Carolina, Carolina, the cow-puncher's whore.



She's handy, she's bandy, she shags in the street.
Whenever you meet her she's always in heat.
If you leave your fly open she's after your meat,
And the smell of her cunt knocks you right off
your feet.



One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls.
I saw Carolina there using a stick,
Instead of the end of a cow-puncher's prick.

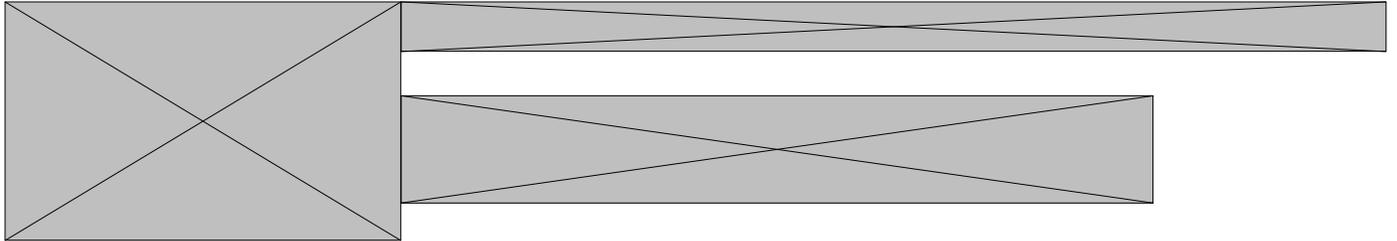


I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down
there.

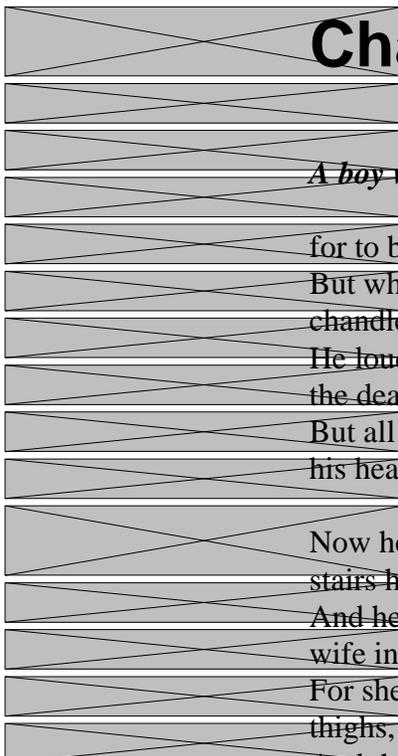
And parted the tresses of curly brown hair.
Inserted the prick of my sturdy horse,
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did back-fire,
And shot Caroline right into the mire.

Up got Carolina all covered in muck.
And said, "Oh dear, what a glorious fuck!"
Two paces forward and fell flat on the floor,
And that was the end of the cow-punchers whore.



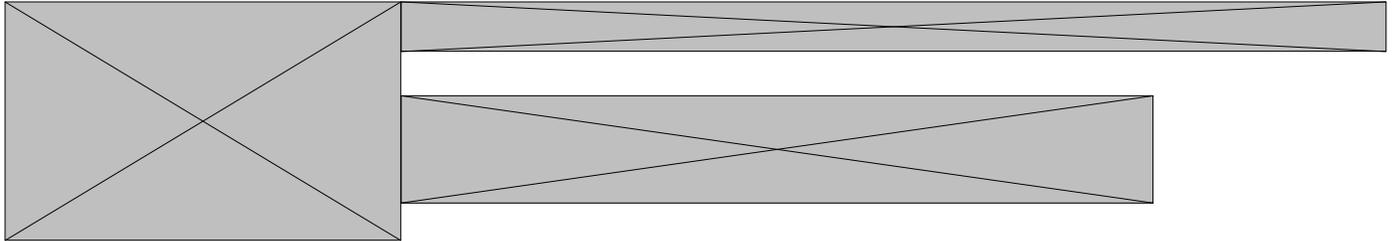
Chandler's Shop



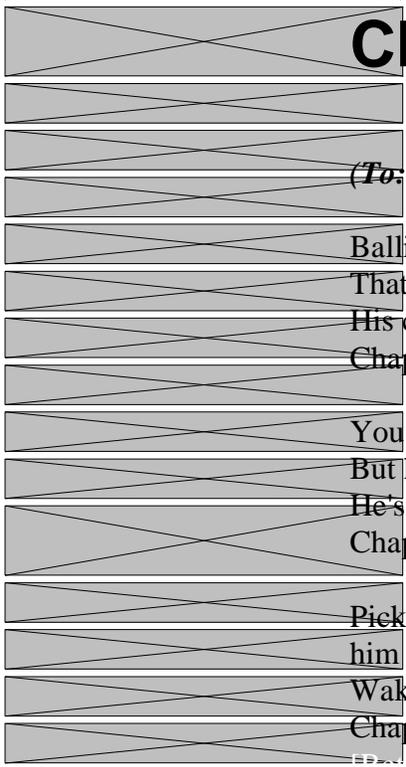
A boy went into a chandler's chop, some candles

for to buy,
But when he got to the chandler's chop, no
chandler did he spy,
He loudly knockhe loudly crienough to wake
the dead,
But all he heard was a rat-a-tat-tat, right above
his head.
Now he was a very inquisitive youth, so up the
stairs he went,
And he was very surprised to find the chandler's
wife in bed.
For she was lying upon back with a man between her
thighs,
And they were having a rat-a-tat-tat, right before
his eyes.

And when the deed was over, the wife she raised
her head,
And she was very surprised to find the boy beside
the bed,
"Now if you can keep my secret, boy, to you I will
be kind,
And you can have a rat-a-tat-tat, whenever you
feel inclined.



Chapped Hide

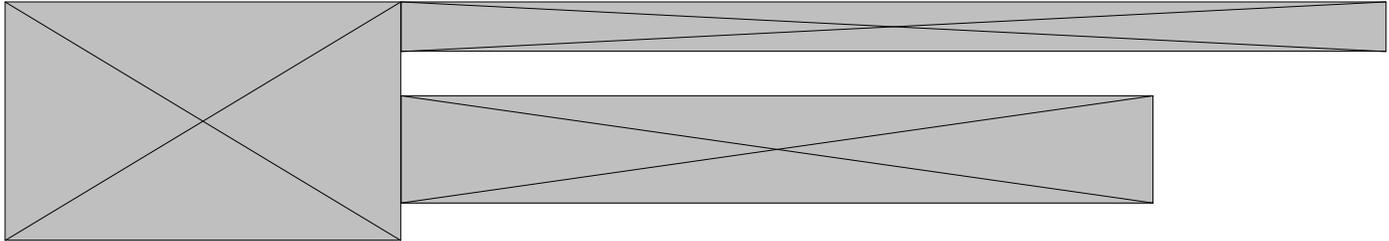


(To: Rawhide)

Ballin', ballin', ballin',
That boy he keeps on callin',
His crabs, they keep on crawlin',
Chapped hide!

You thought he was the right one,
But he was a one-night stand one,
He's shootin' blanks with his gun,
Chapped hide!

Pick him up, take him home, ride him hard, make
him moan!
Wake him up, saddle up, send him home!
Chapped hide... Yee Haw!



Chicago

(To: The Bear Went Over the Mountain)

Chorus

I used to work in Chicago,
In a department store,
I used to work in Chicago,
But I don't work there any more.

Verses for Men Songmasters

Songmaster:

A woman came in for a computer,

Pack repeats:

A computer from the store.

Songmaster:

A computer she wantmy Wang she got,
And I don't work there anymore.

Songmaster:

A lady came into the hatshop,

Pack repeats:

A computer from the store.

Songmaster:

"Felt," she wantfelt her I did.
And I don't work there anymore.

A lady came in for a beer...

Beer she want6-pack, ate she got...

A lady came in for a sweater...

"Jumper," she wantjump her I did...

A lady came in for a seafood...

Seafood she wantlobster , crabs she got...

A lady came in for a floppy disk...
Floppy disk she want my hard drive she got...

A lady came in for a ticket...
"Bangor," she want bang her I did...

A lady came in for a plumbing...
Plumbing she want my pipe she got...

A lady came in for a pipe...
Pipe she want hose she got...

A lady came in for some coffee...
"Ground," she want bring her I did...

A lady came in for a cake...
"Layer," she want buy her I did...

A lady came in for a down quilt...
"Goose," she want boose her I did...

A lady came in for some lamp oil...
"Whale," she want sperm her I did...

A lady came in for some Air Wick...
"Mountain," she want mount her I did...

A lady came in for a sleeper...
"Upper," she want up her I did...

A lady came in for some china...
"Bone," she want bone her I did...

A lady came in for some coffee...
"Ground," she want grind her I did...

A lady came in for some gin...
"Beefeater," she want eat her I did...

A woman came in for some service...
"Quick," she want prick her I did...

A lady came in for a diskette...
"Floppy," she want hard drive her I did...

A woman came in for a bath mat...

"Shower," she wantshow her I did...

A woman came in for a power drill...
"Black & Decker," she wantdeck her I did...

A lady came in for a drink...
"Liquor," she wantlick her I did...

A lady came in for some Air Wick...
"Mountain," she wantmount her I did...

A lady came in for some dish soap...
"Johnson & Johnson," she wantmy Johnson she
got...

A woman came in for some wood shoes...
"Clog," she wantflog her I did,..

A lady came in for a curtain...
"Drape," she wantrape her I did,..

A lady came in for a doughnut...
Glazed she wantcream filled she got

A lady came in for a elevator...
Elevator she wantmy shaft she got...

A lady came in for a carpet...
Carpet she wantlaid she got...

A lady came in for a spring...
Spring she wantboinged got...

A lady came in for a screwdriver...
Screwdriver she wantscrewed she got...

A lady came in for a hammer...
Hammer she wantnailed she got...

A lady came in for a T-bone...
T-bone she wantmy boneless round she got...

A lady came in for a carpet...
Carpet she wantpile she wantshagged she
got she got...

A lady came in for a gun...
Gun she wantbanged she got...

A lady came in for a nylons...
Nylons she wanthosed she got...

A lady came in for a metaphysical conversation...
Metaphysical conversation she wantfucked she
got...

A lady came in for a velvet...
Velvet she wantfelt she got...

A lady came in for a liquor...
Liquor she wantlick her I did she got...

A lady came in for a bolts...
Bolts she wantmy nuts she got...

A lady came in for a sailors...
Sailors she wantsemen she got...

A lady came in for a ham...
Ham she wantporked she got...

A lady came in for a cigarette...
Cigarette she wantcamel, humped she got...

A lady came in for a plastic...
Plastic she wantrubbers she got...

A lady came in for a stockings...
Stockings she wanthosing she got...

A lady came in for a liquid Plumber...
Liquid Plumber she wantpipes cleaned she
got...

A lady came in for a canned ham...
Canned ham she wantporked she got...

A lady came in for a gift wrapping...
Gift wrapping she wantpacked she got...

A lady came in for a butter...
Butter she wantspread she got...

A lady came in for a fabric...
Fabric she wantsilk, felt she got...

A lady came in for a water-bottle...
"Rubber," she wantrub her I did...

Verses for Lady Songmasters

A man came in for a balloon...
Balloon he wantblown he got...

A man came in for a wheels...
Wheels he wantrimmed he got...

A man came in for a beer...
Bavarian he wantbush he got...

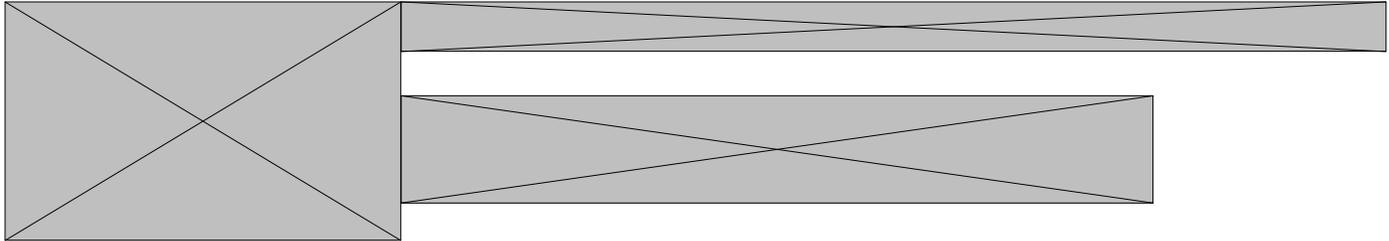
A man came in for a doughnut...
Doughnut he wantmy hole he got...

A man came in for a telephone...
A.T.T. he wanted; T.I.T. he got,..

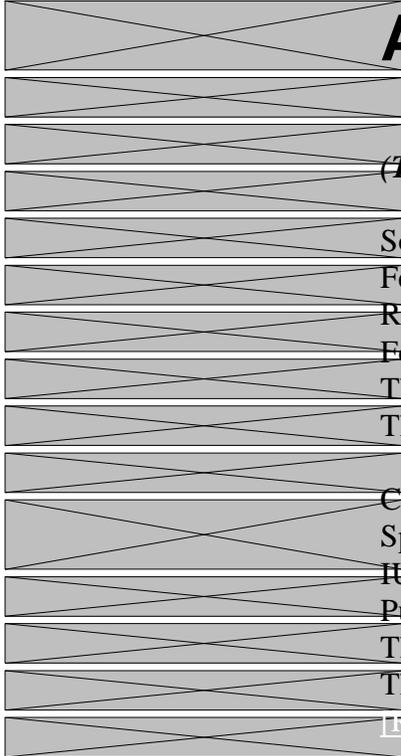
A boy came in for a lollipop...
Lollipop he wantsucked he got...

A man came in for a horse...
Horse he wantridden he got...

A man came in for a carpet...
Shag he wantpiles he got...



A Christmas Carol

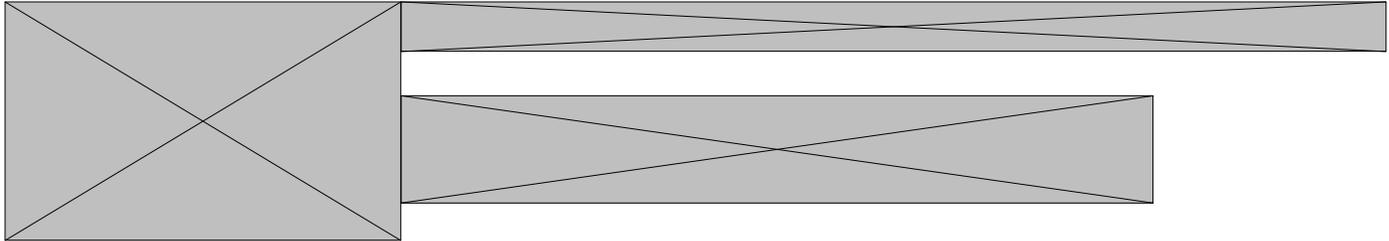


(To: Silent Night)

Sodomy, masturbate,
Fellatio, copulate,
Round the world and Hershey highway,
Fornicating in the hay,
These are tricks that I lo-ove,
These are tricks that I love.

Condom, prophylactic,
Spermicide does the trick.
IUD's and birth control pills,
Pull it out and let it spill,
These will make it sa-afe,
These will make it safe.

II



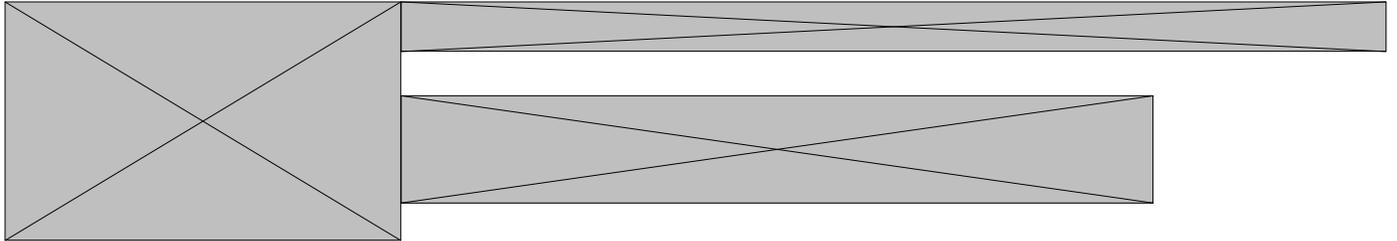
Christopher Robin

(To: Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers)

Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs,
Clutched in his hands are a bunch of white hairs.
Oh, my, just fancy that,
Christopher Robin has castrated the cat.

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Lily-white hands are caressing his head.
Oh, my, couldn't be worse,
Christopher Robin is fucking his nurse.

Little boy sits on the lavatory pan,
Gently caressing his little old man.
Flip flop, into the tank,
Christopher Robin is having a wank.

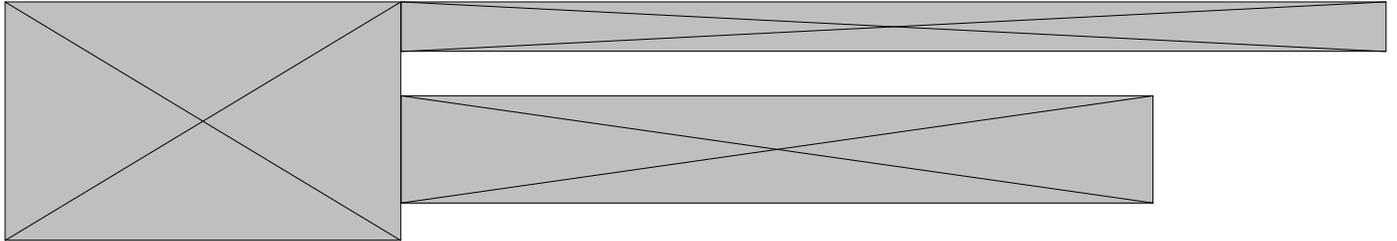


Clean Song

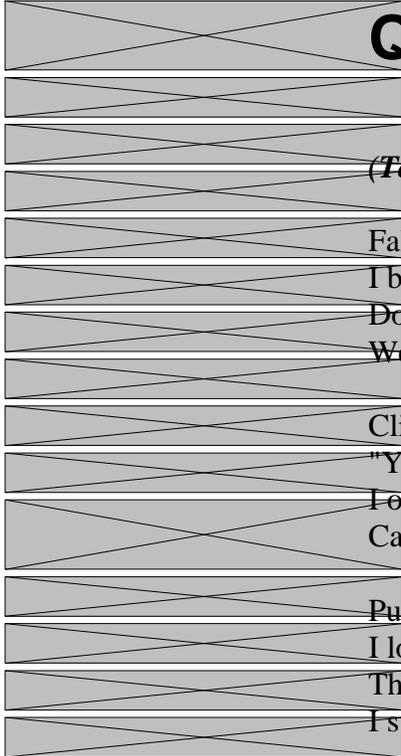
(From Oscar Brand)

There was a young sailor who,
Looked through the glass,
Looked through the glass,
Looked through the glass,
He spied a young mermaid with scales on her...
Frightfully clean island where sea gulls fly over
their nests,
As she combed the long hair that hung over her...
Shoulders and caused her to tickle and itch,
Yelled a sailor, "Well I'll be a son of a...
Beautiful mermaid out there on the rocks,
And the crew came-a-running, their hands on
their...
Caps while they crowded four deep on the rail,
All eager to share in this fine piece of...
Talk which the Captain soon heard from the watch,
So he tied down the wheel and unbuttoned his...
Crackers and cheese which he kept near the door,
In hopes he might come on a sea-going...
Happy, he knew he must use all his wits,
So he called for a line to make fast to her...
Tail, saying, Boys, we are finally going to find,
"Whether mermaids do better before or...
"Be brave. my good fellows," the Captain next
said,
"And with lick we'll break through her maiden...
Heading to starboard, they tacked with dispatch,
And caught that fair mermaiden right on the...
Side and immediately hustled her down below decks,
Where each had a crack at this wonder of...
Setting her free after each had a pass,
They tosses her back in with a splash on her...
After a while they all noticed some scabs,

And soon they broke out with the pox and the...
Cursing and scratching, you know what I mean,
This song may be dull, but it's frightfully clean!



Queen Berets



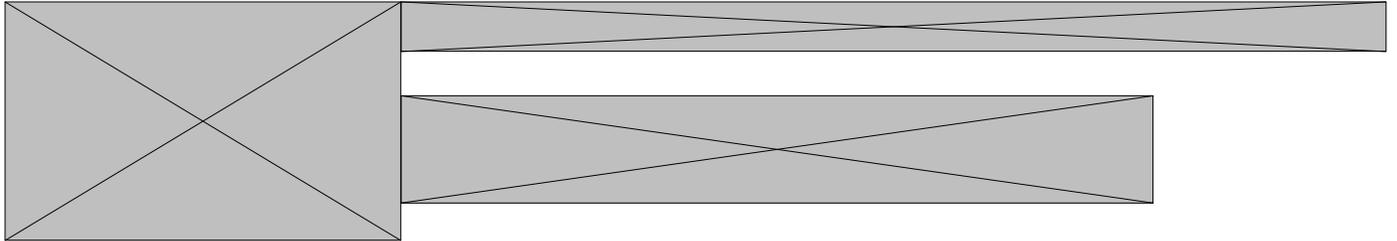
(To: Ballad of the Green Berets)

Falling fairies from the sky,
I broke a nail, Oh I could Cry!
Don't you like how my tush sways?
We are the fags of the Queen Berets.

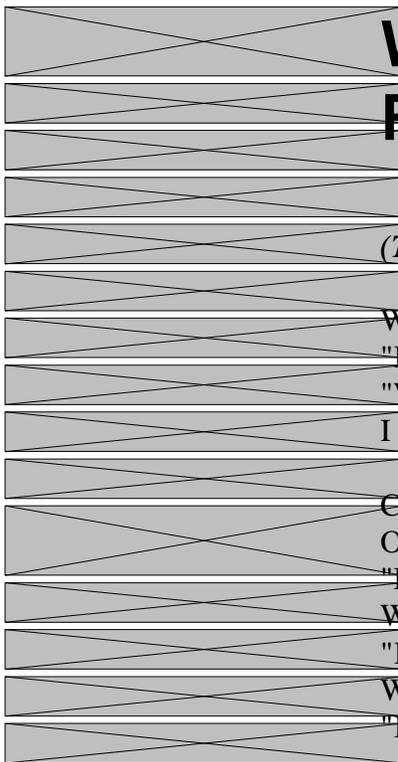
Clinton's words upon my ears,
"You guys have rights, be proud my queers."
I once was scarnow I'm okay,
Cause I'm a fag in the Queen Berets.

Put silver ear clips on my nuts,
I love pain, now spank my butt,
The way you walk is awfully cute,
I sure would like to pack your chute!

This Army stuff is really slick,
Free meals and clothes and lots of dicks.
When I retire, I still get paid,
We thank you Bill, from the Queen Berets.



Who Killed Cock Robin?



(To: Who Killed Cock Robin?)

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow.
I killed Cock Robin."

Chorus
Oh the birds of the air said,
"Damn it! Stuff it! Fuck it!"
When they heard Cock Robin had,
"Kicked the fucking bucket!"
When they heard Cock Robin had,
"Kicked the fucking bucket!"

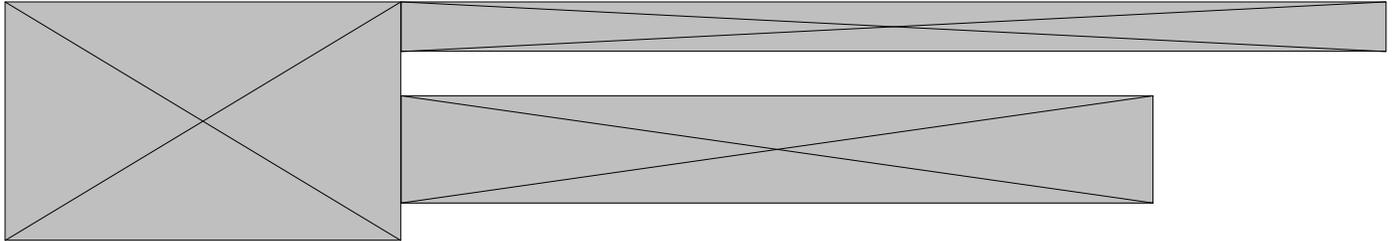
Who saw him die?
"I," said the fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

Who'll dig the grave?
"I," said the owl,
"With my little trowel,
I'll dig the grave."

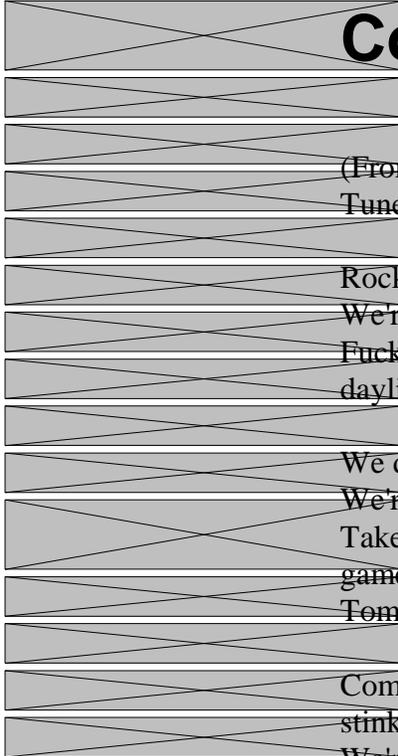
Who'll read the prayer?
"I," said the rook,
"From my little book,
I'll read the prayer."

Who'll ring the bell?
"I," said the bull,
"With my might tool,

I'll ring the bell."



Cock-Suckers' Ball



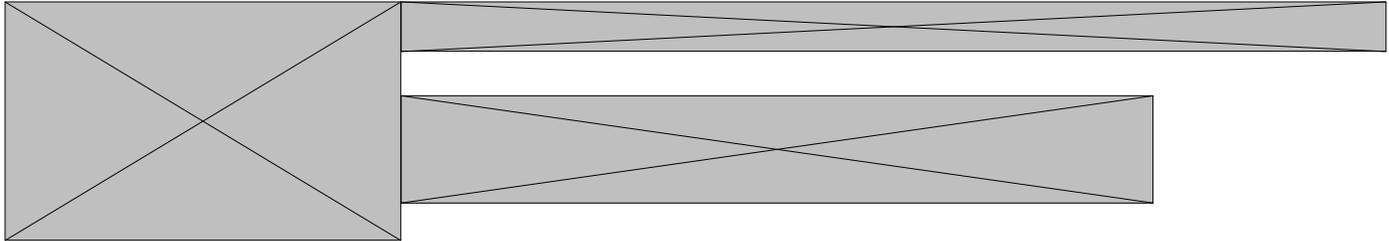
(From Frank Zappa)
Tune: Dark Town Strutters' Ball

Rock suckin' Sammy get your mother fuckin' fanny,
We're goin' downtown to the cock-suckers' ball,
Fuck, suck, and bite till the cummin of broad
daylight.

We don't need no goddamn taxi here,
We're going to trim them holes in a rockin' chair,
Take off all the rags, we're gonna play a little
game called tag.
Tomorrow night at the rot cock-suckers' ball.

Come on you bald ass sinkers and you big dicked
stinkers,
We're goin' downtown to the cock-suckers' ball,
Fuck, suck, and bite till the cummin of broad
daylight.

We don't need no goddamn taxi here,
We're going to trim them holes in a rockin' chair,
Take off all the rags, we're gonna play a little
game called tag.
Tomorrow night at the rot cock-suckers' ball.



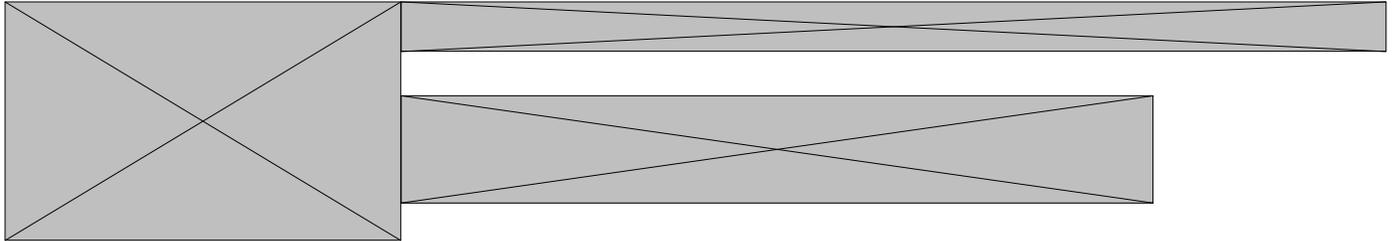
Cold Winter's Evening

(To: She Was Just a Poor Man's Daughter)

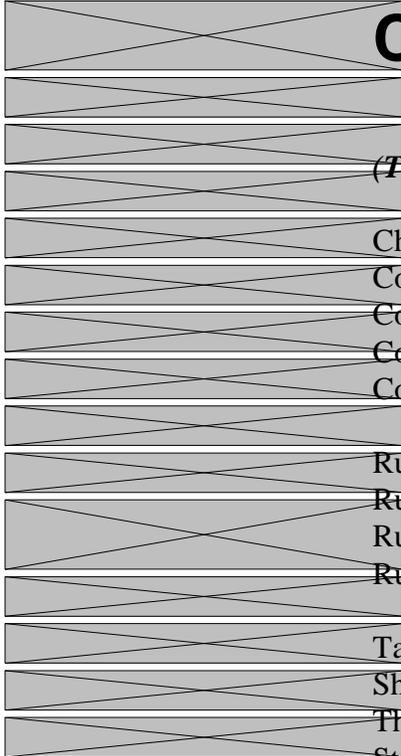
'Twas a cold winter's evening,
The guests were all leavin'.
O'Leary was closin' the bar,
When he turned and he said,
To the lady in red,
"Get out! You can't stay where you are."

Oh she wept a sad tear,
In her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper,
Stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never taught her,
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of college men,
And how they come and go (Mostly go-).
Age has stolen her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar (You know where -).
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.
(With old granddad)



Colostomy's Best



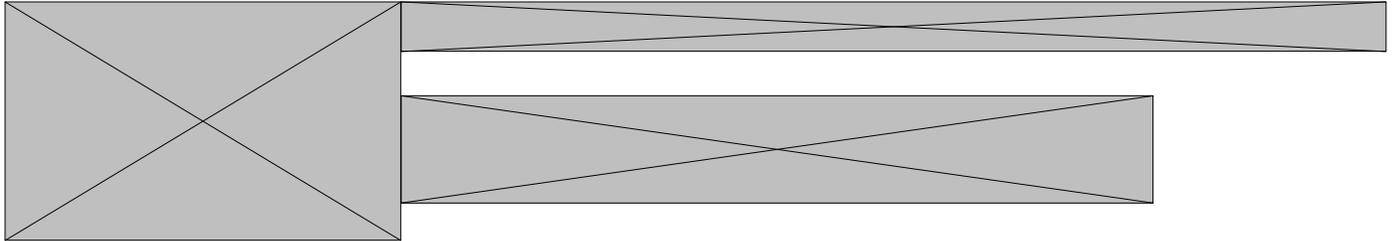
(To: Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

Chorus

Colostomy's best, boys,
Colostomy's best (Fill your baggy!)
Colostomy's best, boys,
Colostomy's best.

Rub some shit on your clit, girls,
Rub some shit on your clit (Fill your baggy!)
Rub some shit on your clit, girls,
Rub some shit on your clit.

Take a dump in a bag, guys...
Shit through a slit in your side, Clyde...
The Hershey highway is my way, boys...
Stick your tool in her stool, boys...
Get down in her brown, guys...
Whack off in her sack, Jack...
Fart through a cut in your gut, boys...
Make doo-doo without a loo, Stu...



Columbo

(A most ancient song concerning the voyage
of
the famous Christopher Columbus. A tale
told
in VI parts.

Part the First:
In which it is explained how this voyage came
about
and how the Queen of Spain tearfully bade
goodbye;
Columbo's parting words to the Queen.

In fourteen hundred ninety two,
A gob from Italy,
Went wandering through the streets of Spain,
A pissing in the alley.

Chorus
He swung his balls around-o,
They nearly touched the ground-o,
That masturbating, fornicating,
Son-of-a-bitch, Columbo.

In fourteen hundred ninety two,
The expedition started.
Queen Isabel, she cried like hell,
Columbo only farted.

Aboard the good ship Venus,
By God, you should have seen us,
The figurehead, a whore in bed,
The mast a throbbing penis.

Part the Second

In which we learn more of the brave
explorer.

Columbo paced upon the deck,
He knew it was his duty.
He laid this whang into his hand,
And said, "Ain't that a beauty."

The sailors on Columbo's ship,
Had each his private knothole.
But Columbo was a superman,
And used a padded porthole.

Columbo had a one-eyed cat,
He kept it in the cabin.
He rubbed its ass with axle grease,
And started in a jabbin'.

Columbo had a cabin boy,
That dirty little nipper!
They lined his ass with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.

Part the Third

In which we are introduced to the crew
of the Venus and learn about some of
their singular accomplishments.

Columbo had a first mate,
He loved him like a brother;
Every night in the pale moonlight,
They buggered one another.

The second mate's name was Andy,
By God he had a dandy,
They crushed his cock between two rocks,
For shooting in the brandy.

The first cook's name was Carter,
A very musical farter;
He could fart anything from God Save the King,
To Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

The bo's'ns mate fell overboard,
The sharks did leap and frolic.
Him they ate with relish great

But shortly died of colic.

Part the Fourth

Concerning what the sailors did for recreation

and how it came that Columbo's daughter was

lost at sea and what became of her.

The skipper's daughter Mabel,
They fucked when they were able.
They tacked her tits, those homely shits,
Right to the galley table.

The skipper's other daughter,
They threw into the water.
Delighted squeals revealed the eels,
Had found her sexual quarter.

Part the Fifth

In which the New World is at last discovered;

and how the sailors expressed their joy at
finding civilization.

For forty days and forty nights,
They sailed the broad Atlantic.
Columbo and his lousy crew,
For want of a piece were frantic.

They spied a whore upon the shore,
And off came shirts and collars,
In twenty minutes by the clock,
She'd made then thousand dollars.

With a joyful shout they ran about,
And practiced fornication,
When they sailed they left behind,
Ten times the population.

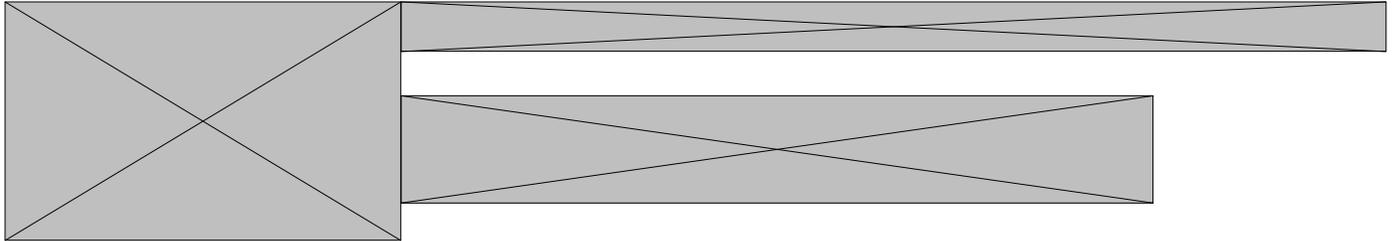
And when his men pulled out again,
To take the homeward tour up,
They'd caught the pox from every box,
That syphilized all Europe.

Part the Sixth

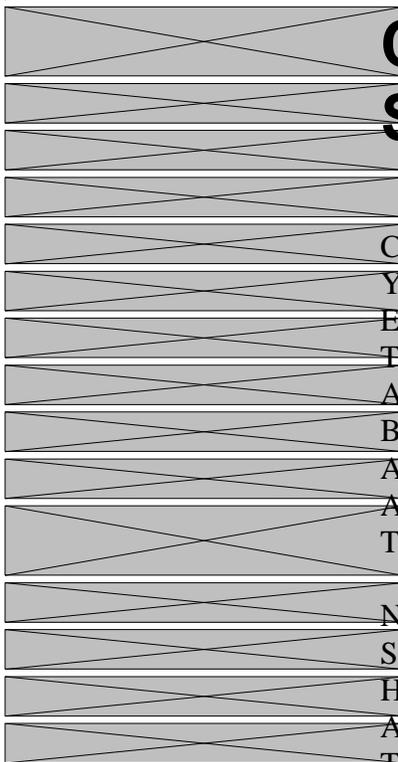
In which Columbo at last returns to Spain,
and how he delivers this plunder to the
Queen, and the sad fate he gets for so
doing.

Columbo went in haste to the Queen,
Because it was his duty,'
He gave to her a dose of clap;
He had no other booty.

So they threw in a stinking jail,
And left him there to grumble,
A ball and chain tied to his balls -
So ended poor Columbo.



Country Sunday School



Chorus
Young folk, old folk,
Everybody come,
To the country Sunday School,
And we'll have lots of fun,
Bring your sticks of chewing gum,
And sit upon the floor,
And we'll tell you Bible stories,
That you never heard before.

Now Adam was the first man,
So we're lead to believe,
He walked into the garden,
And bumped right into Eve,
There was no one there to show him,
But he quickly found the way,
And that's the very reason,
Why we're singing here today,

Now Cain was into sheep,
And Able worked the farm.
When Cain got tired of wool,
He did his brother harm.
The Lord was pissed at Cain,
So he sent him out, alas,
But Cain knew where to find,
Some sexy monkey ass.

The Lord said unto Noah,
"It's going to rain today"
So Noah built a bloody great Ark,
In which to sail away.
The animals went in two by two,

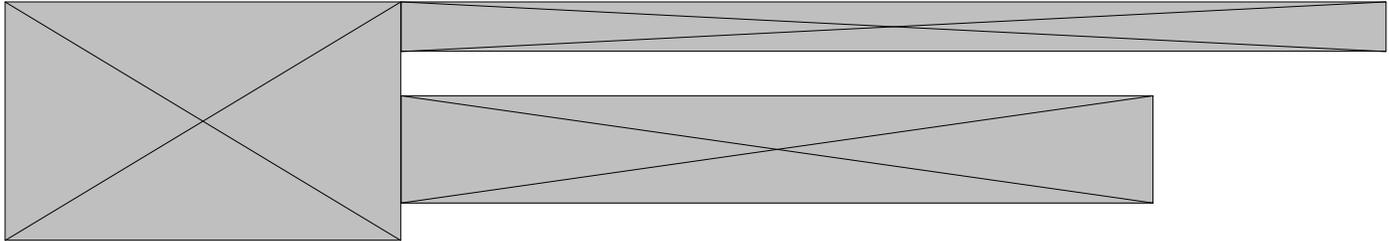
But soon got up to tricks,
So, although they came in two by two,
They came out six by six.

Now Moses in the bulrushes,
Was all wrapped up in swathe,
Pharaoh's daughter found him,
When she went down there to bathe,
She took him back to Pharaoh,
And said, "I found him on the shore"
And Pharaoh winked his eye and said,
"I've heard that one before."

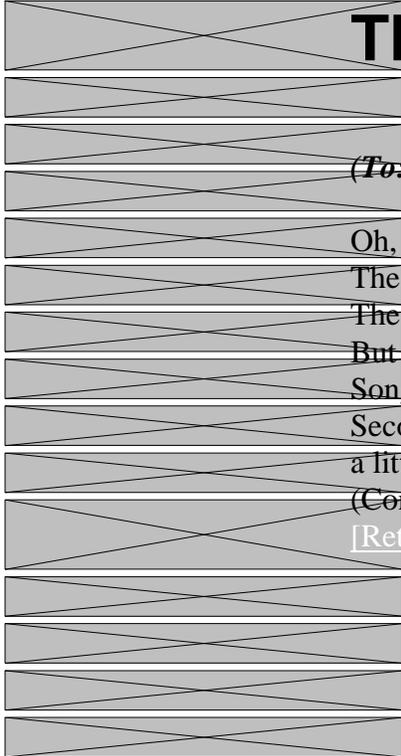
Now Daniel was a brave man,
Who's faith was never lost.
He never gave into threats,
So the lion's den he's tossed.
While praying for deliverance,
The lions gathered near,
He buggered each and everyone,
They stayed away in fear.

King Solomon and King David,
Lived most immoral lives,
Spent their time a-chasing,
After other people's wives,
The Lord spoke unto both of them,
And it worked just like a charm,
'Cos Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
And David wrote the Psalms.

Now Samson was an Israelite,
And very big and strong,
Delilah was a Philistine,
Always doing wrong.
They spent a week together,
But it didn't get very hot,
For all he got was short back and sides,
And a little bit off the top.



The Cow Kicked Nelly



(To: Turkey in the Straw)

Oh, the cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn,

The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn,

The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn,

But the old man said it wouldn't do her any harm.

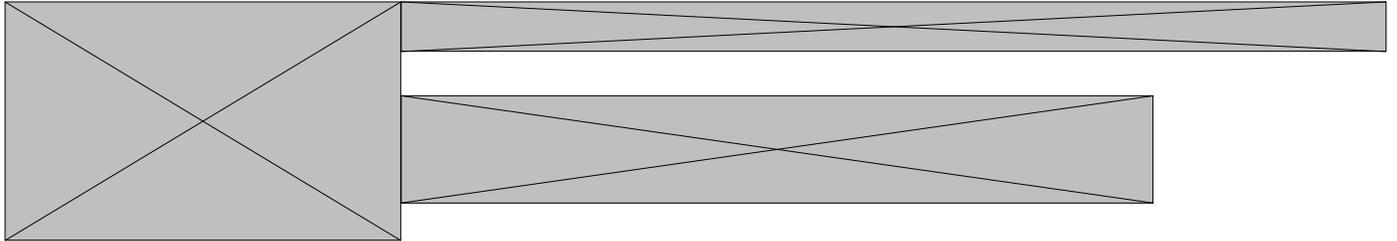
Songmaster:

Second verse, same as the first,

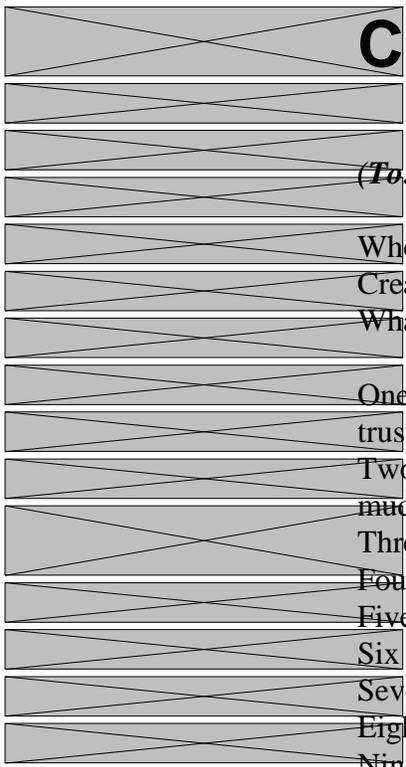
a little bit louder and a little bit worse.

(Continues until everyone gets bored...)

[Ret



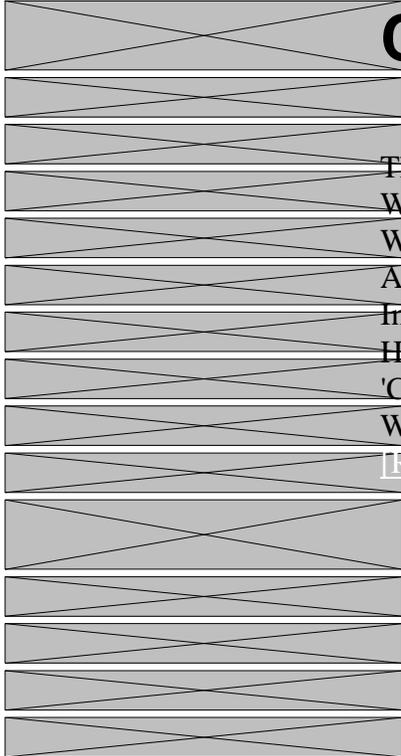
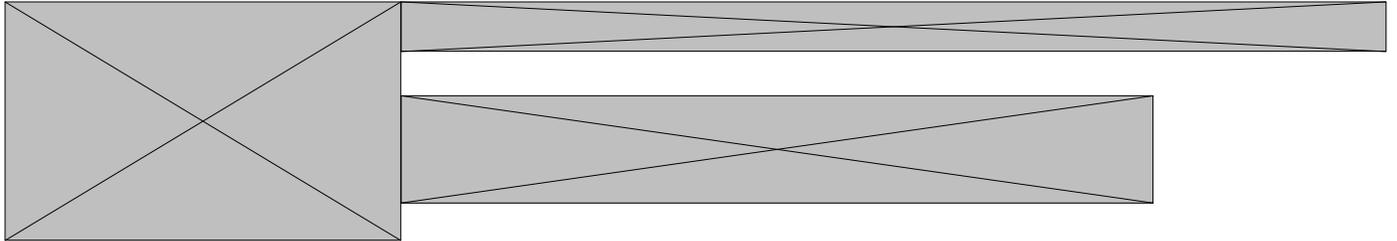
Creak Goes the Muscle



(To: Green Grow the Rushes O)

Who'll give me one oh?
Creak goes the muscle oh,
What is your one oh?

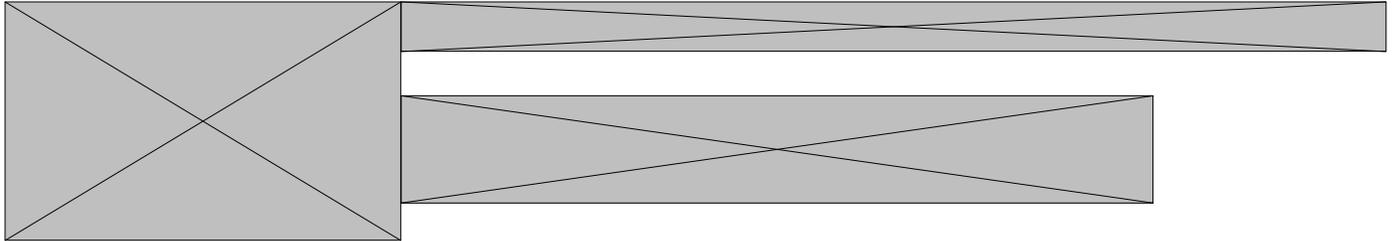
One for the arrow up the steps never to be
trusted,
Two, two, the jogging shoes all clogged up with
mud ho ho!
Three, three, the checkbacks we all missed,
Four for the worn out running kit,
Five for the toes of the worn out hashers,
Six for the pools of vomit,
Seven for the down downs after the run,
Eight for the ones who turned up late,
Nine for hashers lost at the check,
Ten for the virgins oh so cute,
Eleven for the hare who set the course,
Twelve for the mismanagement of the pack.



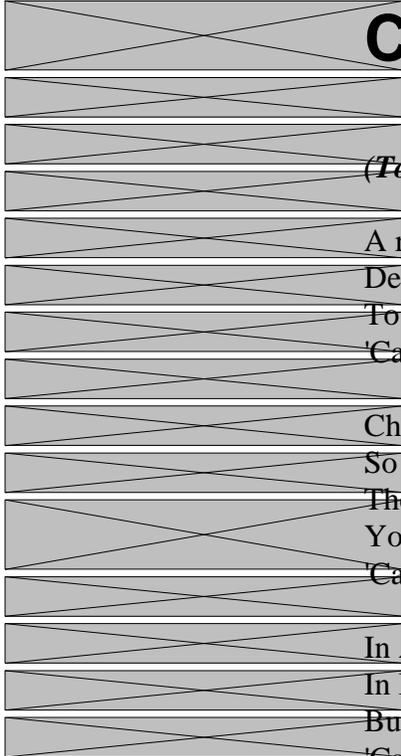
Cuckoo

The cuckoo is a funny bird,
Who sits in the grass.
With his wings neatly folded,
And his beak up his ass.
In this strange position,
He can only say, "Twit"
'Cause it's hard to say "Cuckoo"
With a beak full of shit.

1



Cucumber Song



(To: Botany Bay)

A restless young lady from Phuket,
Developed a wonderful trend,
To purchase cucumbers for pleasure,
'Cause she found they were better than men.

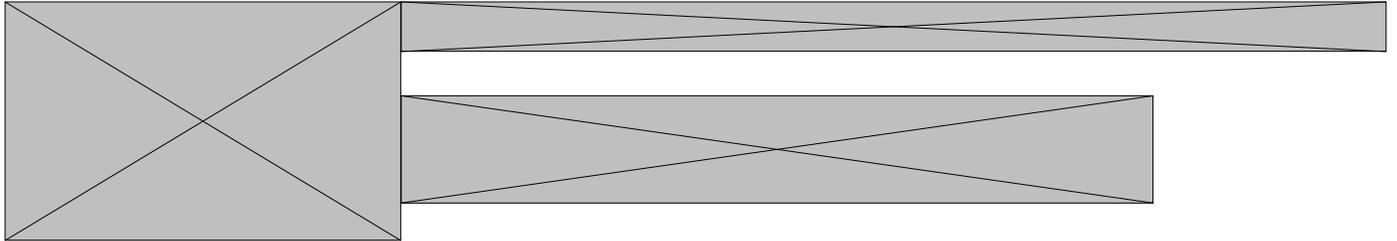
Chorus

So line up for your cucumbers, ladies,
They're selling for two bucks apiece,
Your frustrated days are all over,
'Cause cucumbers never get pissed.

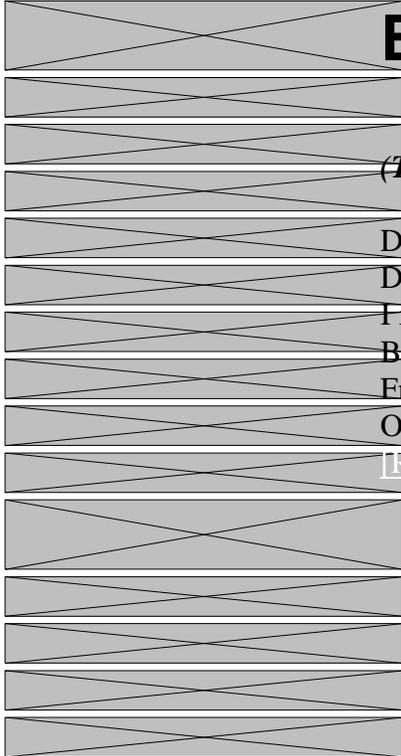
In Asia they're eaten with chilis,
In Britain they're put between bread,
But in Phuket we use them as teddies,
'Cause we know that they'll never want head.

They'll never leave stains on the mattress,
They're happy to live in the fridge,
The loo seat is never left standing,
And I've never seen cucumber kids.

So watch out you mighty marauders,
You're not quite as great as you think,
There's no guarantee it will work again,
And we can't trade you in when it shrinks.



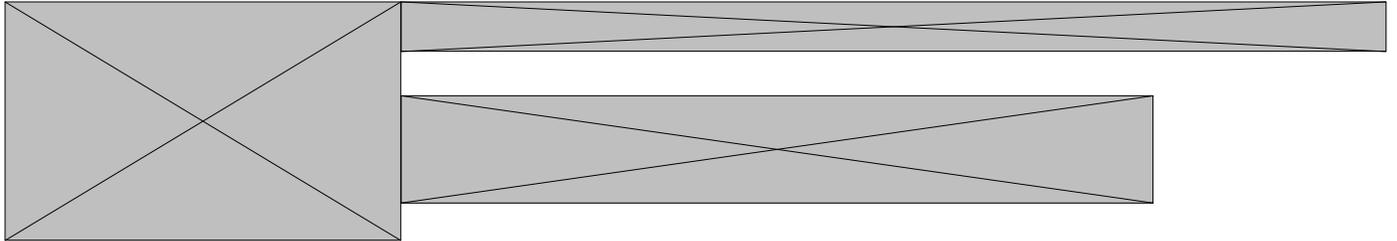
Bicycle Built for Two



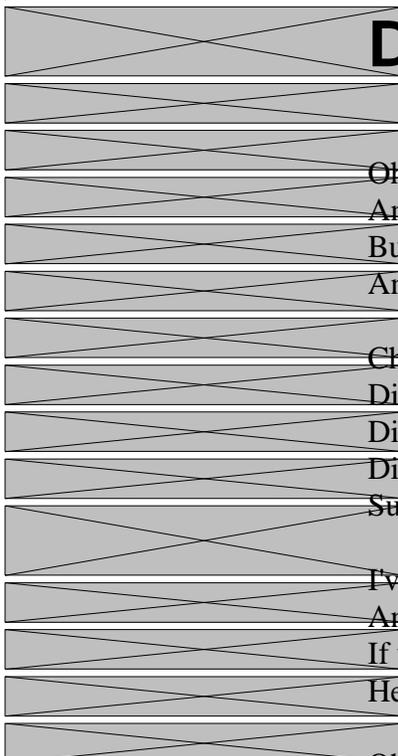
(To: song of same name)

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true,
Daisy, Daisy, wouldn't you like to screw?
I really must beg your pardon,
But I've got a hell of a hard-on,
From beating my meat against the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two.

1



Did You Ever See?



Oh, I got an Aunt Sissy,
And she's only got one titty,
But it's very long and pointed,
And the nipple's double jointed.

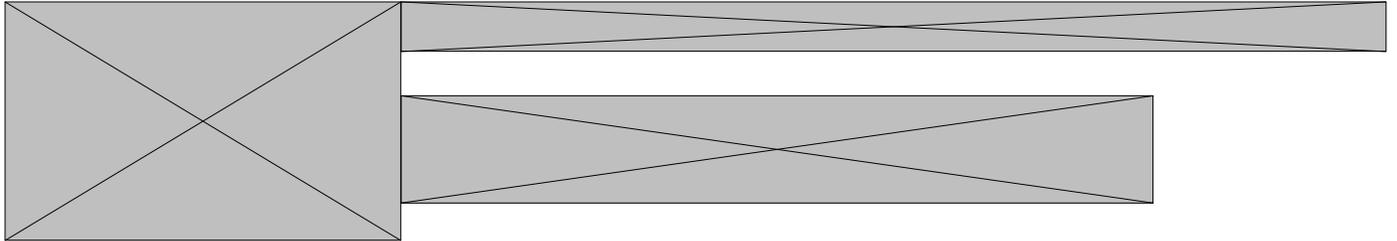
Chorus
Did you ever see,
Did you ever see,
Did you ever see,
Such a funny thing before.

I've got a cousin Daniel,
And he's got a cocker spaniel,
If you tickled 'im in the middle,
He would lift his leg and piddle.

Oh, I've got a cousin Rupert,
He plays outside half for Newport,
They think so much about him,
That they always play without him.

Oh, I've got a cousin Anna,
And she's got a grand piana,
And she'd 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer,
Till the neighbors say "God damn her."

Oh, I've got a brother Mike,
Who rides a motor bike,
He can get from here to Gower,
In a quarter of an hour.



Did You Ever Wonder?

(From: Pig Vomit)

Have you ever wondered if your Mom gave Dad a blow
job,

Right before she kissed you good night?

Did she swallow and eat a lot of folks you'll
never meet,

And does the thought give you a fright?

Did you ever wonder how a dog jumps on another
dog,

And gets his penis right in?

Then start banging away, not even "woof, it's nice
to meet you";

If you ask me I think it's a sin.

What makes a penis so thick?

Why do some folks cum too quick?

While some others never cum at all?

Does a fly take a leak, and does an ostrich ever
peek,

When there's poop coming out of this butt?

C'mon, now do you ever wonder...?

Did you ever wonder if anybody ever hears you,

While you jerk off in solitude?

Whether you're sixty or six.

You get embarrassed pretty quick,

If your Mom walked in on you,

When you screw someone new.

Do you ever wonder who was there before you,

Was he short or tall,

Was his penis a three or was he hung like a tree,

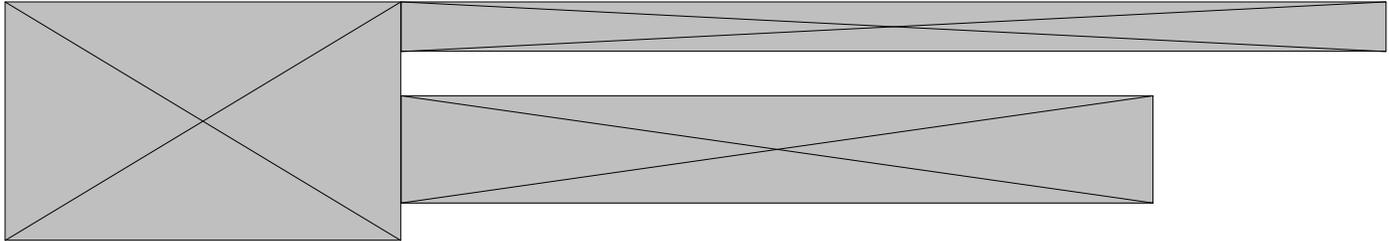
And will she feel you inside at all,

Do dead men's genitals swell,

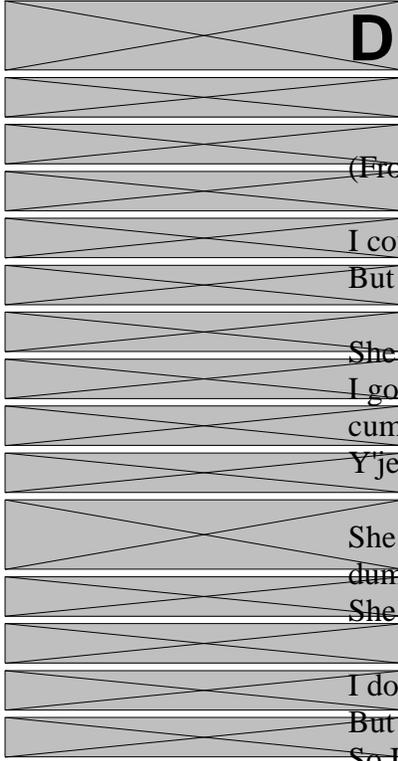
And are we going straight to hell for our
perverted curiosities?

C'mon, do you ever wonder? Humm...?

Do you ever wonder if the Tin Man wanted Dorothy ,
To lubricate his private parts,
And if he has his wish, would it be "If I had a
hard-on,"
'Stead of "If I only had a heart?"
Does sperm make a sound when it crashes to the
ground,
While you're jerking off and you're not seen?
Does it feel any pain when it dries into a stain ,
On the page of some magazine?
Did you ever wonder,
If a pig can really vomit.
Did you ever think of that at all,
Heeeeey, do you ever wonder?



Dinah-Moe-Humm



(From: Frank Zappa)

I couldn't say where she's cummin from.

But I just met a lady named Dinah-Moe-Humm.

She stroll on over, say look here, bum,

I got a fifty dollar bill say you can't make me

cum,

Y'jes can't do it!

She made a bet with her sister who's a little

dumb,

She could prove it any time all men was scum.

I don't mind that she called me a bum,

But I knew right away she was really gonna cum,

So I got down to it.

I whipped off her bloomers 'n stiffened my thumb,
An' applied rotation on her sugar plum.

I poked 'n stroked till my wrist got numb,
But I still didn't no Dinah-Moe-Humm,
Dinah-Moe-Humm.

Dinah-Moe-Humm,
Dinah-Moe-Humm,
Where's this Dinah-Moe,
Cummin from?
Done spent three hours,
An' I ain't got a crumb,
From the Dinah-Moe, Dinah-Moe,
From the Dinah-Moe-Humm.

I got a spot thats gets me hot,

But you ain't been to it.
I got a spot thats gets me hot,
But you ain't been to it.
I got a spot thats gets me hot,
But you ain't been to it.
I got a spot thats gets me hot,
But you ain't been to it.

'Cause I can't get into it,
Unless I get out of it,
An' I gotta get out of it,
Before I can get into it,
'Cause I never get into it,
Unless I get out of it,
An' I gotta be out of it,
To get myself into it.

She looked over at me with a glazed eye,
And some bovine perspiration on her,
Upper lip area and she said...

Just get me wasted,
An' you're halfway there,
'Cause if my mind's tore up,
Then my body don't care.

I rubbed my chinny-chin-chin,
An' said, "My-my-my,"
What sort of thing,
Upon which this lady might get high?

The fifty dollar bill didn't matter no more,
When her sister got naked on the floor,
She said that Dinah-Moe might win the bet,
But she could use some fuckin' if I wasn't done
yet.

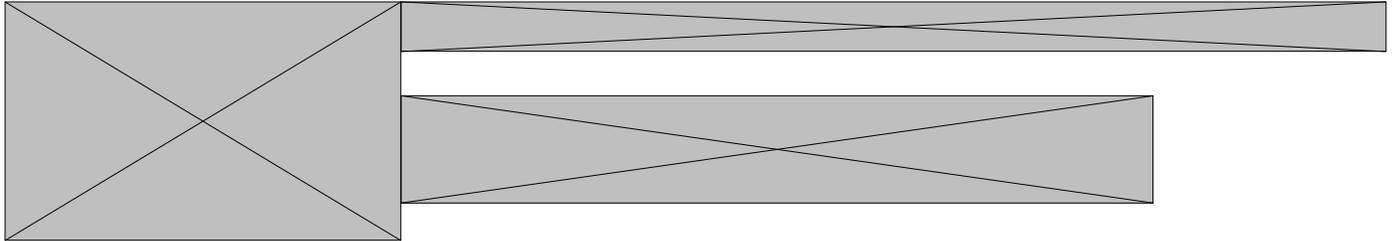
I told her ...
Just because the sun,
Want a place in the sky,
No reason to assume,
I wouldn't give her a try.

So I pulled on her hair,
Got her legs in the air,
An' asked if she had any cooties in there.

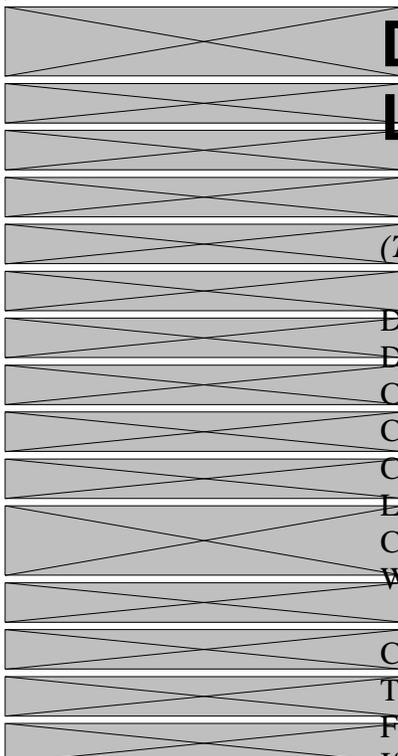
Whaddya mean cooties?
No cooties on me!

She was buns up neelin'
Buns up!
I was wheelin' an' dealin',
Wheelin' an' dealin' ah ooooooh!
She surrendered to the feelin'
She sweetly surrendered,
And she started in to squeelin'.

Dinah-Moe watched from the edge of he bed,
With her lips just a-twitchin' an' her face gone
red,
Some drool rollin' down,
From the edge of her chin,
While she spied the condition,
Her sister was in,
She quivered 'n quaked,
An' clutched at herself,
While her sister made a joke,
'Bout her mental health,
'Till Dinah-Moe finally,
Did give in,
But I told her,
All she needed,
Was some discipline.



Do Your Balls Hang Low?



(To: Sailor's Hornpipe)

Do your balls hang low?
Do they swing to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder,
Like a Continental soldier?
Can you do the double shuffle,
When your balls hang low?

Chorus

Ting-a-ling, God damn,
Find a woman if you can.
If you can't find a woman,
Find a clean old man.
If you're ever in Gibraltar,
Take a flying fuck at Walter.
Can you do the double shuffle,
When your balls hang low?

(Substitute following for lines 5 & 6 of the first verse to make new ones:)

Does your sack begin to wear,
When you drag them does it tear?

Do they make a lusty clamor,
When you hit them with a hammer?

Do they have a hollow sound,
When you drag 'em on the ground?

Can you bounce 'em off the wall,
Like an Indian rubber ball?

Do they have a mellow tingle,
When you hit 'em with a shingle?

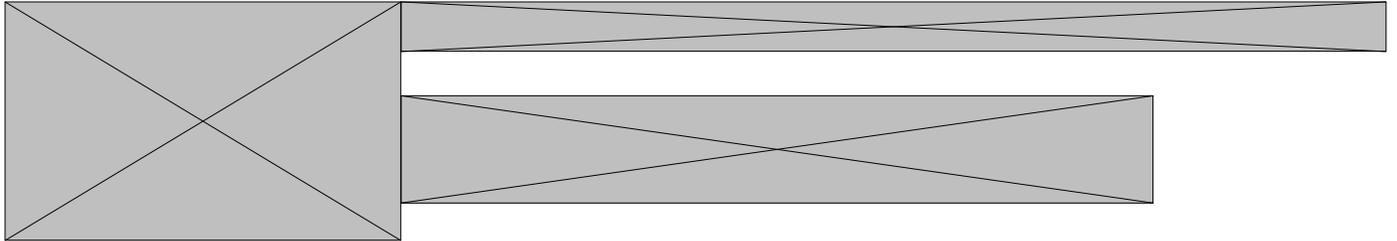
Do they have a salty taste,
When you wrap 'em 'round your waist?

Do they chime like a gong,
When you pull upon your dong?

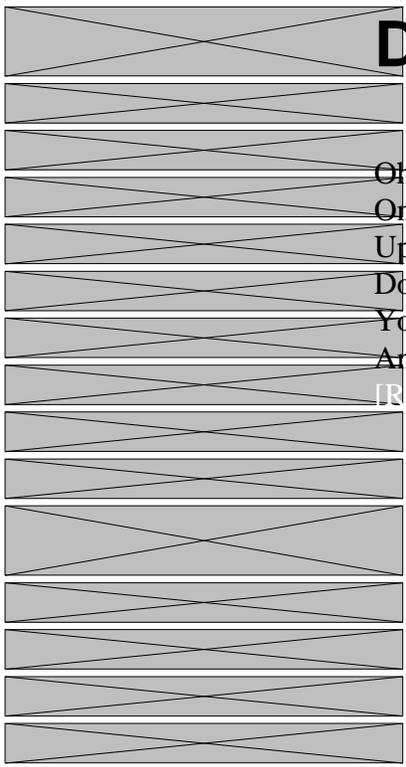
When you dance cheek to cheek,
Does she stumble on your meat?

If you swung them round and round,
Would the wind blow her down?

When your girlfriend died in bed,
Did she smother giving head?

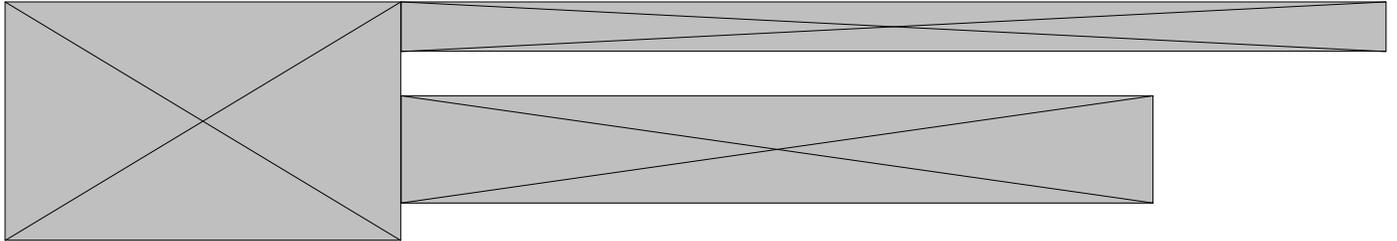


Don't Say No



Oh my darling, don't say no,
Onto the sofa you must go.
Up with your petticoat,
Down with your drawers,
You tickle mine
And I'll tickle yours.

[R]



Don't That Bastard Get any Bigger?

(To: Put Another Log On the Fire)

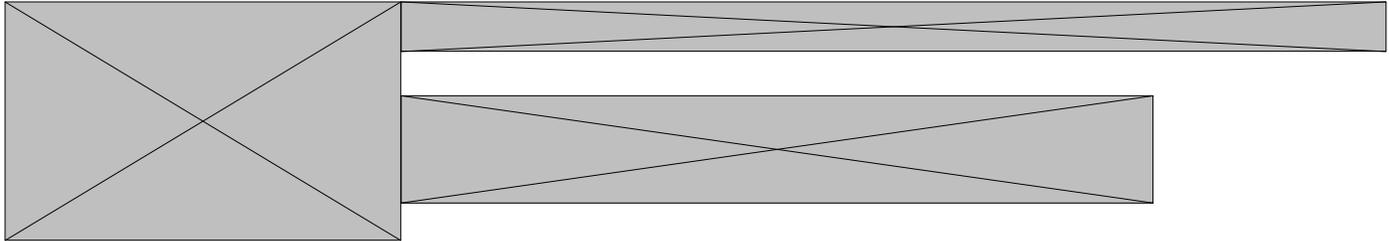
Don't that bastard get any bigger?
I bet some bitch bit off the last three feet,
It's wrinkled like a six week old banana,
And got a limp a cripple couldn't beat.

Come on, baby,
Can't you make it go any faster?
And don't forget to let me get there first.

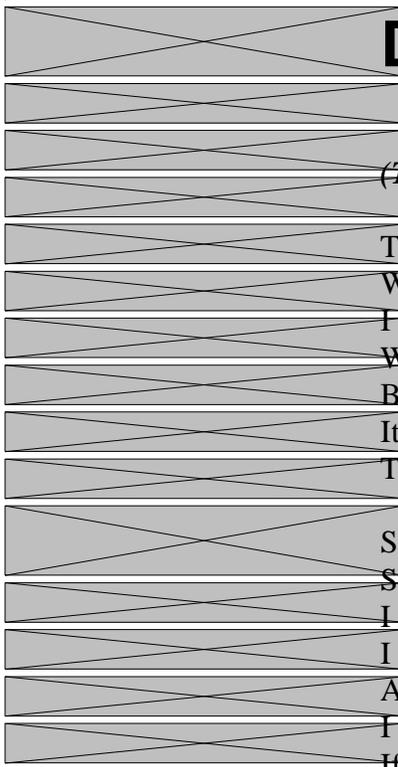
Don't that bastard get any bigger?
You're lucky someone understands,
like me.

Don't that paycheck get any fatter?
And don't forget my birthday's in a week,
What about the tennis courts you promised,
And how about Hawaii for a break?
Come on, baby,
Climb another rung in that ladder,
You haven't had a pay raise since New Year's.
Don't that paycheck get any fatter?
You're lucky someone understands, like me.

Don't let that heart rate go any faster,
Jesus, why do you have to work so hard?
You never stay at home on the weekends,
No wonder your banana's never ripe.
Come on, baby,
You hang around the office 'til all hours,
I bet you've got a brand new secretary,
Don't let that heart rate go any faster,
You're lucky someone understands, like me.



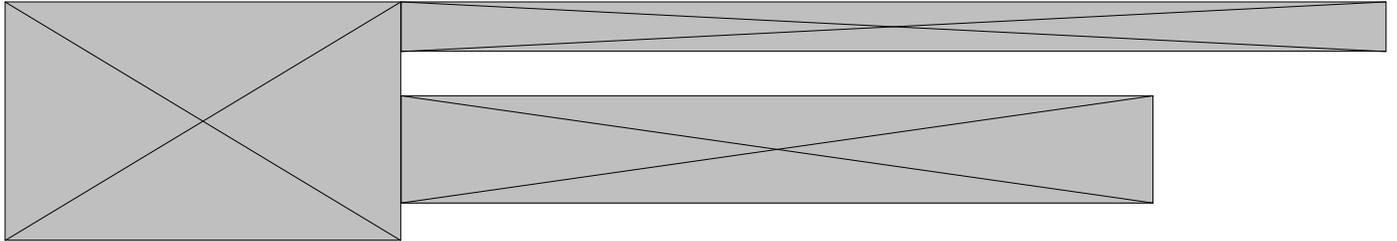
Down in Wyoming



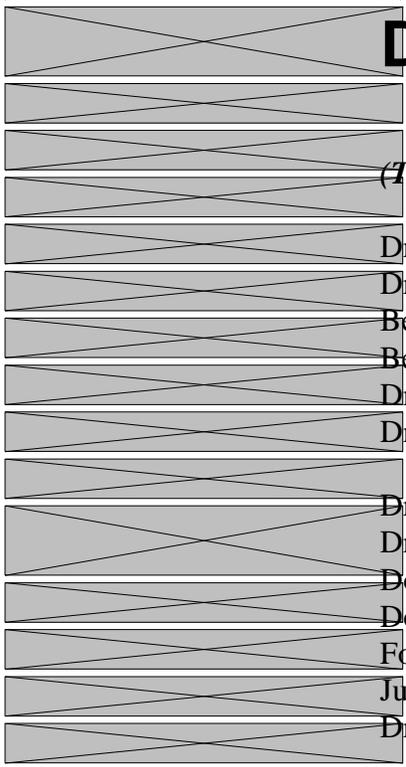
(To: Home on the Range)

Twas down in Wyoming,
Where the bullshit lies thick,
I was riding along, my hand on my dick.
When whom should I see,
But the girl I adore,
It was Charlotte the harlot,
The cowpuncher's whore.

She's randy, she's dandy,
She's my heart's delight.
I fuck her by day and,
I fuck her by night.
And each time I fuck her,
I pump in a quart,
If you don't call that fucking,
You fucking well ought!



Drink

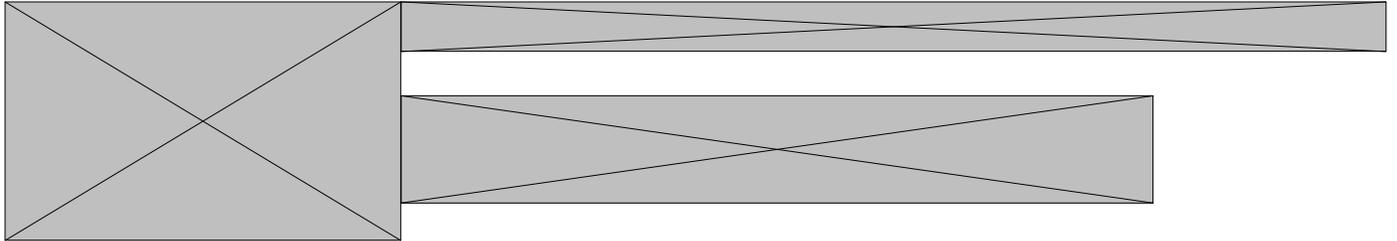


(To: Sing!)

Drink,
Drink a beer,
Belch out loud,
Belch out clear,
Drink of good times, we run,
Drink of plenty, not one.....

Drink,
Drink the brew,
Down it quickly, this beer we give to you,
Don't worry that it's not good enough,
For anyone else to down,
Just drink,
Drink the beer.....

Burp, burp, burp, burp, burp...
(Substituting each word with "burp")



Drunken Sailor

(To: Drunken Sailor)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Earlye in the morning?

Chorus

Way hey and up she rises,
Way hey and up she rises,
Way hey and up she rises,
Earlye in the morning?

Put him into bed with the captain's daughter,
Put him into bed with the captain's daughter,
Put him into bed with the captain's daughter,
Earlye in the morning?

(Substitute these lines for 1-3 above
for more verses)

Hang him by the balls in a running bowline...

Tie his prick in a double half-hitch...

Shave his crotch with a rusty razor...

Bare his bum for the horny sailors...

On his hands and knees like a dog now...

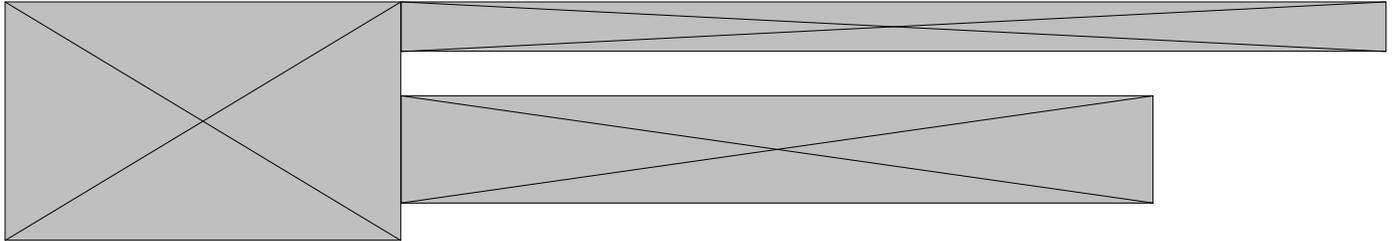
Shove a hose pipe up his asshole...

Have him whipped by a lovely sadist...

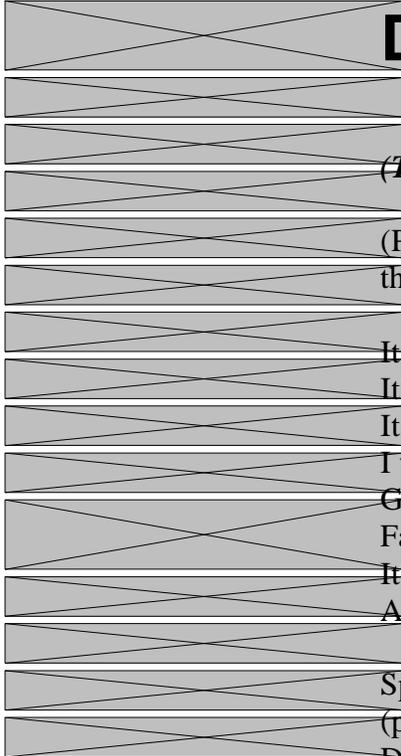
Shove it in his mouth when you're cumming...

Use his face for a pissin' contest...

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor...



Dunkirk



(To: It's a Long Way to Tipperary)

(Pack marches in a circle and imitates the lyrics.)

It's a long way to Tipperary,

It's a long way to go,

It's a long way to Tipperary,

I walked it, so I know,

Good bye, Sticky Willie,

Farewell, pubic hair,

It's a long way to Tipperary,

And I've never been there.

Sperm in soldier's ball bag,

(pack grabs crotch)

Dog barking,

(someone barks)

Cock crowing,

(someone crows)

Distant marching,

(stamp feet)

Sergeant shouting,

(someone shouts like a sergeant)

Luftentastards attacking,

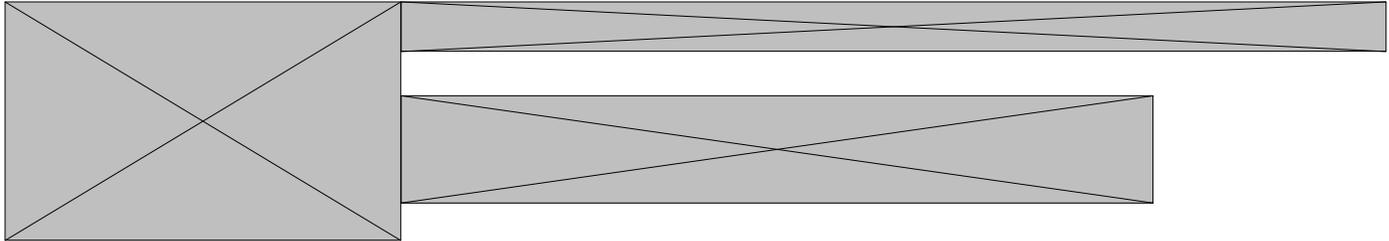
pack makes shooting gestures with arms outstretched.)

Biggles and the R.A.F.

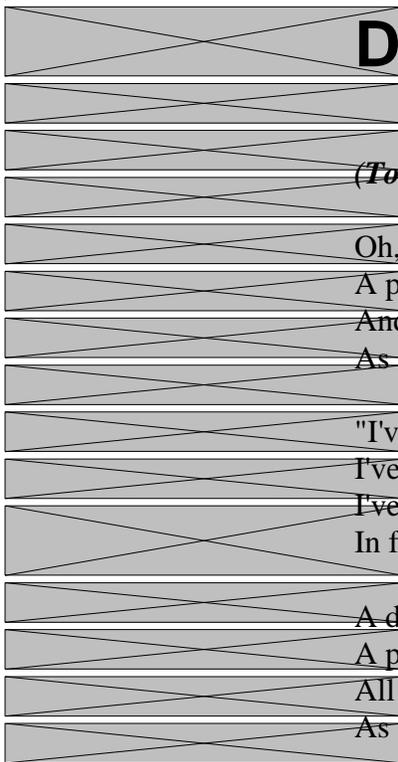
(As pack wheels, they circle their eyes with fingers as goggles, making shooting noises.)

Anti-aircraft fire

(Pack imitates pom-pom weapons.)



Dying Harlot



(To: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

Oh, a strapping young harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supporting her head,
And all the young bludgers were 'round her,
As she leaned on her left tit and said,

"I've been fucked by the Duchies and Gypsies,
I've been fucked by the Spaniards so tall,
I've been fucked by the English and Irish,
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.

A dirty old harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supporting her head,
All around her the bludgers were crying,
As she leaned on her left tit and said,

"I've been fucked by the French and the English,
The Germans, the Japs, and the Jews,
And now I've come back to Australia,
To be buggered by bastards like you."

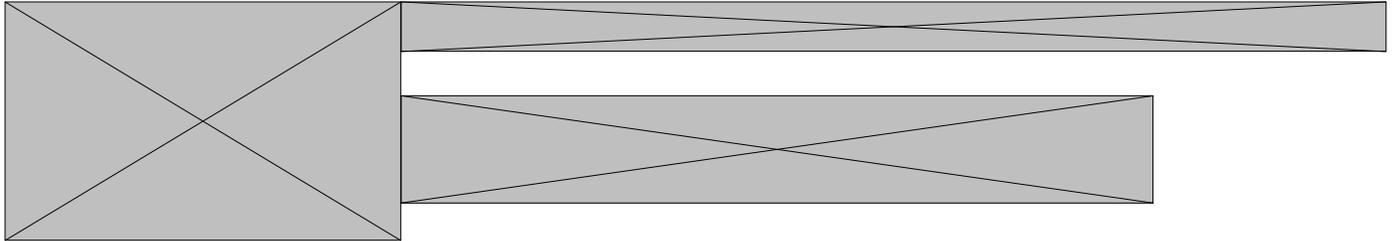
"So haul back your filthy old foreskins,
And give me the pride of your nuts",
So they hauled back the filthy old foreskins,
And played Home Sweet Home on her guts."

The dirty old harlot lay dying,
A cunt-rag supported her head,
The blow flies around her were buzzing,
As she turned on her left tit and said,

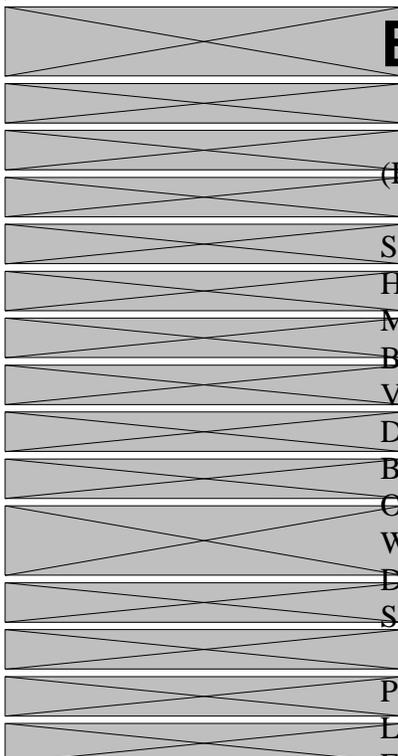
"I've been fucked by the army and navy,
By a bull-fighting toreador,
By dildos and doggies and donkeys,

Never by blow flies before."

"So wrap me up in foreskins and Frenchies,
And bury me deep down below,
Where all those young bludgers can't catch me,
The place where all good harlots go."



Eric the Half a Bee



(From Monty Python)

Songmaster:
Half a bee, philosophically,
Must ipso facto half not be.
But half a bee, has got to be,
Vis a vis its entity.
D' you see?
But can a bee be said to be
Or not to be an entire bee.
When half the bee is not a bee,
Due to some ancient injury.
Singing . . .

Pack:
La di di, one two three,
Eric the Half a Bee.
A B C D E F G,
Eric the Half a Bee.

Songmaster:
Is this wretched demi-bee,
Half asleep upon my knee,
Some freak from a managerie?

All shout:
No! It's Eric the Half a Bee.

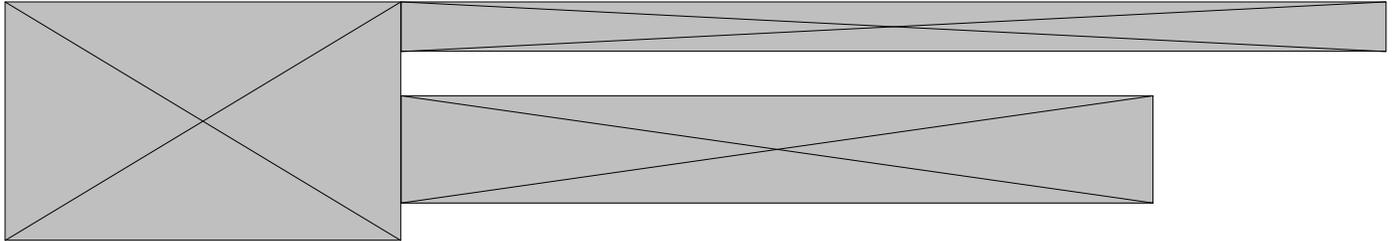
All sing:
Fiddle di dum, fiddle di dee,
Eric the Half a Bee.
Ho ho ho, tee hee hee,
Eric the Half a Bee.

Songmaster:
I love this hive employ-ee-ee,
Bisected accidentally,
One Summer afternoon by me,
I love him carnally.

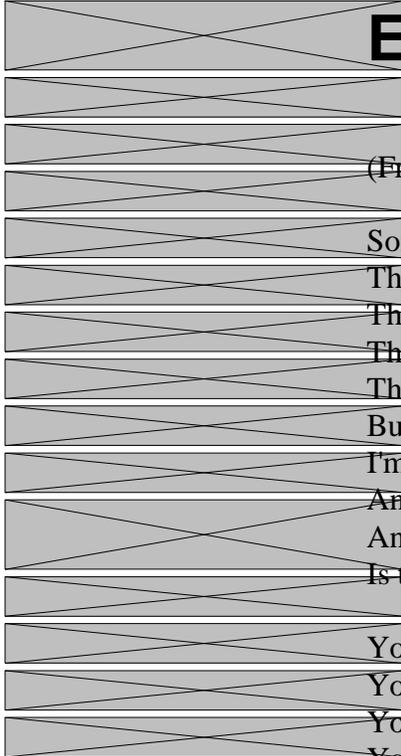
All:
He loves him carnally...

Songmaster:
Semi-carnally.

All say:
The end.



Every Sperm is Sacred



(From Monty Python)

Songmaster:

There are Jews in the world,
There are Buddhists,
There are Hindus and Mormons and then,
There are those that follow Mohammed,
But I've never been one of them,
I'm a Roman Catholic,
And have been since before I was born,
And the one thing they say about Catholics,
Is they'll take you as soon as you're warm.

You don't have to be a six-footer,
You don't have to have a great brain,
You don't have to have any clothes
You're a Catholic the moment Dad came,
Because,

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

Pack:
Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

Songmaster:
Let the heathen spill theirs,
On the dusty ground,
God shall make them pay for,
Each sperm that can't be found.

Pack:

Every sperm is wanted,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed,
In your neighborhood.

Songmaster:

Hindu, Taoist, Mormon,
Spill theirs just anywhere,
But God loves those who treat their
Semen with more care.

Harriers:

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,

Harriettes:

If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

Songmaster:

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed,
In your neighborhood.

Songmaster:

Every sperm is useful,
Every sperm is fine,
God needs everybody's,

First Hasher:

Mine!

Second Hasher:

And mine!

Third Hasher:

And mine!

Songmaster:

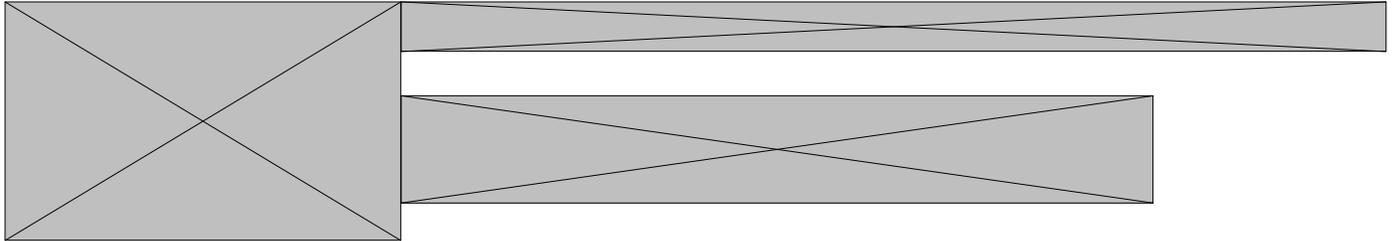
Let the Pagan spill theirs,
O'er mountain, hill, and plain,
God shall strike them down for
Each sperm that's spilt in vain.

Pack:

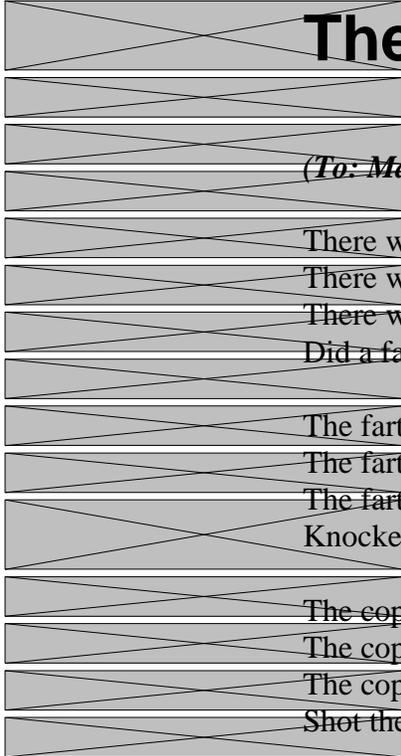
Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is need,
In your neighborhood.

All:

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.



The Fart



(To: Mademoiselle from Armentieres)

There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous,
There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous,
There was an old lady of eighty-two,
Did a fart but missed the loo, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

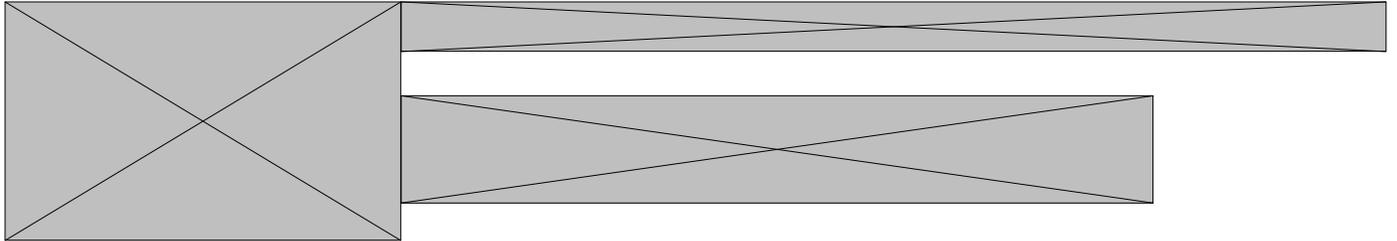
The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous,
The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous,
The fart went rolling down the street,
Knocked a copper off his feet, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous,
The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous,
The copper got out his rusty pistol,
Shot the fart from here to Bristol, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

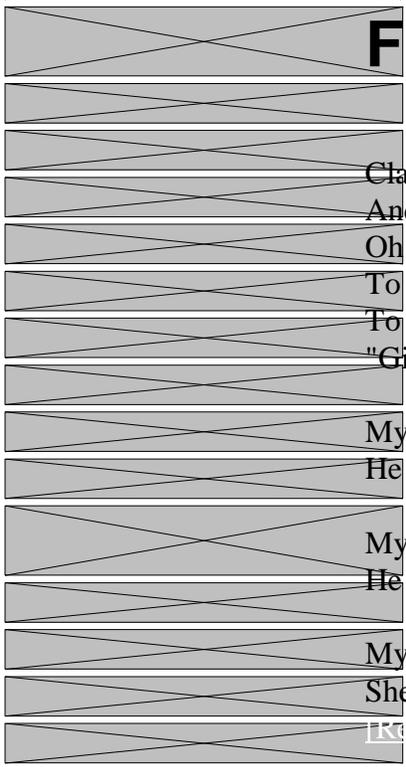
Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous,
Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous,
Bristol Rovers playing at home,
Kicked the fart from here to Rome, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous,
Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous,
Julius Caesar drinking gin,
Opened his gob and the fart went in, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous,
The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous,
The fart went rolling down his spine,
Knocked his ballocks out of line, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.



Fireman's Song



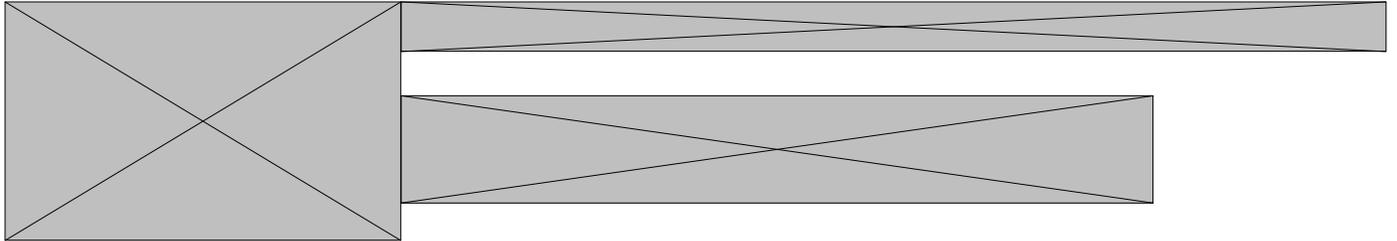
Clang, clang, clang,
And the goddamn fire went out.
Oh for the life of a fireman,
To ride on a fire engine red,
To say to a team of white horses,
"Give me head, give me head, give me head!"

My father is a fireman,
He puts out fires.

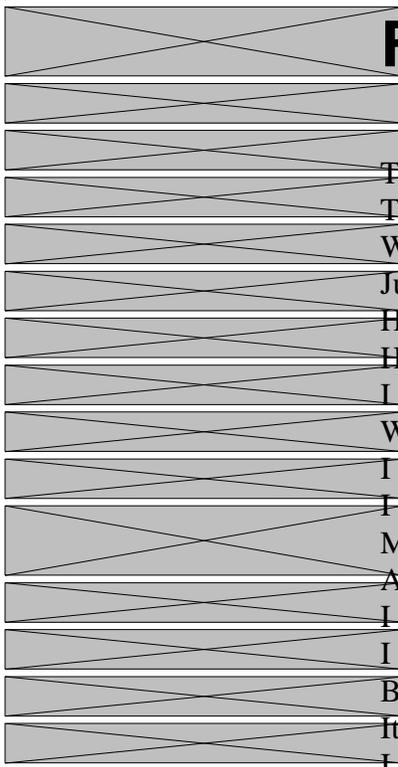
My brother is a fireman,
He puts out fires.

My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,
She puts out too.

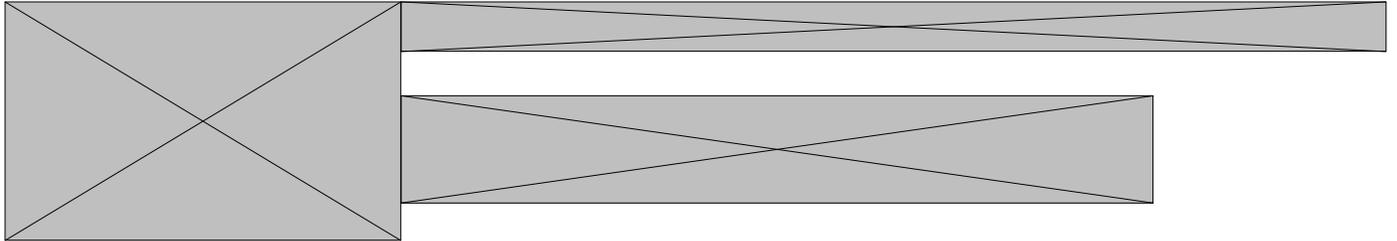
IKG



First Time



The sky was blue,
The sun was high,
We were alone,
Just she and I,
Her hair was brown,
Her body fine.
I ran my hand along her spine,
With some courage,
I did my best.
I placed my hand upon her breast,
My other hand shook,
As did my heart,
I gently spread her legs apart,
I knew she was ready,
But I didn't know how.
It was the first time,
I milked a cow.



Foggy Dew

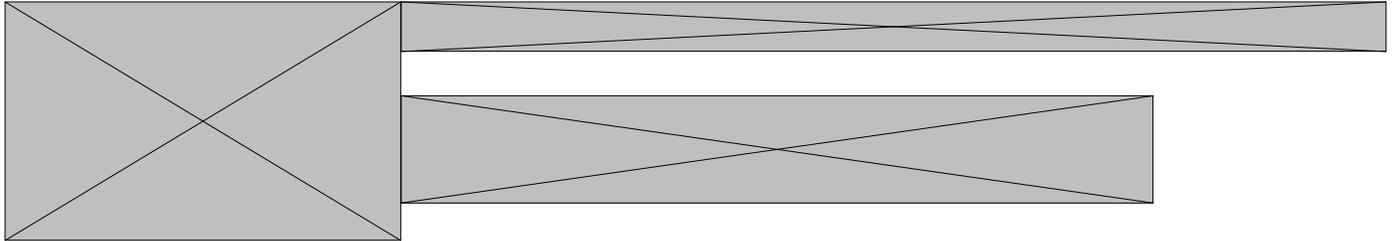
Well, I am a bachelor; I live by myself,
I work at the weaver's trade.
And the only lowly thing I ever did that was
wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time,
And in the winter too.
But the only lowly thing I ever did that was
wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night this maid came to my bed,
Where I lay fast asleep.
She laid her head upon my chest,
And then began to weep.
She sighs she crishes damn near died.
She said, "What shall I do?"
So I took her into bed and I covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

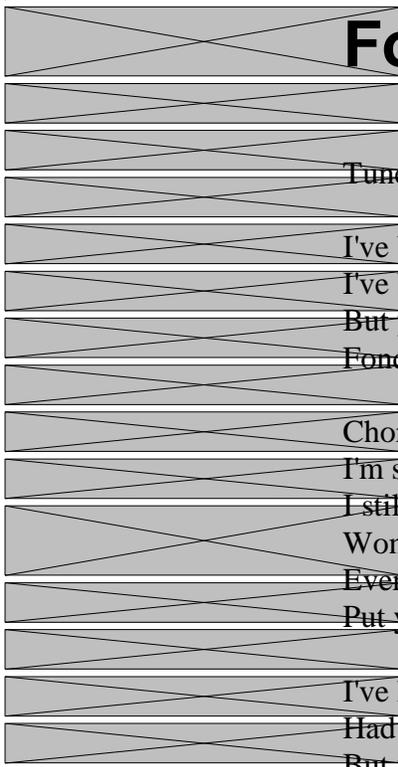
All through the first part of the night,
We did laugh and play.
And through the latter part of the night,
She slept in my arms 'till day.
Then when the sun shone on our bed,
She cri "I am undone."
"Hold your tongue you silly girl.
The foggy, foggy dew is gone."

Now I am a bachelor; I live with my son.
I work at the weaver's trade,
And every time I look into his face
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the summer time,
And the winter too,

And the many, many times I took her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.



Fondle Me With Care



Tune: Handle Me With Care

I've been sucked off and I've been struck down,
I've been pulled off and I've been pulled around,
But you're the best fuck that I've ever found,
Fondle me with care.

Chorus

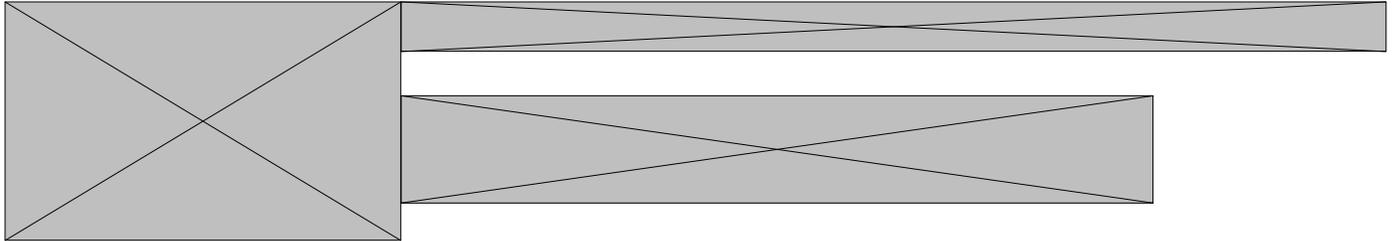
I'm so tired of feeling horny,
I still have some cum to give,
Won't you show me all your pubic hairs,
Everybody, wants somebody, to cream on,
Put your body, next to mine, and dream on.

I've had it thin and I've had it thick,
Had my lumps and I've had my licks,
But when you play with my prick,
Fondle me with care.

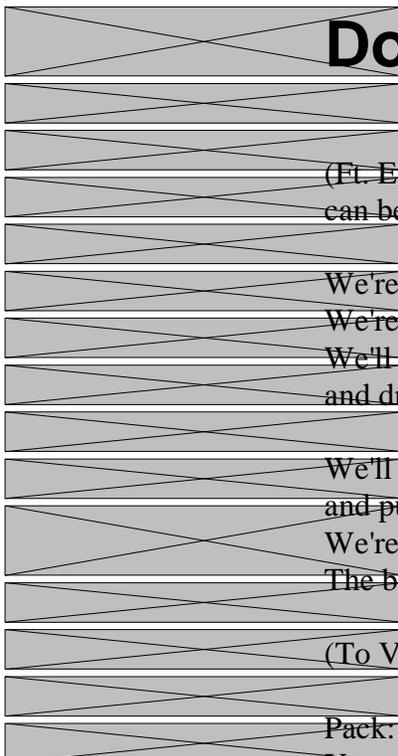
I've got big red bloodshot eyes,
We stayed up and drank all night,
When I exposed myself to your wife,
She fondled me with care.

Well I flashed my dick and terrorized,
Put my tongue between your thighs,
Bend over baby and I'll sodomize,
Fondle me with care.

Well, my balls are tight and I've made a mess,
I'll have to clean up my act I guess,
Let me put my hand up your dress, and,
Fondle you with care.



Down Down Song



(Fl. Eustis Down Down Song, which can be used for other hashes.)

We're the _____ Hashers,
We're glad to be here,
We'll shortcut your trails,
and drink all your beer!

We'll fuck all your women,
and puke in your car,
We're the _____ Hashers,
The best Hash by far!!!

(To Violators)

Pack:
You worthless, sniveling piece of trash
Now you've gone and shown your ass!!!

GM:
Your behaviors unfit!!!

RA:
You must learn Hash Tradition!!!

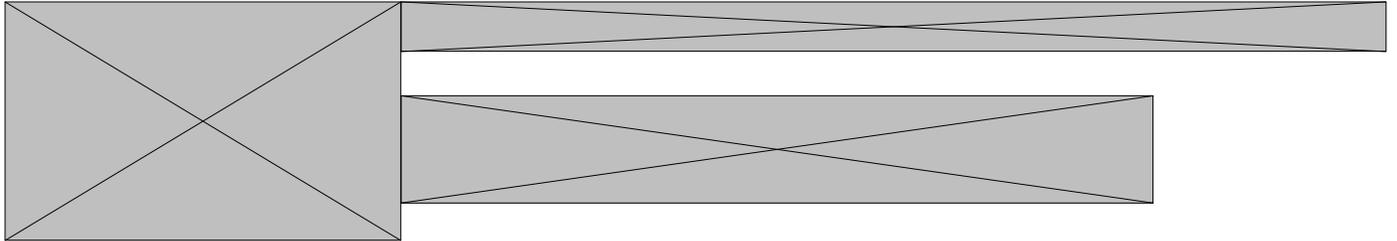
Pack:
So charge your vessel and assume the position
On your knees, Asshole!!!(sarcastic)
Drink it down, down, down, down...

For the slow drinker

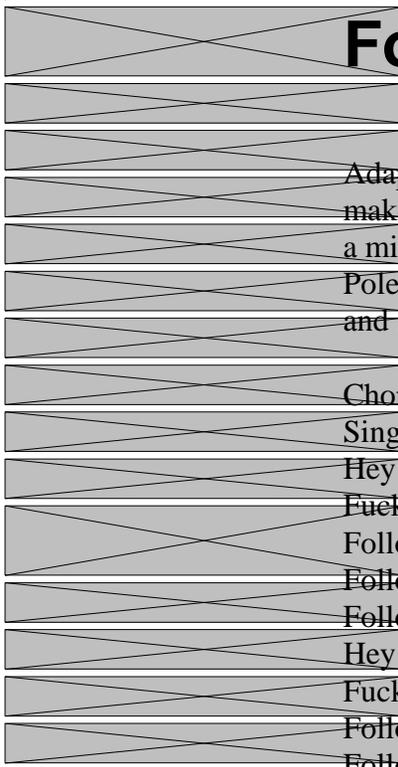
(Slow)
Drink it down
(Fast)

Drink it down
Drink it down
Drink it down
(Slow)
Drink it down
(Fast)
Drink it down
Drink it down
Drink it down

All this time that it's taking,
I know that they're faking,
We could be masturbating,
I fear,
Now we've run out of song,
And we won't get a long,
Until you finish,
...That Fucking Beer!!!!



Follow the Hash



Adaptations of old military favorites make up a lot of hash songs. Here's a military diddy converted by Pole Pounder in Mannheim HHH and since spread worldwide.)

Chorus
Singing,
Hey jigga-jig,
Fuck a little pig,
Follow the hash,
Follow the hash,
Follow the hash,
Hey jigga-jig,
Fuck a little pig,
Follow the hash,
Follow the hash all the way.

(harriettes substitute "boyfriend's" and "he")

My girlfriend's a hasher, a hasher, a hasher,
A mighty fine hasher is she,
(pack echoes, "Is she!")
All day long she lays trail,
She lays trail, she lays trail,
And when she comes home she lays me.

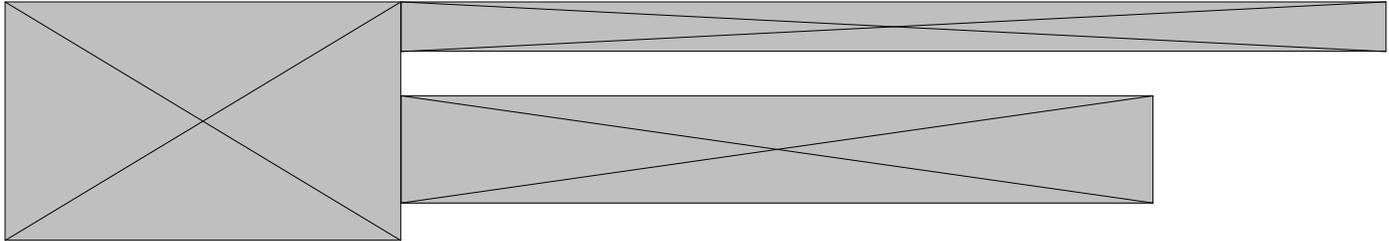
(Substitute the following combinations for more verses.)

Harriers' Verses:
Glassblower/she blows glass/blows me.
Mail clerk/licks stamps/licks me.
Waitress/makes tips/tips me.

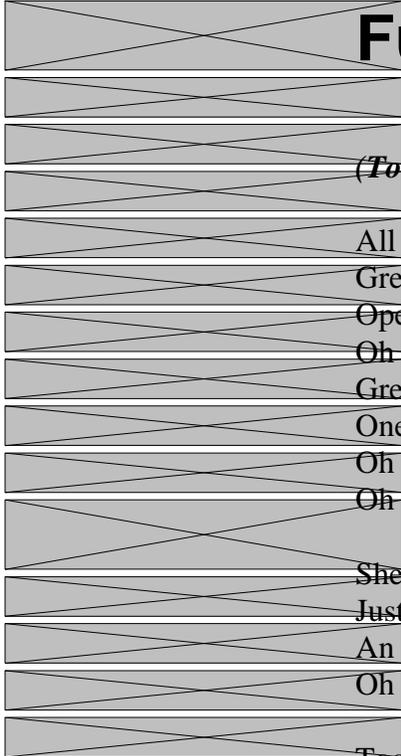
Singer/hums tunes/hums me.
Nurse/takes temps/takes me.
Prostitute/fucks you/goes to sleep.
Gymnist/strides poles/strides mine.
Typist/pecks keys/pecks me.
Baker/kneads bread/needs me.
Dancer/does steps/does me.
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me.

Harriettes' Verses:

Cowboy/rides broncs/rides me.
Mechanic/screws bolts/screws me.
Soldier/shoots guns/shoots cum.
Guitarist/plays licks/licks me.
Hasher/runs trail/snores.
Tailor/sews thread/sews me.
Pimp/beats whores/beats me.
Carpenter/bangs nails/bangs me.
Truck driver/grinds gears/grinds me.
Postman/stuffs letter boxes/stuffs me.
Student/fucks off/fucks me.
Plumber/lays pipe/lays me.
Postman/licks stamps/licks me.
Chef/eats this, he eats that/eats me.
Bricklayer/lays brick/lays me.
Lawyer/fucks you/fucks me.
Dentist/drills you/drills me .
Taxidermist/stuffs dead things/stuffs me.
Psychoanalyst/analyzes patients/anal-izes me.
Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me.



Fucking Hell She's Ugly



(To: All I Want is a Room Somewhere)

All I want is a whore somewhere,
Great big labia, no pubic hair,
Open mouth with no teeth there,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.
Great big tits that hang so slack,
One is yellow and the other is black,
Oh boy, have you seen her crack.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's got stretch marks on her guts,
Just like all the other sluts,
An abortion mark that opens and shuts.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Took her home to meet my mum.
Dad saw her and nearly come,
"Son," he said, "have you seen her bum?"
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's hunch backed with a broken nose,
Got one club foot with an ingrown toe.
Her menstrual flow comes out of her nose.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's got acne you wouldn't believe,
Broken teeth and breath like cheese.
Her pubic hair is alive with fleas.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She wears a wig 'cos she's got no hair,
The shit cling to her underwear.
I should know 'cos I've been there,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She buys her clothes in Pasar Baru,
To keep them on she uses glue.
When I take her out my friends all spew,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

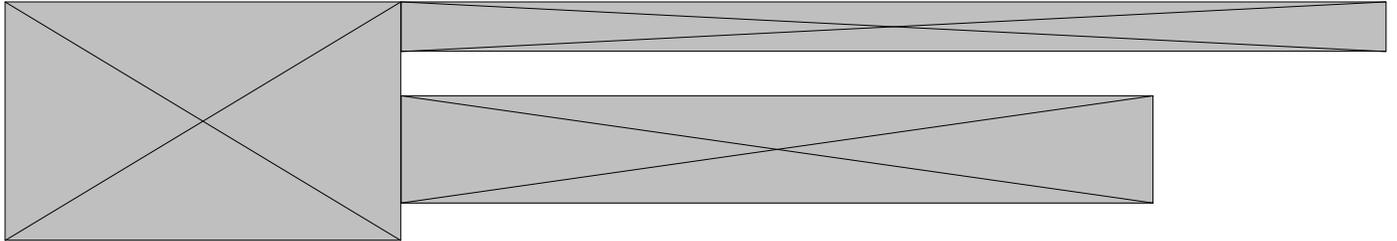
Her wooden leg is far too short,
Her one glass eye's got a list to port.
I've shagged her mum, she's such a sport,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

I met her when she was thirty-five,
I looked into those criss-cross eyes.
It was hard to tell if she were dead or alive,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

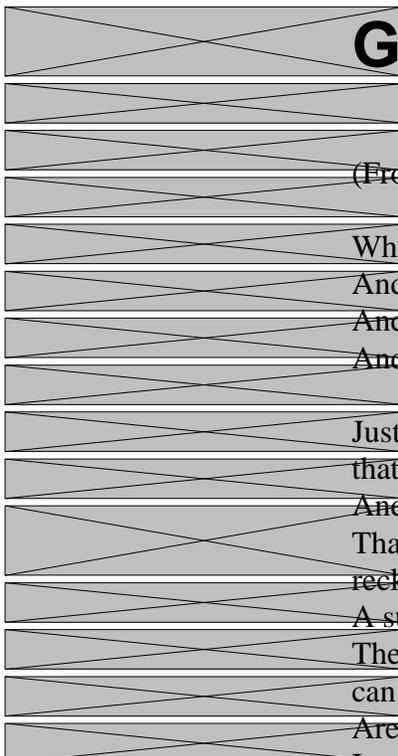
She said, "Grab me by the private parts."
As I did she blew a fart.
Followed with a grunt from within her cunt,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She said, "Grab me again while the feeling lasts."
Then you can poke it up my arse.
I said, "No, I think I'll pass."
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Now she's dead and there ain't no more,
I fucked to death that rotten whore.
My balls are red and my prick's so sore.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.



Galaxy Song



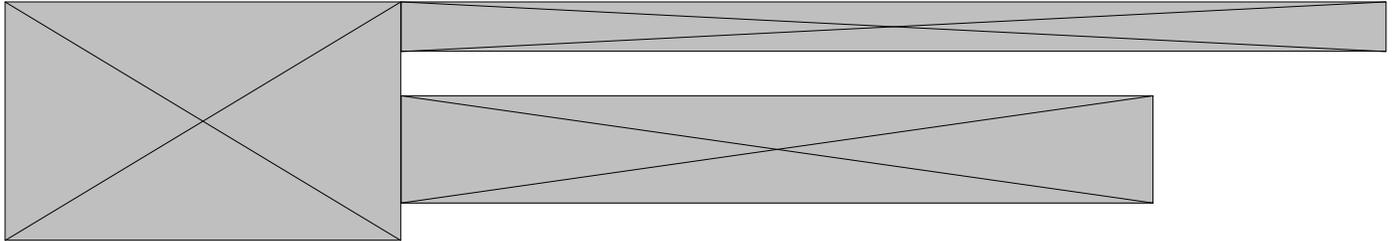
(From Monty Python)

Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown,
And things seem hard or tough,
And people are stupid, obnoxious, or daft,
And you feel that you've had quite enough . . .
Just remember that you're standing on a planet
that's evolving,
And revolving at 900 miles an hour,
That's orbiting at 19 miles a second, so it's
reckoned,
A sun that is the source of all our power.
The sun and you and me and all the stars that you
can see,
Are moving at a million miles a day
In an outer spiral arm, at 40,000 miles an hour,
Of the Galaxy we call the Milky Way.

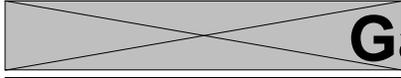
Our galaxy itself contains 100 billion stars,
It's 100,000 light years side to side,
It bulges in the middle, 16,000 light years thick,
But out by us it's only 3,000 light years wide,
We're 30,000 light years from galactic central
point,
We go round every 200 million years,
And our galaxy is only one of millions or
billions,
In this amazing and expanding Universe.

The Universe itself keeps on expanding and
expanding,
In all of the directions it can whizz,
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light you
know,

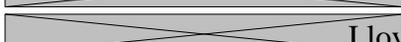
12 million miles a minute, and that's the fastest
speed there is,
So remember when you're feeling very small and
insecure,
How amazingly unlikely is your birth,
And pray that there's intelligent life in space,
Because there's bugger all down here on Earth.



Gang Bang



(To: Billboard March)



I love a gang bang, Oh yes I do,



Chorus



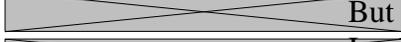
'Cause a gang bang makes me feel so good.



When I was younger, and in my prime,



I use to gang bang all the ti-i-ime.



But now I'm older, and turning gray,



I only gang bang twice a da-a-ay.



Songmaster:



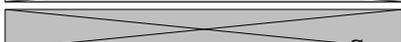
"Knock-knock"



Pack:



Who's there?



Songmaster:

Ida

Pack:

Ida, who

Songmaster:

Ida want another gang bang,

Oh yes I do,

To Chorus

Songmaster:

"Knock-knock"

Pack:

Who's there?

Songmaster:

Turner

Pack:
Turner who?

Songmaster:
Turn 'er over, let's have another gang bang,
Oh yes let's do,
To Chorus

Gladiator...
Glad he ate her out before the gang bang,
Oh yes he was...

Oliver...
All of 'er clothes were off at the gang bang,
Oh yes they were...

Ranger...
Arranger for best entry at the gang bang,
Oh yes let's do...

Peter Meter...
My peter'll meet her a the gang bang,
Oh yes it will...

Ben Dover...
Bend over and have another gang bang,
Oh yes let's do...

Dolly Parton...
Dolly's partin' her thighs at the gang bang,
Oh yes she is...

Bob...
Bob down and let's have another gang bang,
Oh yes let's do...

Orange...
Orange you glad I didn't say,
Bob down and let's have another gang bang,
Oh yes let's do...

Yurin...
Yearning for sloppy seconds at the gang bang,
Oh yes I am...

Tiajuana...

Do ya wanna bring your mother to the gang bang,
Oh yes you do...

Kissinger...

Kissing 'er's great, but fuckin' 'er's better,
At the gang bang, oh yes it is...

Betty...

Bet he'll have a sore dick after the gang bang,
Oh yes he will...

Orange...

Aren't you glad your at the gang bang,
Oh yes you are...

Aspen...

I spend too much time at the gang bang,
Oh yes I did...

Europa...

You rope her to the bed post for the gang bang,
Oh yes you do...

Alexander...

I licks under her ass at the gang bang,
Oh yes I do...

Irish...

I wish we were at the gang bang,
Oh yes I do...

Virginia...

Virgins are welcome at the gang bang,
Oh yes they are...

Shelby...

She'll be sore after the gang bang,
Oh yes she will...

Anita...

I need a little rest before the gang bang,
Oh yes I do...

Dairy...

Dare we invite_____to the gang bang,

Oh yes we should...

Mountain grown...
Mount and groan at the gang bang,
Oh yes we will...

Police...
P-lease take me to the gang bang,
Oh yes please do...

Charlotte...
Sure lot of fucking at the gang bang,
Oh yes there is...

Platypus...
Plenty O puss at the gang bang,
Oh yes there is...

Howard...
How were the tits at the gang bang,
Oh they were great...

Martha...
More the merrier at the gang bang,
Oh yes it is...

Theodore...
The ole door was locked at the gang bang,
Oh yes it was...

Extinct ...
It stinked like fish at the gang bang,
Oh yes it did...

Maybell...
Maybe she'll do us all the gang bang,
Oh yes she will...

Chester...
Chests'll be everywhere at the gang bang,
Oh yes they will...

Ilene...
I leaned her over the couch at the gang bang,
Oh yes I did...

Sharon...
Share and share alike at the gang bang,
Oh yes we will...

Head...
Had a lot of sex at the gang bang,
Oh yes I did...

Bender...
Bend her over the counter at the gang bang,
Oh yes we will...

Sam and Janet...
Sam and Janet evening I'd have a gang bang,
Oh yes they will...

Mason Dixon...
My son's dick's in the girl at gang bang,
Oh yes it is...

Shirley...
Surely you got laid at the gang bang,
Oh yes I did...

Ima...
I'm a glad we had this gang bang,
Oh yes I am...

Tijuana...
Tijuana bring your mama to the gang bang,
Oh yes you do...

Eisenhower...
It's an hour late for the gang bang,
Oh yes it is...

Witchy...
Whichy one you gonna fuck at the gang bang,
Oh which one...

Hedda...
Hedda lotta sex at the gang bang,
Oh yes I did...

Adolph...
I ate off the bed at the gang bang,

Oh yes I did...

Dixie...

My dick's erect at the gang bang,

Oh yes it is...

Satellite...

Sat alot on her face at the gang bang,

Oh yes I did...

Eaton...

She'll be "eat'n" everybody at the gang bang,

Oh yes she will...

Kenya...

Can ya give me directions to the gang bang,

Oh yes you can...

Pasteur...

Passed her over me twice at the gang bang,

Oh yes I did...

Abbott...

I bet you won't be alone at the gang bang,

Oh no you won't...

Comrade...

Come right on over to the gang bang,

Oh yes you come...

Eileen...

Eileen her over the sofa at the gang bang,

Oh yes I will...

Mikey...

I lost my keys to the handcuffs at the gang bang,

Oh yes I did...

M.R...

M.R. some nice tits at the gang bang,

Oh yes they are...

Mister Bush...

Mister Bush and came on her stomach gang bang,

Oh yes he did...

Charlie Pride...
Charlie pried her legs apart at the gang bang,
Oh yes he did...

Turner...
Turner over and have another gang bang,
Oh yes he did...

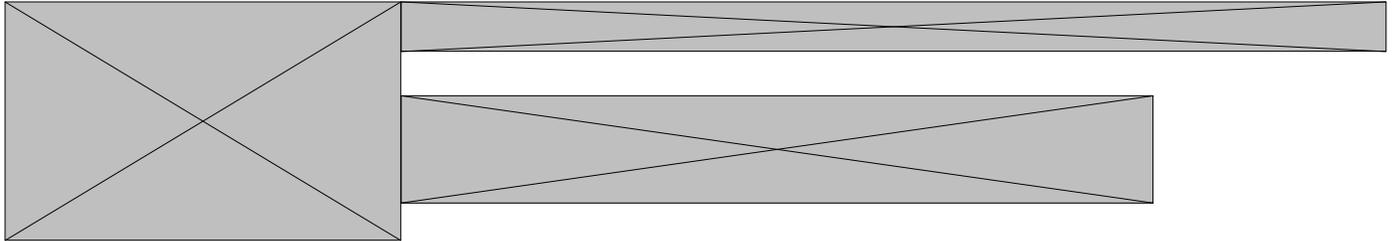
Charlie Pryde...
Charlie pried her legs apart at the gang bang,
Oh yes he did...

Lena...
Lean 'er up against the door and we'll gang bang,
Oh yes we will...

Banana...
(Everyone turns in circles
then in place of chorus)
Banana na na na na naa,
Na na na na, na na na na naa.
Na na na na na na naa,
Na na na na na na naa.

Orange...
Ar-en't you glad I didn't say,
(Everyone turns in circles
then in place of chorus)
Banana na na na na naa,
Na na na na, na na na na naa.
Na na na na na na naa,
Na na na na na na naa.

Stars and Stripes Forever.
(Pack does not reply with a question
but immediately begins the song
Stars and Stripes Forever using the
"na na" for the sounds, gathering and
marching in line behind the songmaster.
This verse ends the song.)



Gimme That Old Time Religion

(To: Give Me That Old Time Religion)

We will follow Zarathustra,
Zarathustra like we use to,
I'm a Zarathustra booster,
And he's good enough for me!

Chorus

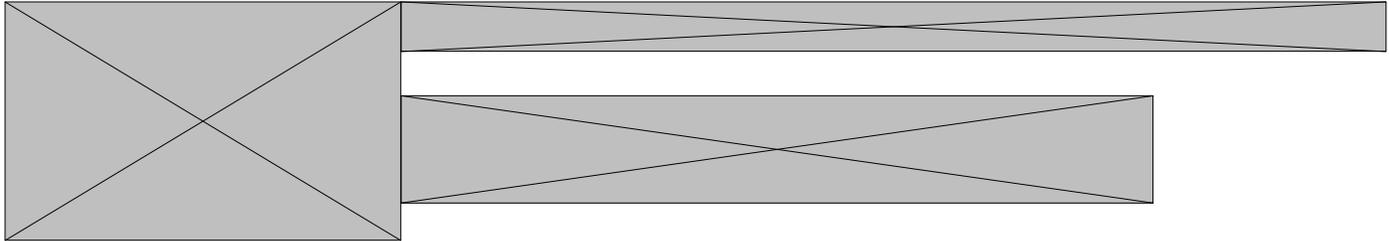
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
'Cause it's good enough for me!

We will worship with the Buddha,
Among gods, there is none cuta,
Comes in silver, brass and pewta,
and it's good enough for me...

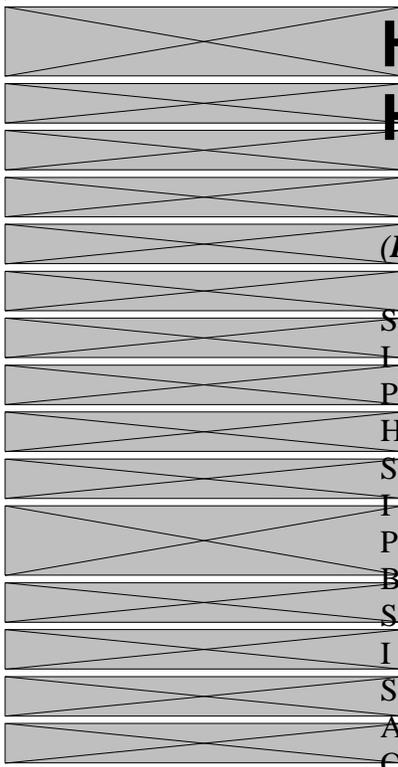
We will worship like the Druids,
Dancing naked in the woods,
Drinking strange fermented fluids,
And it's good enough for me!

We will pray with the Egyptians,
Build pyramids to put our crypts in,
cover our subways with inscriptions ,
and its good enough for me.

In the church of Aphrodite,
The priestess wears a see-through nightie,
She's a mighty righteous sightie,
And she's good enough for me!



Hasher Cadences - Honey Babe

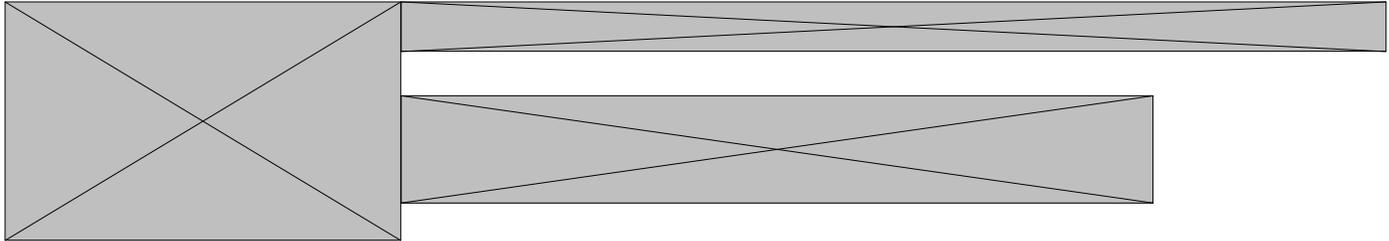


(Done as a cadence to Honey Baby)

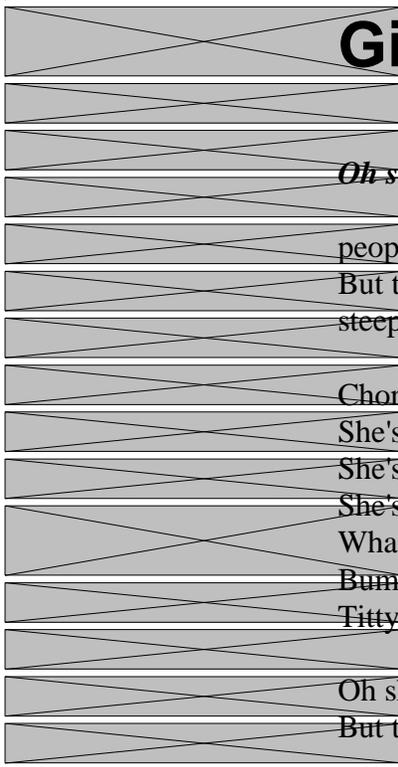
Songmaster:
I know a girl from Arkansas,
Pack:
Honey, honey,
Songmaster:
I know a girl from Arkansas,
Pack:
Babe, babe,
Songmaster:
I know a girl from Arkansas,
She can take you balls and all,
All:
Oh honey, baby, mine.

Chorus
Gimme left tit right tit left.
Gimme left leg right leg left.

(For a more complete list of verses,
use the lines in use those in
"Hasher Cadences - Jerk Off")



Girl From Baltimore



Oh she went to the church just to pray for the
people,
But the funk of her cunt knocked the cross off the
steeple.

Chorus
She's a dirty motherfucker,
She's a rotten whore,
She's the girl from Baltimore
What did the Hasher say?
Bum titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum,
Titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum.

Oh she went to the well just to make a wish,
But the funk of her cunt killed off all the fish.

Oh she went for a ride on her motorcycle,
But the funk of her cunt knocked the chain off the
cycle.

She visited Jakarta on a medical trip,
But the funk of her cunt just continued to drip.
She laid a Wednesday run just for a caper,
Using the funk of her cunt instead of using paper.

She laid it round a . . . late one afternoon,
But the funk of her cunt knocked the star off the
moon.

She took a short cut just to get back quicker,
But the funk of her cunt made the shiggy thicker.

She led them down a cliff just to test their
reaction,

But the funk of her cunt made them lose all their
traction.

They made her sing a song at the end of the day,
But the funk of her cunt made the circle go away.

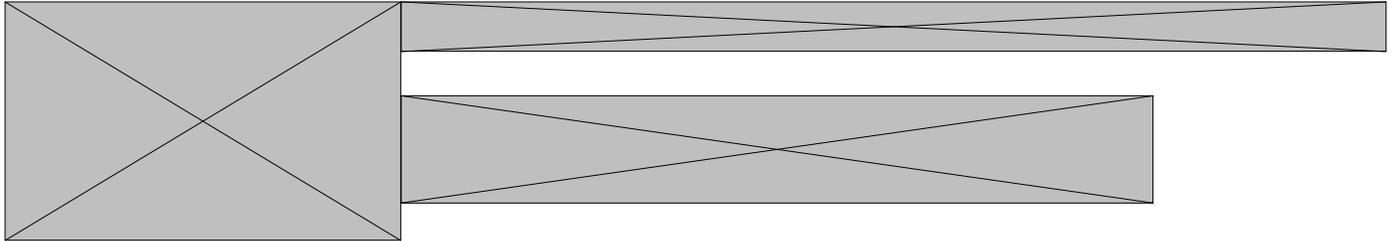
At last she was a leaving and we gave her a mug,
But the funk of her cunt was enough to fill her
jug.

I tried to eat her out, but I was appalled,
Cause the funk from her cunt made me go bald.

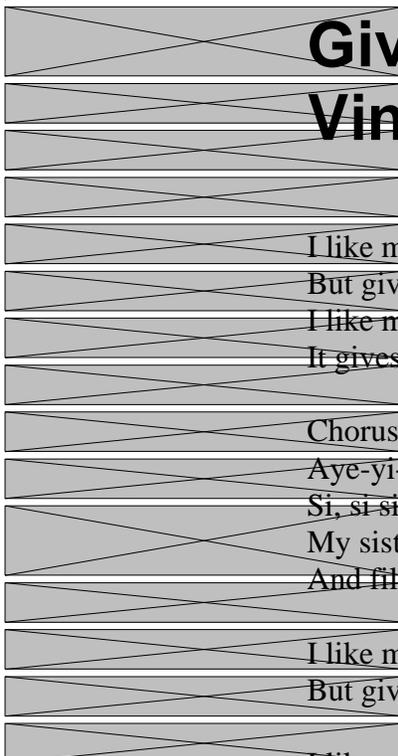
She went to the doctor to get the pill,
But the funk of her cunt made the doctor ill.

Well she went and shaved her beave,
But the funk of her cunt made her boyfriend heave.

Oh she ran down the tracks to shortcut the trail,
But the skunk from her cunt made the train derail.



Give Me That Good Old Vino



I like my gin - it helps me get in,
But give me that good old vino.
I like my vino,
It gives me a schwing supremo.

Chorus
Aye-yi-yi-yi,
Si, si signora.
My sister Belinda she pissed out the window
And filled up my brand new sombrero.

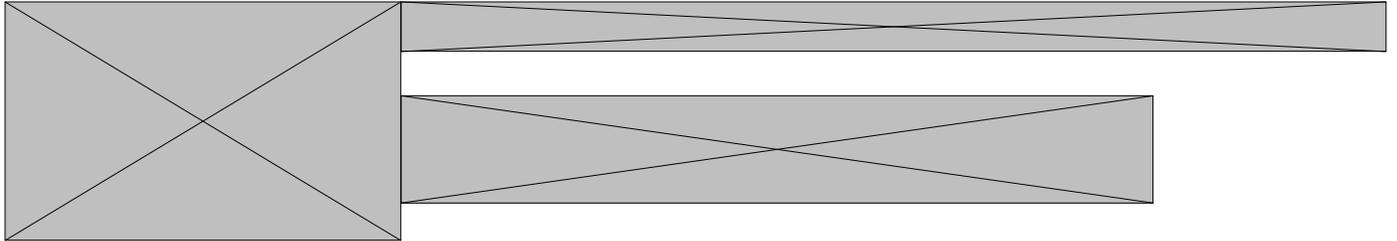
I like my beer - it helps cure gonorrhoea,
But give me that good old vino.

I like my liquor - it makes me cum quicker,
But give me that good old vino.

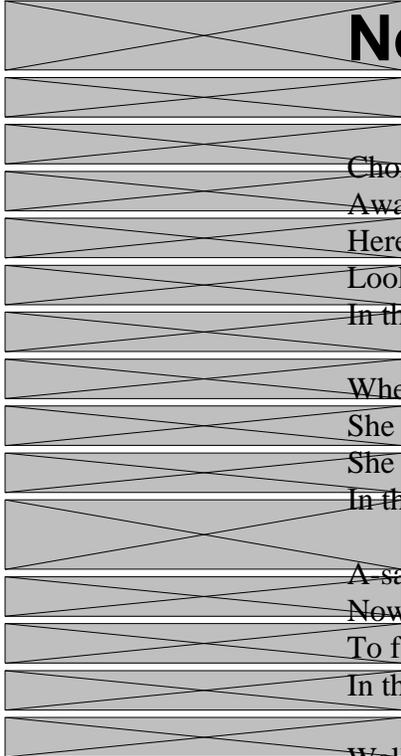
I like my brandy - it makes me feel randy,
But give me that good old vino.

I like my stout - it helps me get out,
But give me that good old vino.

I like my rum - it helps me to cum,
But give me that good old vino.



North Atlantic Squadron



Chorus

Away, away with fife and drum,
Here we come, full of rum.
Looking for women who peddle their bum,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

When we arrived in Montreal,
She spread her legs from wall to wall.
She took the Captain balls and all,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A-sailing up and down the coast,
Now, here's the thing we love the most:
To fuck the girls and drink a toast
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Well, off the coast of Labrador,
We took on board a floating whore,
We fucked here forty times or more,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A-sailing up to Newfoundland,
Each sailor had his prick in his hand.
Oh say, my boys, can you make it stand?
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

And when our ship in drydock,
The whores around us all do flock.
It's every man unfurl your cock,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Frigging on the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
Masturbating on the grating,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Captain's name was Slugger,
He was a dirty bugger,
On any bugger's lugger,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The First Mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball,
But he could shove it to the wall,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Second Mate's name was Andy,
His legs were long and bandy,
And he was pissing in the brandy,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Third Mate's name was Carter,
By God, he was a farter,
On windless days he'd start her,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The crew they were all whiney,
They'd drink up all their winey,
They wanted head but settled for hiney,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

One seaman's name was Morgan,
He was a grisly Gorgon.
All day long he stroked his organ,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Another's name was Wiggun,
By God he had a big 'un.
He whipped for cumming in the riggin',
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Another's name was Slater,
He was a masturbator.
He'd pump his stump and clean it later.
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Captain's wife was Mabel,
Whenever she was able.
She did the crew on the messroom table,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

His mistress was called Charlotte,
Who was born and bred a harlot,
Her long white legs were made scarlet,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Captain's randy daughter,
Was swimming in the water,
Squeeled as eels entered her sexual quarter,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Then there was the Navigator,
He was a fornicator,
After he fuckher ate her,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The cook whose name was Freeman,
He was a dirty demon,
Serving menstrual stew and hymens fried in semen,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Another cook was O'Mally,
He didn't dilly dally,
When he cum he whitewashed half the galley,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Another cook was Herbert,
A gastronomical pervert.
He whacks it off in the sherbet,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Boatswain's name was Lester,
When he was a hymen tester,
He'd leave his dick in to fester,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The engineer was McTavish,
And young girls he did ravish.
He's missing his tool for being lavish,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A homo was the Purser,
He couldn't have been worser,
He asked the crew who said, "Oh, no sir."
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Another one was Cropper,

Oh Christ he had a whopper.
He put it up his bum for a stopper,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The cabin boy was Kipper,
A dirty little nipper,
With glass in ass he circumcised the skipper,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
The whole crew did him over,
They'd ground hound from Canada to Dover,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The ship's cat's name was Kitty,
His hole was black and shitty,
Twat is twat the Captain showed no pity,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

'Twas in the Adriatic,
Where the water's almost static,
The rise and fall of ass and ball was automatic,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

On a trip to Buenos Aires,
We rogered all the fairies.
Got a dose of clap in the Canaries,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

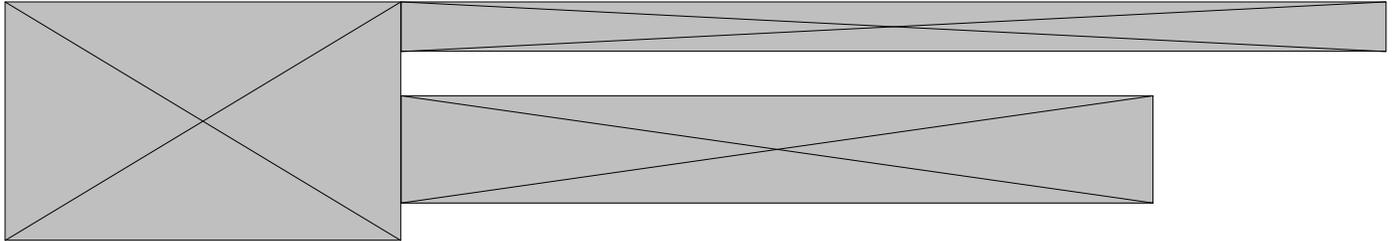
'Twas on the China Station,
To roars of approbation,
We sunk a junk with mutual masturbation,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Captain was elated,
The Crew investigated,
He fell ill and had to be castrated,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

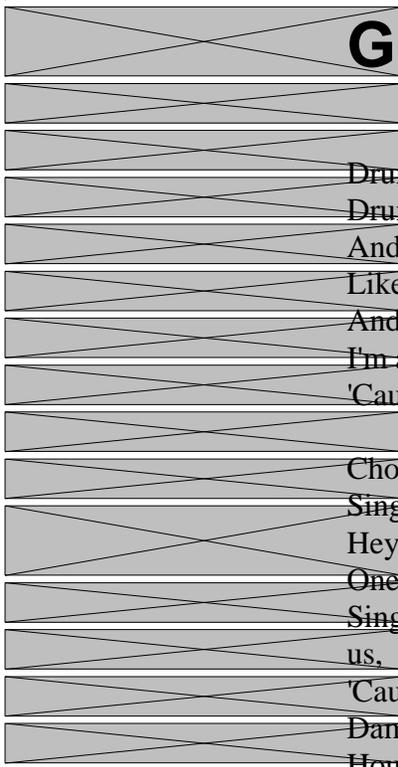
And the ladies of the nation,
Arose in indignation,
Suffed his bum with gum in retaliation,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

So now we end this serial,
Through sheer lack of material,

We wish you luck from diseases venereal,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.



Glorious, Victorious



Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
And I'm gonna get drunk tonight,
Like I've never been drunk before!
And when I'm drunk,
I'm as happy as can be,
'Cause I am a member of the Hash family.

Chorus
Singing Glorious, Victorious!
Hey!!!
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Singing Glory be to God that there are no more of
us,
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone,
Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the Hash
House.

Beer, beer, beer, beer
Beer, beer, beer, beer
Drunk last night
Drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight
Like I've never been drunk before
Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
Cause we're all part of the Hash House family

Oh, the Hash family,
Is the best family,
To ever come over,
From the old country.
There's the High Hash Drunks
There's the Low Hash Drunks
There's the Asian Drunks
And the other damn drunks

Verses:

Tune: She'll be Coming Around the Mountain

There are no serious Hashers,
By the Bay, by the Bay.
There are no serious Hashers,
By the Bay, by the Bay.
'Cause they're all a bunch of queers,
Who get drunk on half a beer,
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay!

There are no serious Hashers in L A.
There are no serious Hashers in L A,
Because the smog blocks out the sun,
And they don't know how to run,
There are no serious Hashers in L A.

There are no serious Hashers in New York
There are no serious Hashers in New York
'cause they talk like Donald Duck
And they don't know how to fuck
There are no serious Hashers in New York
There are no serious Hashers in F L A
There are no serious Hashers in F L A
Because they all wear string bikinis
And the guys have little wienies
There are no serious Hashers in F L A

Oh there are no female Hashers in the Rockies
Oh there are no female Hashers in the Rockies
Cause when they're running through the trees
Their tits hang down to their knees
Oh there are no Female hashers in the Rockies

There are no serious Hashers in the Navy
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy
Because they're all on little boats
Making love to sheep and goats
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy

Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.
Cause they're taking all our money
While they're fucking our sweet honies
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.

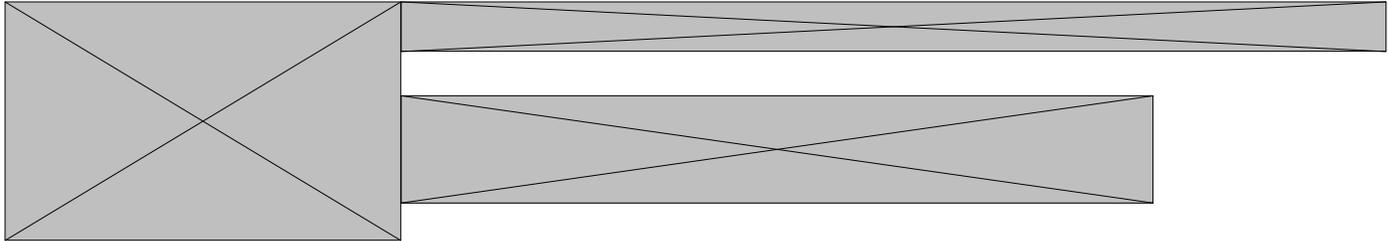
There are no serious Hashers in K Y
There are no serious Hashers in K Y
'Cause they're all a bunch of Hicks
Who are playing with their pricks
There are no serious Hashers in K Y

There are no serious Hashers in Calgary
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary
'cause they'll wade through waist deep snow
Just to give a cow a blow
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary

There are no serious Hashers from the South
There are no serious Hashers from the South
With their necks of crimson red
and their cousins they will wed
It's a sure sign that they are all inbred

There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee
'cause the men all ride on Hogs
and the women howl like dogs
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee

There are no serious hashers in Rumson
There are no serious hashers in Rumson
'cause there's no wimmin at their hashes
for sex they bugger their buddies asses
There are no serious hashers in Rumson



Gomez The Chihuahua

Well, I used to have a doggie and his name was

Little Gomez,

'Cause you see he was a Mexican Chihuahua.

There wasn't much of him, but what there was, was
all cajones.

He was certainly a randy little fella'.

Large dogs, small dogs, it mattered not to him,

The canine equivalent of Errol Flynn.

At the drop of a sombrero he'd jump up and get
stuffed in,

Taking Gomez out for walks, it was embarrassin'.

I remember one day in the park his tally rose by

four,

While in the square, a crowd was amassin'.

Two highly strung French Poodles, a golden
Labrador,

And a Raccoon who just happened to be passin'.

I tried every way to curb his carnal appetite,

I kept him on a leash by day and locked him up at
night.

I even put saltpeter in his doggie Meaty Bites,

But the only thing that might have worked was
kryptonite.

The only thing that might have worked was

kryptonite.

Then came that fateful day, when he tried to
consummate,

A liaison with a Saint Bernard called Broadwin.

And although he was fighting quite well above his
weight,

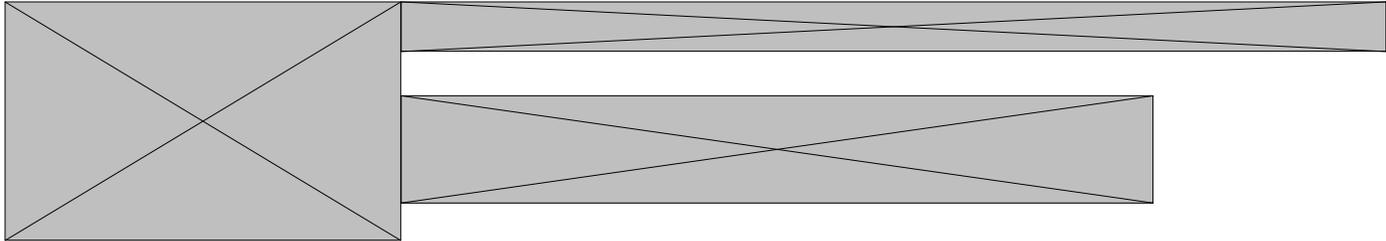
He didn't let this awful prospect daunt him.
He nearly pulled it off, Oh what an acrobat.
Then Broadwin deposed and down she sat.

They say that after making love, you often feel
quite flat
I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.
I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.

I buried Little Gomez in the park, his happy
hunting ground.
A sad but fitting finale.
I had to dig a grave that was shallow, flat and
round,
Cause he looked like a squashed tamale.

But I really miss my wee Chihuahua chum,
So I went down to the pet shop to get another one.
I went in feeling happy, but I came out feeling
glum,
Cause the man down at the pet shop liked corny
puns.
The man down at the pet shop liked corny puns.

And he said, "Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.
We have no Chihuahuas, today.
We have Dalmatians, creations, results from all
flirtations,
A half Pekinese, and a Char-pei.
But, Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.
We have no Chihuahuas, today.



Gonorrhoea

(To: Vilikins and His Dinah)

When I left old Phuket, 'twas just yesterday,
I was given these words by the dear old R.A.,
"Be careful young Hashman, I want you to hear,
Don't go and get pissed up and catch gonorrhoea."

Chorus

Piss off with your troubles,
I don't want to know,
I don't get embarrassed wherever I go,
I like to go whoring and drink lots of beer,
And I never worry about gonorrhoea.

I went down to the river and there on the bank,
I saw an old man who was having a wank,
Disgust I told him it'll make him go blind,
He said, "Son, it's so good I really don't mind."

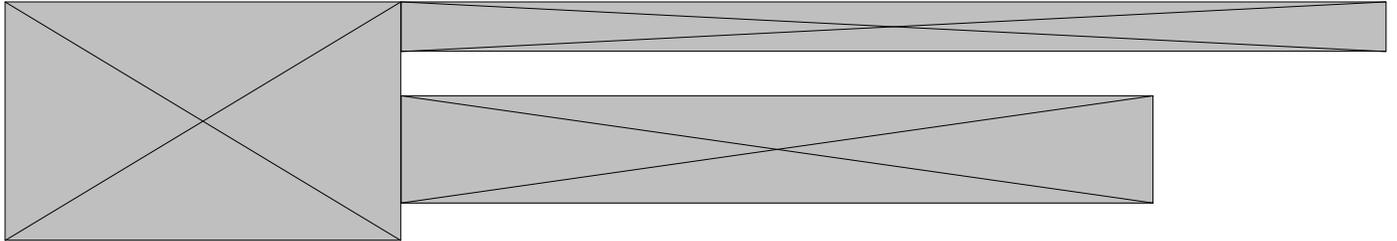
I went round to a friend's house making some
calls,
His old dog was sitting there just licking its
balls,
I said, "That looks nice, I'd like to try that,"
Well, okay, but first give old Fido a pat.

Into the Rock Hard I happened to stroll,
To sit and perv on some lovely young moll,
One sat down beside me, 'twas when I awoke,
For the last twenty minutes I'd been ogling a
bloke.

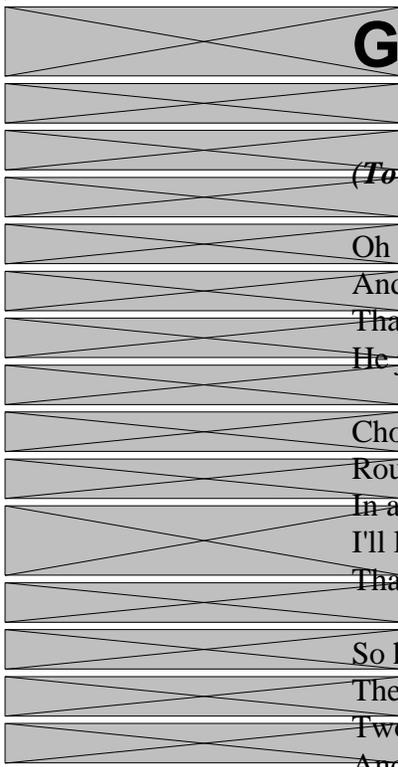
While out in the jungle and running with Hash,
I felt like a blow job and I had some spare cash,
I offered a young lady the sum of ten bucks,

She said, "Wait for the G.M., they say that he
sucks."

Well I finally caught it, and I'll tell you this,
You cannot drink beer, and it hurts you to piss,
I've a little red sore that looks just like a
chancre,
But I'd rather be poked up than like you, you
wanker.



Great Big Wheel



(To: Old Hundred)

Oh a Cowboy told me before he died,
And I've got no reason to think he lied,
That though he tried for most of his life,
He just never could satisfy his wife.

Chorus

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went a rod of steel.
I'll lay you money on a sure-fire bet,
That bloody great wheel is turning yet.

So he mounted up a great big wheel,
There upon a rod of steel,
Two brass chambers a-filled with cream,
And the whole bloody thing was run by steam.

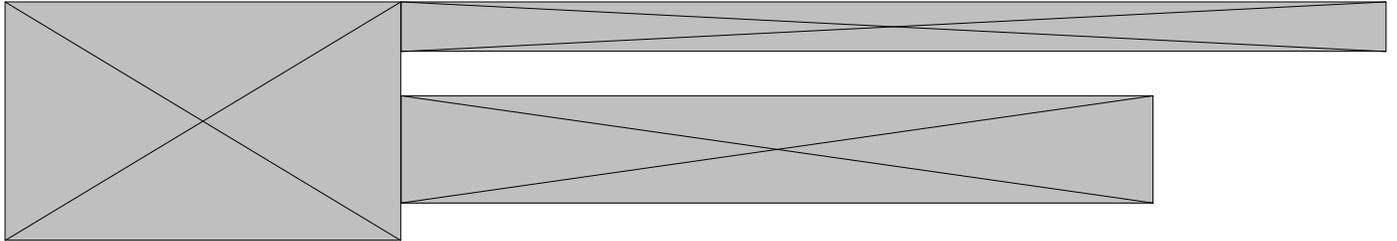
Then he rolled it through the bedroom door,
And the wheel started up with a great big roar.
It rolled to his wife and rolled on top,
And it pumped until she hollered stop.

But the bloody great wheel just rolled on through,
'Till the cowboy's wife was split in two.
Then as if possessed by a monstrous whim,
It turned around and mounted him.

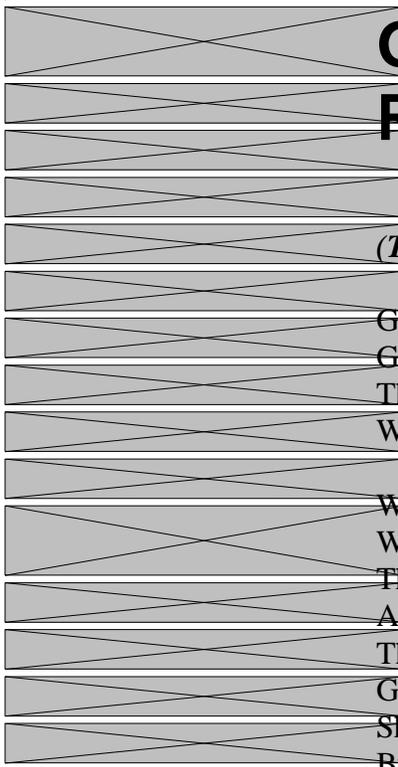
It rolled to the gate and it steamed real fast,
Mounting all the people just a-strolling past,
Covered them all with grease and cream,
'Till it disappeared in a cloud of steam.

So if you ever see a bloody great wheel,
There upon a rod of steel,

Run for the prairie or over the hill,
Unless you're looking for a long-time thrill.
(See also Engineer Song)



Green Grow the Rashes O



(To: Green Grow the Rashes O)

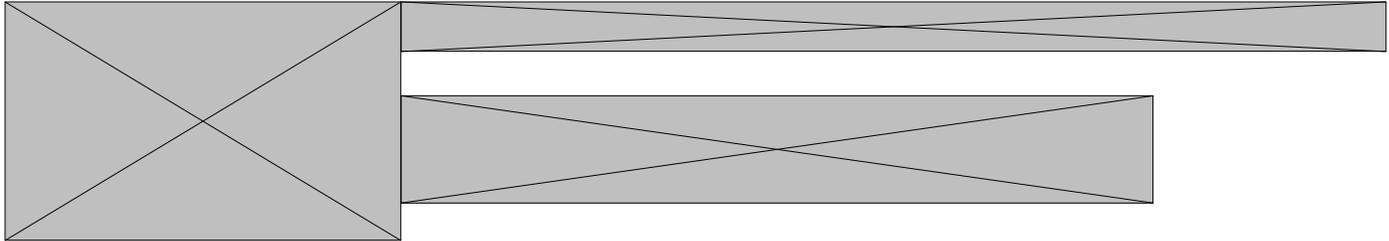
Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O,
The sweetest bed I ever had,
Was the bellies of the lasses O.

We're all full from eating it,
We're all dry from drinking it,
The parson kissed the fiddler's wife,
And couldn't preach for thinking of it.

There's a pious lass in town,
Godly Lizzy Lundy O,
She mounts the peak throughout the week,
But fingers it on Sunday O.

Lizzie is of large dimension,
There is not a doubt of it,
The soccer team went in last night,
And none has yet come out of it.

Jockie's wife she thought she'd shave it,
Threw him in a pretty passion,
Shouting he'd not have a wife,
Whose private parts were out of fashion.



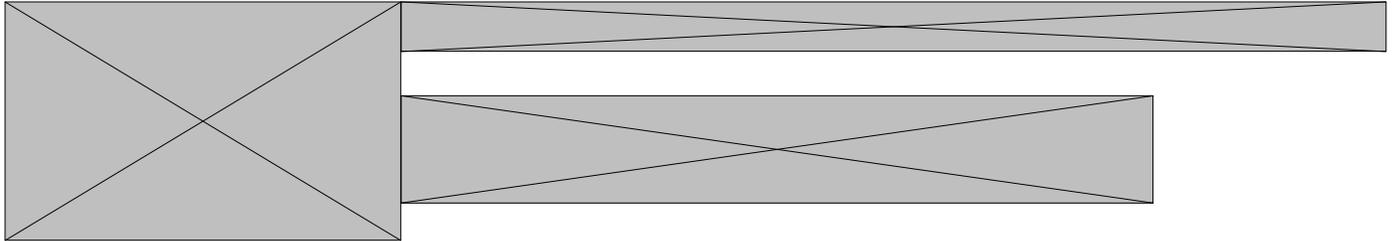
Gunga's Song

(To: Beverly Hillbillies)

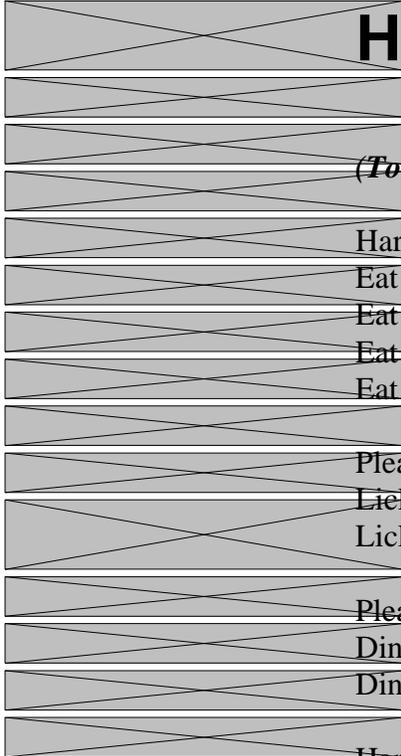
This here's a story about a man named Gunga,
He had no prick, so he had to use his tongue-a.
It was down in Houston at a Hash House Harrier's
run...
A harlot straddled him and said, "Let us have some
fun!"
You know... moustache rides... face smegma...

Well the next thing you know old Gunga's caught in
the act,
The Hash folks said, "You oughtn't be licking
that!"
The pound is the place where she ought to be,
He didn't have a worry, except for V.D.
You know... tongue rot... herpes sores...

Well the moral told here is when you're hashing in
Texas,
You ought to keep your tongue out of other
people's sexes.
They thought they'd honor him for public
cunnilingus,
Now Gunga's called... Gungalingus.



Hasher Chorus



(To: Hallelujah Chorus)

Harriers:

Eat my butt out,
Eat my butt out,
Eat my butt out, Eat my butt out,
Eat my-y butt out.

Please lick my sweaty cojones,
Lick my smegma, lick my smegma,
Lick my smegma, lick my smegma!

Please eat my crusty brown asshole,
Dinkleberries, for the fairies,
Dinkleberries, for the fairies!

Harriettes:

Eat my pussy,
Eat my pussy,
Eat my pussy, Eat my pussy,
Eat my-y pussy.

Please lick my lovely clitoris,
It's so juicy, it's so juicy,
It's so juicy, it's so juicy!

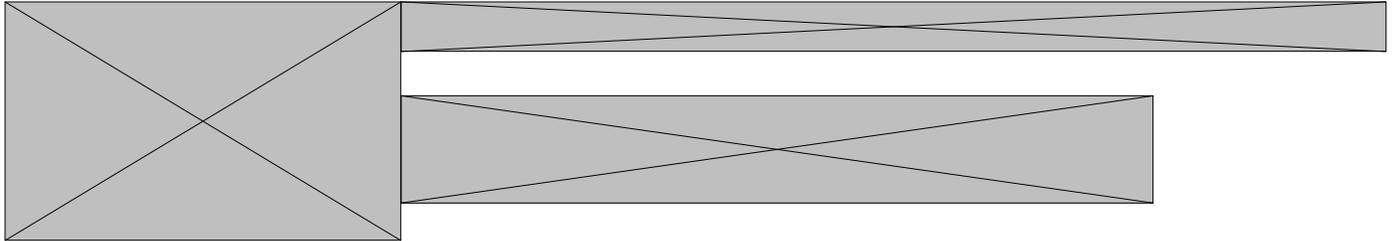
Please lick my tight little anus,
It's so mushy, it's so mushy,
It's so mushy, it's so mushy!

All:
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Halle-e-lujah.

Let's circle up now and have the Down-Downs,
Where's the be-er,
Where's the be-er,
Where's the be-er,
Where's the be-er?

Hares in the circle for a Down-Down,
Drown the ha-ares,
Drown the ha-ares,
Drown the ha-ares,
Drown the ha-ares!

Hal-le-lu-jah..!



Hallelujah, I'm A Bum

Oh, why don't you work like other men do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work to
do?

Chorus
Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
Hallelujah, bum again.
Hallelujah, give us a handout,
To revive us again.

Springtime is here and I'm just out of jail,
The whole winter in without any tail.

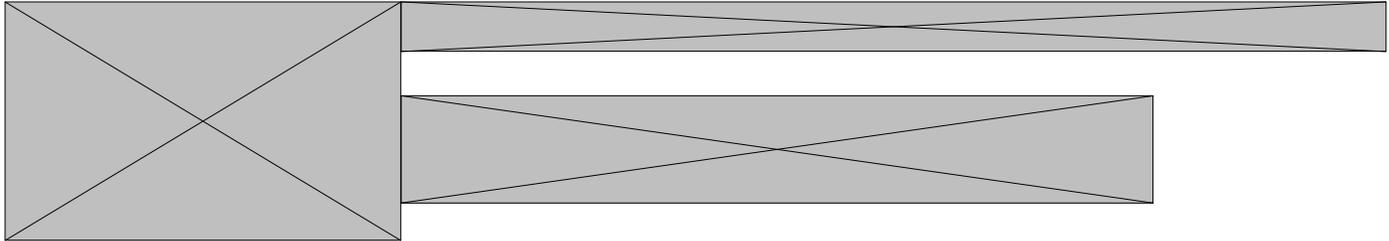
I went to a house and I knocked on the door,
My cock sticking straight out, my balls on the
floor.

I asked for a piece of bread and some food,
The lady said, "Bum, you will eat when I'm
screwed."

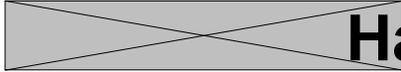
When I left that lady, my cock it was sore,
My belly was full, her ass it was tore.

I went to another and I asked her for bread,
She emptied the pee-pot all over my head.

Be happy and glad for the springtime has come,
We'll throw down our shovels and go on the bum.



Handsome Hasher



(To: Pretty Woman)



Handsome Hasher, running down the street,



Handsome Hasher, the kind I like to meet,



Handsome Hasher, I don't believe you, you're not true,



No one could be hung like you.



Handsome Hasher, won't you pardon me,



Handsome Hasher, I couldn't help but see,



Handsome hasher, you look horny, I can see,



Are you horny just like me?



Handsome Hasher, stop a while,



Handsome Hasher, talk a while,



Handsome Hasher, give your cock to me,

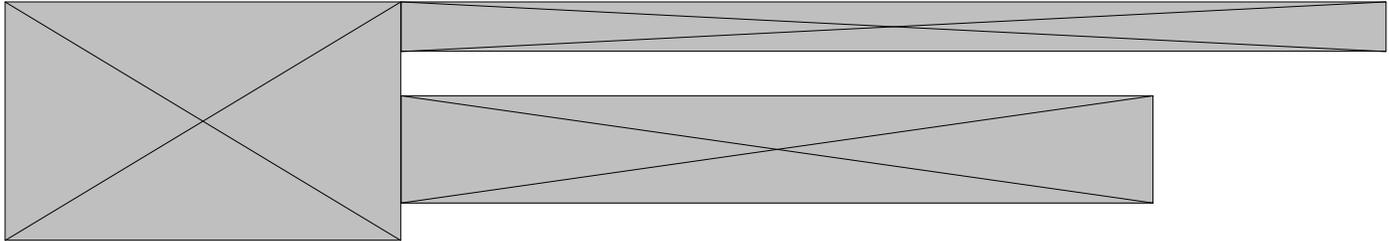
Handsome Hasher, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Handsome Hasher, say you'll cum,
Handsome Hasher, say you'll cum on me,
Cause I need you, I'll treat you right,
Cum on me baby, be mine tonight.

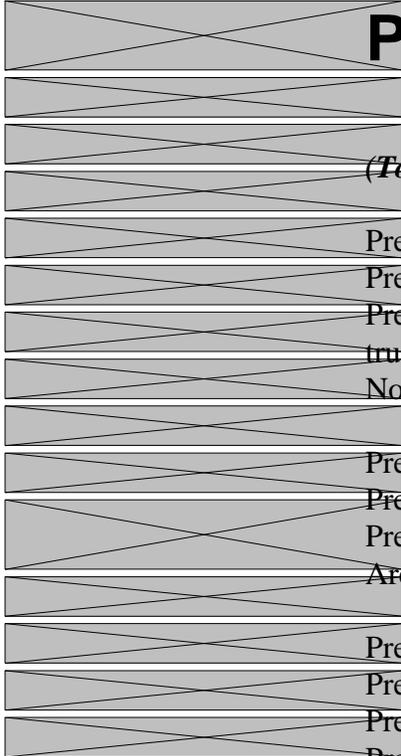
Handsome Hasher, don't run on by,
Handsome Hasher, don't make me cry,
Handsome Hasher, don't run away.

OK, if that's the way it must be,
OK, I guess I'll go home and masturbate,
There'll be tomorrow night, I'll wait.

What do I see?
Is he jogging back to me?
Yes, he's jogging back to me,
Oh, oh, handsome Hasher.



Pretty Hasher



(To: Pretty Woman)

Pretty Hasher, running down the street,
Pretty Hasher, the kind I like to meet,
Pretty Hasher, I don't believe you, you're not
true,
No one could have tits like you.

Pretty Hasher, won't you pardon me,
Pretty Hasher, I couldn't help but see,
Pretty Hasher, you look horny, I can see,
Are you horny just like me?

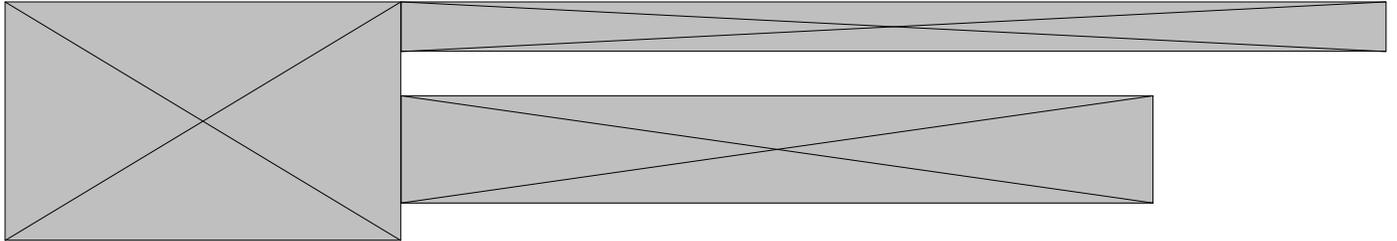
Pretty Hasher, stop a while,
Pretty Hasher, talk a while,
Pretty Hasher, give your cunt to me,
Pretty Hasher, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Pretty Hasher, say you'll cum,
Pretty Hasher, say you'll cum with me,
'Cause I need you, I'll treat you right,
Cum with me baby, climax tonight.

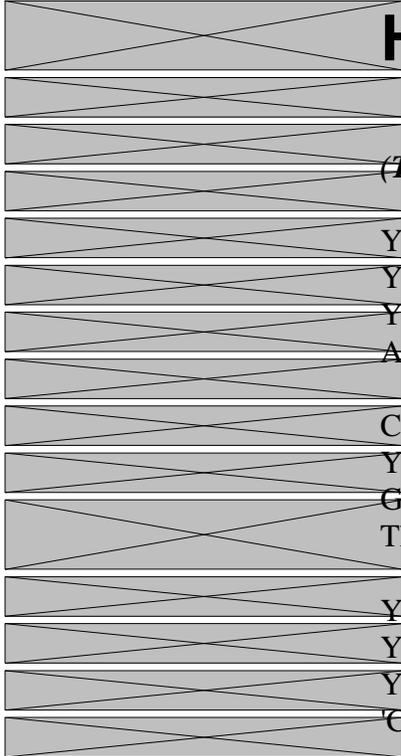
Pretty Hasher, don't run on by,
Pretty Hasher, don't make me cry,
Pretty Hasher, don't run away.

OK, if that's the way it must be,
OK, I guess I'll go home and masturbate,
There'll be tomorrow night, I'll wait.

What do I see?
Is she jogging back to me?
Yes, she's jogging back to me,
Oh, oh, pretty Hasher.



Hanky Panky



(To: Hokey Pokey)

You give the right eye wink,
You give the left eye wink,
You give the "come here" wink,
And he buys us both a drink.

Chorus

You do the hanky panky,
Get his trousers down,
That's what it's all about.

You do the top lip lick,
You do the bottom lip lick,
You give a little giggle,
'Cause he thinks you'll lick his prick.

You put your right tit out,
You put your left tit out,
Nipples getting harder,
So you shake them all about.

You put your right cheek out,
You put your left cheek out,
You give a little wobble,
Watch his eyes pop out.

You put your right leg out,
You put your left leg out,
Spread them at the knees,
So he can see what it's about.

You put the right hip out,
You put the left hip out,
Grab him by the ballocks,

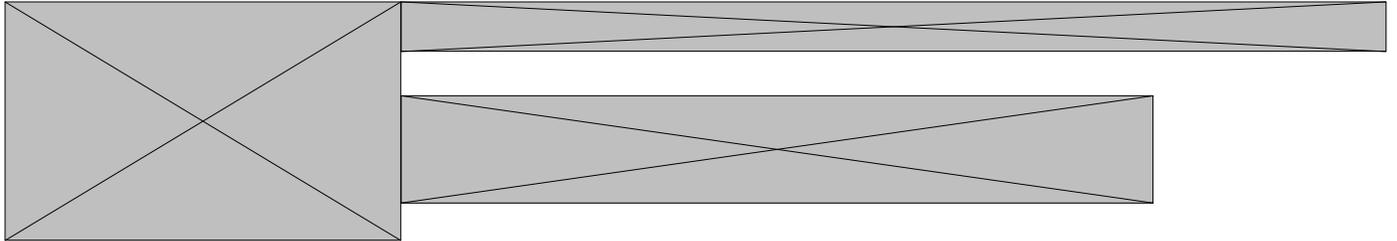
And you squeeze until he spouts.

You put your pelvis in,
You put your pelvis out,
Go a little faster,
And you grind it all about.

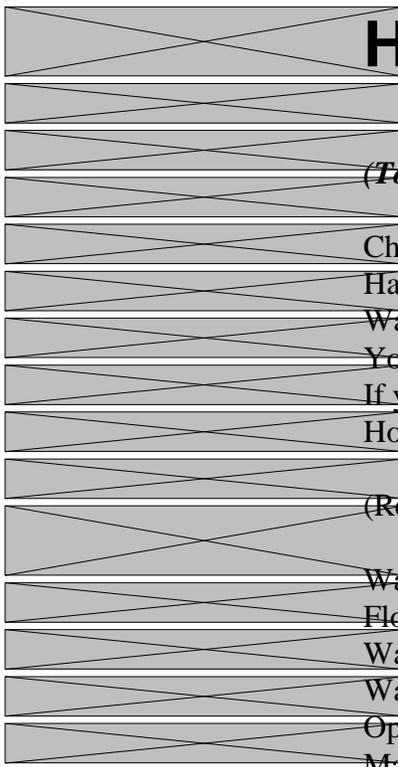
You give the right ear groan,
You give the left ear groan,
Grind a little faster,
'Cause he's going to drop his load.

You give a right cheek kiss,
You give a left cheek kiss,
Hate to be a liar,
But you tell him it was bliss.

We've done the hanky panky,
Got his trousers down,
So fuck off!



Happy Wank Song



(To: Happy Talk (from South Pacific))

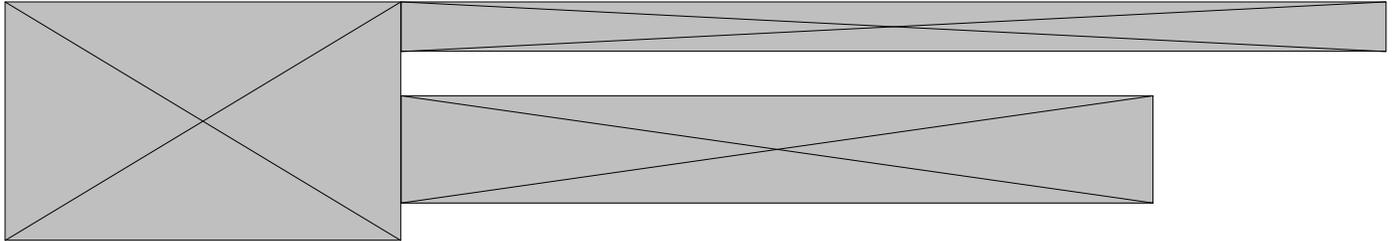
Chorus

Happy wank, keep talking happy wank,
Wanking is what you'd like to do.
You gotta have wet dreams.

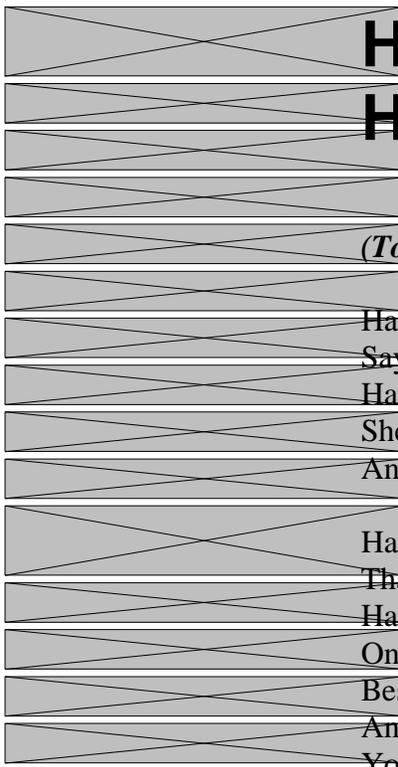
If you don't have wet dreams,
How you gonna make wet dreams come true?

(Repeat Chorus)

Wanking to the moon,
Floatin' in de sky,
Wankin' 'til your cummin' like a lake.
Wankin' with your flute,
Open up your fly,
Makin' all de mu-sic it can make.
Do chorus once more



Harriette The Tattooed Hasher



(To: Lydia the Tattooed Lady)

Harriette, oh Harriette,
Say have you met Harriette?
Harriette the tattooed hasher,
She eyes that harriers adore so,
And a torso even more so.

Harriette, oh Harriette,
That sexy little vignette.
Harriette the erotic queen of tattoo,
On one tit is a mural of Adam's first screw.
Beside it a drawing of Eve's blow-job too,
And right above is her price list in blue.
You can get your rocks off with Harriette.

Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum.

She can give you a view of sex in tattoo,
If you step up and tell her what.
For only a buck you can see doggies fuck,
Or sixty-nine different kinds of twat.

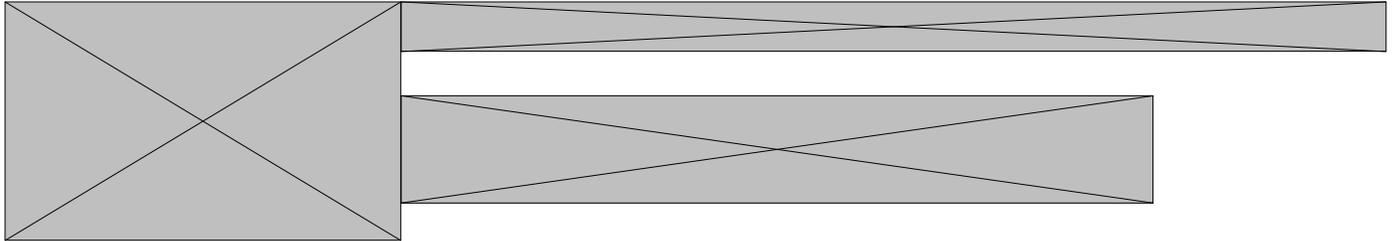
Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum.

Harriette, oh Harriette,
Harriette, the tattooed hasher.
When her muscles start aflexin',
All the tattoos get an erection.

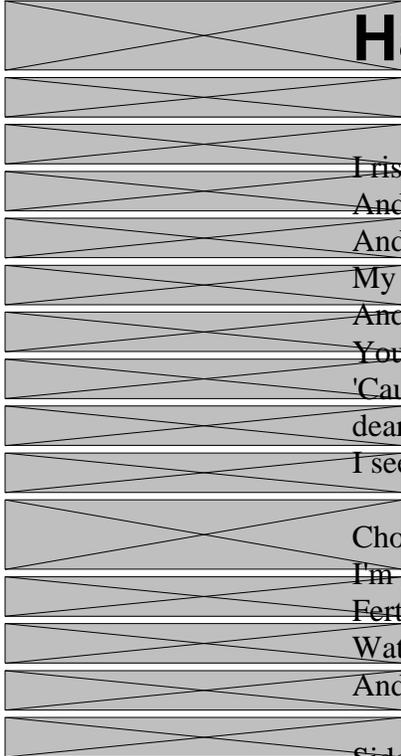
Harriette, oh Harriette,
Harriette the harlot we love.
She once swept our GM clear off his feet,

The design on her behind made his heart skip a
beat.

And now a tiny bastard sucks at her teat,
For he went and fucked our Harriette.



Harvest of Love

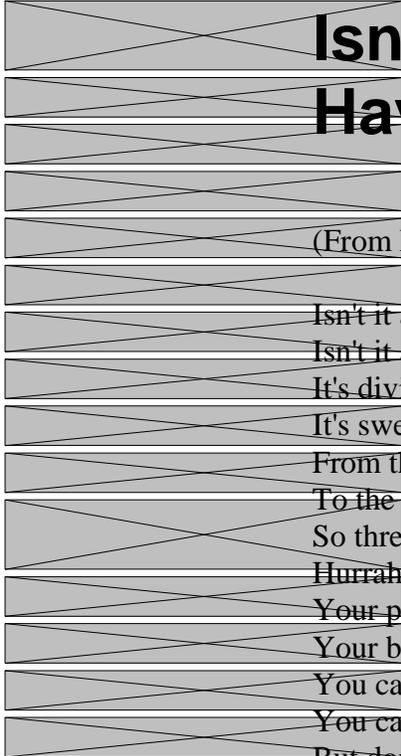
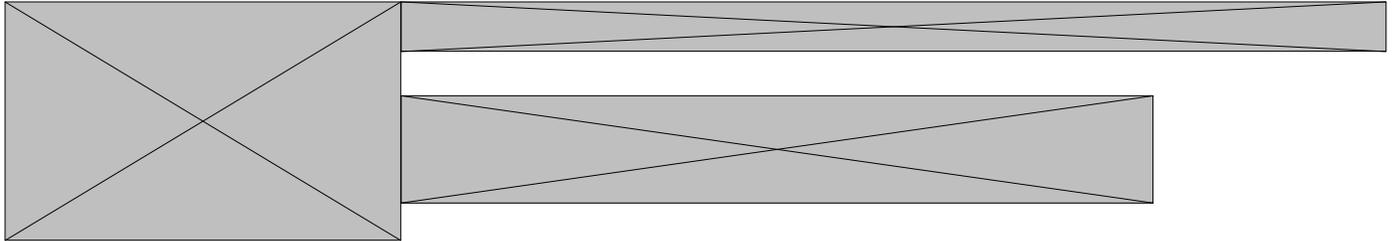


I rise at six and I feed the chicks,
And I'm feeling lonesome and blue,
And when I milk the cow it seems somehow,
My thoughts keep straying to you,
And as the horse and I plow the fields nearby,
Your mem'ry I can't erase,
'Cause when I walk at the rear of the horse, my
dear,
I seem to see your face.

Chorus

I'm gonna sow the seeds of deep devotion,
Fertilize it with emotion,
Water it with warm desire,
And then I'll reap the harvest of love.

Side by side we'll take a ride,
In my horse and buggy one day,
Down lover's lane I'll turn the reins,
And my horse will run out of hay,
And I will kiss those lips, those tempting lips,
The only one that can thrill me,
And we will frolic at night in the pale moonlight,
If the wife ever finds out she'll kill me.

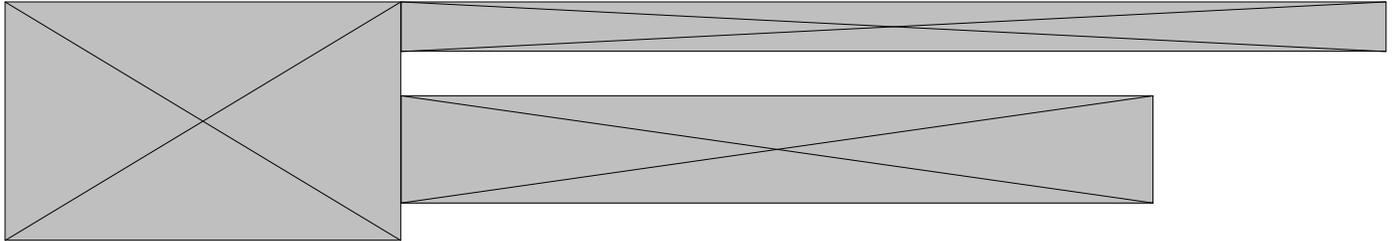


Isn't it Awfully Nice to Have a Penis?

(From Monty Python)

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis,
Isn't it awfully nice to have a dong?
It's divine to own a stiffy,
It's swell to own a dick,
From the tiniest little tadger,
To the world's biggest prick.
So three cheers for your Willie or John Thomas,
Hurrah for your one-eyed trouser snake,
Your piece of pork, your girl's best friend,
Your big knob or your cock.
You can wrap it up in ribbons,
You can stick it in a sock,
But don't take it out in public,
Or they'll stick you in the dock,
And you won't come back.

(Spoken:)
Thank you very much.



It's the Same the Whole World Over

She was just a poor man's daughter,
Victim of the rich man's whim,
For he fucked her and he left her,
With a sore and bleeding quim.

Chorus

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that get the blame,
It's the rich that get the pleasure,
Ain't it all a bloody shame.

Oh, she went up to the city,
For to hide her bleeding shame,
But a Labour leader (the landlord) up and fucked
her,
Put her on the street again.

See him in the House of Commons,
Passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil,
Walks the streets at night in shame.

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his whoring,
Drinks her gin inside a pub.

See him riding in his carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage,
While she wrings her ringless hands.

See him at the fine theater,

In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing snowballs at the moon,
She said, "sir, I've never had it,"
But she spoke too fucking soon.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
Picking blackheads from her crotch,
She said, "Sir, I've never had it,"
He said, "No, not fucking much."

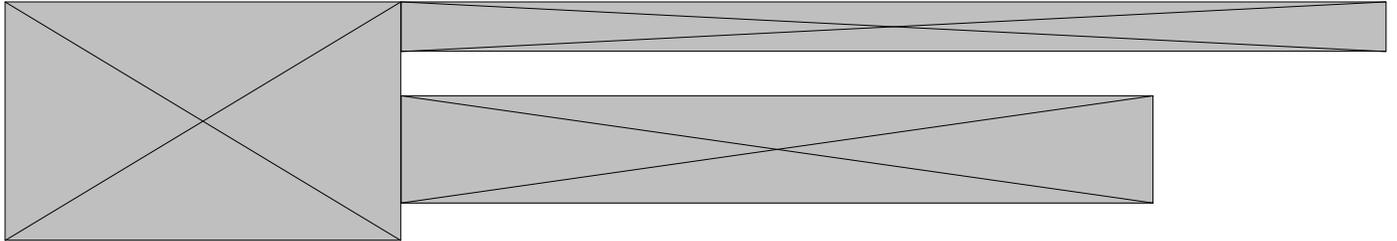
See her standing in Picadilly,
Offering her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined,
It was all because of him.

See him seated in his carriage.
Riding homeward from the hunt,
He got riches from his marriage,
She got sores upon her cunt.

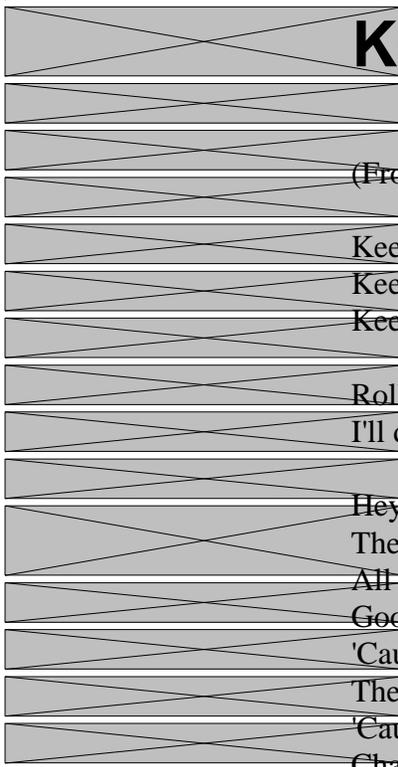
Standing on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing cunt-rags at the moon,
First a scream, a splash, Oh goodness!
Has she done a fucking swoon?

When they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrung,
And they thought that she had drowned,
Till her corpse got up and sung.

Then there came a wealthy pimp,
Marriage was the tale he told,
She had no one else to take her,
So she sold her soul for gold.



Keep It Greasy



(From Frank Zappa)

Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,

Roll it over 'n' grease it down.
I'll drive you through the heart of town.

Hey, all the good women, they sure has it tough,
The good men, well there ain't enough,
All the good girls are lookin' all the time,
Good men is something that they can't find.
'Cause if they find one miraculously,
They try to be as lovin' as they can be,
'Cause if they find one and let him go,
Chances are they might not ever find one no mo'.

Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,

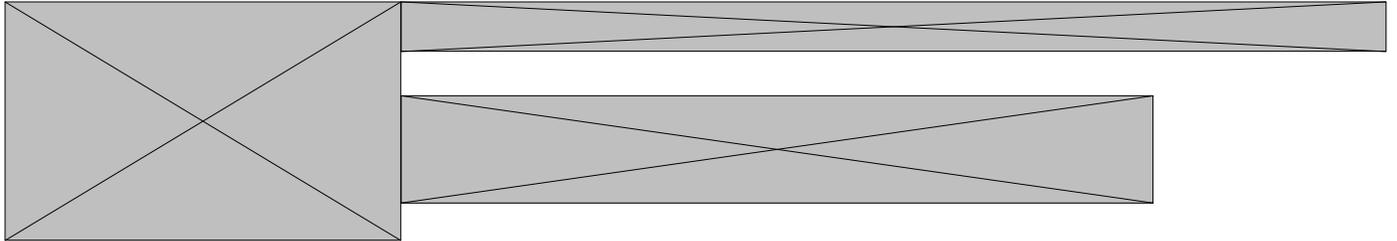
Roll it over 'n' grease it down.
I'll drive you through the heart of town.

A good lovin' man is hardest to find,
A good woman needs to ease her mind,
And I know a few that need to ease it behind,
'N' everything is fine.

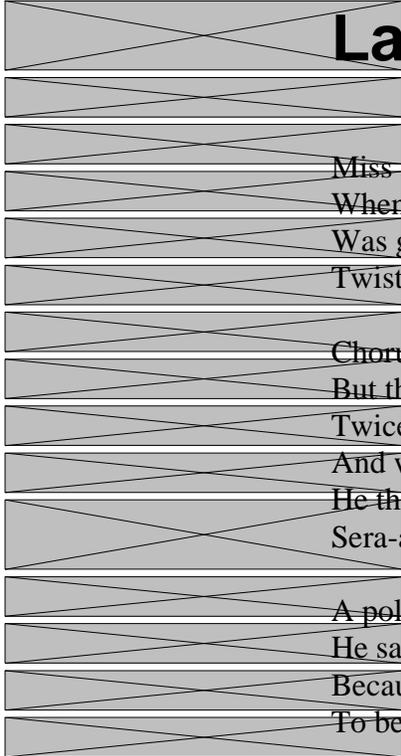
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,

Roll it over 'n' grease it down.

I'll drive you through the heart of town.
A girl don't need,
No fancy grease,
To get herself,
Some rump release,
Any kind,
Of lube'll do,
Maybe from another,
Part of you,
Lube from the North,
Lube from the South,
Take a little slobber,
From the side of your mouth,
Roll it over,
Grease it down,
Here come that crazy,
Screamin' sound.



Large Balls



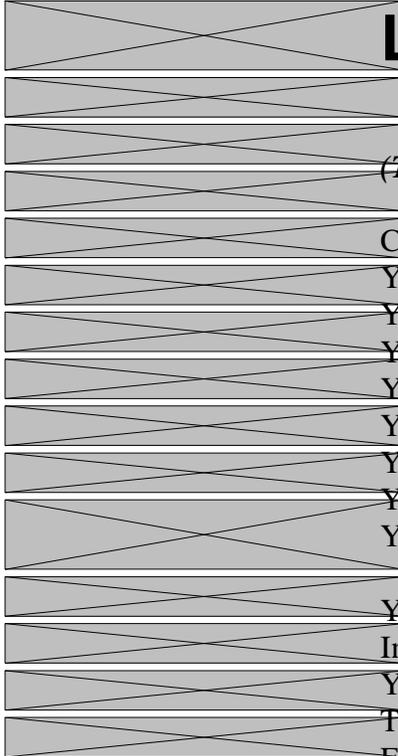
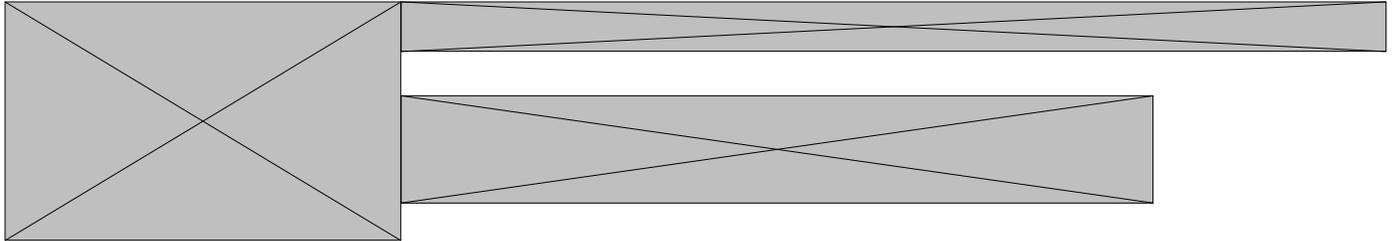
Miss Jones was walking down the street,
When a young fellow she happened to meet,
Was giving the girls a hell of a treat,
Twisting and turning his balls.

Chorus
But they were large balls, large balls,
Twice as heavy as lead, cha, cha;
And with two twists of his muscular wrists,
He threw them right over his head.
Sera-aboom, sera-a-boom, sera-a-boom boom boom.

A policeman to the scene was called,
He said, "A lesson'll have to be taught,
Because it's certain that no one ought,
To be twisting and turning his balls."

The prisoner standing in the dock,
He gave the judge a hell of a shock,
Insisting on showing the jury his cock,
And twisting and turning his balls.

The judge he said, "The case is clear,
The fine will be a pint of beer,
For any young bugger that cums in here,
Twisting and turning his balls."



Leaver's Song

(To: Annie's Song)

Chorus

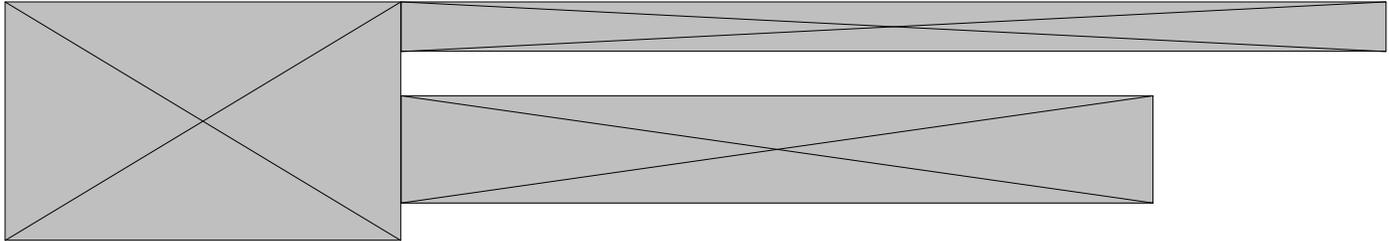
You're leaving Jakarta,
You silly old farter,
Your best days are over,
You're ready to go,
Your wrinkles are showing,
Your beer belly is growing,
Your semen's stopped flowing,
You're all clapped out now.

You abandoned your wife,
In favor of night life,
You screwed till the morning,
Then came back for more,
Even your maid was willing,
To sample your drilling,
But now your bit's broken,
They've shown you to the door.

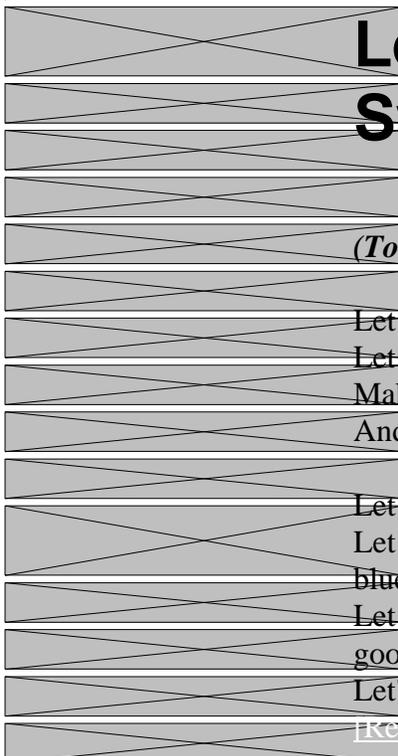
We marvel to witness,
Your standard of fitness,
You suffered no ailments,
Not even a cough,
But from self-abuse,
And living so loose,
Your extremity's withered,
And your balls have dropped off.

You came full of purpose,
But now you are surplus,
You were full of ideas,
You were at the forefront,
Now your skills are outdated,

Your job's automated,
You're now on the scrap heap,
You stupid old cunt.



Let Me Ball You Sweetheart



(To: Let Me Call You Sweetheart)

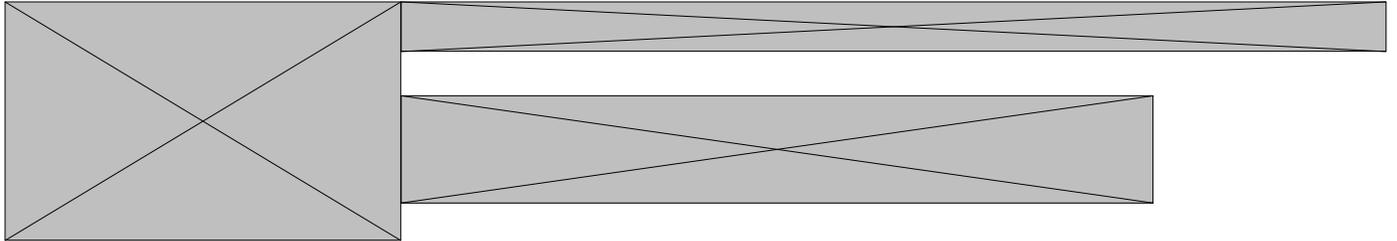
Let me ball you sweetheart; I'm in bed with you,
Let me hear you whisper that it's time to screw.
Make your body wiggle in the same old way,
And I'll be back to see you on my next pay day.

Let me call you sweetheart; I'm in bed with you,
Let me pinch your boobies till they're black and
blue.

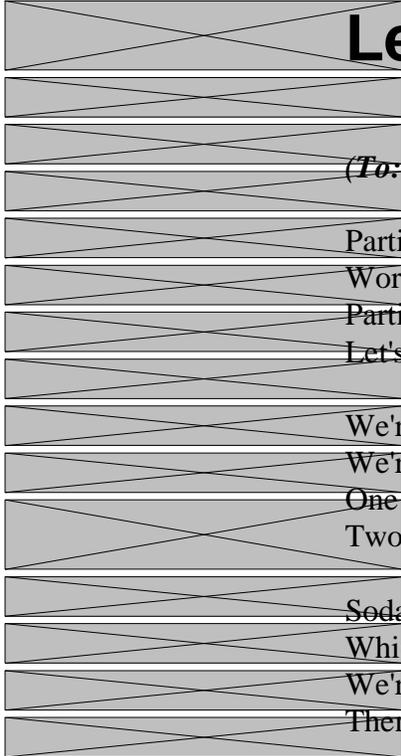
Let me stroke your vulva till it's filled with
goo,

Let's play hide the weenie up your old wazoo.

IKC



Let's Have a Party



(To: Money Makes the World Go Round)

Parties make the world go 'round,
World go 'round, world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
Let's have a party!

We're going to tear down the bar (Boo)
We're going to build a new bar ('ray)
One inch deep (Boo)
Two miles long ('ray)

Soda's going to be five dollars a glass (Boo)
Whiskey's free ('ray)
We're going to dump all the beer in the pool (Boo)
Then we're all going swimmin' ('ray)

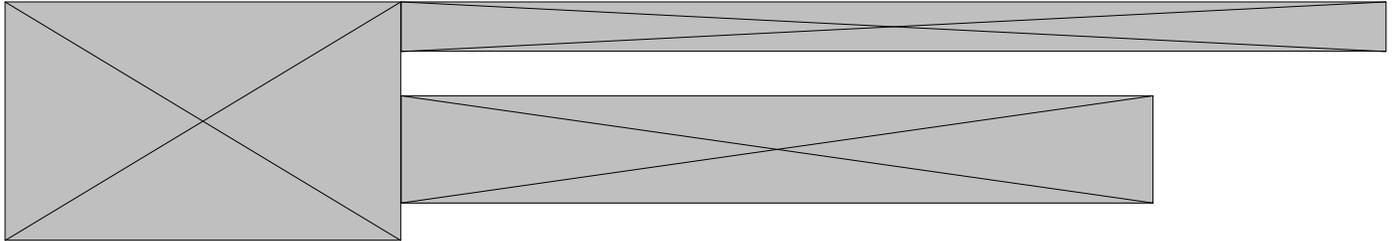
They'll be no bartenders at our bar (Boo)
Barmaids ('ray)
In long dresses (Boo)
Made of cellophane ('ray)

You can't take our girls to your rooms (Boo)
Our girls take you to their rooms ('ray)
But you can't sleep with our girls (Boo)
Our girls won't let you sleep ('ray)

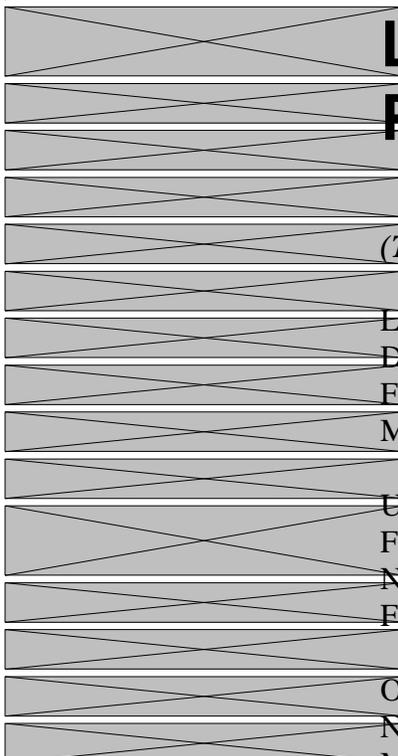
There will be no fuckin' on the dancin' floor
(Boo)
And there'll be no dancin' on the fuckin' floor
(ray)

Parties make the world go 'round,
World go 'round, world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,

Let's have a party!



Life Presents a Dismal Picture



(To: Deutschland Uber Alles)

Life presents a dismal picture,
Dark and dreary as the tomb,
Father's got urethral stricture,
Mother's got a prolapsed womb.

Uncle James has been deported,
For a homosexual crime,
Nell, our maid, has just aborted,
For the forty-second time.

Ours is not a happy household,
No-one laughs or even smiles,
Mine's a dismal occupation,
Crushing ice for grampa's piles.

Jane the under-housemaid vomits,
Every morning just at eight,
To the horror of the butler,
Who's the author of her fate.

Auntie Kate has diarrhea,
Shits ten times more than she ought,
Stand all day beside the rear,
Lest she should be taken short.

Grandpa, lurking in the woodshed,
Found a fetus in a case,
Father Pryke says it is murder,
Of sister Annie there's no trace.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre,

Caught from Uncle Henry's wife,
May's in bed with menstruation,
Auntie's at the change of life.

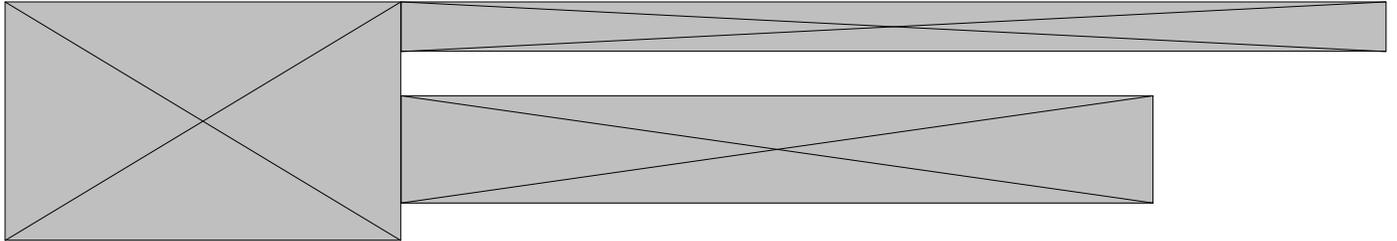
Mabel's husband's now in prison,
For a childish prank of mine,
Pinching things that wasn't his'n,
Women's scanties off a line.

Dad's a man who likes the bestial,
Incest is my mother's fun,
So the whole four sleep together,
Father, mother, horse, and son.

Anal-oral trends disgust me,
Though pronounced in Tiny Tim,
For I much prefer fellatio,
He sucks me and I suck him.

Little Jim keeps masturbating,
Though we tell him it's a sin,
Uncle Dave's the Kingsgrove slasher,
Uncle Henry dobbed him in.

Still we must not be down-hearted,
We must not be put about,
Cousin Susie has just farted,
Turned her asshole inside out!



Lionhunt Song

(The Songmaster calls the pack to

follow with an exaggerated stomping march in a circle, with the Songmaster saying the lines and the pack repeating as in a cadence.)

Chorus

We are all going on a lionhunt.
(Pack repeats each line, marching)

We're not scared.
(Stomping to the cadence)

We've got guns.
(Forms rifle with arms in front)

And bullets two.
(Hold fingers up as if holding bullets)

Came to the mountain.
(Hold arms above head, finger tips together forming a mountain)
Couldn't go around it.
(circle one arm around the other still pointing upward)
Wouldn't climb over it.
(Put same hand in motion as if going over the other hand)
Had to dig under it.
(Make digging gesture)

Came to the ocean.
(Hold arms out wiggling fingers like waves)
Couldn't go around it.
(circle one arm around the other still making waves)
Wouldn't climb over it.

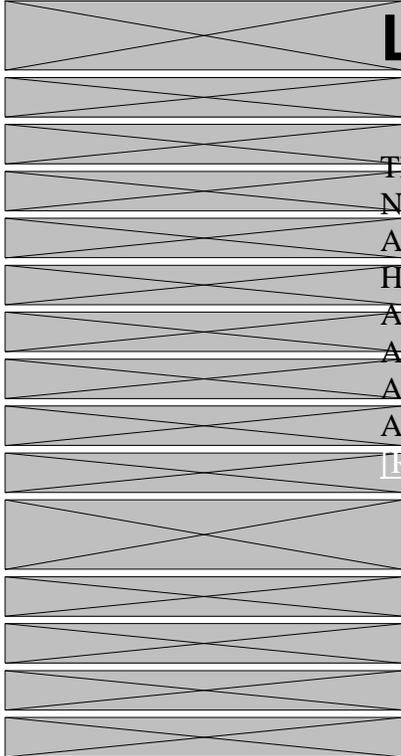
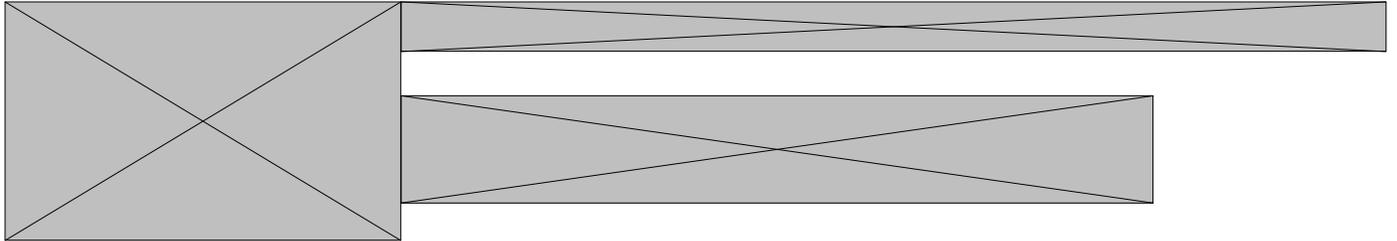
(Put same hand in motion as
if going over the other hand)
Had to swim through it.
(Make swimming gesture)

Came to the jungle.
(Make gesture as if moving away
heavy foilage with both hands)
Couldn't go around it.
(Continue gesture as above)
Wouldn't climb over it.
(Make climbing gesture)
Had to cut through it.
(Make machete chopping motions)

Came to the desert.
(Make searching gesture with
hand over eyes.)
Couldn't go around it.
(Look thirsty grabbing throat.)
Wouldn't climb over it.
(Cough and show thirst.)
Had to fly over it.
(Make flapping motions with arms)

Came to a woman.
(Pack stops, with hands on hips)
Wouldn't go around her.
(Continue standing still)
Wouldn't jump over her.
(Make basketball jump shot gesture)
Wouldn't crawl under her.
(Bend over and look through the
legs of the person in front.)
Had to fuck through her.
(Make hip thrusting motions)

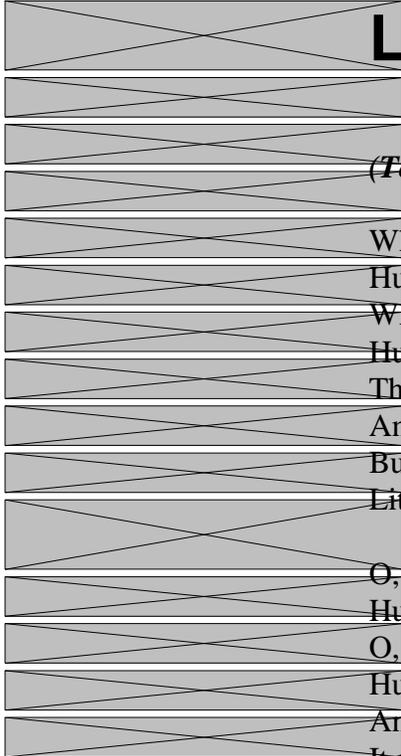
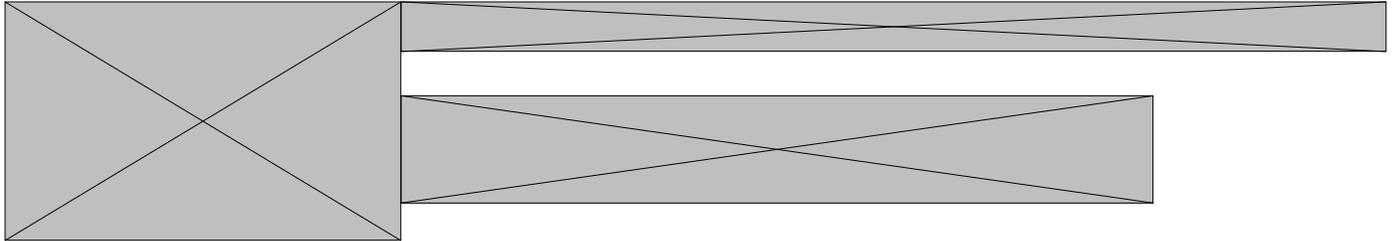
Came to the lion.
(Each pack member screams loudly and runs
in all directions. This is particularly
fun when observing first time participants
look dumbfounded at the rest of the pack
leaving the area.)



Little Bird

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd,
And he sat upon a telegraph pole.
He stuck out his little neck,
And he shat about a peck,
As he puckered up his little asshole.
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole.

1



Little Bit Off the Top

(To: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

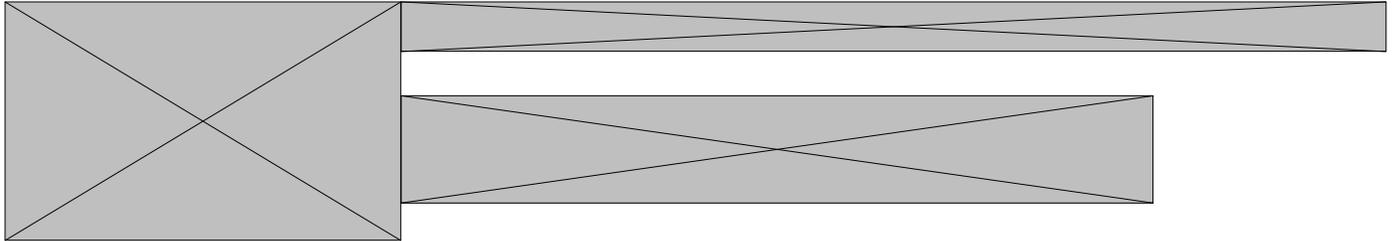
When I was eight days old my boys,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
When I was eight days old my boys,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The Rabbi came with a big sharp knife,
And I surely thought he would take my life,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

O, that is what they call a bris,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
O, that is what they call a bris,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
And if the Rabbi doesn't miss,
It makes for a more interesting piss,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

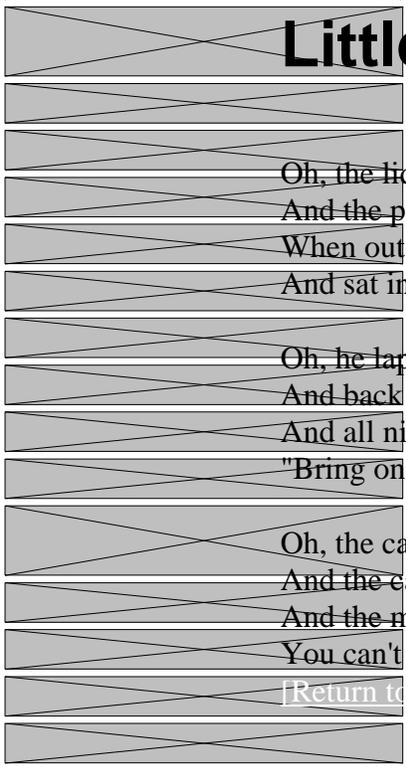
The Rabbi, he is called a moyl,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The Rabbi, he is called a moyl,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
And over me he sure did toil,
I thought I would end up a goil,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

O, circumcision is all right,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
O, circumcision is all right,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
But every morning and every night,
You aim to the left and pee to the right,

But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.



Little Brown Mouse

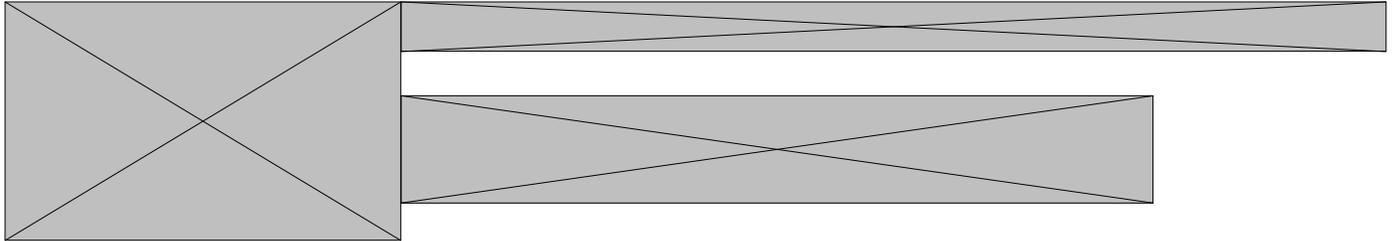


Oh, the liquor was spilled on the barroom floor,
And the place was closed for the night,
When out from his hole crept a little brown mouse,
And sat in the pale moonlight.

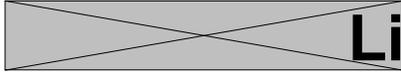
Oh, he lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor,
And back on his haunches he sat,
And all night long you could hear him roar,
"Bring on the goddamned cat!"

Oh, the cat came out and they had a little spat,
And the cat ate up on the mouse,
And the moral of the story is,
You can't drink liquor on the house!

[Return to



Little Red Train



(To: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)



A little red train came down the track,



She blew, she blew.



A little red train came down the track,



She blew, she blew.



A little red train came down the track,



And I don't give a damn if she never comes back,



Away she blew, oh Jesus, how she blew.



The engineer was at the throttle,



She blew, she blew.



The engineer was at the throttle,



She blew, she blew.



The engineer was at the throttle,



A-jacking off in a whiskey bottle,



Away she blew, oh Jesus, how she blew.

(Continue verses below as above)

...The fireman, he was shoveling coal,

Right up the engineer's asshole...

...The switchman, he was at the switch,

A-swishing away like a son of a bitch...

...A blonde was in the dining car,

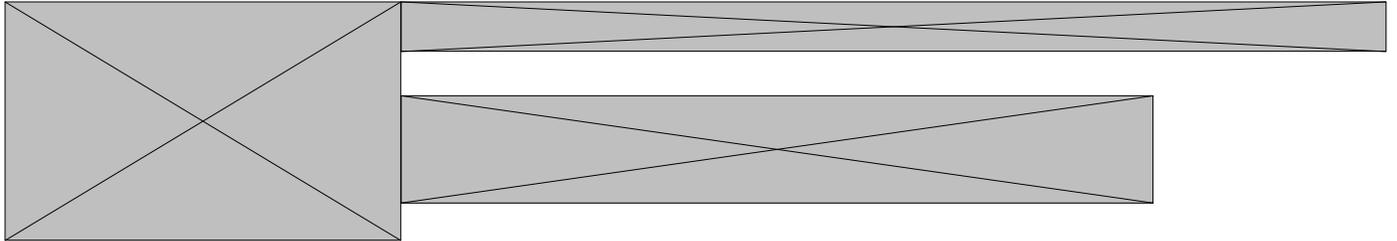
A-puffing away on a black cigar...

...A porter was waiting in the car,

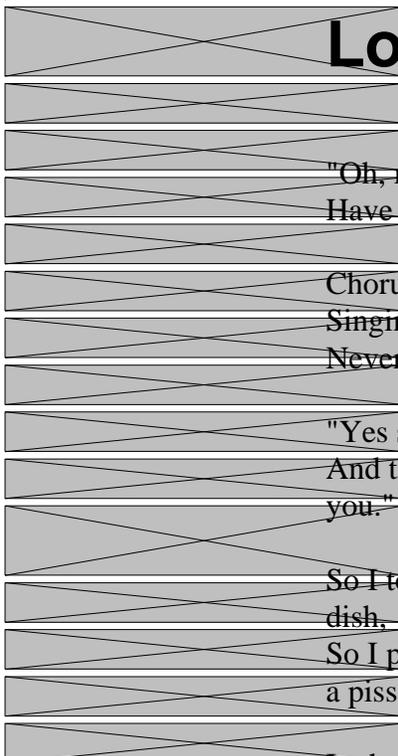
To take the place of the black cigar...

...The flagman he stood out in the grass,

The staff of the flag run up his ass...



Lobster Song



"Oh, mister fisherman, home from the sea,
Have you got a lobster you will sell to me?"

Chorus
Singing ai-tiddly-ai, shit or bust,
Never let your ballocks dangle in the dust.

"Yes sir, yes sir, I have two,
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to
you."

So I took the lobster home, but I couldn't find a
dish,
So I put the fucking lobster where the missus has
a piss.

In the middle of the night, as you well know,
The missus got up to let the water flow.

Well, first there came a groan, and then there
came a grunt,
And the bloody lobster grabbed her by the cunt.

The missus grabbed the brush, and I grabbed the
broom,
And we chased the fucking lobster round and round
the room.

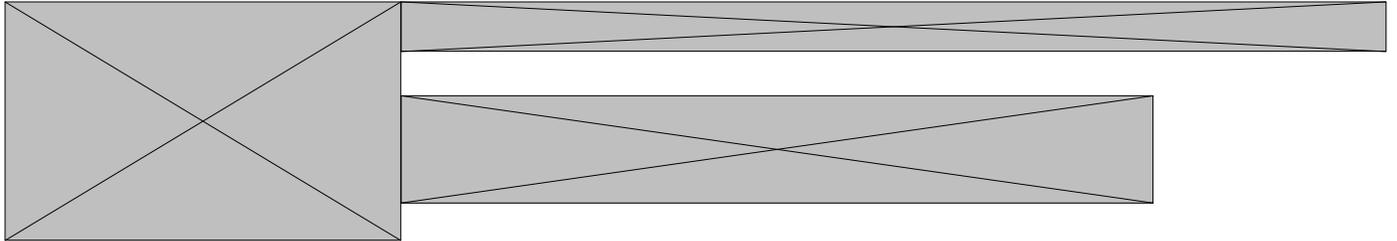
We hit it on the head, we hit it on the side,
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.

Oh, the story has a moral, and this is it,
Always have a look before you take a piss.

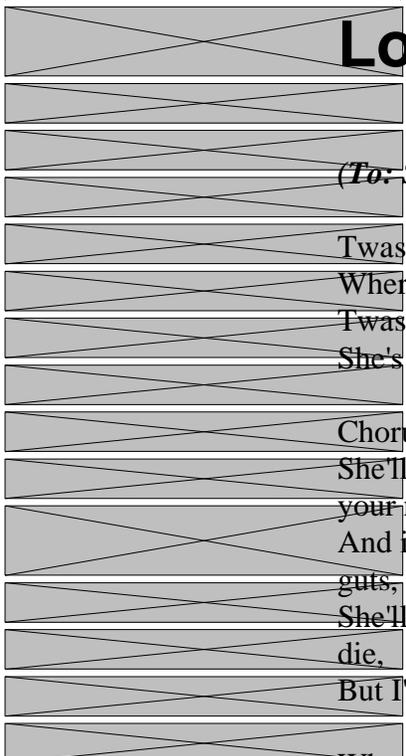
That's the end of my story, there isn't any more,

There's an apple up my asshole, and you can have
the core.

Down in Nagasaki the monkey fucked the cat,
And all the cat could do was fuck the monkey back.



Loopy



(To: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

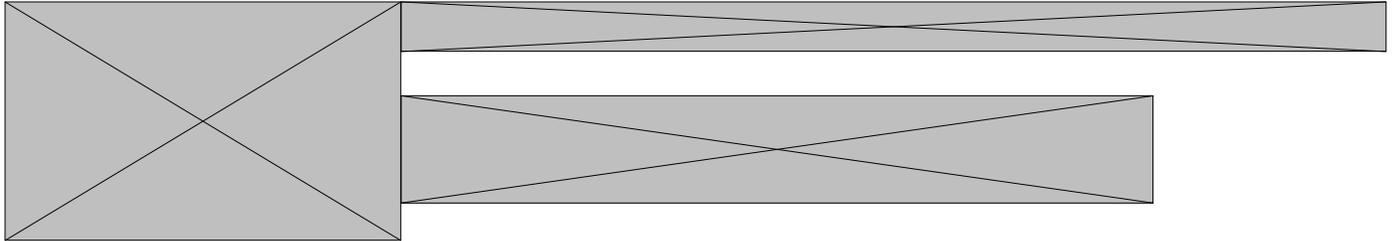
Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow,
Twas there I met Loopy, the girl I adore,
She's a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

Chorus

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll tickle
your nuts,
And if you're not happy, she'll suck out your
guts,
She'll wrap her legs around you till you want to
die,
But I'd rather eat Loopy than sweet cherry pie.

When Loopy was a young girl of just about eight,
She'd swing too and fro on the back garden gate.
The crossmember partthe upright went in,
And since then she's lived in a welter of sin.

Now Loopy is dead and she lays in her tomb,
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb.
The smile on her face, well it says give me more,
I'm a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.



Lulu

(To: Good Night Ladies)

*(This one allows you to sing dirty songs
while leaving out the offensive words)*

Chorus

Bang, Bang, Lulu,
Bang, Bang away,
Who's gonna' bang bang Lulu,
When Lulu's gone away.

Lulu had a chicken,
Lulu had a duck,
She put the two together,
To see if they could...

Lulu had a boyfriend,
His name was Diamond Dick,
She never got his diamond,
But always got his...

Lulu had a baby,
It was an awful shock,
She couldn't call it Lulu,
'Cause the bastard had a...

I took her to the pictures,
We sat down in the stalls,
And every time the lights went out,
She'd grab me by the...

She and I went fishing,
In a dainty punt,
And every time she caught a sprat,
She'd stuff up her...

Some girls work in factories,
Some girls work in stores,
But Lulu works in a honky tonk,
With forty other...

I wish I were the silver ring,
On Lulu's dainty hand,
Then every time she scratches her arse,
I'd see the promised...

I wish I were the chamber pot,
Under Lulu's bed,
Then every time she took a piss,
I'd see her maiden...

Lulu had two boy-friends,
Both were very rich,
One was the son of a banker,
The other a son-of-a...

Lulu had a boy-friend,
His name was Tommy Tucker,
He took her down the alley,
To see if he could...

Lulu had a boy-friend,
A funny little chap,
Every time they had a bit,
She got a dose of...

Lulu was a pretty girl,
She had a lot of class,
Mini-skirts she'd wear a lot,
To let her show her...

Lulu had a bicycle,
The seat was very sharp,
Every time she sat on it,
It would slip right up her...

Lulu had a boy-friend,
He was very fit,
Working all day on the farm,
His job was shoveling...

Lulu and a boy-friend,
A stunted little runt,
One day they went to have a bit,
And he vanished up her...

Lulu had a little lamb,
She kept it in a bucket,
Every time the lamb jumped out,
The bulldog used to...

She and I went walking,
We walked along the grass,
She slipped on a banana peel,
And fell down on her...

Lulu made some porridge,
It was very thick,
Lulu wouldn't eat it,
But she'd smear it on my...

Lulu had a bicycle,
The seat was very blunt,
Every time she jumps on it,
It sticks her in the...

Lulu has a bicycle,
The seat was made of glass,
And every time she hit a bump,
A piece went up her...

Lulu had a boyfriend,
His name was Michael Hunt,
She like him above the rest,
Because he'd eat her...

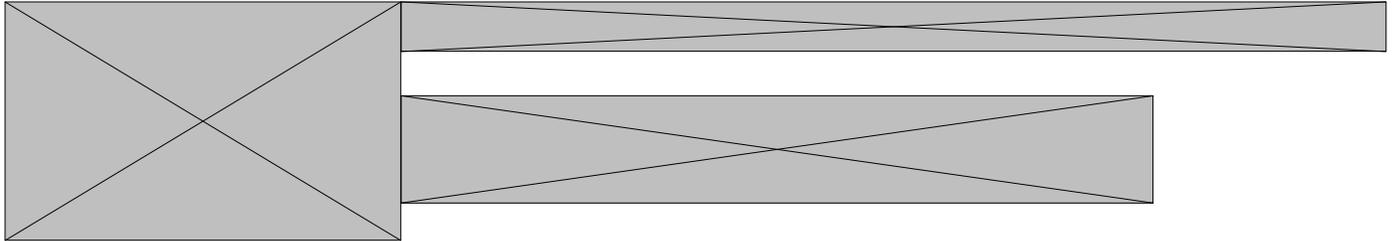
Lulu had a turtle,
And Lulu had a duck.
She put them in the bathtub,
To see if they would...

Lulu had a vanity chair,
It was made of glass,
Every time she sat on it,
You could see her...

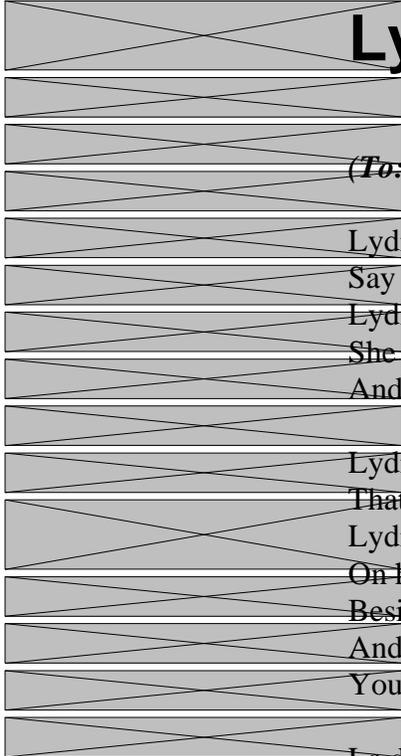
Lulu had a boyfriend,

His name was Billy Batch,
But Lulu had to break it off,
When it got stuck in her big 'ol...

Lulu had a job,
But then she had to quit,
'Cause every time she turned around,
The boss would grab her...



Lydia the Tattooed Lady



(To: Lydia the Tattooed Lady)

Lydia, oh Lydia,
Say have you met Lydia,
Lydia the tattooed lady,
She has eyes that men adore so,
And a torso even more so.

Lydia, oh Lydia,
That encyclopedia,
Lydia the queen of tattoo,
On her back is the battle of Waterloo,
Beside it the wreck of the Titanic too,
And proudly above waves the red white and blue,
You can learn a lot from Lydia.

La de da, la de da, la de da, la de da.

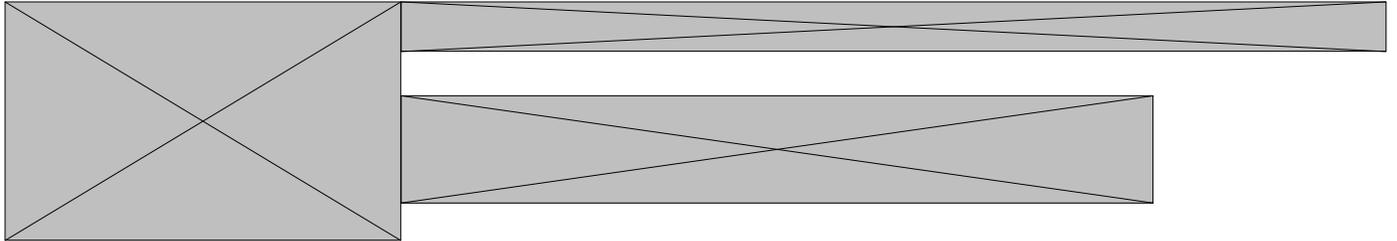
She can give you a view of the world in tattoo,
If you step up and tell her where,
For a dime you can see Kankakee or Paree,
Or Washington Crossing the Delaware.

La de da, la de da, la de da, la de da.

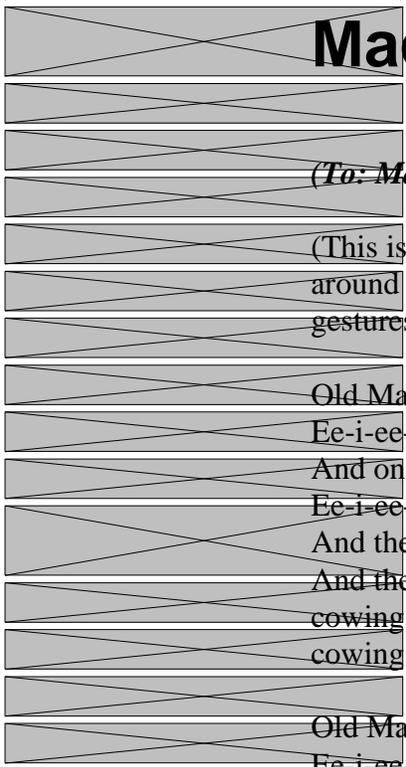
Lydia, oh Lydia,
Lydia the tattooed lady,
When her muscles start relaxin',
Up the hill comes Andrew Jackson.

Lydia, oh Lydia,
Lydia the champ of them all,
She once swept an Admiral clear off his feet,
The ships on her hips made his heart skip a beat,
And now he's in command of the fleet,

For he went and married Lydia.



MacDonald's Farm



(To: MacDonald's Farm)

(This is best done passing the lead around the circle. Use appropriate gestures.)

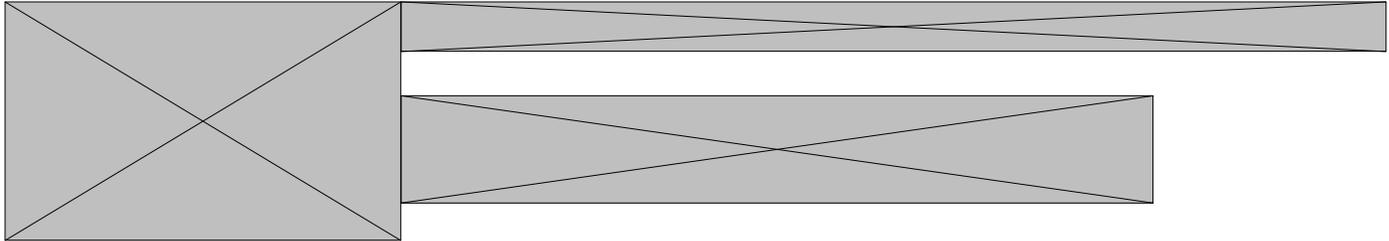
Old MacDonald had a farm,
Ee-i-ee-i-oh.
And on this farm he had some cows,
Ee-i-ee-i-oh.
And the cows were cowing it here,
And the cows were cowing it there,
cowing it here, cowing it there,
cowing it everywhere,

Old MacDonald had a farm,
Ee-i-ee-i-oh.
And on this farm he had some rams,
Ee-i-ee-i-oh.
And the rams were ramming it here,
And the rams were ramming it there,
Ramming it here, ramming it there,
Ramming it everywhere,
And the cows were cowing it here,
And the cows were cowing it there,
Cowing it here, cowing it there,
Cowing it everywhere.

(Continue adding animals and gestures)

- Chickens - pecking
- Sheep - shagging
- Dogs - sniffing
- Geese - goosing
- Turkeys - gobbling

Bulls - balling
Pullets - pulling



Madeline Schmidt

(To: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

There was a young maiden named Madeline Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass!

Chorus

It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
And the whole world was covered in,
Shit, shit, shit, shit!

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He just happened to be on that side of the street,
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,
And a big wad of shit hit him right in his eye!

That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
And beneath London Bridge you can still see him
sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying,
"Blinded by shit"!

Two fast moving Hashers came running along,
Throwing flour and paper and singing their song,
Singing, Hi-Diddle-Diddle, and flogging their
dongs,
The hares were trail-setting,
The pack wouldn't be long.

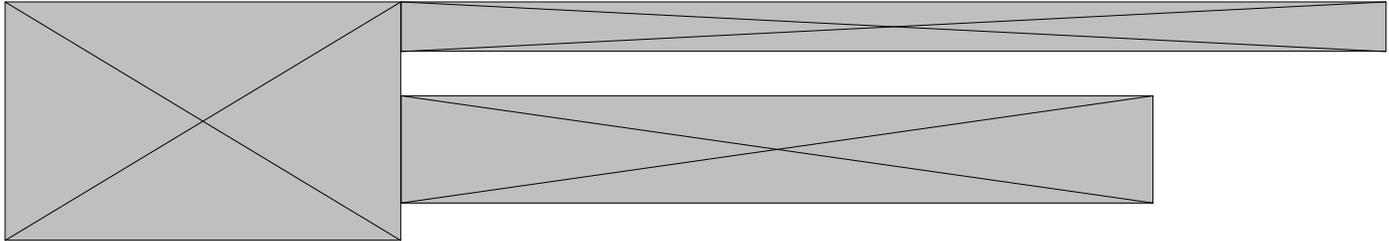
The hares found the copper alone by the pit,
Threw flour in the holes where his eyes used to

fit,
The hares led the pack by a block and a bit,
Said, "We'll lead the damn pack,
Through these puddles of SHIT!"

The hares led the pack to the edge of the pit,
They slipped and they slid in the puddles of shit,
They fell in the shiggy, right up to their tails,
Ere they sank out of sight,
They marked it true trail!

The pack followed bravely, the pack followed true,
They followed the hares into that vile brew,
They followed true trail right into the pit,
Soon the whole pack of Hashers,
Was drowning in shit!

This tale has a lesson if you think a bit,
Don't follow true trail right into the pit,
Remember that hares can be damn bloody fools,
And in Hashing, like loving,
There's no fucking rules!



Mammary Lane

(From: Pig Vomit)

Once upon a time I was just a teen,
When I first found my daddy's girlie magazine,
I saw a picture of perfection,
She was calling out for further inspection,
And she stared back at me with those bedroom eyes,
All I really wanted was the bloody prize,
It was the size of the prize in my eyes,
That was causing my erection.

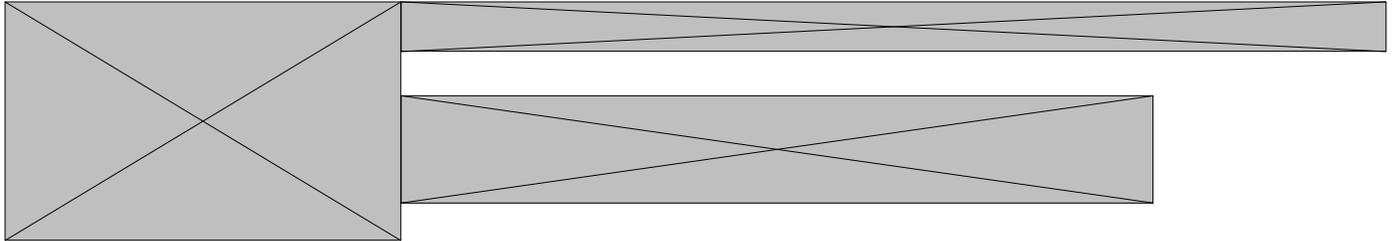
Chorus

Mammary Lane, Mammary Lane,
A feeling I can't explain,
Mammary Lane, Mammary Lane,
This girl is driving me insane,
'Cause she knows when she pose,
In or out of her clothes,
I stick her in my hall of fame,
And she'll be glad I cum,
On the ride down Mammary Lane.

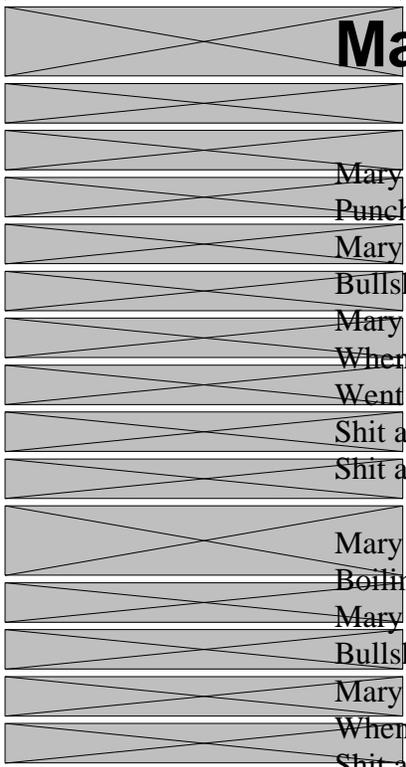
I remember the pair that Joanie used to wear,
They weren't very big, but with some tissue here
and there,
No one even cared or even dared,
To ask if they were imitation,
And then there was Sally and her friend Sue,
They were the boobsy twins of P.S. 102,
Wherever their bust stopped,
I made a point to make my favorite destination.

The beauty of their names I will never forget,
We'd call them titties, jugs, hooter, knockers,
and breasts,

I love the way they're hung,
On every woman of every nation,
I love all different sizes and all different
shapes,
Anywhere there's cleavage you can find my face,
They've got the power to devour,
Every hour of my imagination.



Mary in the Kitchen



Mary in the kitchen punching duff,
Punching duff, punching duff,
Mary in the kitchen punching duff,
Bullshit,
Mary in the kitchen punching duff,
When the cheeks of her arse
Went chuff, chuff, chuff,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

Mary in the kitchen boiling rice,
Boiling rice, boiling rice,
Mary in the kitchen boiling rice,
Bullshit,
Mary in the kitchen boiling rice,
When out of her cunt jumped three blind mice,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

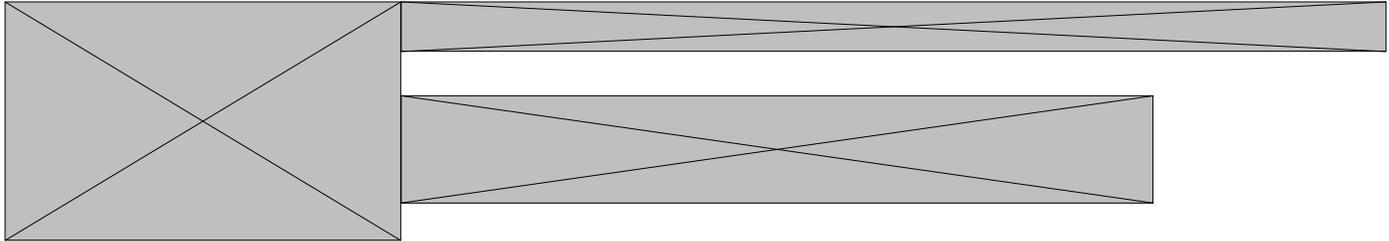
Mary in the kitchen shelling peas,
Shelling peas, shelling peas,
Mary in the kitchen shelling peas,
Bullshit,
Mary in the kitchen shelling peas,
The hairs of her cunt hung down to her knees,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

Mary in the garden sifting cinders,
Sifting cinders, sifting cinders,
Mary in the garden sifting cinders,
Bullshit,
Mary in the garden sifting cinders,
Blew one fart and broke ten windows,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,

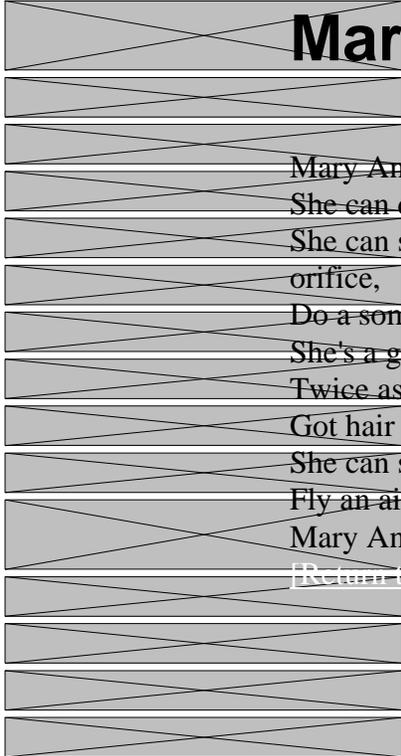
Shit all around the room.

Mary had a dog whose name was Ben,
Name was Ben, name was Ben,
Mary had a dog whose name was Ben,
Bullshit,
Mary had a dog whose name was Ben,
Had one ball which worked like ten,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

Mary in the kitchen baking cakes,
Baking cakes, baking cakes,
Mary in the kitchen baking cakes,
Bullshit,
Mary in the kitchen baking cakes,
When out of the tits came two mild shakes,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

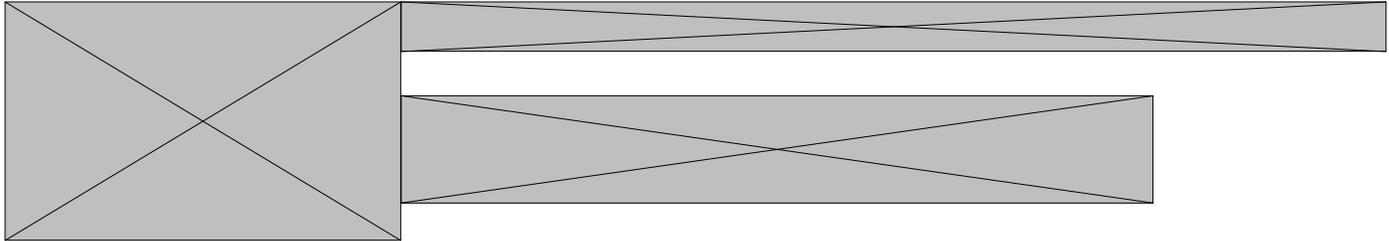


Mary Ann Burns



Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,
She can do tricks that'll give a guy the shits,
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental
orifice,
Do a somersault and catch 'em on her tits.
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch,
Twice as big as me,
Got hair on her ass like the branches on a tree,
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Fly an airplane, drive a truck,
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

[Return](#)



Mary Ann McCarthy

(To: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams.

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams.

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,

But she didn't get one son of a bitchin' clam,

All she got was oysters,

All she got was oysters,

All she got was oysters,

But she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,

She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,

She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,

And all she ever got was crabs.

But she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She waded in the water till her ass dug the sand,

She waded in the water till her ass dug the sand,

She waded in the water till her ass dug the sand,

But all she ever got was piles.

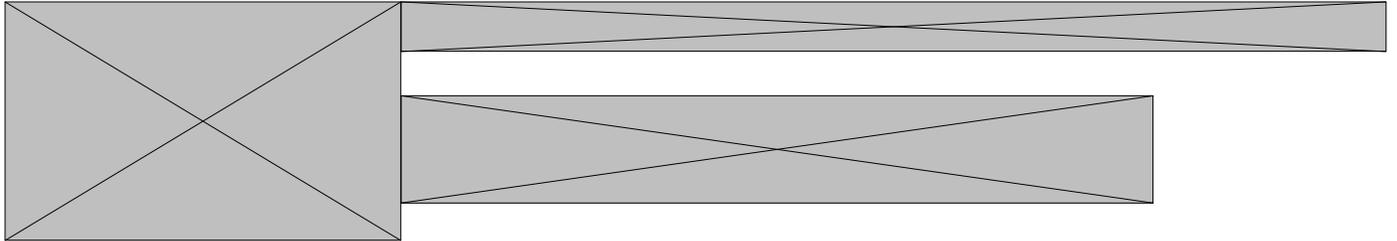
But she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She went to every party that the Army ever gave,

She went to every party that the Army ever gave,

She went to every party that the Army ever gave,

But all she ever got was clap,
But she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.



Masochism Tango

(From Tom Lehrer)

I ache for the touch of your lips dear,
But much more for the touch of your whips dear,
You can raise welts like nobody else,
As we dance to the masochism tango.

Let our love be a flame not an ember,
Say it's me that you want to dismember,
Blacken my eye, set fire to my tie,
As we dance to the masochism tango.

At your command before you here I stand,
My heart is in my hand,yech,
It's here that I must be,
My heart entreats, just hear those savage beasts,
And go put on your cleats, and come and trample
me.

Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany,
Is that's why I'm in such exquisanogany,
My soul is on fire, it's aflame with desire,
Which is why I perspire when we tango.

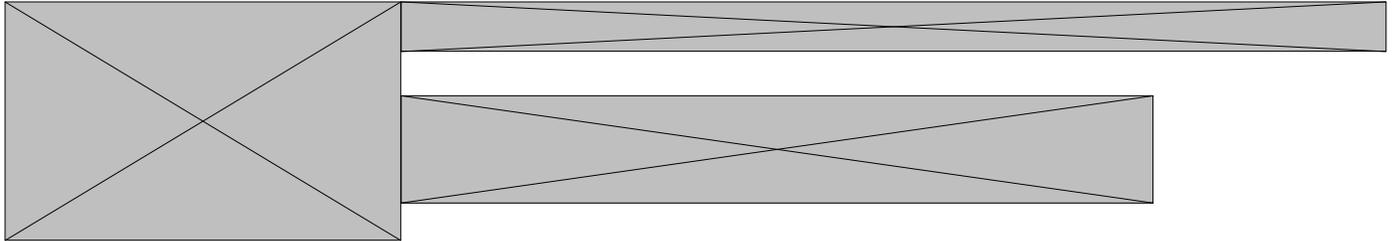
You caught my nose in your left castanet love,
I can feel the pain yet love, every time I hear
drums,
And I envy the rose that you held in your teeth
love,
With the thorns underneath love, sticking into
your gums.

Your eyes cast a spell which bewitches,
The last time I needed twenty stitches,
To sew up the gash you made with your lash,

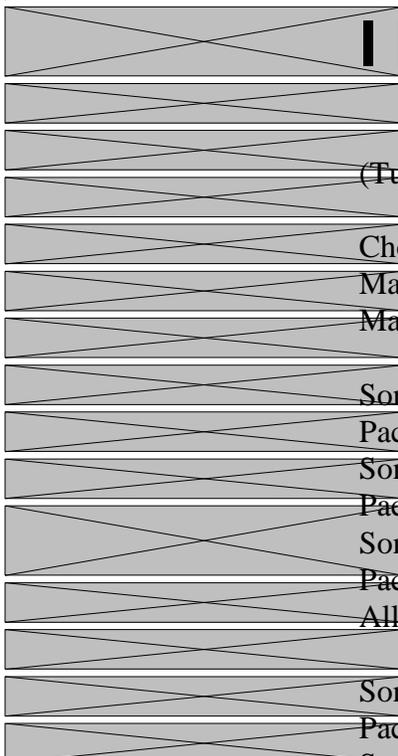
As we dance to the masochism tango.

Bash in my brain, and make me scream with pain,
Once again, and say we'll never part,
I know too well I'm underneath your spell,
So darling if you smell something burning, it's my
heart.

Take your cigarette from it's holder,
And burn your initials in my shoulder,
Fracture my spine and swear that you're mine.
As we dance to the masochism tango.



I Like Masturbation



(Tune: Aahlawetta)

Chorus

Masturbation, I like masturbation,
Masturbation, I like to masturbate.

Songmaster: How I like to choke my chicken.

Pack: Yes, he likes to choke his chicken.

Songmaster: Choke my chicken.

Pack: Choke his chicken.

Songmaster: Masturbate.

Pack: Masturbate.

All: Oh, oh, oh, oohhh ...

Songmaster: How I love to spank my monkey.

Pack: Yes, he loves to spank his monkey.

Songmaster: Spank my monkey.

Pack: Spank his monkey.

Songmaster: Choke my chicken.

Pack: Choke his chicken.

Songmaster: Masturbate.

Pack: Masturbate.

All: Oh, oh, oh, oohhh ...

(Continue adding lines from the additional verses below.)

Harriers:

How I love to...

...Yank my chain

...Flog my log

...Lope my mule

...Rub my nub

...Whip my lizard

...Beat my meat

...Pull my pony

Harriettes:

...Swat my twat

...Tease the beaver

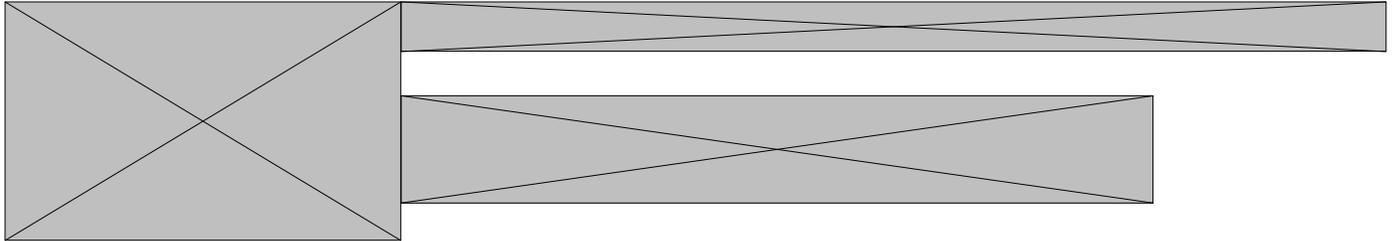
...Stroke my snatch

...Tap my gap

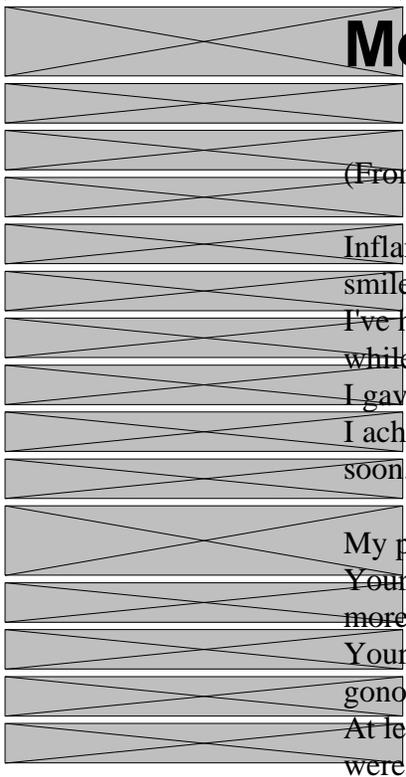
...Use three fingers

...Moan and jerk

(See "Fornication" for another song
to naturally follow this one.)



Medical Love Song



(From Monty Python)

Inflammation of the foreskin reminds me of your smile,
I've had ballanital chancroids for quite a little while,
I gave my heart to NSU that lovely night in June,
I ache for you my darling, and I hope you get well soon.

My penile warts, your herpmy syphilitic sores,
Your moenelial infection, how I miss you more and more.
Your dobie's itch, my scumpox, our lovely gonorrhea,
At least we both were lying, when we said that we were clear.

Our syphilitic kisses sealed the secret of our tryst,
You gave me scrotal pustules with a quick flick of your wrist.
Your trichovaginitis sent shivers down my spine,
I got snail tracks in my anus when your spirochetes met mine.

Chorus
Gonococcal urethritis, streptococcal ballimitis,
Meningo meylitis, diplococcal cephalitis,
Epididimitis, interstitial keratitis,
Syphilitic choroiditis, and anterior u-ve-i-tis.

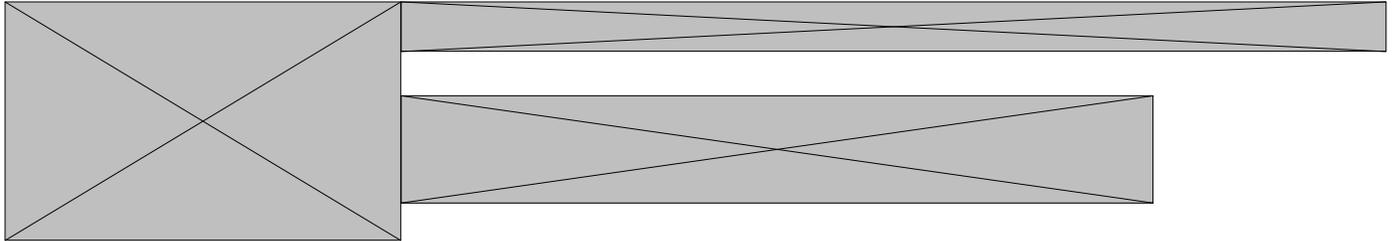
My clapped out genitalia is not so bad for me,
As the complete and utter failure every time I try to pee.

My doctor says my buboes are the worst he's ever
seen,
My scrotum's painted orange and my balls are
turning green.

My heart is very tender though my parts are awful
raw,
You might have been infected but you never were a
bore.
I'm dying of your love my love, I'm you're
spirochaetal clown,
I've left my body to science but I'm afraid
they've turned it down.

Chorus

Gonococcal urethritis, streptococcal ballinitis,
Meningo meylitis, diplococcal cephalitis,
Epididimitis, intersitital keratitis,
Syphilitic choroiditis, and anterior u-ve-i-tis.



Men



Chorus (Songmaster gets pack to

chant continuously:)

Men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men.

Oh, it's fun to be on a ship with men,

And sail across the sea,

We don't know where we'll land, or when,

But still it's fun to be,

On a ship with men at sea.

There's men above and men below,

And men down in the galley.

There's Butch and Spike,

And Tom and Sam,

And one that we call Sally,

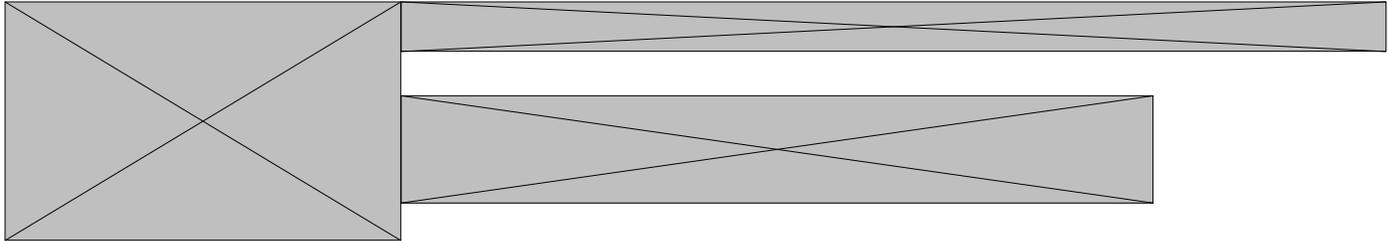
One that we call Sally (effeminately).

Oh, we are brave and we are bold,

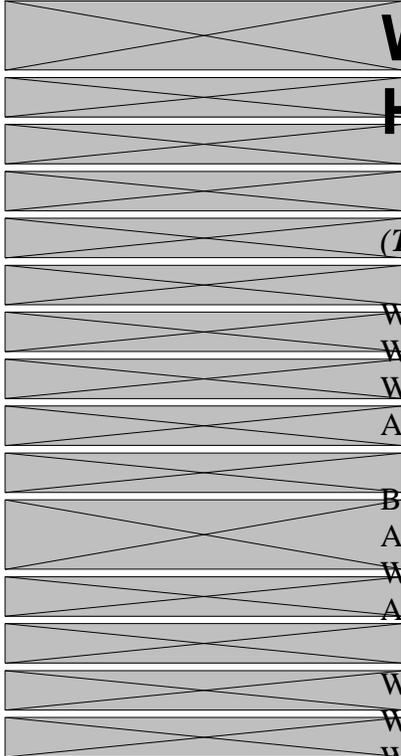
And none of us are sissies.

Each night we lay down in our bunks,

And blow each other kissies (effeminately).



We Wish You a Merry Hashmas

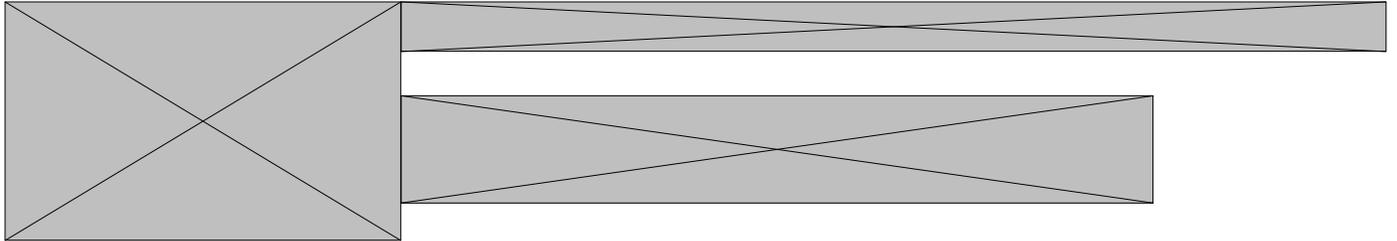


(To: We Wish You a Merry Christmas)

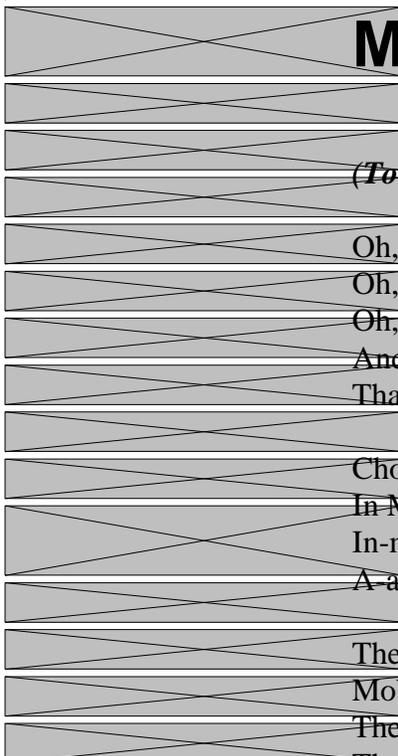
We wish you a merry Hashmas,
We wish you a merry Hashmas,
We wish you a merry Hashmas,
And a clappy New Year.

Bad tidings we bring,
About the drip and the sting,
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,
And a Happy Gonorrhea.

We wish you a Merry Syphilis,
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,
And a Happy Gonorrhea.



Mobile



(To: She'll be Coming 'Round the Mountain)

Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high,
And they shit right in your eye,
Thank the Lord the cows don't fly in Mobile.

Chorus

In Mobile, in Mobile,
In-mo, in-mo, in-Mobile,
A-a-sshole, a-a-sshole, a-a-a-sshole.

There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile, in
Mobile,

There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah,
Who thinks there's nothing finer,
Than a prick up her vagina in Mobile.

Oh, the Hashers get no tail in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh, the Hashers get no tail in Mobile,
Oh, the Hashers get no tail,
So for want of recreation,
They indulge in masturbation in Mobile.

Oh, the vicar is a bugger in Mobile...
And the curate is another,
And they bugger one another in Mobile.

There's a shortage of bog paper in Mobile...
So they wait until it vapors,
Then they light it with a taper in Mobile.

If you're ever thrown in jail in Mobile...

Well there's no need for bail,
'Cause the sheriff's wife's for sale in Mobile.

Oh, there's a brand new lighthouse in Mobile...
Which the birds use for a shit-house,
Now the lighthouse is a white-house in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good bogs in Mobile...
So they wait until it clogs,
Then they saw it up in logs in Mobile.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Mobile...
Who thought he had a cunt,
But his balls were back to front in Mobile.

There's a man by the name of West in Mobile...
Who thought he had a breast,
But his balls were on his chest in Mobile.

Oh, the girls they wear tin undies in Mobile...
And they take them off on Sundays,
You should see the boys on Mondays in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile...
But there's keyholes in the doors,
And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile.

Oh, the parson is perverted in Mobile...
And his morals are inverted,
There's a thousand he's converted in Mobile.

Frenchies are the short supply in Mobile...
And that's the reason why,
You'll see them hanging out to dry in Mobile.

The virgins they are rare in Mobile...
When they get their pubic hair,
They're deflowered by the Mayor in Mobile.

Oh, the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile...
And they take them off to dance,
All the fellows get a chance in Mobile.

There's a lad named Dirty Danny in Mobile...
And he likes a bit of fanny,
And he gets it off of granny in Mobile.

There's a bastard named Mercator in Mobile...
Who's the greatest masturbator,
Fornicator, cunt-inflator in Mobile.

There's a girl with no ambition, in Mobile...
She gets it in the kitchen,
From the local obstetrician in Mobile.

Oh, men of drinking classes in Mobile...
When you've finished with your glasses,
You can shove them up your asses in Mobile.

Oh, the chemists are the key men in Mobile...
Selling dehydrated semen,
To emasculated he-men in Mobile.

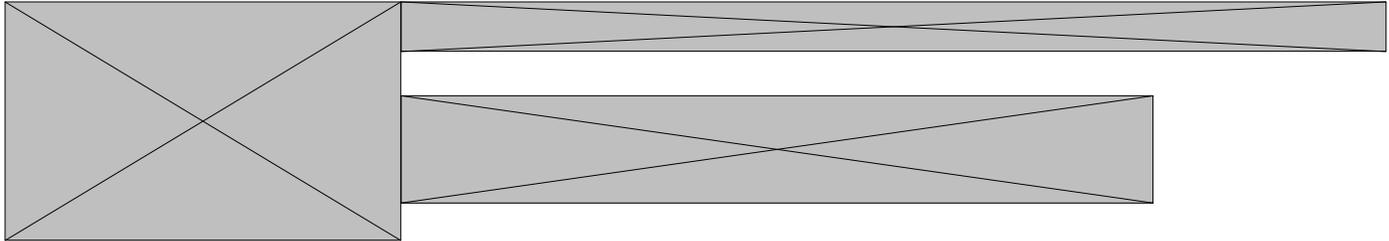
Oh, the Privates wash the dishes in Mobile...
And they dry them on their britches,
Oh, the dirty sons of bitches in Mobile.

Oh, the Sergeant is a bugger in Mobile...
And the Corporal is another,
And they bugger one another in Mobile.

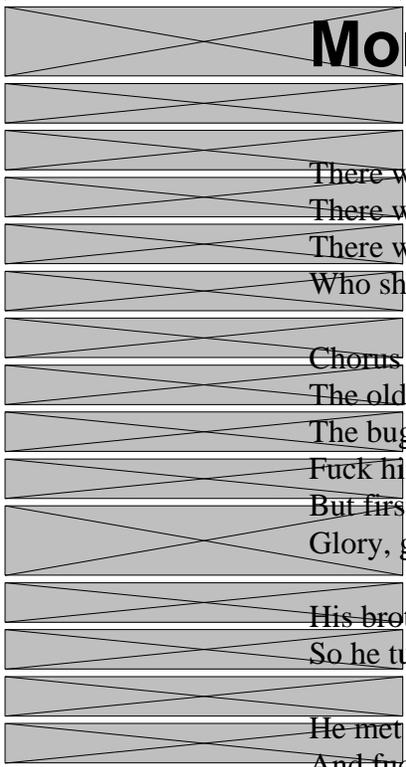
Oh, they drink their whisky neat in Mobile...
Till it drops them off their feet,
And they cannot get a beat in Mobile.

Oh, I chased the Colonel's daughter in Mobile...
And I shagged her when I caught her,
Now the daughter's got a daughter in Mobile.

Oh, the cows they are all dead in Mobile...
So they milk the bulls instead,
'Cause the bastard's must be fed in Mobile.



Monk of Great Renown



There was a monk of great renown,
There was a monk of great renown,
There was a monk of great renown,
Who shagged an innocent maid from town.

Chorus
The old sod, the sod,
The bugger deserved to die.
Fuck him, shit him -
But first let us pray:
Glory, glory, hallelujah.

His brother monks they cried in shame,
So he turned her over and fucked her again.

He met another by the mill,
And fucked and fucked her up the hill.

He met another in the hay,
And put her in the family way.

He took her to the Abbot's bed,
And fucked and fucked till she was dead.

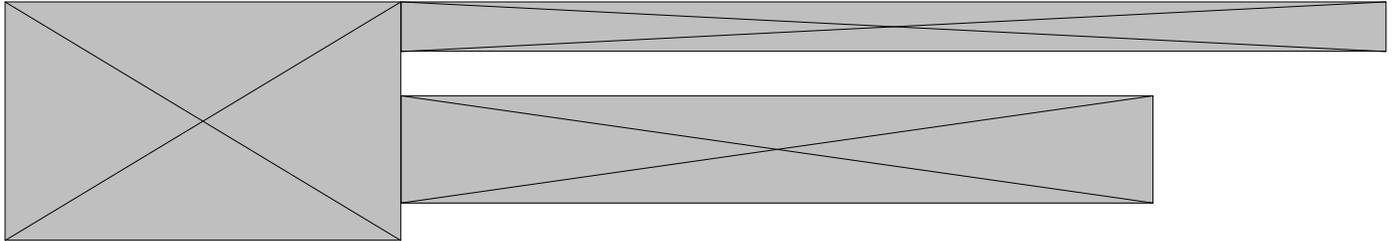
But when the Abbot cri" Amen,"
He fucked her back to life again.

His brother monks to stop his frolics,
Put a nail through this prick and cut off his
ballocks.

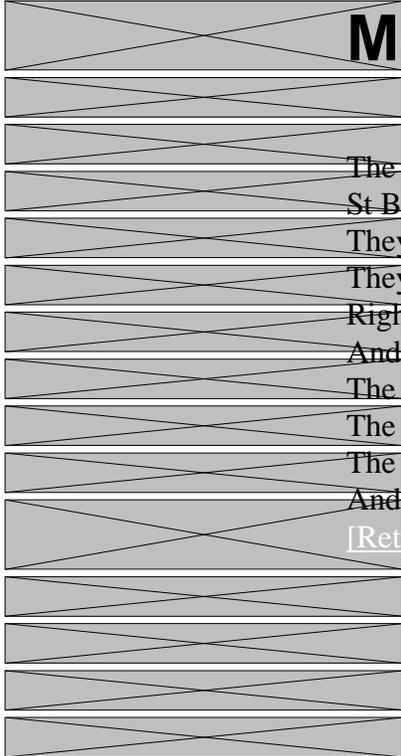
And now the moral I will tell,
And now the moral I will tell,

When all the world just feels like hell,

Just fuck and fuck till all is well.

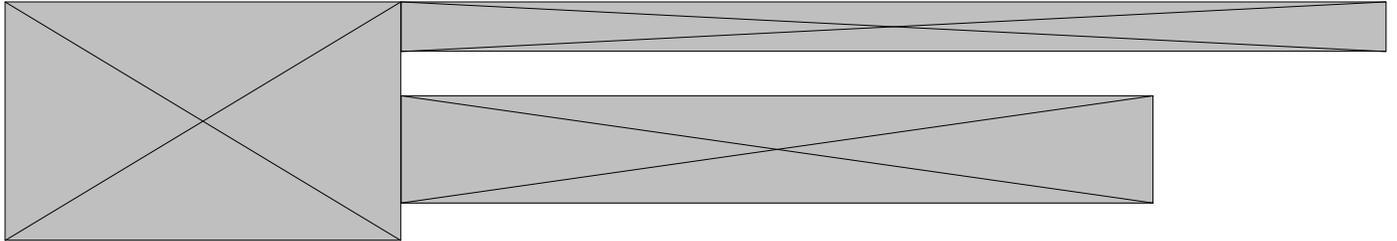


Monks of Saint Bernard

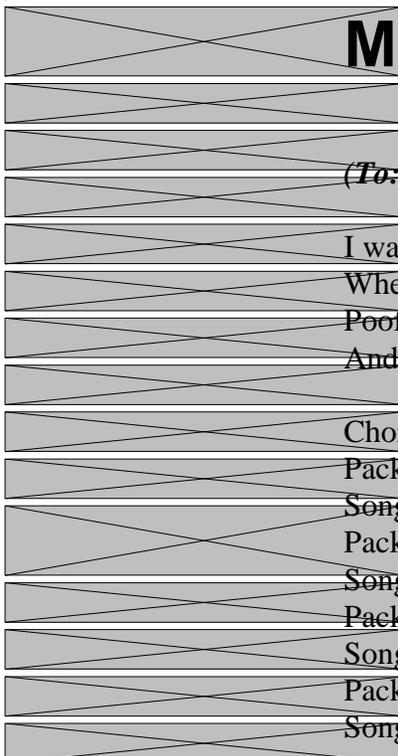


The monks of St Bernard,
St Bernard, St Bernard,
They don't give a bugger at all.
They rise up right early,
Right early, right early,
And pee through a hole in the wall.
The green leaves are yellow,
The green leaves are yellow,
The green leaves are yellow,
And so is the hole in the wall.

[Ret



Monster Hash



(To: Monster Mash)

I was running with the HASH on Halloween night,
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight,
Poofers and Back Sliders began to arrive,
And suddenly, to my surprise.

Chorus

Pack: They did the hash.
Songmaster: They did the Monster hash.
Pack: The Monster hash.
Songmaster: It was a graveyard hash.
Pack: They did the hash.
Songmaster: They caught on in a flash.
Pack: They did the hash.
Songmaster: They did the Monster hash.

From knee deep shiggy in the swamp that's east,
To wading through the creek where the leaches
feast,
The poofers all came when they heard the news,
They could get some mud on their running shoes,
(to chorus)

The trail was dark the hares were not to be found,
Igor unchained was running with the hounds,
The local cops were about to arrive,
With orders to take Hashers DEAD or ALIVE.
(to chorus)

The Hashers were having fun
(In-a-shoop-wha-ooo)
The party had just begun
(In-a-shoop-wha-ooo)
The guests included WolfMan

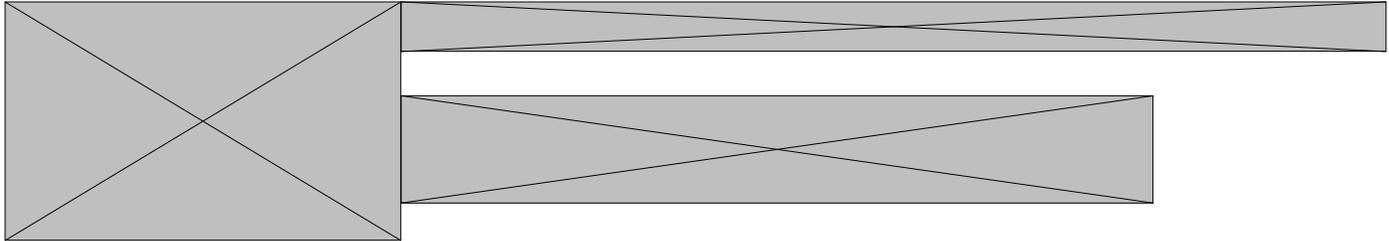
(In-a-shoop-wha-ooo)
Dracula and his son
(Drum fill)

Out from his pickup the Tyrant's voice did ring.
(shoop-wha-ooo)
It seems he was worried 'bout just one thing.
(shoop-wha-ooo)
Opened the door and shook his fist, and said.
(shoop-wha-ooo)
"Whatever happened to those running club wimps?"
(to chorus)

Now everything's cool, we found all of the pack,
And the Monster hash, it will be coming back,
For you, the sober, this hash was meant, too,
When you get to the box, tell them Boris sent you.

Pack: And you can hash,
Songmaster: And you can Monster hash,
Pack: The monster hash,
Songmaster: And do the graveyard hash,
Pack: And you can hash,
Songmaster: You'll catch on in a flash,
Pack: Then you can hash,
Songmaster: Then you can Monster hash.

(repeat and fade chorus following dialog talkover)
Igor: MMMM...hash goooood! hash good!
(shoop-wha-ooo)
Boris: Down Igor, you impetuous young boy.
(shoop-wha-ooo)
Igor: hash goooood. (shoop-wha-ooo,
shoop-wha-ooo)



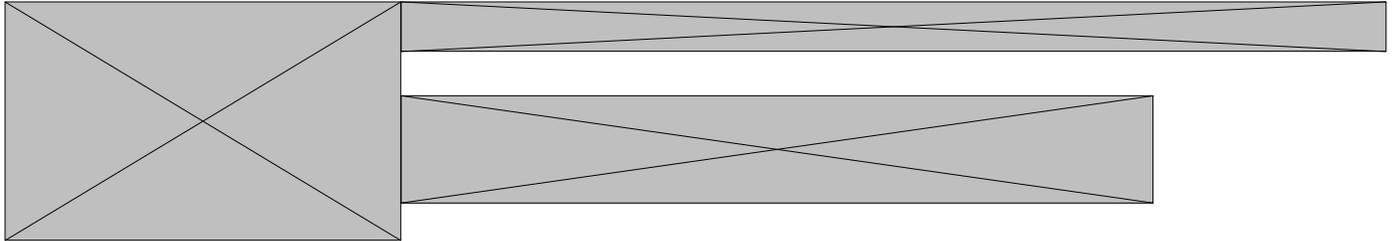
Monte Carlo

(To: The Man Who Broke the Bank in Monte Carlo)

As she walked along the Bois de Boulogne,
With a heart as heavy as lead,
She wished that she was dead,
She had lost her maidenhead,
She was all forlorn and covered in spawn,
Her knickers were torn,
And her cunt was worn,
She's the girl that lowered the price at Monte Carlo.

As he walked along the Bois de Boulogne,
With his dick upon the stand,
The girls all say it's grand,
To take it in their hand,
You give them a bob and they're on the job,
Pulling the foreskin over the knob,
Of the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

As he walked along the Bois de Boulogne,
With his dick up in the air,
You could hear the girls declare,
He's got syph and gonorrhoea,
He's a lousy frowsy son of a bitch,
His balls are always on the itch,
He's the man who services the whores in Monte Carlo.



The Moonshiner

(To tune of same name)

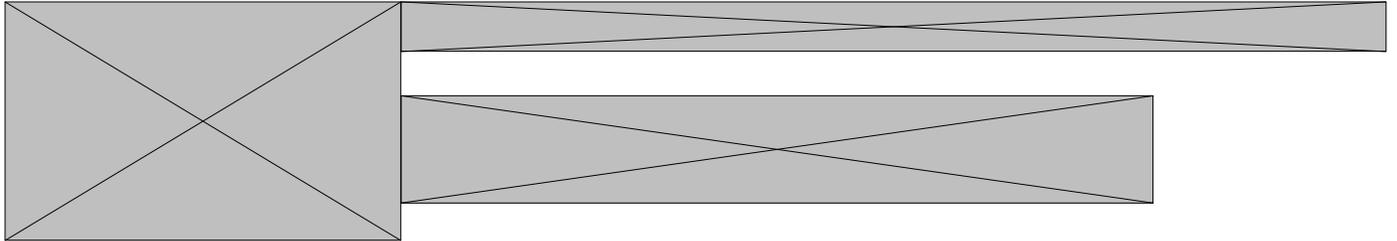
I've been a moonshiner for many a year,
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
I'll go to some hollow and set up my still,
And I'll make you a gallon for a ten shilling bill.

Chorus

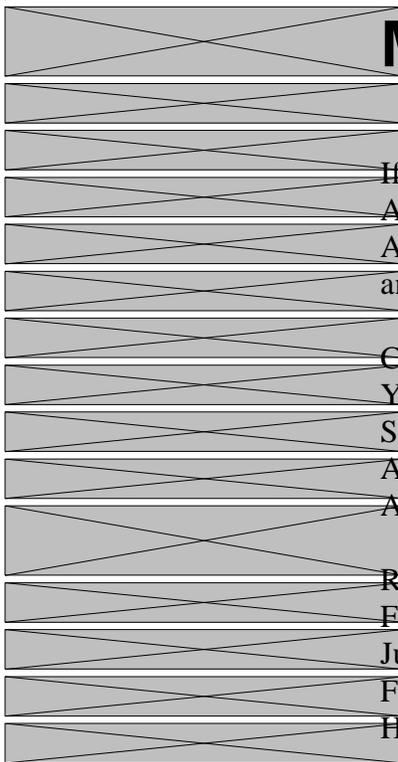
I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler,
I'm a long way from home,
And if you don't like me,
You can leave me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry,
And if the moonshine don't kill me,
I'll live till I die.

I'll go to some hollow in this counterie,
Then gallons of wash I can go on a spree,
No woman to follow, the world is all mine,
I love none so well as I love the moonshine.

Moonshine, dear moonshine, oh! how I love thee,
You killed my poor father, but dare you try me,
Now bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine,
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine.



Mother Hash



If you're adventure hungry,
And your yuppie life is sad.
And you've a yen to be a jungly,
and leave everything you have.

Chorus
You wanna run away,
Sing a song, you wanna get smashed!
And call it a day come on a long,
And join the Mother Hash.

Refrain
Fifty years we've been runnin',
Jungle, shiggy, and swamp,
Fifty more years we'll be runnin'
Happy Birthday, on-on-on!

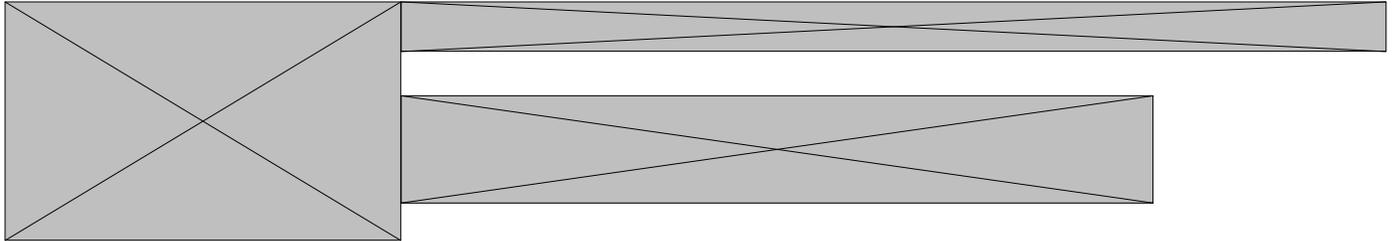
We don't care if nobody loves you.
No one to stir your tea-he-he-he.
We don't care if you've got no money,
Money is the root of e-e-vil.

(Chorus)

Anybody can join us,
Black, brown, yellow, or blue.
And nobody need feel nervous,
We even take white folks too.

(Refrain)

(Chorus)



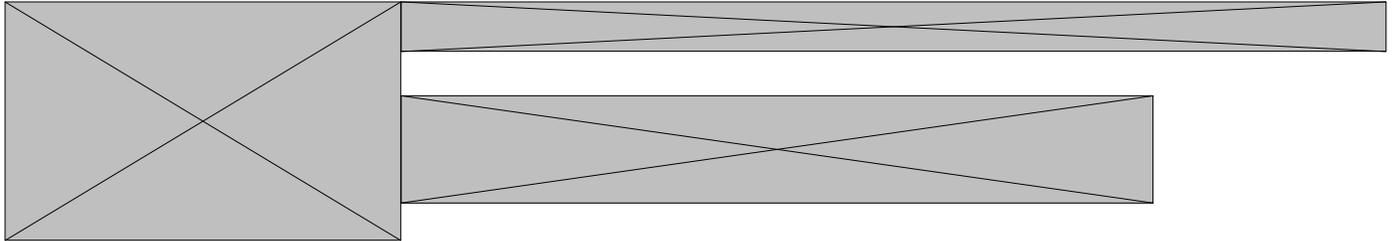
Mount Bonnell

(To: Blueberry Hill)

I had my fill,
On Mount Bonnell,
On Mount Bonnell,
When I had you.

The moon stood still,
On Mount Bonnell,
And lingered until,
Myself came true.

Tho' we're apart,
I'm a part of you still,
For you weren't on the pill,
On Mount Bonnell.



Mouthful of Singha

(To: A Spoonful of Sugar)

Chorus

Just a mouthful of Singha makes the jism go down,
The jism go down, the jism go down,
Just a mouthful of Singha makes the jism go down,
In the most delightful way.

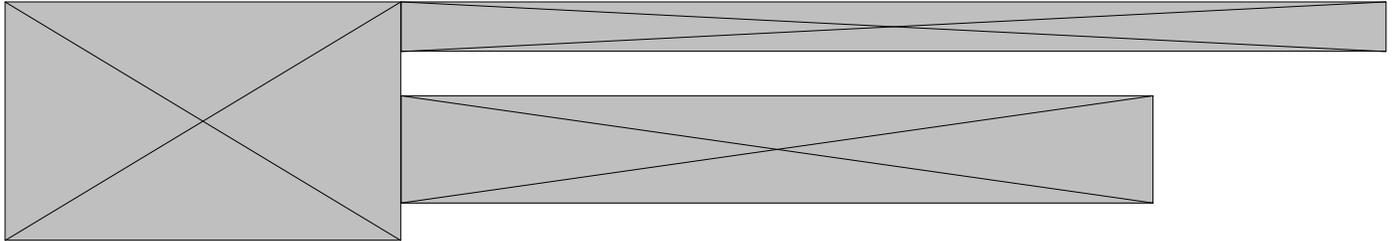
A young girl feathering her nest,
Has very little time to rest,
She must make each and every short time count,
And though she'd like to go to bed,
She knows she must give head,
But she knows a swig,
Will help it slide down quick.

He didn't want to be a boy,
That's why he is now a katoey,
Preying on drunken tourists late at night,
And though his rear end isn't funny,
He knows he'll make his money,
Giving head on the beach,
With something to stop that retch.

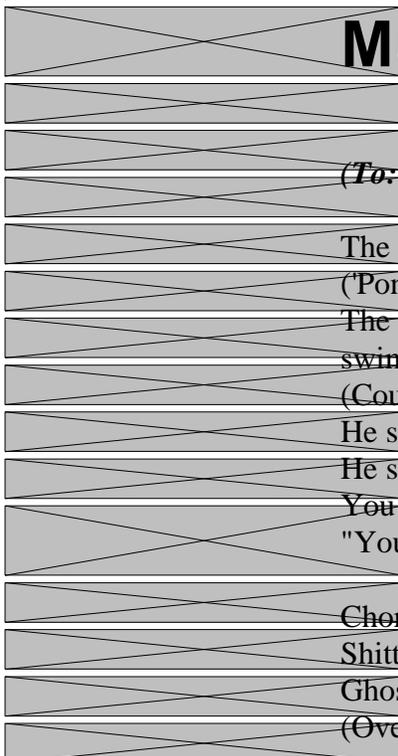
A young man trying to get along,
Had better not do any wrong,
If he wants to make chief on a western boat,
And though he's bought the boss some drink,
And tipped his wife the wink,
He'll find in the end,
He's still sucking a bell-end.

A young wife won't get very far,
If she can't get that brand new car,
But hubby, the old miser, won't give in,

But she knows she'll soon have those keys,
As she gets down on her knees,
You shouldn't drink and drive,
But with jism it's alright.



Municipal Sewerage Man



(To: Ghostriders in the Sky)

The municipal sewerageman stood out upon the rim,
('Pon the rim, 'pon the rim),
The municipal sewerageman fell in and couldn't
swim,
(Couldn't swim, couldn't swim),
He sank down to the bottom,
He sank down like a stone,
You could hear the maggots cryin' out,
"You're on your fuckin' own."

Chorus

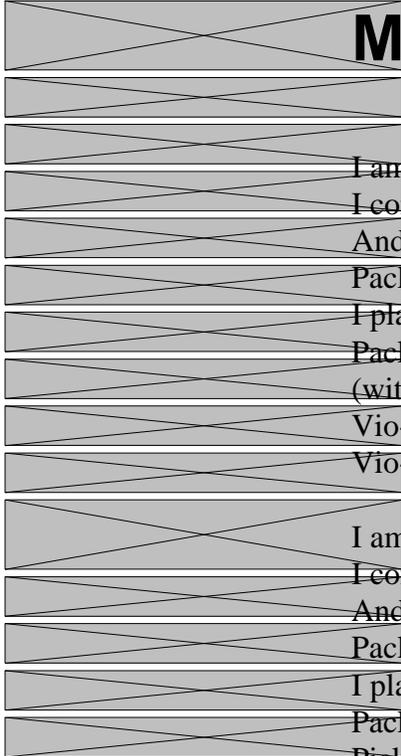
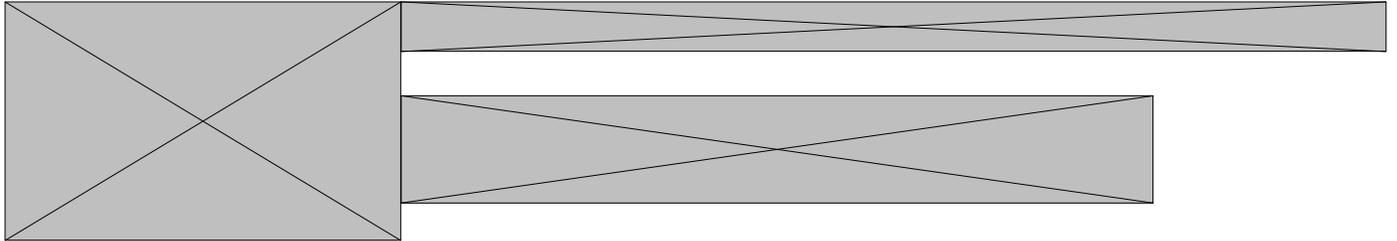
Shitty-i-ayyy, Shitty-i-ohhh,
Ghost maggots in the overflow,
(Overflow, overflow).

For six long days and weary nights he tried to
stay afloat,
(Stay afloat, stay afloat),
But every time he cried for help,
A turd caught in his throat,
(In his throat, in his throat),
He sank down to the bottom,
He sank down like a rock,
You could hear the maggots,
Munchin' on his cock.

The moral of this story is if you should shovel
shit,
(Shovel shit, shovel shit),
Be careful of your footing,
Or you might end up in it,
(Up in it, up in it),
You'll sink down to the bottom,

(Slowly...)

You'll sink down like a stone,
You'll hear the maggots cryin' out,
Wheeee-aaaaah-wheeee,
"You're on your fuckin' own."



Music Man

I am the music man,
I come from down your way,
And I can play.

Pack: What can you play?
I play the viola.

Pack: How does it go?
(with gestures)

Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la,
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

I am the music man,
I come from down your way,
And I can play.

Pack: What can you play?
I play the piccolo.

Pack: How does it go?
Pick-a-pick-a-pick-a-low, pick-a-low, pick-a-low,
Pick-a-pick-a-pick-a-low, pick-a-low-a-low.
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la,
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

(Continue adding as above the following verses:)

I play the German horn...
German-German-German-horn,...

I play the Sexyphone...
Sexy-sexy-sexy-phone...

I play the Piano
Pia, pia, piano, piano, piano...

I play the Trombone
Trom, trom, trombone, trombone, trombone...

I sing like Michael Jackson...
Holy shit my hair's on fire, hair's on fire...

I sing like Grace Kelly...
Holy shit the brakes don't work, brakes don't
work...

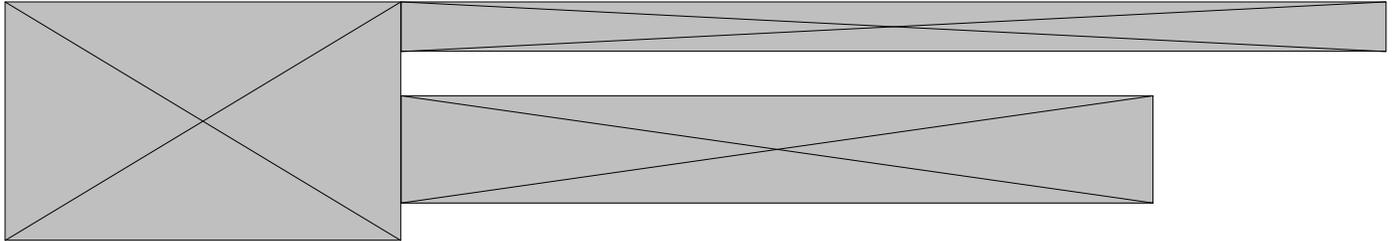
I sing like Michael Jackson...
Here here little boy, little boy...

I act like Nataile Wood
Glug, glug, glug, glug...

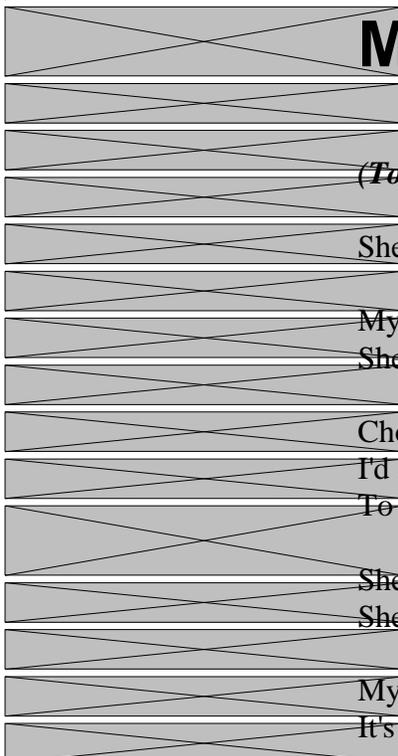
I sing like Michael Jackson...
Oh, shit I'm going to jail, going to jail,...

I preach like Pope John Paul
Bless you , bless you, bless you son, bless you
son, bless you
son...(putting hands in beer and sprinkle
others)

I dance like Gene Kelly...
I'm singing in the rain...
(Continue lead-in to "Singing in the Rain")



My Girl's a Vegetable



*(To: My Girl's a Corker,
She's a New Yorker)*

My girl's a vegetable,
She lives in a hospital.

Chorus
I'd do most anything,
To keep her alive.

She has no arms or legs,
She looks like a pony keg.

My girl has long blond hair,
It's in patches here and there.

I'm always guaranteed a blow,
Because she can't say no.

She's got a new TV,
They call it an EKG.

Her EKG does not rise,
But she still spreads her thighs.

She can't get out of bed,
Still she can give me head.

She's got no arms or legs,
She's got two wooden pegs.

She has no feet or hands,
Her head's connected with rubber bands.

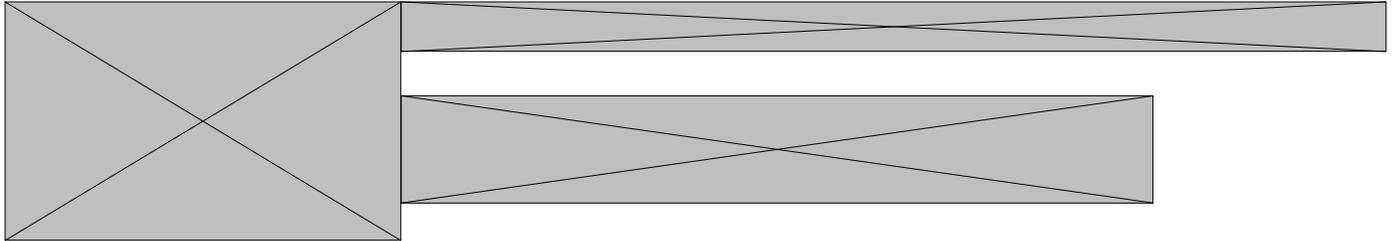
She might not live the night,
That means she won't fight.

My girl lives in an iron lung,
But she can still give real good tongue.

My girl has leprosy,
Parts are always landing on top of me.

She had an episiotomy,
That's a bigger hole for me.

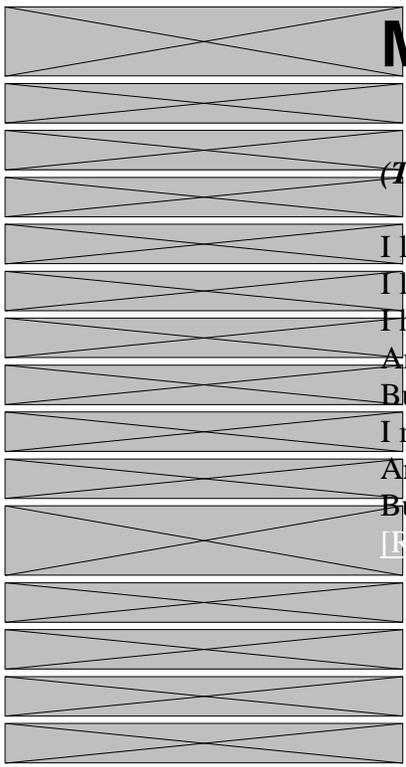
She can not hear, she can not see,
But she's got an oral cavity.

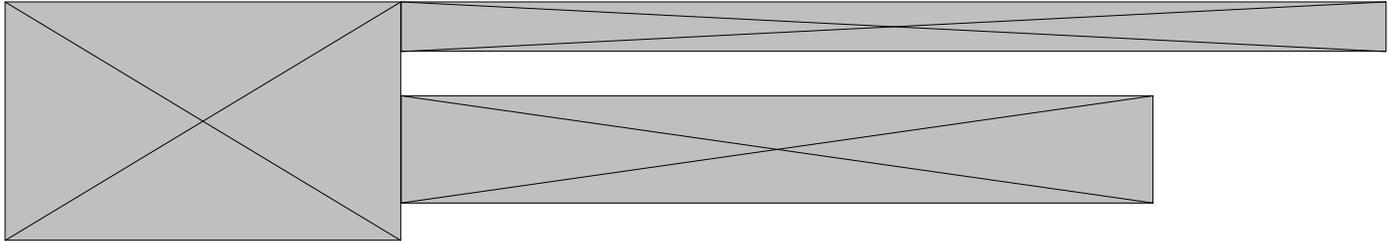


My Kind of Girl

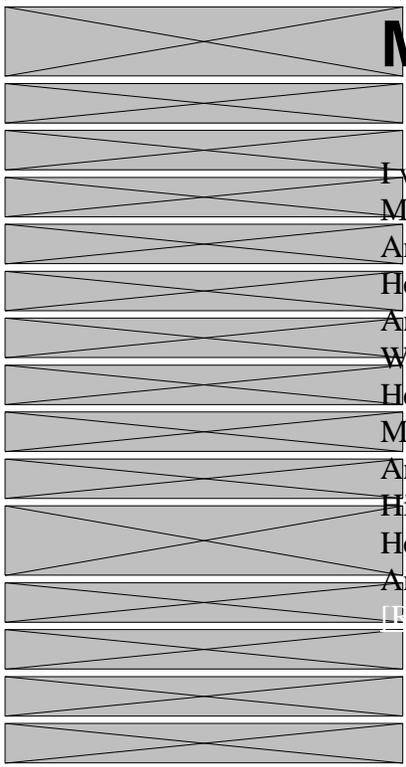
(To: British Grenadier)

I like the girls who say they will,
I like the ones who won't,
I hate the girls who say they will,
And then they say they won't.
But of all the girls I like the best,
I may be wrong or right,
Are the girls who say they never will,
But look as though they might.

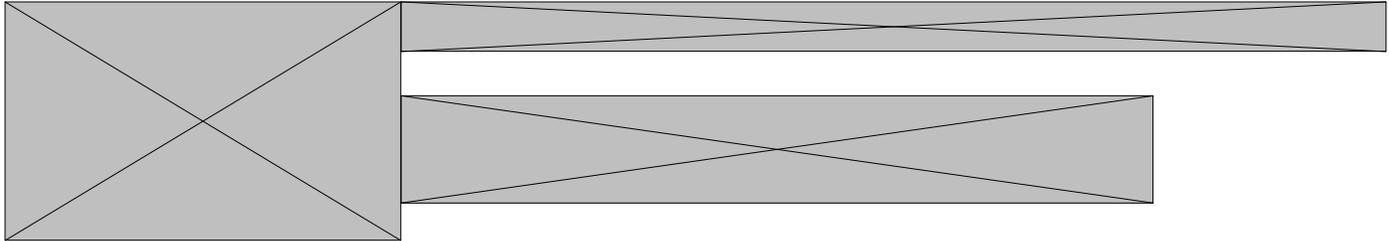




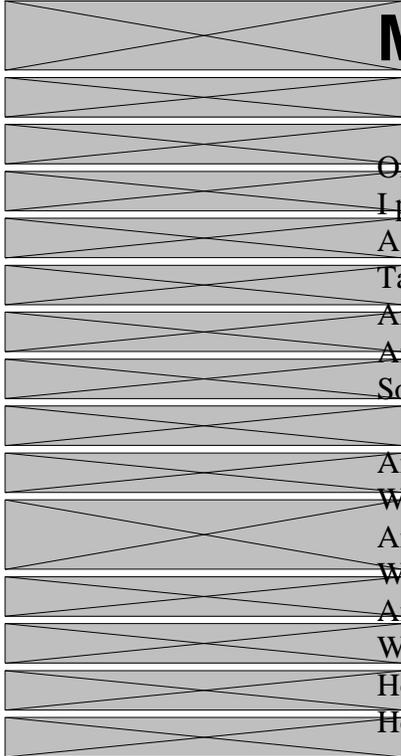
My Little Pink Panties



I wore my panties,
My little pink panties,
And he wore his G.I. shorts.
He began to caress me,
And then he undressed me,
What a thrill we had in store,
He played with my titties,
My little pink titties,
And down where the short hairs grow,
His kisses grew sweeter,
He pulled out his Peter,
And whitewashed my little red rose.



My Mother-in-Law



One night in gay Patee,
I paid five francs to see,
A big fat French lady,
Tattooed from head to knee,
And on her jaw was a British man-o-war.
And on her back was a Union Jack,
So I paid five francs more.

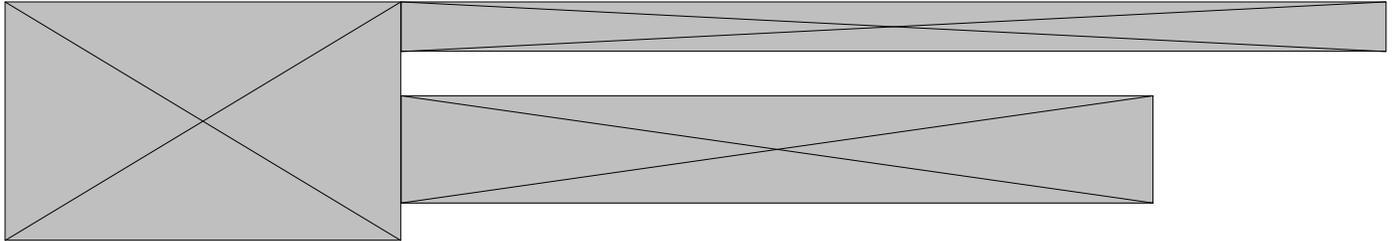
And running up and down her spine,
Was the BHB in line,
And on her lily-white bum,
Was a picture of the Rising Sun,
And on her fanny,
Was Al Jolson singing "Mammy"
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law.

I loves my mother-in-law,
She's nothing but a dirty old whore,
She nags me day and night,
And I can't do shit all right,
She's coming home today,
But I hope she stays away,
Now isn't it a pity,
She's only one titty,
And she's in the family way.

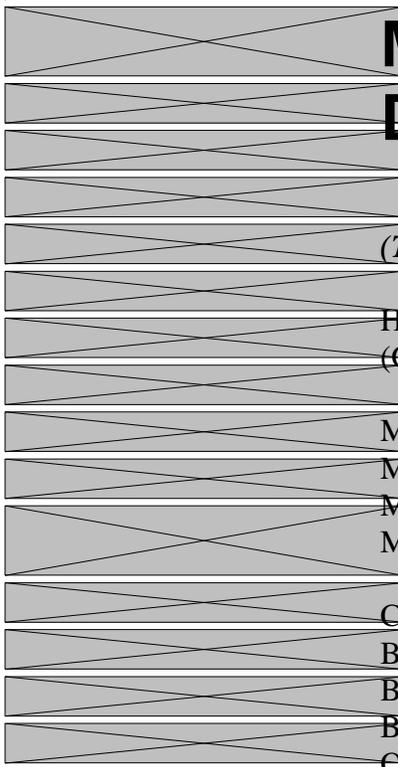
Last night I greased the stairs,
Put tin-tacks on the chairs,
I hope she breaks her back,
Because I do love wearing black.

She drinks all my brandy,
And makes my dog feel randy,
How I loves her, how I loves her,

How I loves my mother-in-law.



My One Tit Hangs Down to My Two Tit



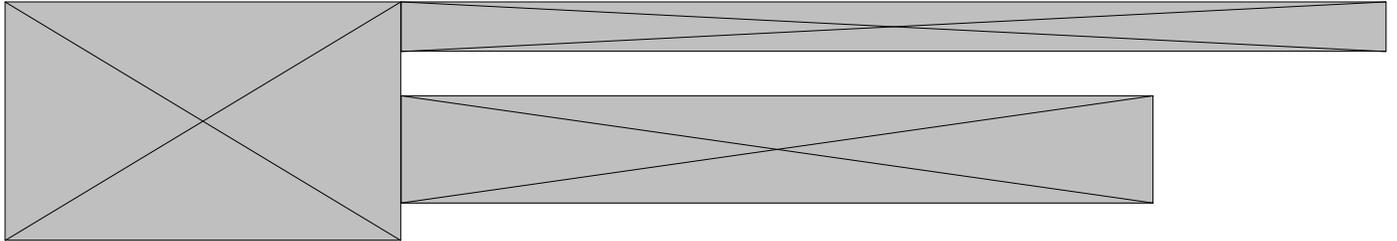
(To: "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean")

Harriettes:
(Gesture appropriately for each line)

My one tit sags down with my two tit,
My belly sags down when I pee.
My fat ass sags down when I squat-shit,
My pussy sags down to my knee,

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my big tit to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my big tit to me, to me.

My body lies over the ocean,
My body lies over the sea.
My father lies over my mother,
And that's how they created me.



I'm My Own Grandpa

(To song of same name)

Chorus

I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

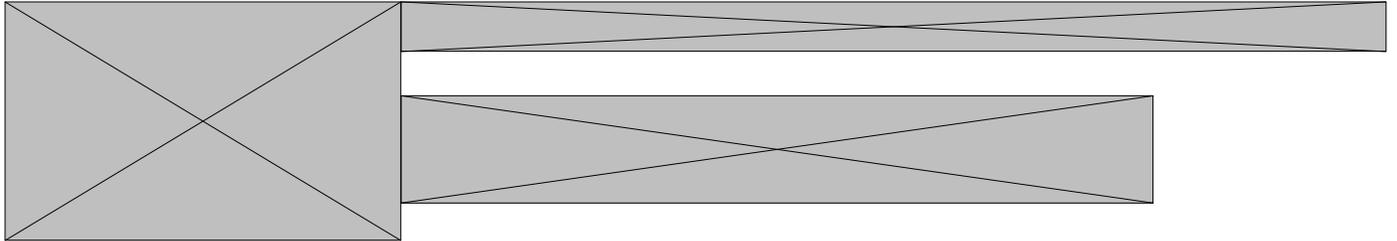
Many years ago,
When I was twenty three,
I was married to a widow,
Who was pretty as can be.
This widow had a grownup daughter,
Who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her,
And soon the two were wed.

This made my father my son-in-law,
Which changed my very life,
My daughter was my mother,
For she was my father's wide.
And to complicate the matter,
Even though it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of,
A bouncing baby boy.

This little baby then
Became the brother of my dad.
So became my uncle
Though it made me sad.
By then he was my uncle
And he also was the brother
Of the grownup daughter
Who of course was my step mother.

My father's wife then had a son,
Who kept them on the run.
He just became the grandchild
For he was my daughter's son.
My wife is now my father's mother,
And it makes me blue.
Although she is my wife,
She is my grandmother too.

Now if my wife is my grandmother,
I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it,
It really drives me wild.
Now I have become the strangest
Case you ever saw.
I am the husband of my own grandmother.



Diamond Lily

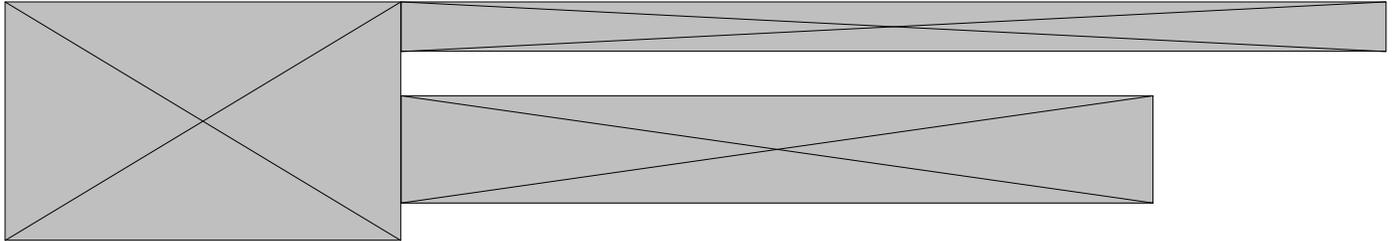
(To: Do You Ken John Peel)

Oh, her name is Diamond Lily,
She's a whore in Picadilly,
And her brother has a brothel in the Stand,
Her father sells his arsehole,
At the Elephant and Castle,
They're the richest fucking family in the land.

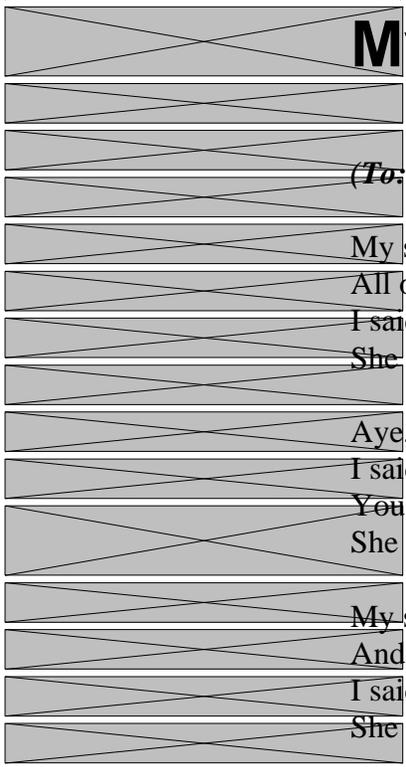
There's a man deep in a dungeon,
With his hand upon his truncheon,
And the shadow of his prick upon the wall,
And the ladies as they pass,
Stick their hat-pins up his ass,
And the little mice play billiards with his balls.

There's a little green urinal,
To the north of Waterloo,
And another a little further up,
There's a member of our school,
Playing tunes upon his tool,
While the passers-by put pennies in his cup.

Have you met my Uncle Hector,
He's a cock and ball inspector,
At a celebrated public school,
And my brother sells French Letters,
And a patent cure for wetters,
We're not the best of families, ain't it cool?



My Sombrero



(To: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye)

My sister Belinda, she pissed out the winda,
All over my favorite sombrero,
I said, "You fat twat, you pissed on my hat,"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

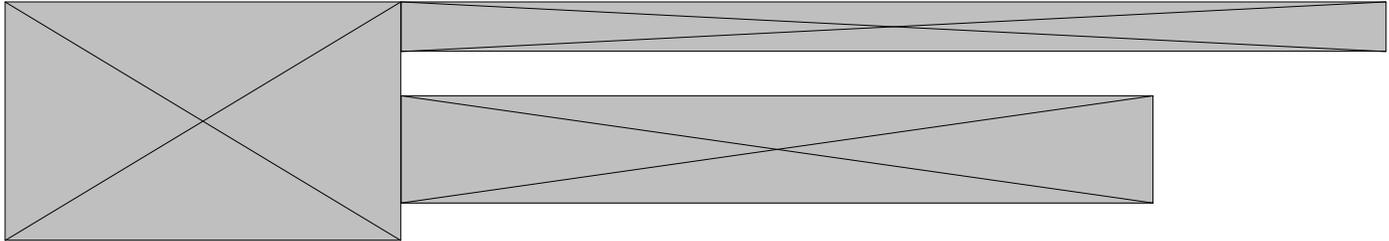
Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my soggy sombrero,
I said, "You fat twat,
You just pissed on my hat,"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

My sister Margarita, she come all excreta,
And shit in my bessy sombrero,
I said, "You fat twat, you shit in my hat,"
She said, "I don't give a fuckero."

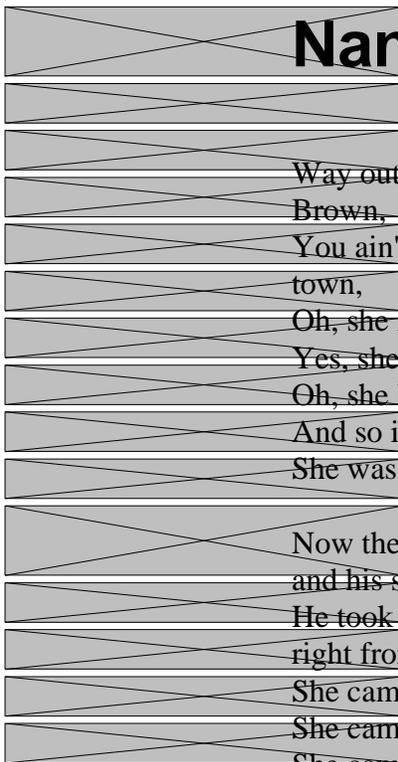
Aye, aye, aye, aye,
Me and my shitty sombrero,
I said, "You fat twat, you just shat in my hat,"
She said, "I don't give a fuckero."

My girlfriend Maria, she's got gonorrhea,
She gave it to me, amigo,
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me the clap,"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

Aye, aye, aye, aye,
Me and my blobby dickero,
I said, "You fat twat, you just gave me the clap,"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."



Nancy Brown



Way out in West Virginia lived a gal named Nancy
Brown,
You ain't never seen such beauty in a city nor a
town,
Oh, she lived up in the mountain,
Yes, she lived up in the mountains,
Oh, she lived up in the mountain mighty high,
And so it is related not a bit contaminated,
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came the local cowboy with his guitar
and his song,
He took Nancy to the mountain be she still knew
right from wrong,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.
And despite that cowboy's urgin' she remained the
village virgin.
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

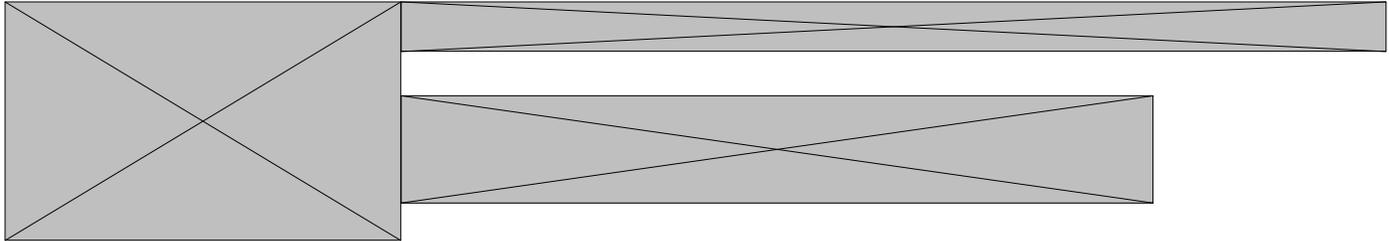
Then there came the village deacon with his
phrases sweet and kind,
He took Nancy to the mountain but she still could
read his mind,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.
And they say that there deacon didn't get what he
was seekin',
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

But there came the city slicker with his thousand
dollar bills,
He put Nancy in his Packard and drove up in them

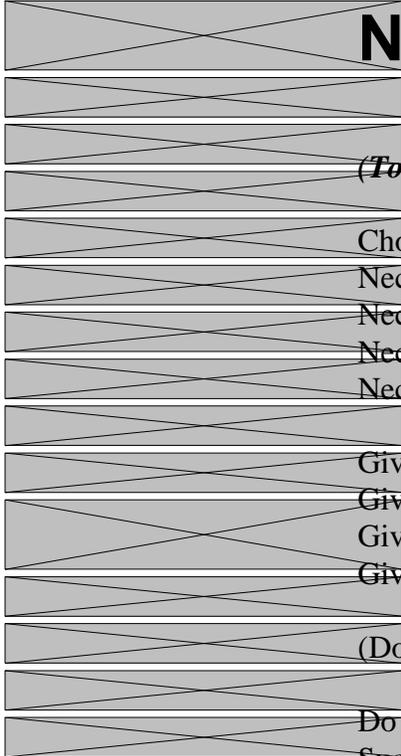
thar hills,
Oh, they stayed up in the mountain,
She was laid up in the mountain,
Oh, they stayed up in the mountain all that night,
She came down next mornin' early more a woman than
a girl,
And her mother kicked the hussey out of sight.

Slow
Now to end our little ditty finds Nancy in the
city,
An by all accounts she's doin' might swell,
For she's winin',
And she's dinin',
And she's on her back reclinin',
And those West Virginia skies can go to hell.

Normal tempo
But there came the big depression caught our
slicker by the pants,
He had to sell his Packard and give up his little
Nance,
So she went back to the mountain,
Yes she went back to the mountain,
Oh, she went back to the mountain mighty sore,
Now the cowboy and the deacon get thing that they
were seekin',
For she's nothing but a West Virginia whore!



Necrophilia's Best



(To: Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

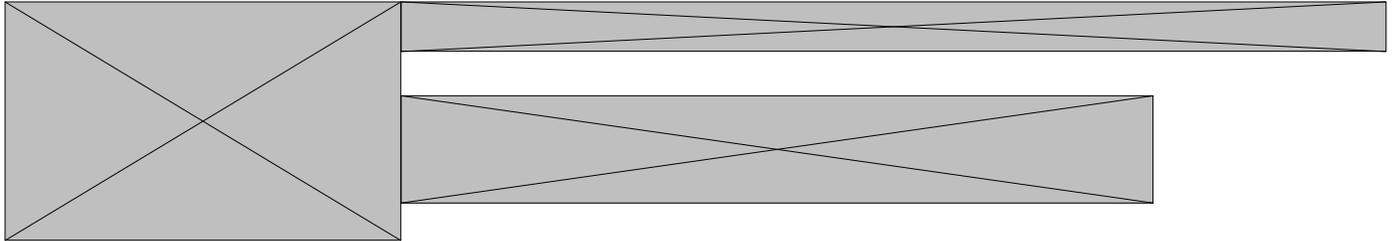
Chorus

Necrophilia's best, boys,
Necrophilia's best, (Fuck a cadaver!)
Necrophilia's best, boys,
Necrophilia's best.

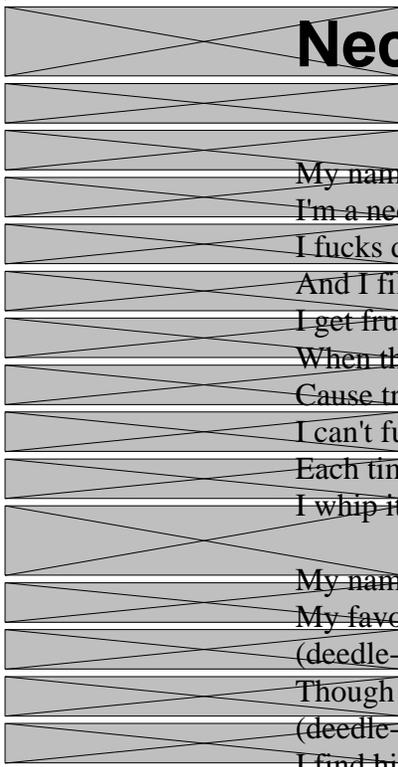
Give head to the dead, girls,
Give head to the dead, (Necrophilia!)
Give head to the dead, girls,
Give head to the dead, (Everybody)

(Do the following verses as above)

Do it lots 'fore she rots, boys...
Suck some decomposed toes, girls...
Stroke her hips in a crypt, boys...
Fuck her defunct cunt, boys...
Shoo the flies off her thighs, guys...
Pinch your nipples hard in the graveyard, girls...
Do your boffin' in a coffin, mates...
Plant your pelvis on Elvis, girls...
Rub your slit on Sonny Stitt, girls...
Suck the dong of Mao Tse-Tung, girls...
Sink your cable in Betty Grable, boys...
Go to bed with the dead, Fred...
Use the staff of a stiff, girls...
The best of course is a corpse, boys...
Get some authentic skull, mates...
Jack off on old Jackie, boys...
Shoot some cream in a mausoleum, boys...
That Kim Il Sung is sure hung, girls...



Necrophilia Song



My name is Jack (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm a necrophiliac (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I fucks dead wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And I fills 'em full of jism.
I get frustrated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
When they're cremated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Cause try as I must (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I can't fuck dust!
Each time I pass a cemetery gate,
I whip it out and masturbate.

My name is Judy (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My favorite stiff's a beauty
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Though his pecker's soft and thin
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I find his femur slips right in.
Most girls like their guys aware
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Me, I prefer Joe's lifeless stare
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Don't you call me a ghoul
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Just 'cause my Joe's real cool!
Each time I pass the mortuary gate,
My vagina starts to lubricate.

My name is Phil (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I likes my wimmen still
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I whack off in (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
An occupied coffin.
I love wrinkly wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Who are over sixty-five
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Especially if they died
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
At twenty-five!
Each day I try to copulate,
With my favorite deceased mate.

My name is Mary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I met my lover through an obituary
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
So what if he's dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
At least he doesn't fart in bed.
I like his leathery skin
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I can poke it with a pin
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And when the worms come out his butt
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I feed them to the mutt!
Every time I see a crematory urn,
My genitals begin to burn.

My name is Ron (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I get a hard-on (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
When I see a redhead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Who's deader than dead.
You don't polka or waltz
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
With a girl with no pulse
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I like my wimmen old (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I prefer my wimmen cold!
Each time I pass a mausoleum,
My shorts fill up with cream.

My name is Denise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My man is deceased (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I think it's wise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
To love a man who's demised.
I broke into his tomb (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Took him up to my room (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My mother Doris (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Admires his rigor mortis!
Each time I pass the old graveyard,
I find my nipples getting hard.

My name is Mitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

And I dig a wealthy bitch
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Not because she's really rich
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
But 'cause she's in a six-foot ditch.
Most like their ladies hot
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I rather fancy not (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Just in case you have forgotten
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I prefer my wimmen rotten!
Each time I pass a funeral pyre,
My libido catches fire.

My name is Gertrude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Now you may think this rather rude
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
But I don't find it crude
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
To go down on a dead dude.
He won't come in my mouth
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
His sex drive has gone south
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
He won't take my money (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And he'll never call me Honey!
Each time I hear a funeral dirge,
I get the old carnal urge.

My name is Paul (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My girl doesn't move at all
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
It's not that she's frigid
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
It's 'cause she's rigid.
Most like their wimmen quick
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Personally, the thought makes me sick
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I fairly dread (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Sleeping with the Undead!
Every time I see a hearse,
My akey-breaky balls ache worse.

My name is Mary Beth (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm actually into death

(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Once they're dead I don't get high
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I want them AS they die.
As they start to come (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I crush their windpipes with my thumb
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
While my lovers have death spasms
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I enjoy multiple orgasms!
Each time I pass a burial plot,
It stimulates my G-spot.

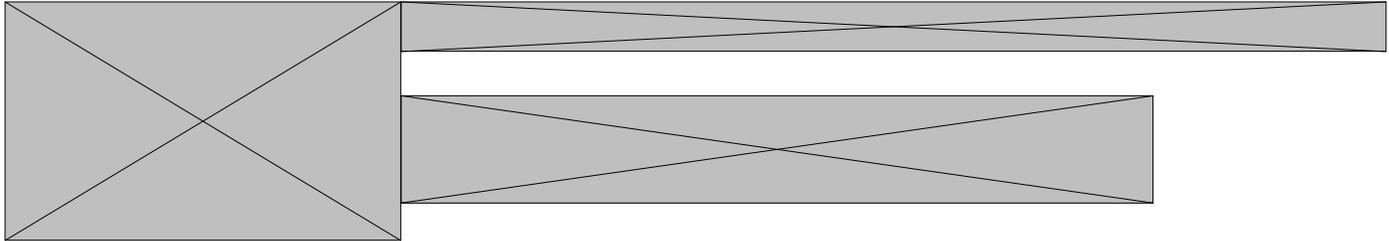
My name is Earl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Some people think I'm quite the churl
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I once exhumed a little girl
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I love the way her toenails curl.
I take satisfaction (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
In advanced putrefaction
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Her toothy grin and concave cheek
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Her sexy decomposing reek!
Each time I pass a funeral wake,
I grow a monster one-eyed snake.

My name is Monique (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm a necro-lesbo freak
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I love vaginal cavities
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Of expired celebrities.
Once in a very lusty mood
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I dug up Natalie Wood (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I used a casket hoist (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And found her still delectably moist!
When I visit memorial parks,
My pussy starts emitting sparks.

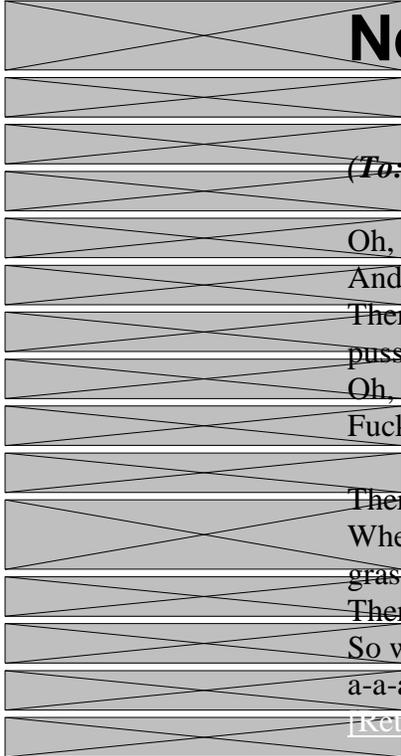
My name is Brucie (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm weird and fey and swishy
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My lover once was hetero

(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
But in death he's my special homo.
I used to like to fist him
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I could get my whole hand in
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
But now he's overused (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
His rotting bum is simply huge!
Each time I pass a sarcophagus,
I'm seized with homosexual lust.

My name is Manfred (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Sheep are so hot when they're dead
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I hit and killed one on the road
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And I shot off a mother-load.
I keep my decomposing lambkin
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Its starting to lose a lot of skin
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
There's parts where you can see its skeleton
(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And other parts I like to put my tongue in!
Every time I pass a farm,
My skivvies fill with juices warm.



Nellie Darling

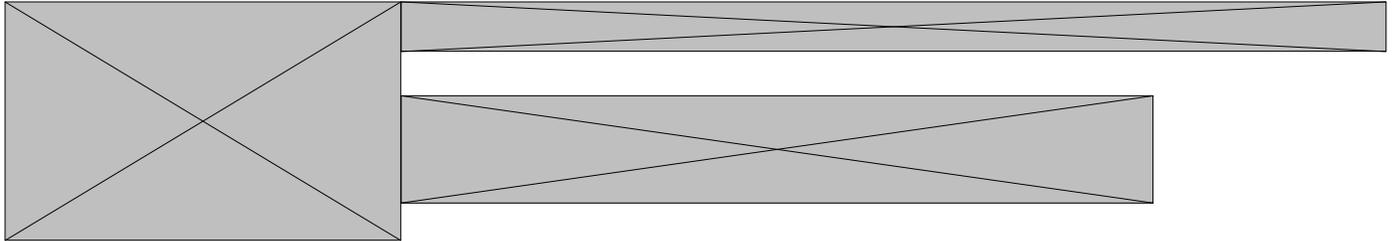


(To: I Wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Wiener)

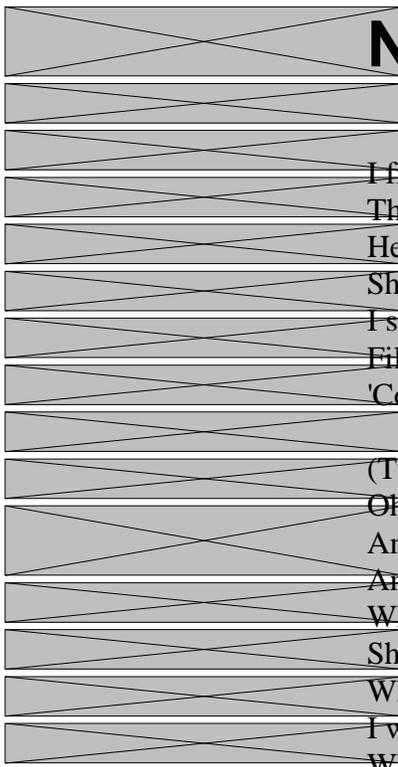
Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie Darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a thousand flies a' buzzing round your
pussy,
Oh, you're the dirtiest, ugliest, rottenest,
Fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
When you piss, your piss a stream as green as
grass,
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle,
So why not make one dear, and shove it up your
a-a-a-ass?

[Redacted]



Nelly 'Awkins



I first met Nelly 'Awkins down
The old Kent Road,
Her drawers were hanging down,
She'd just been with Charlie Brown,
I shoved filthy tanner in her,
Filthy rotten hand,
'Cos she was a dirty old whore,

(Tune Change)
Oh, she wore no blouses,
And I wore not trousers,
And we both wore no underwear,
When she caressed me,
She damn near undressed me,
What a pleasure no man knows.
I went to the doctor, he said,
Where did you knock her,
I said down where the green grass grows,
He said in less than a twinkle,
That pimple on your winkle,
Will be bigger than a big red rose.

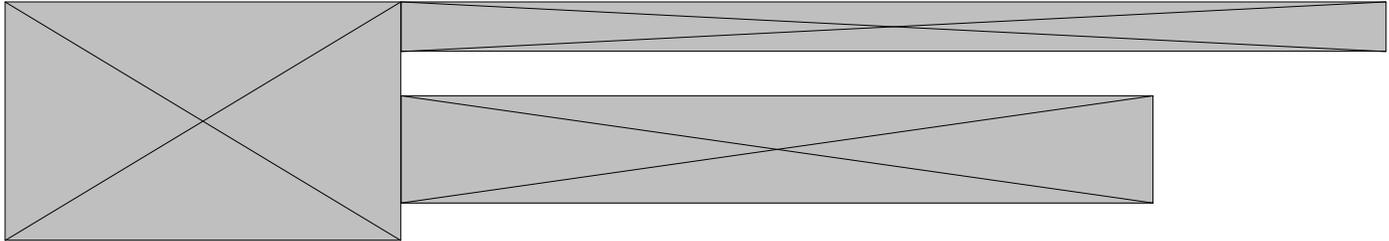
Chorus (Tune Change):
Won't somebody make my rhubarb rise,
Dada dada da da,
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise,
To it's natural size,
Market gardening size,
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise,
And my baby don't love me,
My baby don't love me,
Oh my baby don't love no more.

(Tune Change)
I caught a dose of pox a year ago,

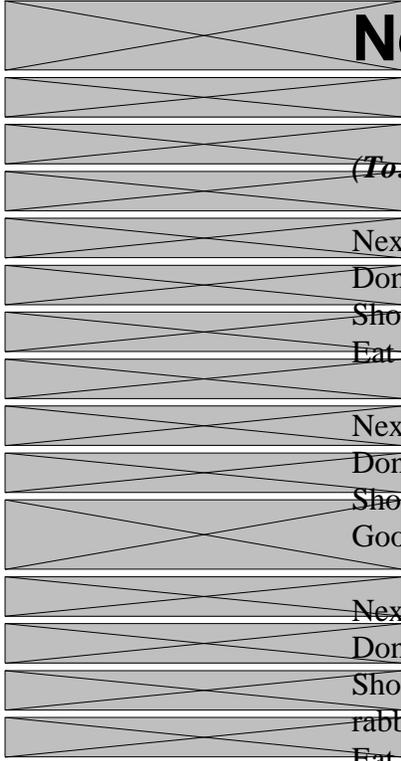
a year ago, a year ago, a year ago.
I thought it was the clap and it would go,
it would go, it would go.
The longer I wait the worse it grew,
Now I've got the galloping knob rot,
What shall I do?
The other day I lost the starboard ball,
Starboard ball, starboard ball, starboard ball,
And now the other one's begun to fall.
I'm sorry to say, I'm wasting away,
And soon I'll have no balls at all.

(Tune Change)

To be screwed by a dude
Can be quite incidental
That's why Durex is a girl's best friend.
A poke with a bloke
Can be accidental,
So when he slips it in
Make sure it has that latex skin
When he lets fly non gets by,
Yes they all get caught up in the end.
This simple precaution
Can prevent abortions,
That why Durex is a girl's best friend.



Next Thanksgiving

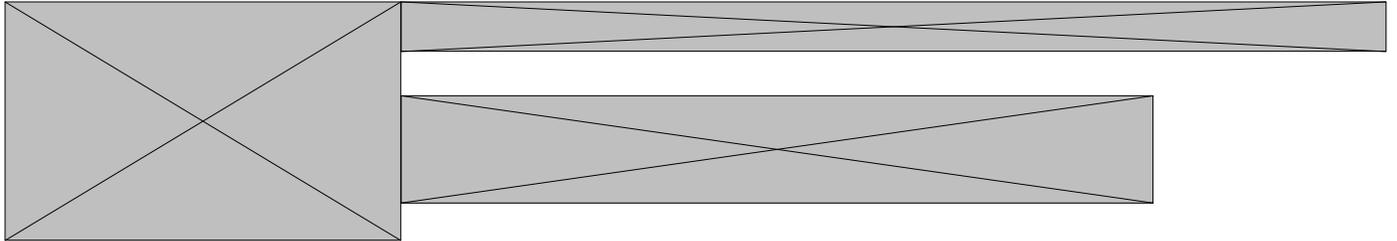


(To: Fraire Jacques)

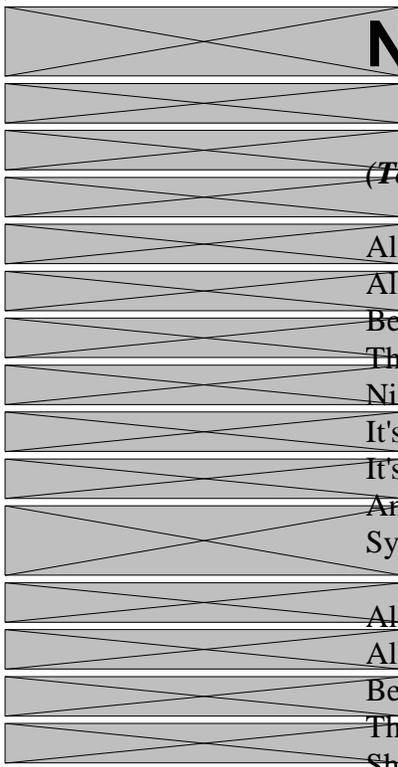
Next Thanksgiving, next Thanksgiving,
Don't eat bread, don't eat bread,
Shove it up the turkey, shove it up the turkey,
Eat the bird, eat the bird.

Next Christmas, next Christmas,
Don't trim a tree, don't trim a tree,
Shove it up the chimney, shove it up the chimney,
Goose Saint Nick, goose Saint Nick.

Next Easter, next Easter,
Don't color eggs, don't color eggs,
Shove them up the rabbit, shove them up the
rabbit,
Eat the hare, eat the hare.



Nice Girls

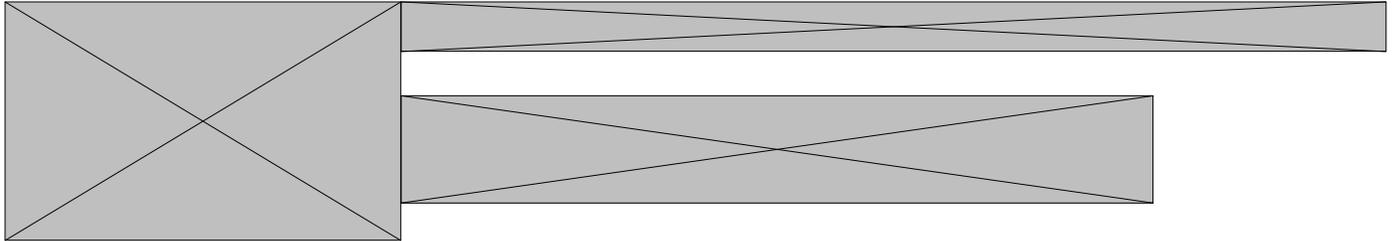


(To: All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor)

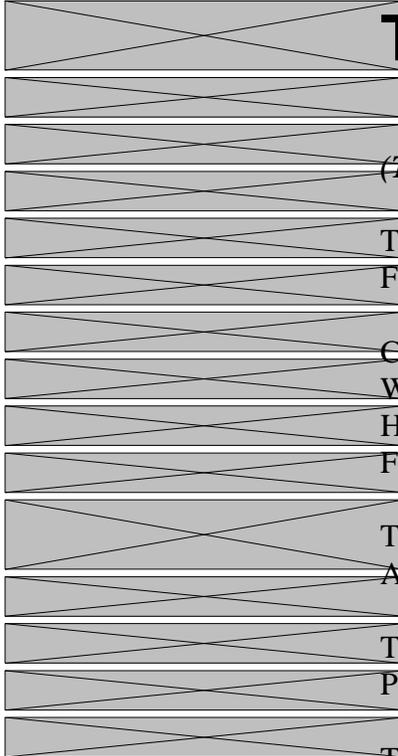
All the nice girls like a candle,
All the nice girls like a wick,
Because there's something about a candle,
That reminds them of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's the surest way to joy.
It's been up the Queen of Saipan,
And it's going up again.
Syph ahoy, Syph ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot,
All the nice boys like a whore.
Because there's something about a harlot,
That they've never known before.
She'll be willing, for a shilling,
And she'll pep you up, my boy.
But she'll leave you on the rocks,
With a bloody good dose of pox.
Syph ahoy, Syph ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy,
All the parsons like a bum,
Because there's something about a choir boy,
That would make an angel cum.
Roll him over, sleep in clover.
It's a curate's only joy.
And you needn't give a rap,
For you'll never catch the clap.
Syph ahoy, Syph ahoy.



This Old Man



(To: This Old Man)

This old man, he fucked one,
Fucking one was so much fun.

Chorus
With a nick-nack paddy-wack,
He gave the dog his bone,
Fucked his dog and made him moan.

This old man, he fucked two,
A sheep and then a kangaroo.

This old man, he fucked three,
Put mirrors up so he could see.

This old man, he fucked four,
After three he bought a whore.

This old man, he fucked five,
Two were dead and three alive.

This old man, he fucked six,
Had his sister turning tricks.

This old man, he fucked seven,
The youngest one was just eleven.

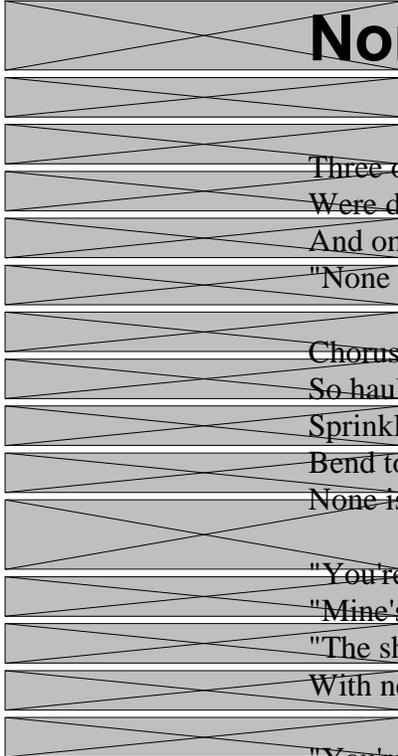
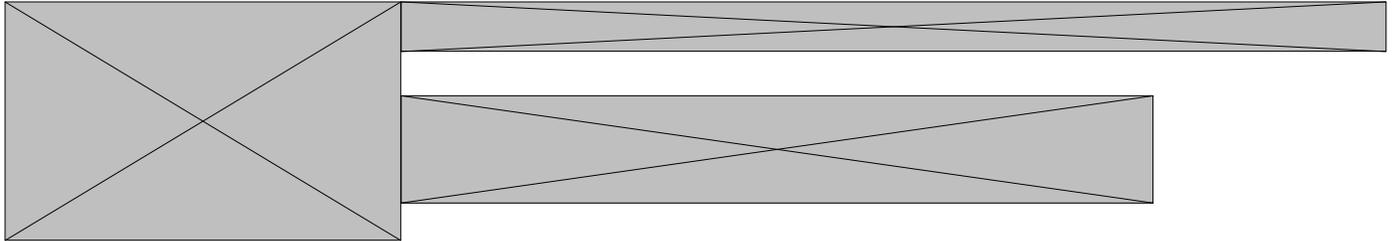
This old man, he fucked eight,
Blown by one and it felt great.

This old man, he fucked nine,
God this orgy's just divine.

This old man, he fucked ten,

He shouted out, "Let's do it again."

This old man, he fucked eleven,
Died of V.D. and went to heaven.
With a nick-nack paddy-wack,
Now his dog is all alone,
No one left to make him moan.
(end)



None is Bigger Than Mine

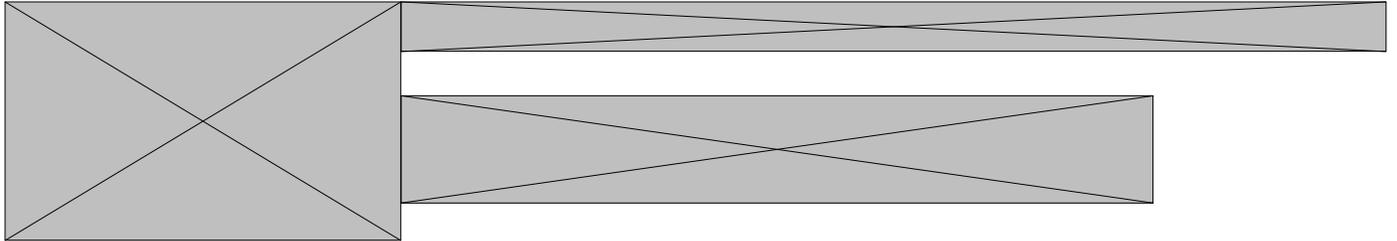
Three old whores from Baltimore,
Were drinking sherry wine.
And one of them says to the other two,
"None is bigger than mine."

Chorus
So haul on the streets ye hearties,
Sprinkle the decks with brine.
Bend to the oars, you lousy whores,
None is bigger than mine.

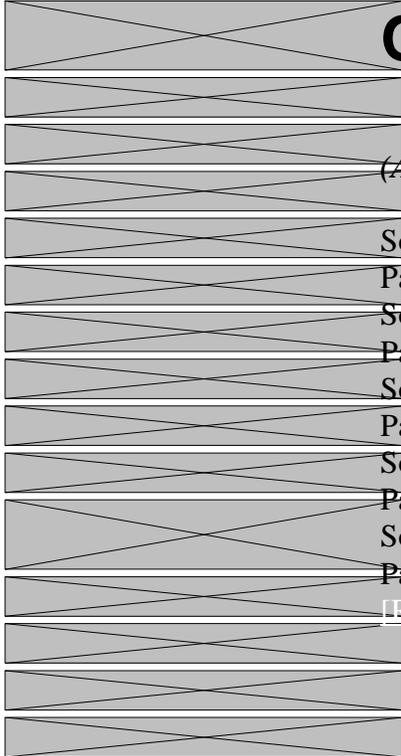
"You're a liar," said the second old whore,
"Mine's as big as the sea,"
"The ships sail in and the ships sail out,
With never a tickle to me."

"You're a liar," said the third old whore,
"I've had me a thousand men,
There's some go by and there's some go in,
And never come out again.,"

"You're a liar," said the first old whore,
"Mine's as big as the air,"
"Why the sun could set in the crack of my cunt,
And never burn a pubic hair."



Olly, Olly, Olly



(A cheer to get the pack rev'd up)

Songmaster: Olly, Olly, Olly!

Pack: Oii, Oii, Oii!

Songmaster: Olly, Olly, Olly!

Pack: Oii, Oii, Oii!

Songmaster: Olly!

Pack: Oii!

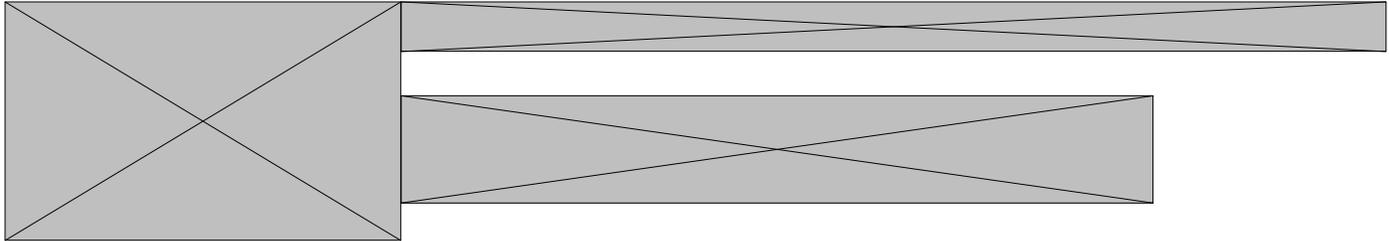
Songmaster: Olly!

Pack: Oii!

Songmaster: Olly, Olly, Olly!

Pack: Oii, Oii, Oii!

!!



My Dead Hash

(To "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean",

"My Dead Whore" parody)

I saw a dead hash on the hash-l,
I knew right away it was dead.
No seal of approval from ZiPpY,
You shouldn't go to it, he said (he said),
You shouldn't go to it, he said.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Nash Hash to me (to me!)
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my Nash Hash to me.

I saw the Nash Hash in the message,
It looked like a great place to be.
But Swamp Bitch said Pike's Peak was better,
It's not a real choice to me. (She said!)
It's not a real choice to me!"

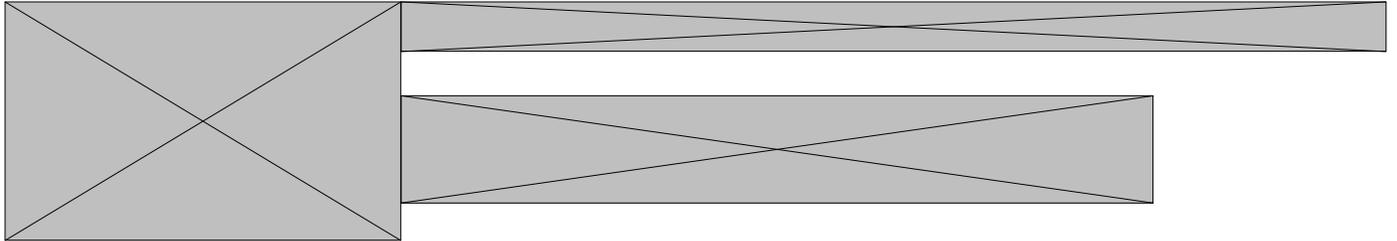
The Nash Hash looked like a real goner,
Some tried to say it was tradition.
But Flying B., Cold Cuts and others,
Said what they propose is sedition (sedition!)
What they propose is sedition!

So Birmingham hashers were given,
The facts as they came from hash-l.
They laughed so hard beer spewed forever,
For all of the whinners, to hell. (to hell!)
For all of the whinners, to hell!

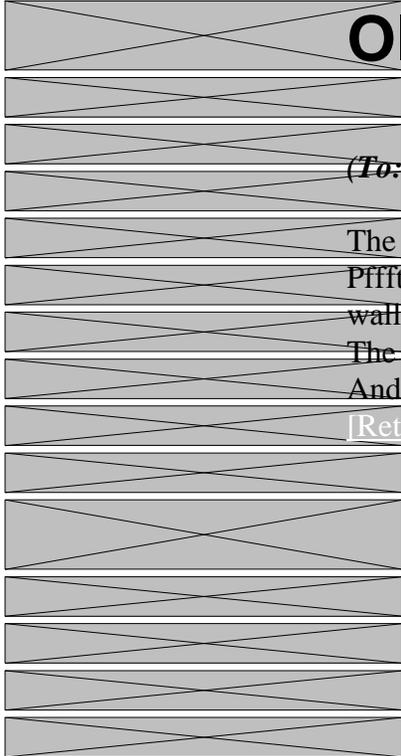
So if you send flyers to hash-l,

Make sure that you ask the right guys.
ZiPpY and F. B. and Cold Cuts,
And make sure that they thought it up (upchuck!)
And make sure that they thought it up!

Now USA Nash Hash will happen,
Regardless any list whinner.
Let's hope the jealous are missing,
It'll make the U.S. Nash Hash finer (finer!)
It'll make the U.S. Nash Hash finer!



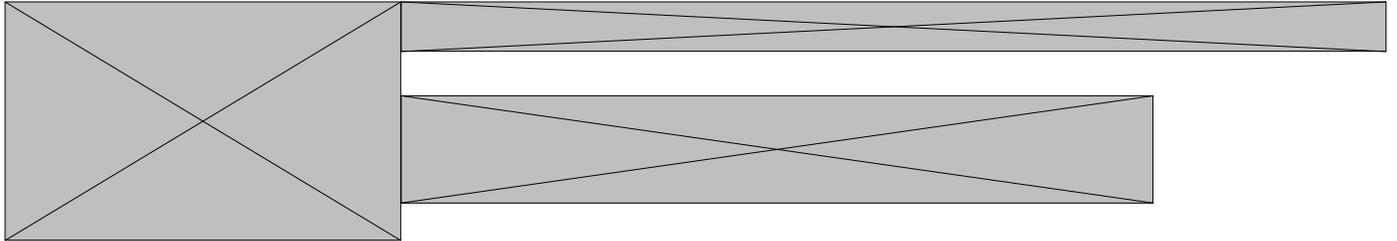
Old Brown Cow



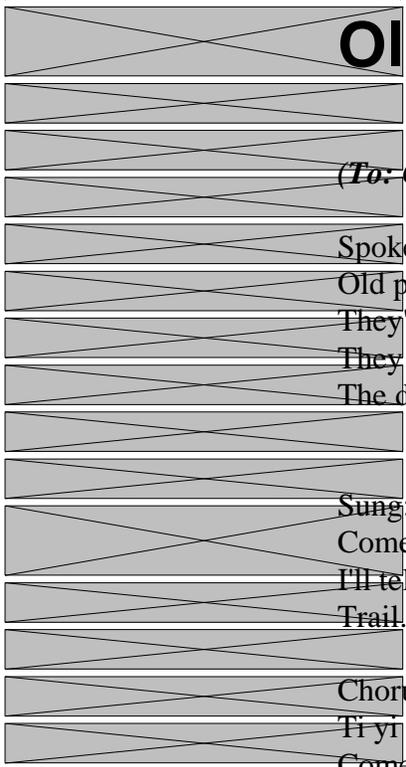
(To: The Old Grey Mare)

The old brown cow went pffftz up against the wall,
Pffftz up against the wall, pffftz up against the
wall,
The old brown cow went pffftz up against the wall,
And the wall was covered in shit, shit, shit!

[Ret



Old Chisholm Trail



(To: Chisholm Trail)

Spoken:

Old pioneers with great long ears,
They've lived in fields and ditches,
They fucked their wives with Bowie knives -
The dirty sons-a-bitches.

Sung:

Come along boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm
Trail

Chorus

Ti yi yip-pee yip-pee yay yip-pee yay,
Come a ti yi yip-pee yip-pee yay.

With my foot in the stirrup and my ass in the
saddle,
I gotta round up the sonofabitchin' cattle.

They sent me to the boss just to get a little
roller,
I thought I'd go to town to get some tallow on my
pole-a.

Oh, I rode and I rode and I rode to the south.
Till my horse's old tongue hung out of his mouth.

Now, little Fanny Walter was a nice fat squaw,
She lived down by the Chickasaw.

Well, when I met her I offered her a penny,
She said, "I'm sorry but I haven't got any."

Well, when I met her I offered her a nickel,
She said, "I am sorry but that wouldn't buy a
tickle."

Well, when I met her I offered her a dime.
She said, "You'll have to try some other time."

Well, when I met her I offered her a quarter.
She said, "By God, I'm a cowpuncher's daughter."

Well, when I met her I offered her a half.
She said, "God, dammit, I ain't no calf."

Well, I went to her house, laid a dollar in her
hand.
She said, "Young man, can you make him stand?"

Oh, I took her by the waist and I throwed her
down,
And my balls hit her ass before she touched the
ground.

Well I fucked her standing and I fucked her lying,
And I'd-a had wings I'd-a fucked her flying.

Well, when I hot up she called me "kid."
She said, "You'll remember me," and by God, I did.

In about three days I began to feel sick,
And my underwear stuck to the end of my dick.

The very next day my prick turned blue,
I got so scardidn't know what to do.

I went to the doctor with my cock in my hand,
Said, "By God, doctor, it's the worst in the
land."

The Doc took a look and then said, "Cough,"
I coughed so hard, my balls fell off.

The doctor he rolled it with a little blue stone.
Says I, "goddamn you, doctor, let that alone."

Now every time I go out to pee,

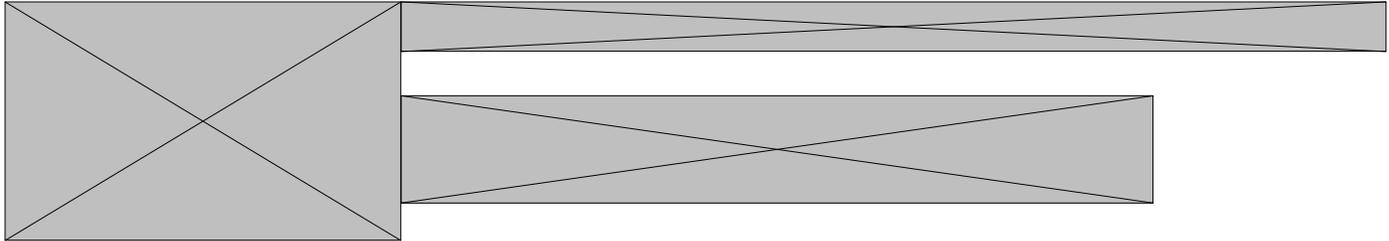
Blood and corruption come from me.

And every time I go out to piss,
I think of the gal who gave me this.

The last time I seen her, and I ain't seen her
since,
She was scratching her cunt on a barbed wire
fence,

The last time I seen her she was floating down the
stream,
With a handful of money and a belly full of cream.

So that's my story of my search for tail,
And I'm back punchin' cattle on the Old Chisholm
Trail.



Old Irish State

(To: Villikins and His Dinah)

I'll sing you a song of the old Irish race,
And the problems these poor people must face.

If you're asked who's got an IQ of 108,
It's the total points scored by the whole Irish
state.

Chorus
With an urr urr urr, and an arr arr arr arr,
They come from a-near and they come from afar,
To hear our heroes and also to see,
Who am the next one a-going to be.

Now Patrick was screwing for over an hour
When he stopped and said to his girl in a glower
"You've got nothing on top and nothing below."
She said, "Get off my back, you silly old crow."

Now Sean was a student at the top of his form
"What's 4 and 4," said his mother, when he was at
home.
"Seven," he replisaid his father with glee.
He's such a clever lad, he only missed it by
three.

Mrs. Riley went shopping for anti-perspirant,
"For my husband," she said, "you know what I
want."
"It's the ball type you're after," said the
shopgirl, "I think"
"No, for under his armpits is where the bugger do
stink."

"The defendant, did he rape you?" said the judge to Anna.

"Yes he did," she replied in her most demure manner.

"And to the best of your knowledge, did he have a climax?"

"No, a Japanese Mazda, them be the facts."

Now Mary O'Toole a gynecologist had seen.

He opened her legs and peered in between.

He said, "When did you last have a check-up in here?"

She said, "I've only had Hungarians for over a year."

"Pilot Murphy to control tower, I want to come in."

"Control tower to Murphy, instructions begin.

What's your height and position, you stupid old runt?"

"I be five-foot-nine tall and I be sitting in front."

Mrs O'Leary buried her husband, but her friend had found

That she'd left his bare arse sticking out of the ground.

"Why'd you do that, I've never seen such like?"

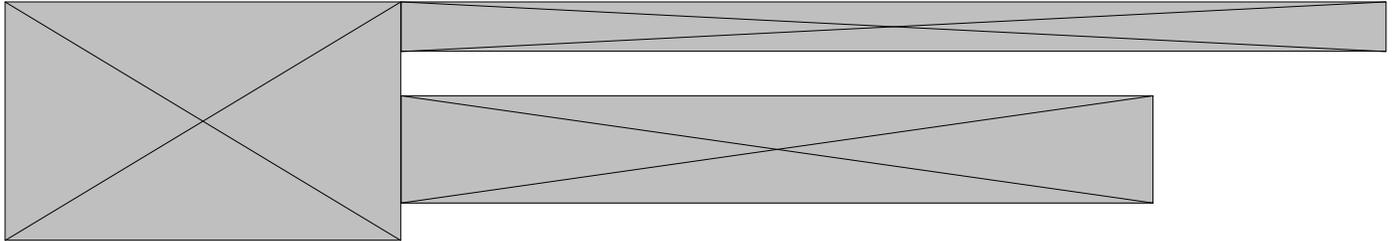
"Well, when I visit the grave, I can park me bike."

Well the Jews tell us that they're God's chosen race.

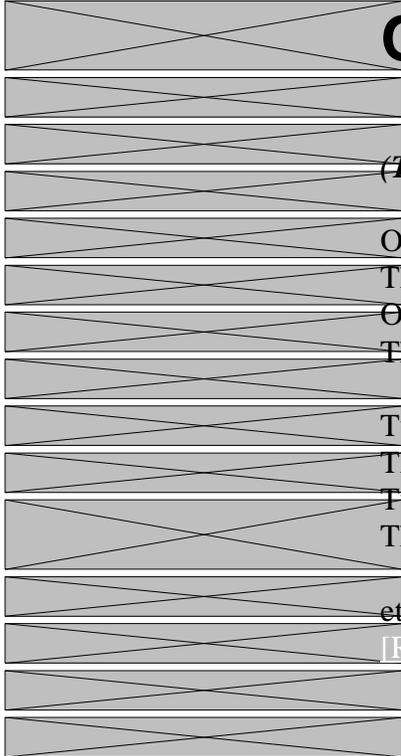
But it could have been our fair land in its place.

For God went a searching, he looked all around.

But three wise men and a virgin just couldn't be found.



One on the Table



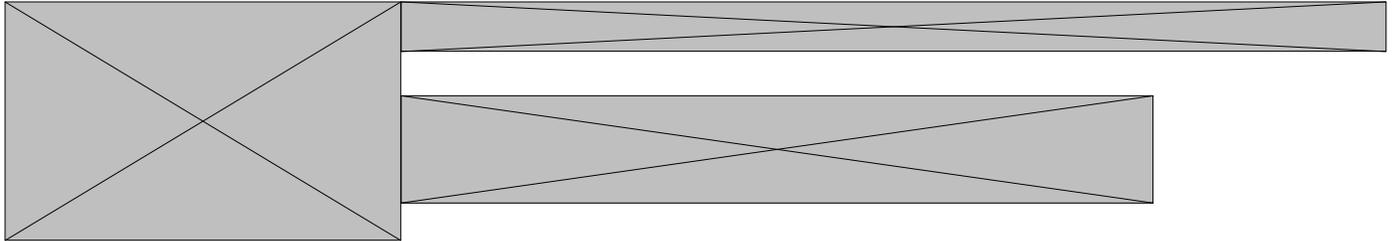
(To: Guantanamo)

One on the table,
There's only one on the table,
One on the ta-ble,
There's only one on the table.

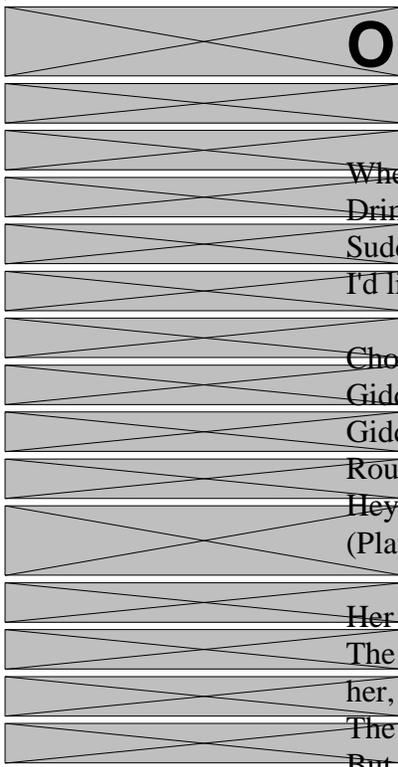
Two on the table!
There's only two on the table,
Two on the ta-ble,
There's only two on the table.

etc...

E



One-Eyed Riley



When I was sitting by the fire,
Drinking whiskey, passing water,
Suddenly a thought come to my mind,
I'd like to fuck O'Riley's daughter.

Chorus
Giddy-eye-eye, giddy-eye-oh
Giddy-eye-eye, for the one-eyed Riley,
Rough 'em up, stuff em up, balls and all,
Hey jig-a-jig-eye-oh.
(Play it on your old base drum)

Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,
The Colonel, the Major, and the Captain sought
her,
The regimental goat and the drummer boy too,
But they never had a fuck with O'Riley's daughter.

Jack O'Flanagan is my name,
I'm the king of copulation,
Drinking beer my claim to fame,
Fucking women my occupation.

Walking through the town one day,
Who should I meet but O'Riley's daughter,
Never a word to her did say,
But "Don't you think we really 'oughter?"

Up the stairs and into bed,
There I cocked my left leg over,
Marianne was smiling then,
Smiling still when the fuck was over.

Fucked her till her tits were flat,
Filled her up with soapy water,

She won't get away with that,
If she doesn't have twins then she really
'oughter.

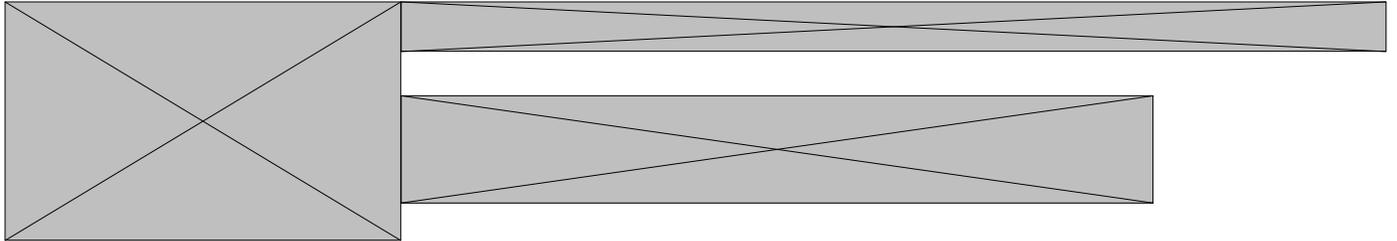
Suddenly footsteps on the stairs,
Old man 'Riley bent on slaughter,
Bloody great pistol in his hand,
Looking for the one who fucked his daughter.

He fired the pistol at my head,
Missed me by an inch and quarter,
Hit his daughter Marianne,
Right in the place where she passes water.

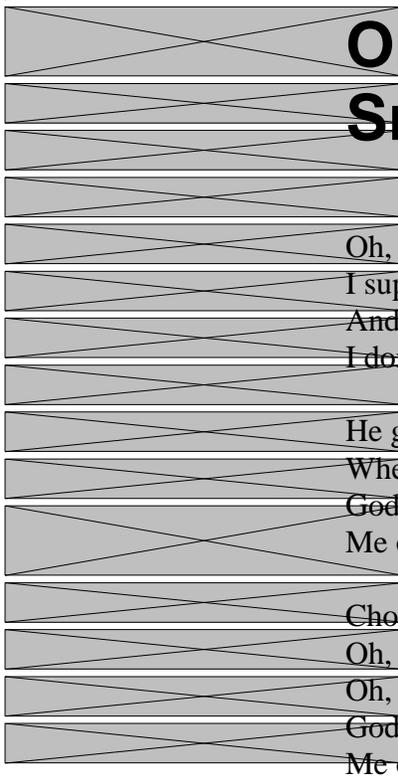
I grabbed O'Riley by the hair,
Shoved his head in a bucket of water,
Rammed his pistol up his ass,
A damn sight quicker than I fucked his daughter.

Old man Riley's dead and gone,
Shall we bury him? Not fucking likely,
We'll nail him to the shithouse door,
And there we'll bugger him twice nightly.

Come you virgins, maidens fair,
Answer me quick and true not slyly.
Do you want it straight and square,
Or the way I gave it to one eyed 'Riley?



One-Eyed Trouser Snake



Oh, I got a little creature,
I suppose you'd call him a pet,
And if there's something wrong with him,
I don't have to see the vet.

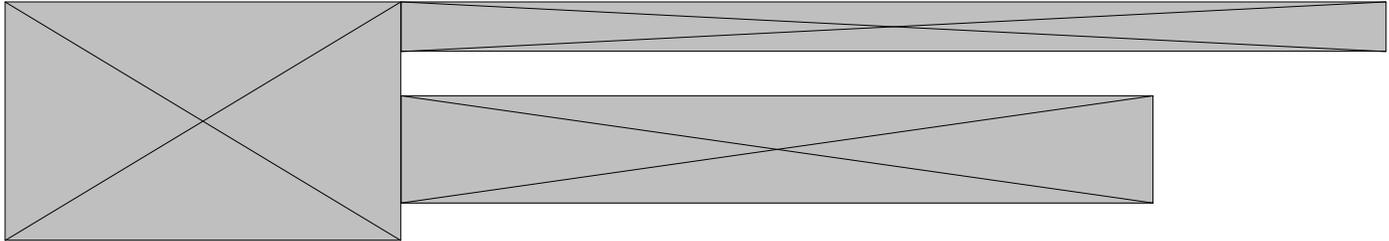
He goes everywhere that I go,
Whether sleeping or awake.
God help me if I ever lost,
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

Chorus
Oh, me one-eyed trouser snake,
Oh, me one-eyed trouser snake.
God help me if I ever lost,
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

One day I got reading in,
An old sky pilot's book,
About two strakers bastards,
Who made the hood go crook.
They reckoned it was a serpent,
That made eve the apple take,
Cripes, that was no flaming serpent,
'Twas Adam's one-eyed trouser snake.

I met this arty sheila,
Who I'd never met before,
And something kind of told me,
She banged like a dunny door.
I said, "Come up and see me etching",
She said, "I hope it's not a fake."
I said, "Its real, and a work of art.
It's my one-eyed trouser snake."

So come all you little sheilas,
And listen to me some,
The moral of the trouser snake,
Is short as it is long,
Beware of imitation,
Don't lock your bedroom door,
When my pajama python bites you,
You'll be screaming out for more.



Or Would You Rather Be A?

(To: Swinging on a Star)

A Pom is an animal that drinks warm beers,
He winces at everything he hears.
He wears a bowler, eats fish and chips,
He never showers so he stinks like shit,
So, if you're dirty and smelling quite strong,
You could grow up to be a Pom.

Chorus

Or would you rather prop up a bar?
Drinking Singhas out of a jar?
And be better off than you are?
Or would you rather be a _____?

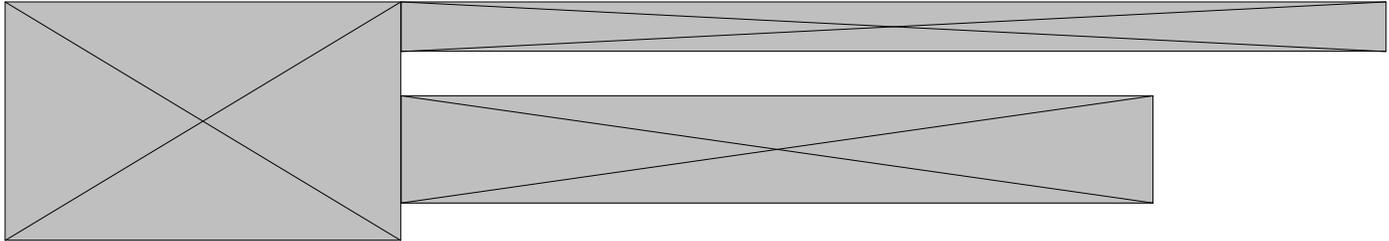
A Yank is an animal that don't know jack shit,
He's got no humor and no wit.
His beer's like water and he talks too much,
He don't even know that a fanny's a crutch,
So if you can't tell a jackoff from a wank,
You could grow up to be a Yank.

An Ocker is an animal with corks in his hat,
He'd rather drink piss than tickle twat.
He's got a roo for a rabbit and a dingo for a dog,
He wishes he could think, but he's missing a cog,
So, if you're dumb and your manners are a shocker,
You could grow up to be an Ocker.

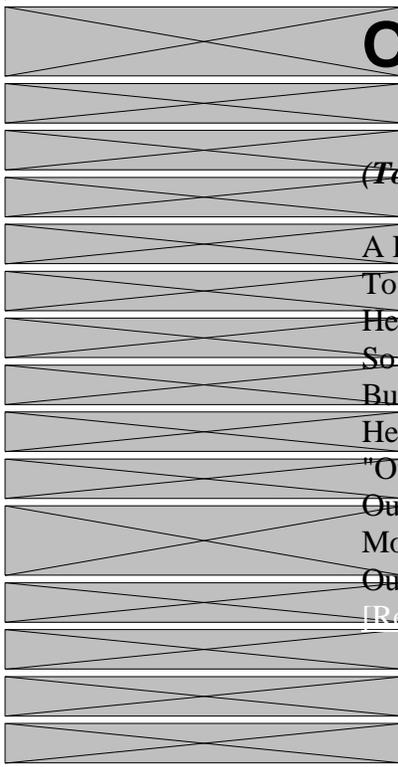
A Kiwi is an animal that likes to fuck sheep,
He's so thick it makes you want to weep.
He's so damn lazy that he lives on the dole,
He'd like to screw women, but he can't find their

hole,
So if you can't tell a ewe from a she,
You could grow up to be Kiwi.

A Limey is an animal who travels around,
He takes his sheep on any grassy mound.
He's so damn smart or one would think,
According to him, his shit don't stink,
So if your vain and your dick is very tiny,
You could grow up to be a Limey.

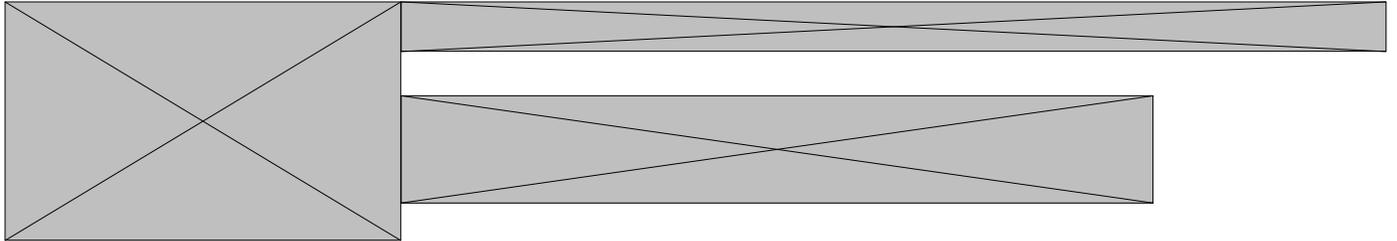


Ou Est le Papier?

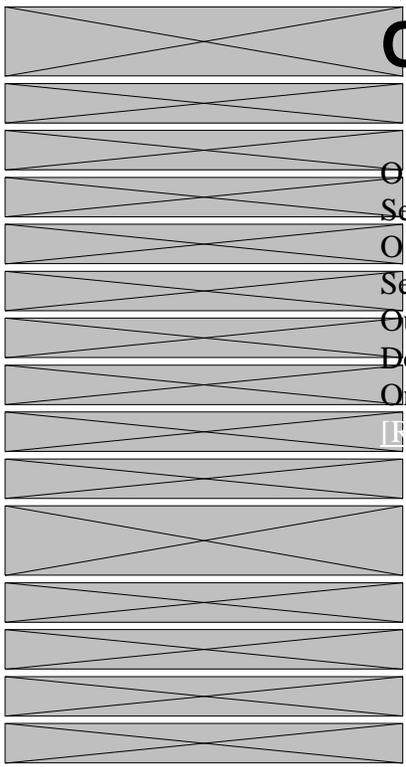


(To: Marseillaise)

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry,
To have him a jolly good shit,
He took his coat and trousers off,
So that he could revel in it.
But when he reached for the paper,
He found that someone had been there before,
"Ou est le papier?"
Ou est le papier?
Monsieur, monsieur, J'at fait manure.
Ou est le papier?
[R.]

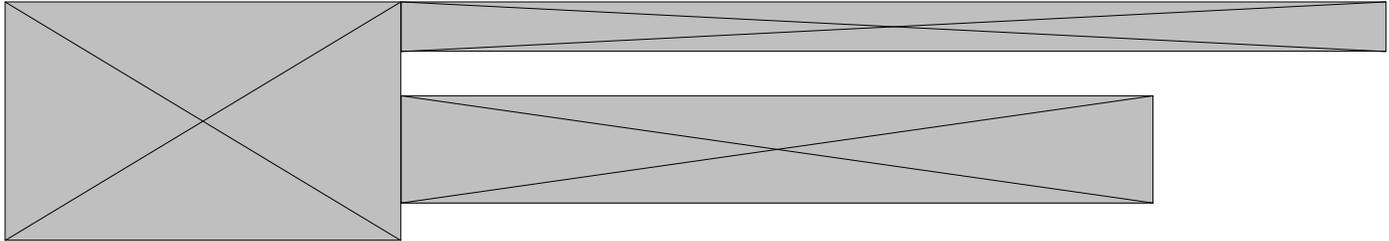


O - Ducks

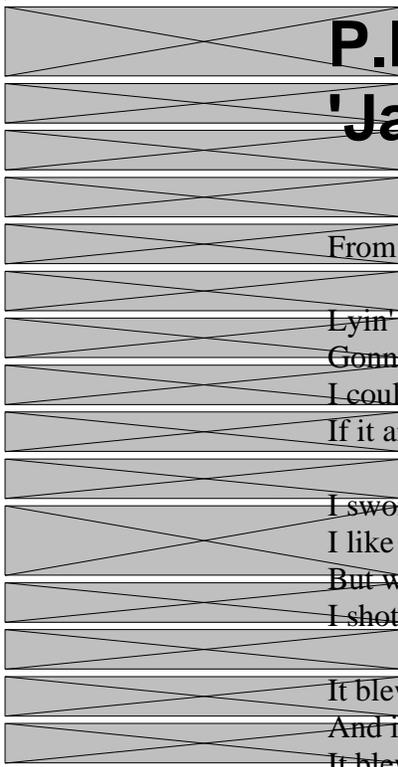


O see dem ducks on de bay,
See how dey gamble and play.
O see dem ducks.
See how dey teeter totter,
Out dere upon the water.
Don't you think dey hadn't oughter,
On de Sabbath Day! O-Ducks.

[F



P.M.J. (Pre-Mature 'Jaculation) Blues



From: Pig Vomit

Lyin' in bed with my baby,
Gonna get some tonight.
I could see by the look in her eyes,
If it ain't hard, we're gonna fight.

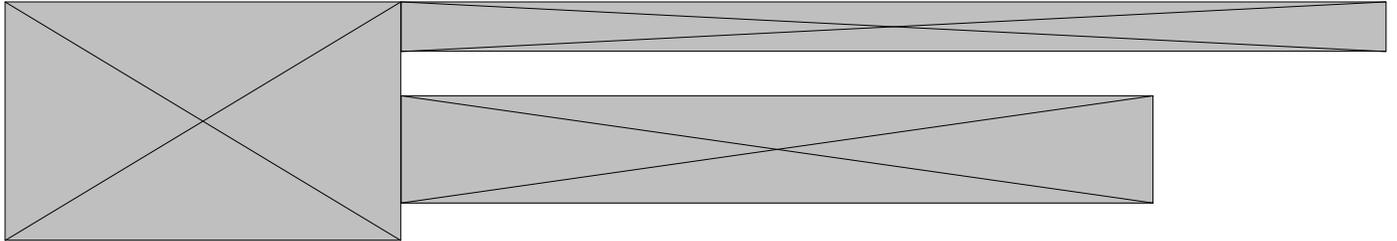
I swore my Johnson was long and hard,
I like to think of myself like that,
But when we touched I couldn't help myself,
I shot my load all over her cat.

It blew my mind when it was over,
And it was over just as soon as it began,
It blew my mind when it was over,
As soon as I was in, I was done.

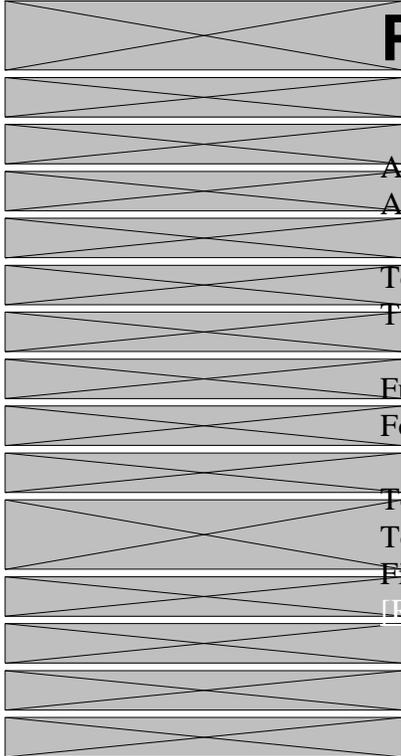
Life can be funny, life can be cruel.
Shoot too quick you're gonna look like a fool.
She takes two hours to dress real hot,
Takes me two seconds to shoot my shot.

She's not talkin' 'bout a macho thing,
When she asks are you a man or a mouse!
She doesn't care if you live in a hole.
She's talkin' 'bout my dick,
Not about my house, and it.

It blew my mind when it was over,
And it was over just as soon as it began,
It blew my mind when it was over,
She showed me the door.
Said he'd clean her cat.



Patriotic Song

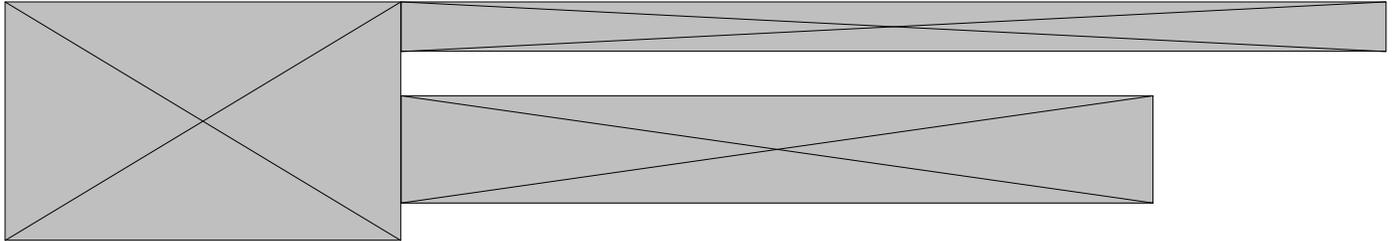


Asshole, asshole,
A soldier I would be,

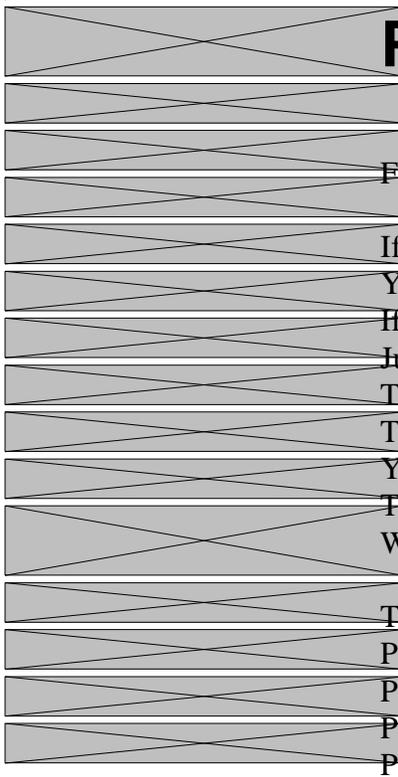
To piss, to piss,
Two pistols on my knee.

Fuck you, fuck you,
For curiosity.

To fight for the old cunt,
To fight for the old cunt,
Fight for the old country.



Penis Envy



From: Pig Vomit

If you got one,
You always think you're the boss,
If it's a little one,
Just say you're hung like a horse,
They'll be jealous,
Treat you like a king.
You'll be gracious,
Tell them it's no big thing.
Why else would you think?

They'd call it,
Penis envy,
Penis envy,
Penis envy,
Penis envy.

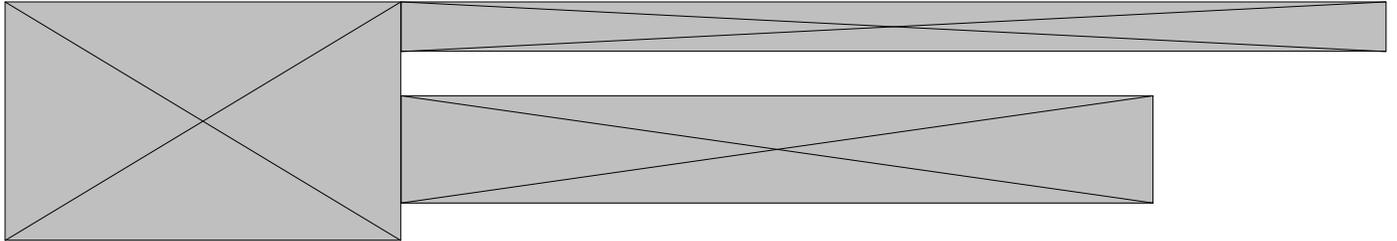
You can buy one,
But it's not the same,
Strap it on to you,
Give it silly names,
It's just a dildo,
It doesn't care,
But my hot dog,
It's got Elvis' hair!

Why else would you think?

They'd call it,
Penis envy,
Penis envy,
Penis envy,
Penis envy.

My girl don't have one,
That's really not fair,
But we can use mine,
It's made to be shared,
But we're careful,
It's important down there,
And when we're finished,
It conditions our hair.

Think of all the things you could do,
If you only had a penis tool.
Why else would you think?
They'd call it,
Penis envy,
Penis envy,
Penis envy,
Penis envy.



Peri Periwinkle

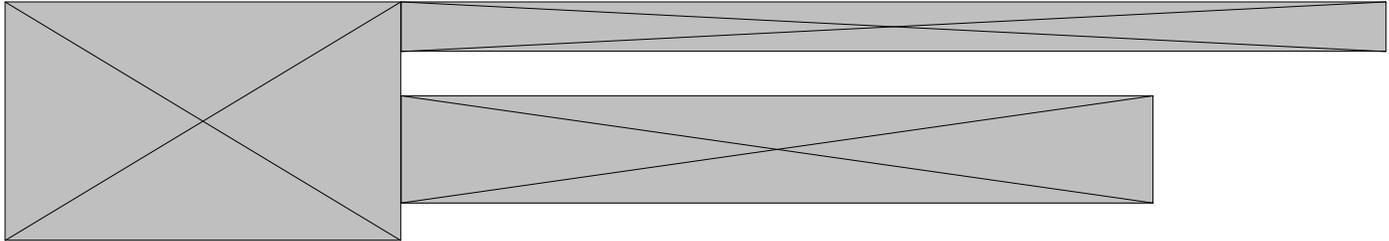
(To: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin)

Noo a lassie was roamin' by the banks of Loch
Lomand,
She slipped on her dress and a wee chunk o'stane.
Noo a Parson was passin' and on her took passion,
He lifted her up and he carried her hame.

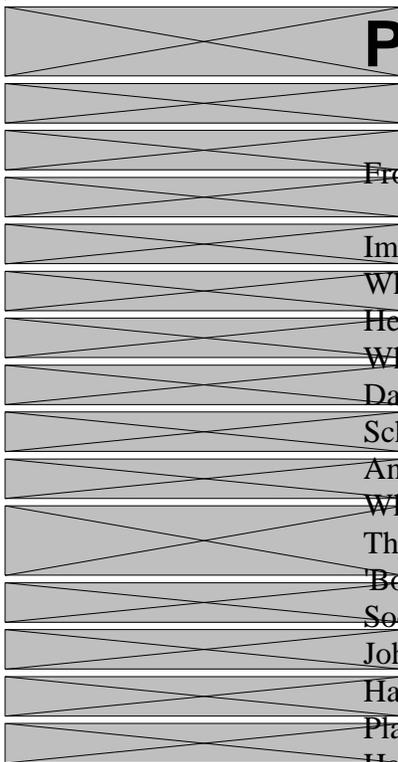
Chorus
Singin' Peri Periwinkle, I see your wee wrinkle,
Singin' Peri Periwinkle, but you canna see mine!

Noo he fed her and cled her and into bed led her,
And noo that wee lassie's asufferin with shame;
For he jumped in beside her and started to ride
her,
And noo that wee lassie's the Whore of Dunbane.

Noo all the little angels are sent, are sent up,
Noo all the little angels are sent up on high.
Which end up? Ass end up.
Which end up? Ass end up.
All the little angles ass end up on high.

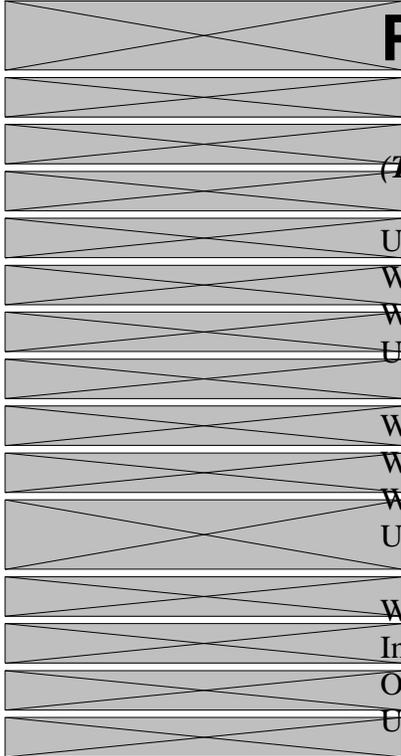
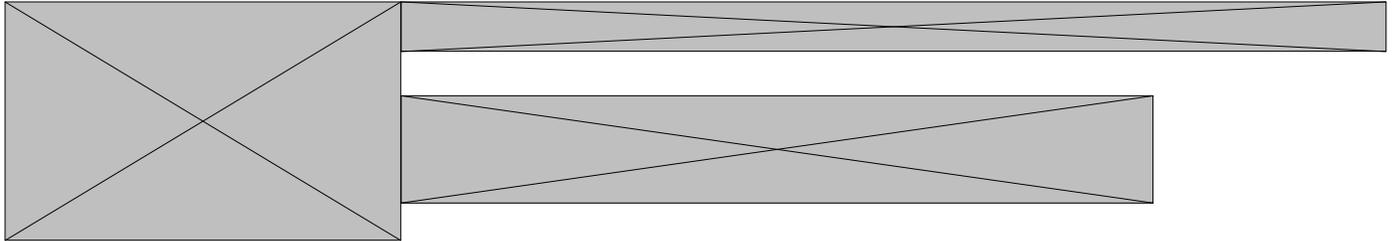


Philosopher's Song



From: Monty Python

Immanuel Kant was a real pissant,
Who was very rarely stable,
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar.
Who could think you under a table,
David Hume could out-consume,
Schopenhauer and Hegel,
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine,
Who was just as sloshed as Schlegel.
There's nothing Neitzsche couldn't teach yer,
'Bout the raising of the wrist,
Socrates himself was permanently pissed,
John Stuart Mill of his own free will,
Half a pint of shandy 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,
Hobbes was fond of his dram,
And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart,
I drink therefore I am,
But it's Socrates himself that's particularly
missed,
A lovely little thinker,
But a bugger when he's pissed.



Pike's Peak Hashers

(To: Son of a Gambolier)

Us Pike's Peak hashers are dirty flashers,
We piss through leather britches,
We wipe our ass with broken glass,
Us horny sons of bitches.

When cunt is rare, we fuck a bear,
We knife him if he snitches,
We knock our cocks against the rocks,
Us horny sons of bitches.

We take our ass upon the grass,
In bushes or in ditches,
Our two-pound dinks are full of kinks,
Us horny sons of bitches.

Without remorse, we fuck a horse,
And beat him if he twitches,
Our two-foot pricks are full of nicks,
Us horny sons of bitches.

To make a mule stand for the tool,
We beat him with hickory switches,
We use our pricks for walking sticks,
Us horny sons of bitches.

Great joy we reap from cornholing sheep,
In barns, or bogs, or ditches,
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,
Us horny sons of bitches.

We walk around, prick to the ground,
And kick it if it itches,
And if it throbs, we scratch it with cobs,

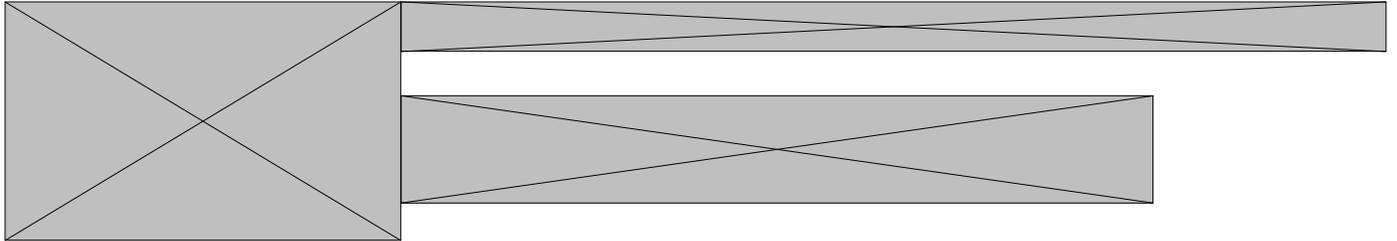
Us horny sons of bitches.

We masturbate from morn to late,
Till our bloody foreskin twitches,
Next morning at ten we begin again,
Us horny sons of bitches.

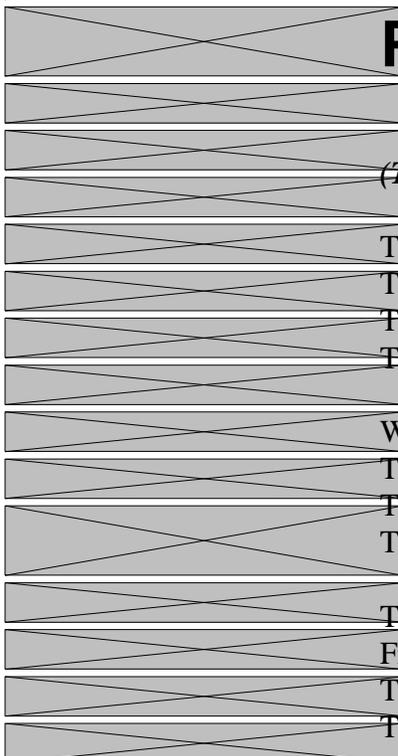
At Pike's Peak, we got no fears,
We do not stop at trifles,
We hang our balls on the walls,
And shoot at them with rifles.

We scrounge a cow and care not how,
The shit sticks to our britches,
And fetch a bull and fill him full,
Us horny sons of bitches.

We fuck our wives with butcher knives,
And keep their cunts in stitches,
But VD makes it hurt to pee,
Us horny sons of bitches.



Pioneers



(To: Son of a Gambolier)

The pioneers have hairy ears,
They piss through leather britches,
They wipe their ass with broken glass,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear,
They knife him if he snitches,
They knock their cock against the rocks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass,
From fairies or from witches,
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

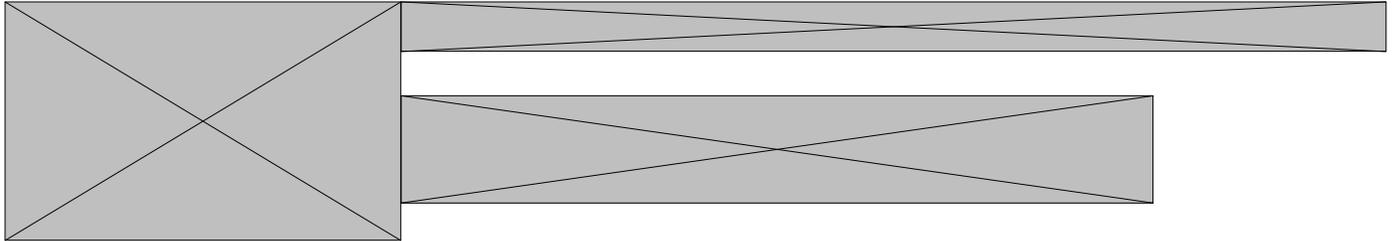
Without remorse they fuck a horse,
And beat him if he twitches',
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool,
He's beat with hickory switches;
They use their pricks for walking sticks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

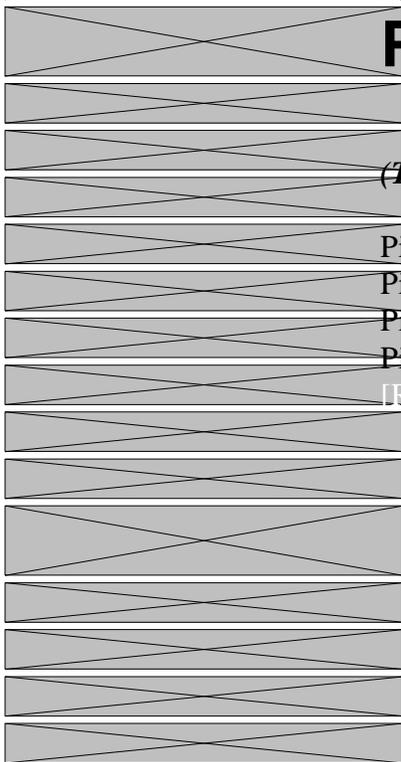
Great joy they reap from bugg'ring sheep,
In sundry bogs and ditches,
Nor give a damn if he be a ram -
Those hardy sons of bitches!

When booze is rare, they do not care,
They take a shot of Fitch's,
The fuck their wives with butcher knives,

Those hardy sons of bitches!

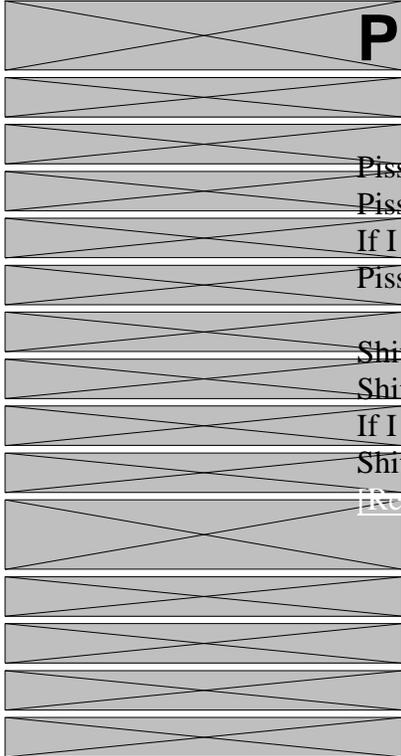
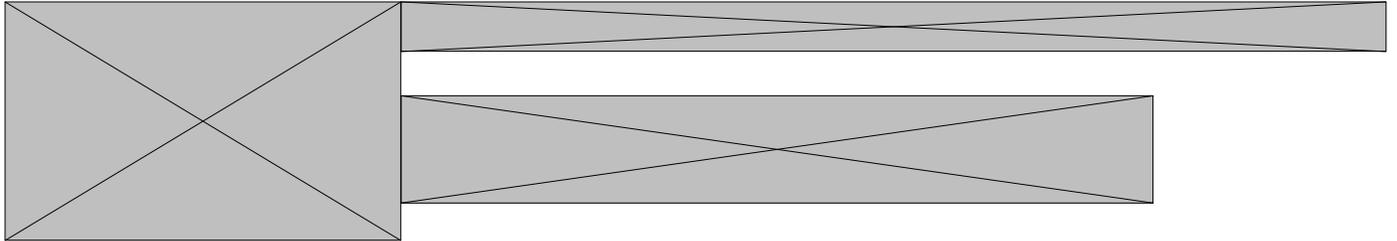


Piss Off, Ya Wank



(To: Auld Lang Syne)

Piss off, ya wank, piss off, ya wank,
Piss off, ya wank, piss off,
Piss off, ya wank, piss off, ya wank,
Piss off, ya wank, piss off.

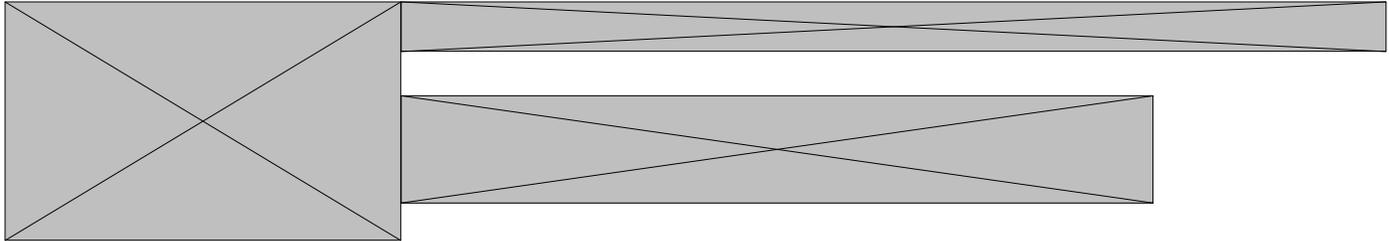


Pissanya, Shitanya

Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya,
Pissanya's a grand old name.
If I had my way I'd Pissanya all day.
Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya.

Shitanya, Shitanya, Shitanya,
Shitanya's a grand old name.
If I had my way I'd Shitanya all day.
Shitanya, Shitanya, Shitanya.

PRE



I Didn't Get Pissed.

(To: My Way)

And now, the beer is near,
And so I'll face the golden fluid.
My friend, I'll say it clear,
Without the beer, I wouldn't be here.
I've tried low alcohol beer,
But then I've been on every highway,
But more, much more than this,
I didn't get pissed.

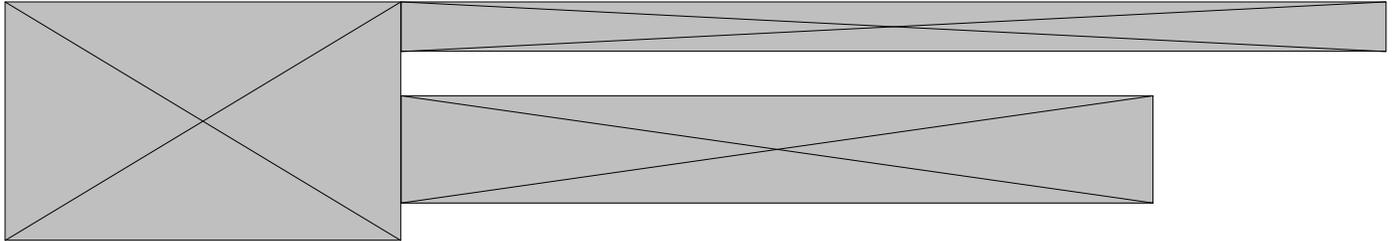
Regrets, I've had so many,
So then again, back to the real booze,
I'll do what hashers do,
And carry this load on my shoulders.
I'll drink each brand of beer,
Until it makes me feel quite queer,
But more, much more than this,
I like to be pissed.

Yes, there were times,
I'm sure you knew,
When I drank, more than I should do.
But thru it all, even be-ing sick,
I drank it all and spit it out,
I faced the toilet,
And I stood tall
And regretted be-ing pissed.

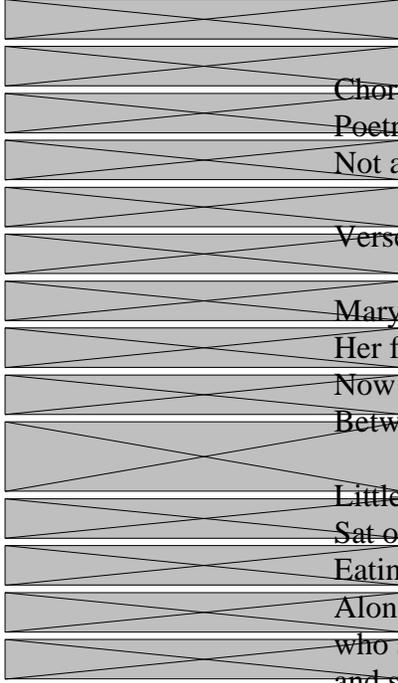
I laughbut then I cried,
Because there isn't any beer left,
And now, I realize,
I didn't find it so amusing.
To think, I drank all that,
And may I say, "Not in a shy way"

Oh no, oh not me,
I want to be pissed.

For what is a hasher,
Without a beer,
If there is none,
Then he stays sober,
He'll say the things he truly feels,
And not the slime, just to get laid,
The harriettes know and make sure,
A harrier stays pissed.



Poetry



Chorus (sung)
Poetry, poetry, how d'you like my poetry?
Not as mellow as Longfellow - but it's poetry!

Verses (spoken)

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead.
Now Mary takes the lamb to school,
Between two hunks of bread.

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider,
who sat down beside her,
and said, "Hey, what's in the bowl bitch?"

Now Mary found the price of meat too high,
Which really didn't please her.
Tonight she's having leg of lamb,
The rest is in the freezer.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick.
Jack jumped over the candle stick,
And burnt his balls.

Mary had a little lamb,
She tied it to a pylon.
10,000 volts went up its ass,
And turned its wool to nylon.

Old mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone,
But when old mother bent over,
Rover drove her, 'cause,
Rover had a bone of his own.

Mary had a little watch,
She kept it in her garter.
And when the boys asked her the time,
She knew what they were after.

There once was an old lady,
That lived in a shoe,
She had so many kids that her,
Cunt could stretch over a trash can.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard this tale before;
But did you know she passed her plate,
And had a little more!

Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor daughter a dress,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so was her daughter I guess.

Mary had a little lamb,
She kept in her yard.
Every time she took her panties off,
His little wooly dick got hard.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was black as charcoal.
Every time it jumped the fence,
You could see its little asshole.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Has one fucking big omelet.

Mary had a little lamb,
The doctors were astounded.
Everywhere that Mary went,
Gynecologists surrounded.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,

To fetch a pail of water.
Jill came down with half a crown,
But not for fetching water.

Mary had a little lamb,
A little roast, a little jam.
An ice-cream soda topped with fizz,
Boy, how sick our Mary is.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Fingering his sister Mary.
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "Ain't it supposed to be a cherry?"

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She said, "With my pension, that's all I can do.
It may be substandard, but just down the block,
I know an old lady who lives in a sock."

Mary had a little lamb,
She couldn't stop it crying;
So she kicked it in the ass one day,
And sent it fucking flying.

Mary had a little lamb,
Forever it was gluing.
Making models of its friends,
In strange positions, screwing.

Mary had a little lamb,
It used to chew her slippers;
So Mary chopped off all it's legs,
With a pair of clippers.

Mary had a little lamb,
It didn't have a willy.
Mary made a big mistake,
In calling this lamb Billy.

Mary had a little lamb,
She knew just what to do;
She gave it paper and a pen,
Upon which it then drew,
A picture of a pussy cat

And said "Look, this is mine."
And Mary said "Fuck me, a talking sheep!"

Mary had a little lamb,
That had a little tail.
Until she caught it smoking dope,
And locked it in the jail

Mary had a little lamb,
With carrots and with peas.
A little mint sauce on the top,
And stuffing in its knees.

Mary had a little lamb,
She liked to stroke it's head.
Until one day she found her husband
Fucking it in her bed.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb didn't, because Mary was cunt.

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was sodden red;
The reason for it was you see,
It had a pick-axe through its head.

When Mary had a little lamb,
It created some division;
It was not what she'd expected,
And shocked the obstetrician.

Mary had a little lamb,
A giraffe and zebra too,
By the time she'd finished,
She'd fucked the whole damn zoo.

Mary had a little lamb
And now I've had enough
Of this stupid girl called Mary
And her wooly bit of muff.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.
Silly Jill forgot the pill,

And now they have a daughter.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down on top of Jill,
And now they have another daughter.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To have a little fun.
Stupid Jill! Forgot that pill!
So now they have a son.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
With a keg of brandy.
Jack got stew Jill got screwed,
Now it's Jack, Jill and Andy

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To smoke a little leaf.
Jack got high, pulled down his fly,
And Jill said, "Where's the beef!"

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
And planned to do some kissing.
Jack made a pass, and grabbed her ass
And now two of his front teeth are missing.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Both carrying a bucket.
When Jill bent down, her ass was round,
And Jack decided to fuck it.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
For a bit of hanky panky.
Jill came back with a very sore crack,
Jack must have been a Yankee

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Each with a buck and a quarter.
Jill came down with two-fifty,
The fuckin' whore!

Little Willie, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed his mommy's baby to the door.
Mother said with humor quaint,
Willie dear, don't spoil the paint.

Little Willie,
Brand new skates.
Hole in ice,
Pearly gates.

The birds may kiss the bees goodbye,
The buttercup . . . the butterfly.
The morning dew may kiss the grass,
And you, my friend, may kiss my ass.

Roses are violet,
Reds are blue.
I'm a dyslexic,
And stuff too you.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
I'm a schizophrenic,
And so am I.

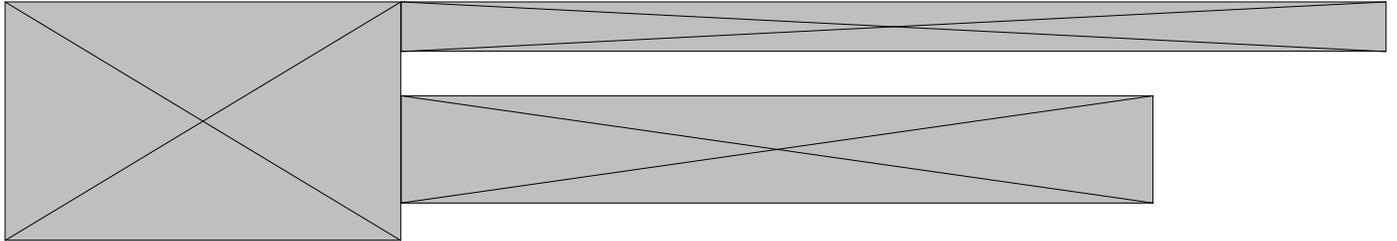
Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
I'm amnesiac,
And . . .

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
That's what they tell me,
Because I'm blind.

Roses are red,
Violets are for plucking.
Girls out of high school,
Are ready for college.

Everyday I give thanks to God
I was born a man instead of a broad
When Oprah comes on, I turn off the TV
I don't shave my legs, I stand up to pee
I go to a barber, not a beauty salon
Don't pluck out my eyebrows just to draw them back
on
Don't wax my pubes so I can wear shorts
I use my turn signal, I understand sports
Man, I'm glad I'm a man, man

Tell you the reason I am
I don't go through a faze every 28 days
Man, I'm glad I'm a man
I pay cash at the grocery, no checks or coupons
Don't take a lot of friends when I go the the john
I don't throw a fit when I break a nail
I don't buy a lot of shoes just because they're on
sale
I don't apply makeup in my rear-view mirror
I don't think of Bambi when I'm out hunting deer
I drink beer from a bottle, not from a glass
I don't ask my friends about the size of my ass
Man, I'm glad I'm a man, man
Tell you the reason I am
I don't face the pain of water-weight gain
Man, I'm glad I'm a man
Let me tell you ladies
Listen to me ladies
I love those things inside of your blouse
I love your pretty faces
Your warm and soft embraces
But if I had my own two boobs, I'd never leave the
house
I don't spend two hours getting ready for a date
I don't play with dolls unless they inflate
When someone asks me my age, I never lie
After sex in bmy spot's always dry
I don't read about orgasms in Vogue magazines
I don't mind if my dates try to get in my jeans
I don't spend a fortune on French lingerie
This is the same underwear I wore yesterday
Man, I'm glad I'm a man, man
Tell you the reason I am
I don't take a pill, I don't use Massengill
Man, I'm glad I'm a man
Man, I'm glad I'm a man, man
Tell you the reason I am
I find Michael Bolton completely revoltin'
Man, I'm glad I'm a man



Poisoning Pigeons in the Park

From: Tom Lehrer

Spring is here, spring is here,
Life is skittles and life is beer,
I think the loveliest time of the year,
Is the Spring, I do, don't you?

But there's one thing which makes,
Spring complete for me,
And makes every Sunday a treat for me.

All the word seems in tune on a Spring afternoon,
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park,
Every Sunday you'll see my sweetheart and me,
As we poison the pigeons in the park.

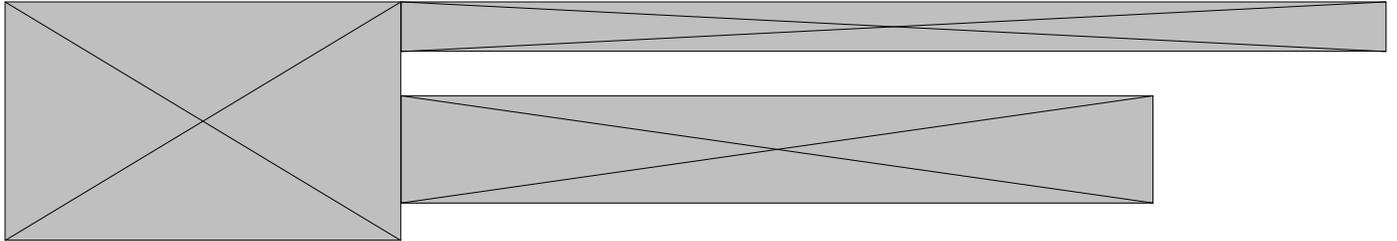
When they see us coming the birdies all try and
hide,
But they still go for peanuts when coated with
cyanide,
The sun's shining bright, everything seems all
right,
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park,

We've gained notoriety and caused much anxiety,
In the Audobon Society with our games,
They call it impiety and lack of propriety,
And quite a variety of unpleasant names,
But it's not against any religion,
To want to dispose of a pigeon.

So if Sunday you're free,
Why don't you come with me,

And we'll poison the pigeons in the park,
And maybe we'll do in a squirrel or two,
While we're poisoning pigeons in the park,
We'll murder them all 'mid laughter and merriment,
Except for the few we take home to experiment.

My pulse will be quickenin',
With each drop of strychnine,
That we feed to a pigeon,
It just takes a smidgen,
To poison a pigeon in the park.



Poor Lil

Her name was Lil and she was a beauty,
She came from a house of ill repute,
But she drank too deep of the demon rum,
She smoked hashish and opium.

She was young and she was fair,
She had lovely golden hair,
Gentlemen came from miles to see,
Lillian in her deshabelle.

Day be day her form grew thinner,
From insufficient protein in her.
She grew two hollows in her chest,
Why she had to go around completely dressed.

Now clothes may make a gal go far,
But they have no place on a fille de joie,
Lillian's troubles started when,
She concealed her abdomen.

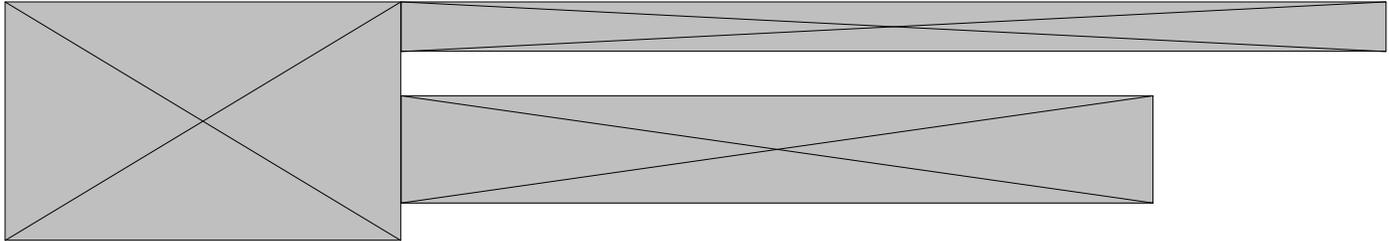
She went to the house physician,
To prescribe for her condition,
"You have got," the doc did say,
"Pernicious anem-i-a."

She took to treatments in the sun,
She drank of Scotts Emul-si-ion,
Three times daily she took yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

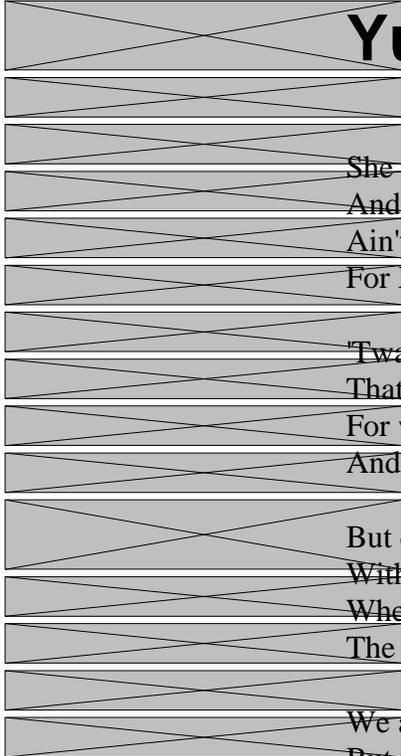
For you must know her clientel-le,
Rested chiefly on her belly,
She rilled that thing like the deep Pacific,
It was something calorific.

As Lillian lay in her dishonor,
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her,
She said, "My sins I now repents,
But, Lord, that'll cost you fifty cents."

This is the story of Lillian,
She was one girl in a million,
This is the moral for her sins,
Whatever your line of business,
Fitness wins.



Yukon Lil



She was the best our camp produced,
And them that ain't been screwed by Lil,
Ain't had no goose and never will,
For Lil's been took away.

'Twas a standing bet around our town,
That no one could screw her and clamp her down,
For when she screwshe screwed for keeps,
And piled her victims up in heaps.

But down from the north came Yukon Pete,
With sixteen pounds of rolling meat.
When he laid his cock out on the bar,
The damn thing reached from here to thar.

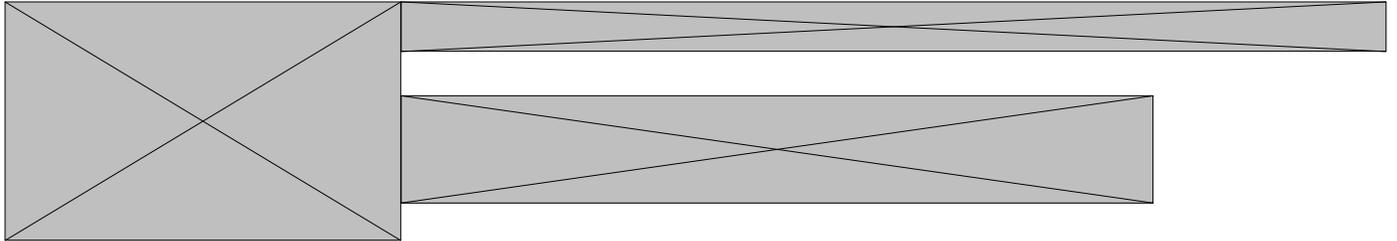
We all knew Lil had met her fate,
But we couldn't back down that thar late,
So it was arranged down by the mil,
Back of the schoolhouse on the hill.

When all the boys could get a seat,
And watch that half-breed bury his meat,
Lil started out like the Autumn breeze,
Whistling through the hemlock trees.

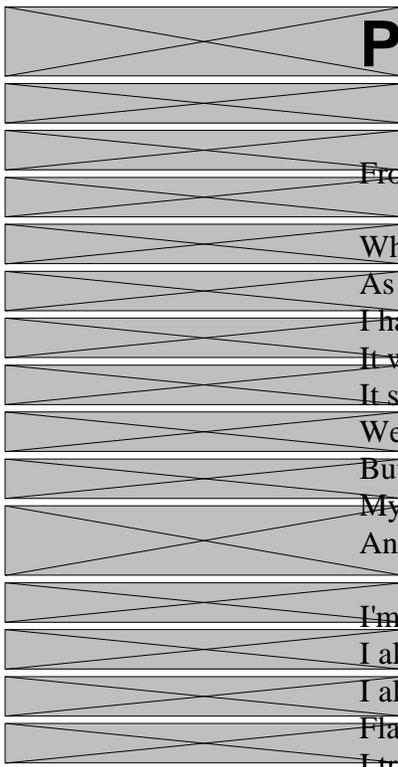
She tried the twist and the double bunt,
And all the tricks wha's known to cunt,
But Pete was with her every lick,
And just kept reeling out more prick.

At last poor Lil just had to stop,
For Pete had nailed her to the spot.
Here clothes were torn and ripped to shreds,
And scatters all over the cactus beds.

The sod was ripped for miles around,
Where poor Lil's ass had hit the ground,
But she died game I'm here to tell,
Died with her boots on where she fell -
So what the hell boys, what the hell!



Poor Old Fartin' Fool



From: Pig Vomit

What crawled up your ass and died she asked,
As we neared our first embrace,
I had to let loose I know I was wrong,
It was not the time or place,
It stunk like hell,
We nearly fell on odor deadly for sure,
But I had to fart,
My ass comes first,
And for this I have no cure.

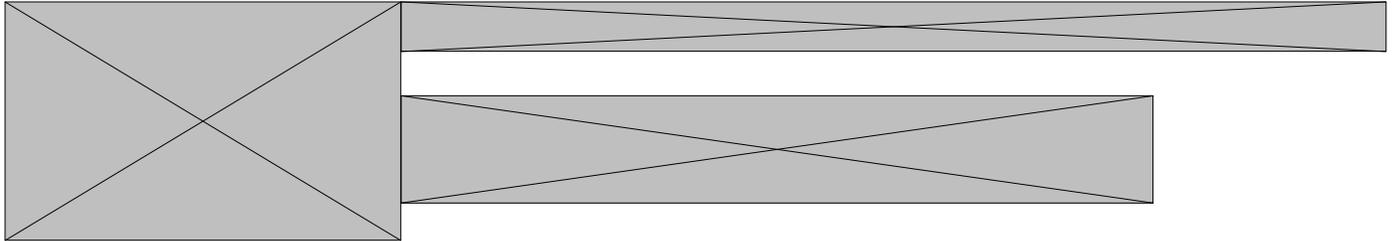
I'm a poor old fartin' fool,
I always lose my cool,
I always smell, my life is hell,
Flatulence can be cruel,
I tried to plug it up,
Stuck a cork up my butt,
My efforts were to no avail,
And now I see,
I'll always be a poor old fartin' fool.

I hope some day the well runs dry,
And I'll be odor free,
But the chili dogs,
The pork & beans just keep callin' me.
If I had my way,
I'd break wind all day,
Locked up in my stinkin' room,
Inhaling the fumes from my precious butt,
Fartin' to my doom.

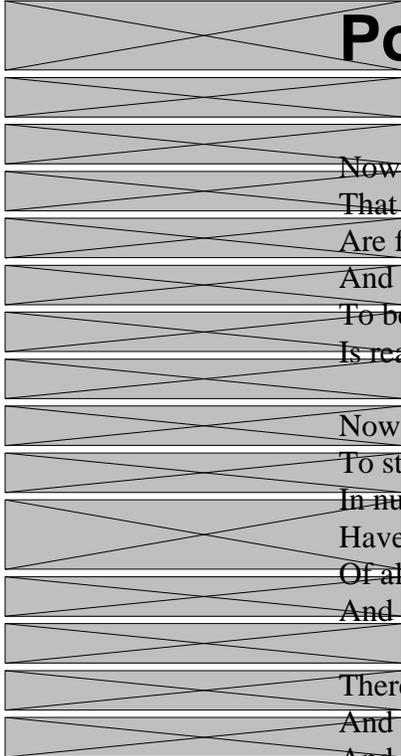
I'm gonna cut one,
Stay away from me.
Save yourself,

From the cloud surrounding me.

I'm a poor old fartin' fool,
I always lose my cool,
I always smell, my life is hell,
Flatulence can be cruel,
I tried to plug it up,
Stuck a cork up my butt,
My efforts were to no avail,
And now I see,
I'll always be a poor old fartin' fool.



Portions of a Woman

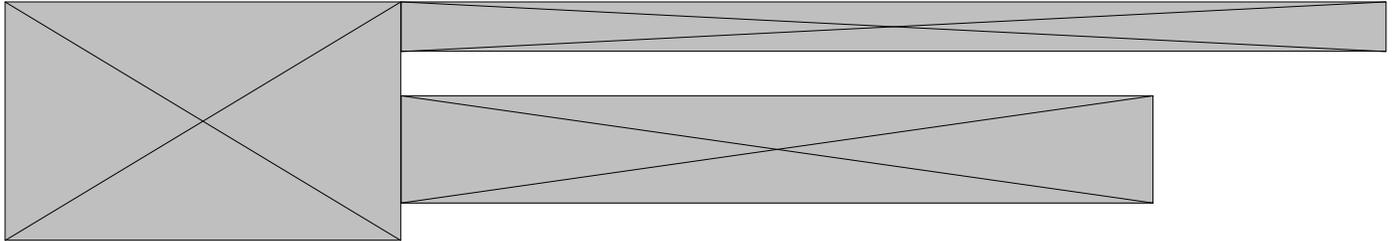


Now the portions of a woman,
That appeal to a man's depravity,
Are fashioned with the most exquisite care.
And that what may seem to you,
To be a simple little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

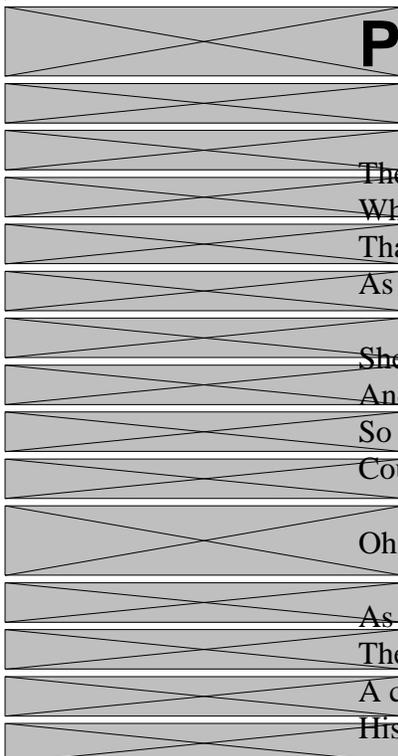
Now, we doctors who have taken time,
To study these phenomena,
In numbers of experimental dames,
Have made a little list,
Of all these feminine abdomena,
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina,
And the jolly perineum.
And the hymen which is sometimes found in brides.
And lots of other gadgets,
You would love if you could see 'em,
There's the clitoris, and Christ knows what
besides.

Now it makes us rather tired,
when you idle people chatter,
About things to which we've just referred.
And to hear you give a name
To such a complicated matter,
With such a short and unattractive word: CUNT!



Pretty Redwing



There once was an Indian maid,
Who always was afraid,
That some buckaroo would slip it up her flue,
As she lay sleeping the whole night through.

She had an idea grand,
And she filled it up with sand,
So no big buck in search of fuck,
Could reach the promised land.

Oh, the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing.

As she lay sleeping,
There came a creeping,
A cowboy quietly came creeping,
His heart a leaping as he spied her.

Redwing sprang to life,
Whipped out her Bowie knife.
With two quick cuts she severed his nuts,
And then she stabbed him in the guts.

The cowboy he did die,
Beneath the prairie sky.
He stretched his luck in search of a fuck,
For Redwing was too sly.

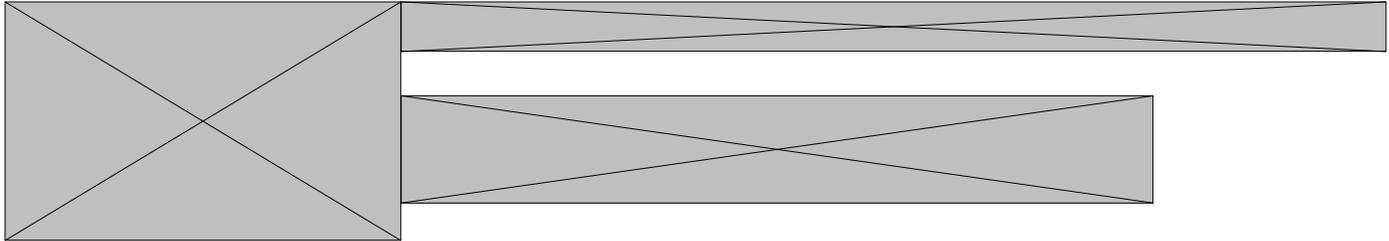
Oh, the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing,
As she lies snoring there hangs a warning:
The cowboy's balls are now adorning,
Her teepee awning for all to see.

But to her big surprise,
Her belly began to rise.
And out of her cunt came a little runt

Who had a strange look in his eyes.

Poor Redwing was distressed,
Until the Chief confessed.
You can't pull the wool o'er Sitting Bull-
At fucking I'm the best.

Oh, the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing.
Within her teepee the kid makes peepee.
And poor Redwing constantly is sleepy
As she makes yippee with Sitting Bull.



Promiscuous

From Frank Zappa

The Surgeon General Doctor Koop,
S'posed to give you all the poop,
But when he's with the P.M.R.C.,
The poop he's scoopin',
Amazes me.

C-Span showed him all dressed up,
In his phony doctor God get-up.
He looked in the camera and fixed his specs,
And gave a fascinating lecture,
'Bout anal sex! Anal sex, anal sex!

He says it's not good for us,
We just can't be promiscuous,
He's a doctor - he should know,
It's the work of the devil, so,
Girls don't blow!

Don't blow Jimmy,
Don't blow Bobby,
Get yourself another hobby.
If Jesus practiced medicine,
I'm sure he'd do it just like him.

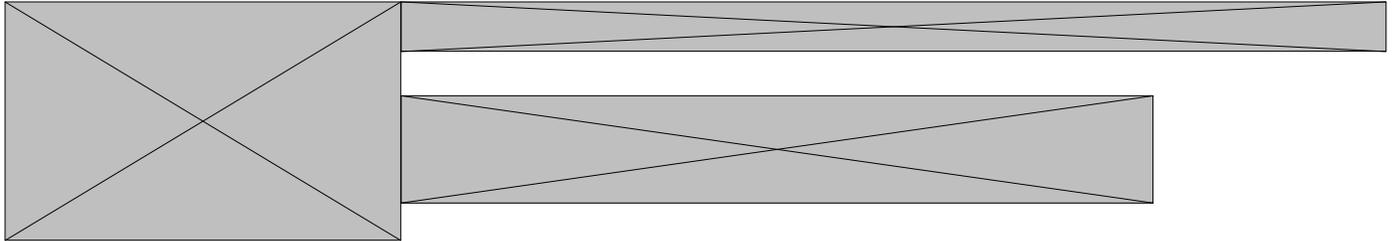
Is Doctor Koop a man to trust,
It seems at least that Reagan must,
But Ron's a trusting sort of guy,
He trusts Ed Meese,
I wonder why?

The A.M.A has just got caught,
For doin' stuff they shouldn't ought,
All they do is lie and lie,

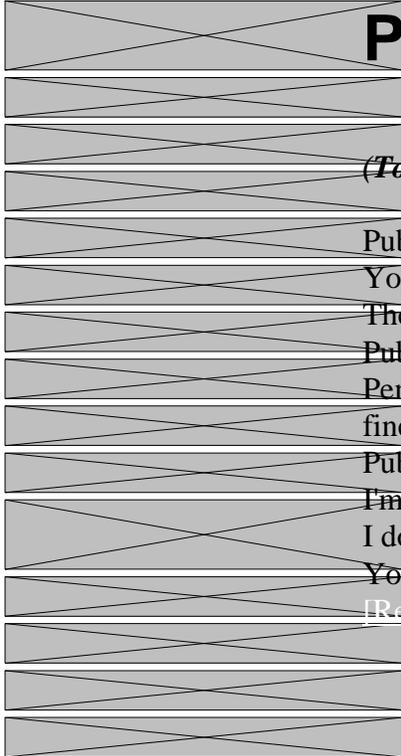
Where's Doctor Koop?
He's standin' by!

Surgeon General? What's the deal?
Is your epidemic real?
Are you leaving something out?
A little green monkey over there,
Kills a million people!
That's not fair!
Did it really go that way?
Did you ask the C.I.A?

Would they take you serious,
Or have they been,
Promiscuous?



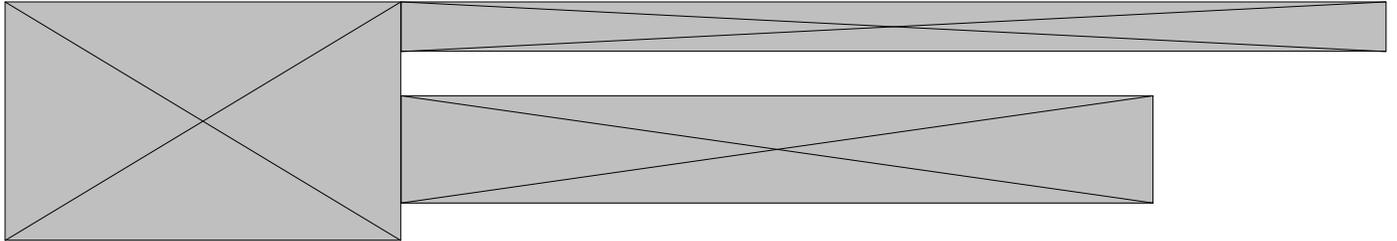
Pubic Hairs



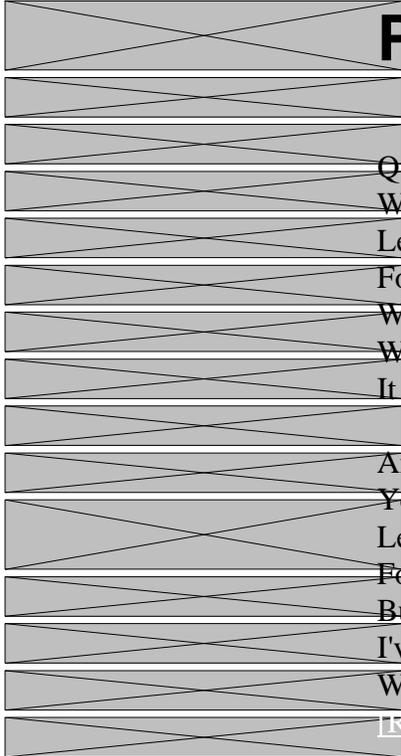
(To: Baby Face)

Pubic hairs.
You've got the cutest little pubic hairs.
There's nothing that can compare,
Pubic hairs.
Penis or vagina, there's nothing that could be
finer,
Pubic hairs.
I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear,
I don't need a shovel to take a mouthful of,
Your cute little pubic hairs!

[R.]



Pushing



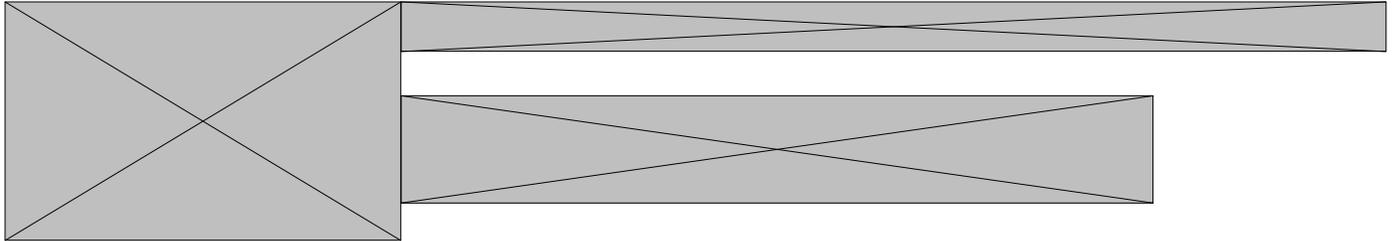
Question:

Was it you that did the pushin'?
Left the stains upon the cushion?
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Was you, you sly woodpecker,
Who did it to my girl Rebecca?
It was you'd better leave this town.

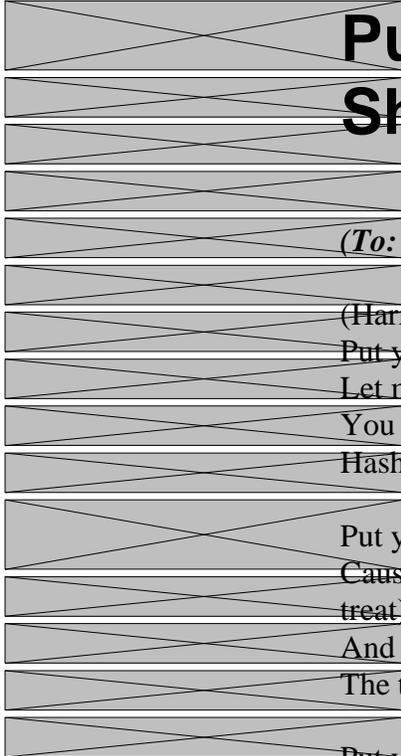
Answer:

Yes t'was I that did the pushin',
Left the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
But ever since I had your daughter,
I've had trouble passing water,
Which makes us kind of even all around!

FF



Put Your Legs Round My Shoulders



(To: Put Your Head on My Shoulder)

(Harriers)

Put your legs round my shoulders (shoulders),
Let me lick your lips slowly (slowly),
You know you are the only (only),
Hasher I let sit on my face (my face)

Put your lips on my sweet meat (sweet meat),
Cause you know that it's a real treat (real
treat),
And you know you just can't beat (can't beat),
The taste of my meat in your mouth (your mouth)

Put your legs round my midriff (midriff),
Cause I've got something real stiff (real stiff),
And I know you'd be real miffed (real miffed),
If you miss out on your chance (EAT SHIT!)

(Harriettes)

Put your legs round my shoulders (shoulders),
Let me suck your cock slowly (slowly),
Because you know you're not the only (only),
Guy I let sit on my face (my face).

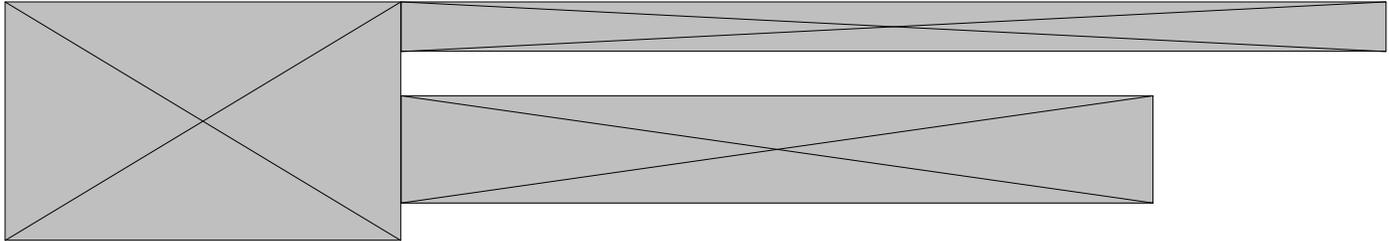
Put your lips on my sweet lips (sweet lips),
Let your tongue do the walkin' (walkin'),
I'll be doing all the talkin' (talkin'),
While I sit on your face (your face).

Put your legs round my midriff (midriff),
Let me ride somethin' real stiff (real stiff),
You know you will be real miffed (real miffed),

If you miss out on the ride of your life (your
life).

Turn me round to the other side (other side),
For a different sort of fun ride (fun ride),
You know you won't slip and slide (slip and
slide),
When I've got you up on my back side (back side).

Put your lips round my big toe (big toe),
Suck me into erotic throes (erotic throes),
But you really, really must know (must know),
I don't get off on you sucking my big toe (big
toe).



Queen of All the Fairies

Oh, she was a cripple with only one nipple,
To feed the baby on.
Poor little fucker, he's only one sucker,
To start his life upon.

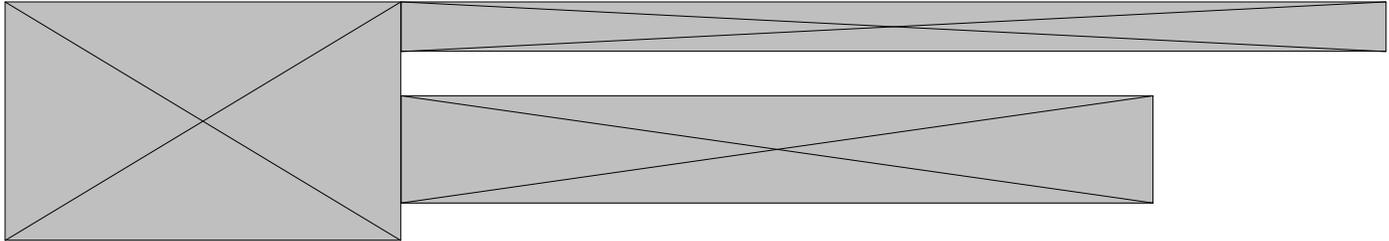
Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

Ain't it a pity she'd only one titty,
To feed the baby on.
Poor little bugger, he'll never play rugger,
Nor grow up big and strong.

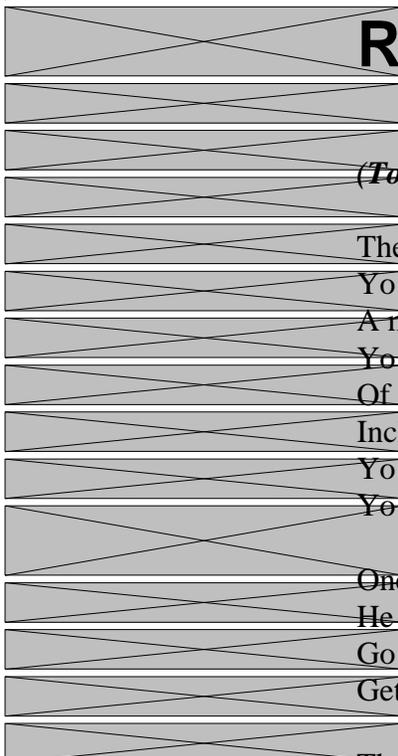
Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

As he got older and bolder and bolder,
And took himself in hand,
And flipped and flipped,
And flipped and flipped,
To the tune of an army band.
They tried him in the infantry,
They tried him on the land and sea,
The poor little bugger had no success,
He left everything in a terrible mess,
We see no hope for him unless,
He joins the W.R.A.F.

Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.



Rajah of Aatrakhan



(To: When Johnnie Comes Marching Home)

There was a Rajah of Astrakhan,
Yo ho, Yo ho,
A most licentious fucking man,
Yo ho, yo ho,
Of wives he had a hundred and nine,
Including his favorite concubine,
Yo ho, you buggers, yo ho, you buggers,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

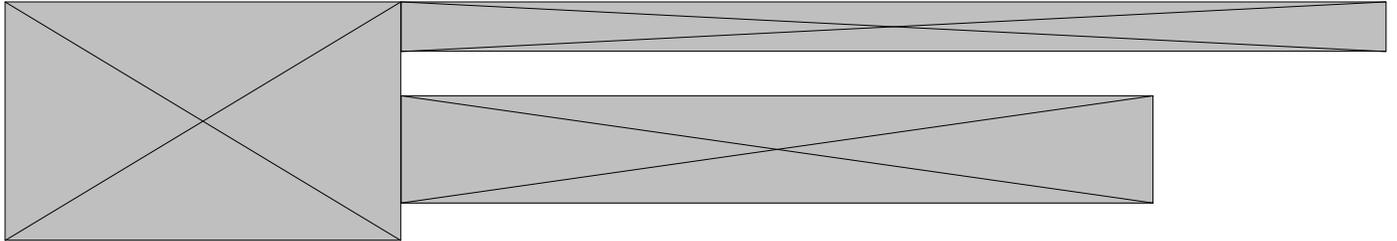
One day when he had a hell of a stand,
He called to a warrior, one of his band,
Go down without wasting any time,
Get me my favorite concubine.

The warrior fetched the concubine,
A face like Venus, a face divine,
The Rajah gave a significant grunt,
And rammed his penis up her cunt.

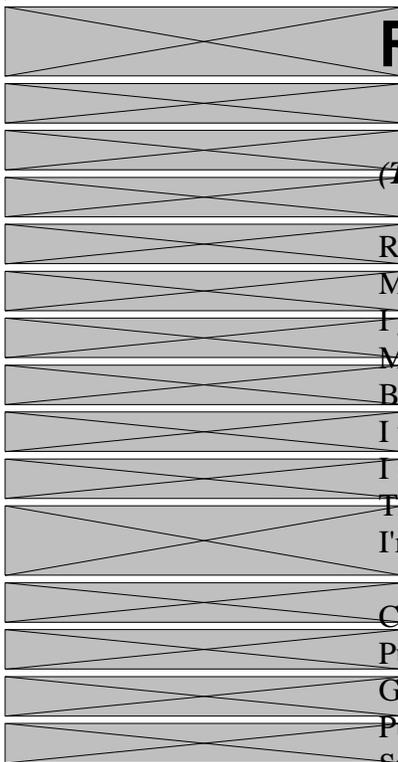
The Rajah's cries were loud and long,
The maiden's cries were sure and strong,
But just when all had come to a head,
They both fell through the fucking bed.

They hit the floor with a hell of a grunt,
Which completely bugged the poor girl's cunt,
And as for the Rajah's magnificent cock,
It never recovered from the shock.

There is a moral to this tale,
There is a moral to this tale,
If you would fuck a girl at all,
Stand her right up against the wall.



Rawhide



(To: Rawhide)

Rollin', rollin', rollin',
My dick is gettin' swollen,
I got this doggie rollin', Rawhide.
My knob is hard as leather,
But I'll get it in whatever,
I wish I could get the tip inside,
I stab but I keep missin',
This wasn't made for pissin',
I'm waiting for this year's first ride.

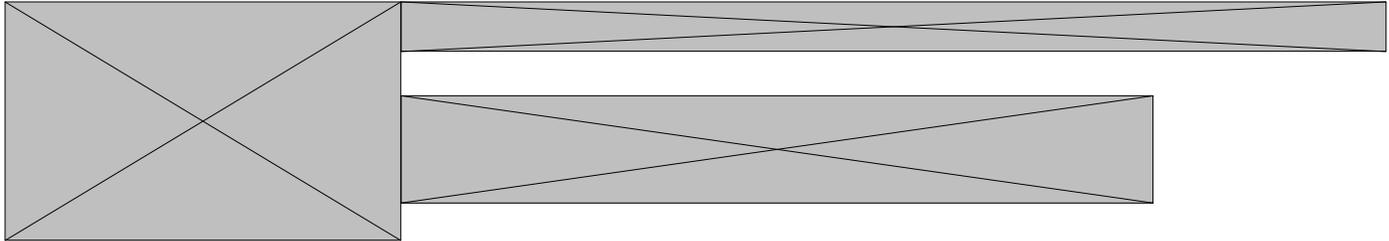
Chorus

Pull 'em down, get 'em off,
Get 'em off, pull 'em down,
Pull 'em down, Get 'em off, Rawhide.
Stick it in, pull it out,
Pull it out, stick it in,
Stick it in, pull it out, Rawhide.

She's movin', movin', movin',
Stops my manhood groovin',
This doggie won't stop movin', Raw- hide.
It's gonna be sore later,
But I've been a masturbator,
All those years that I've just spent inside,
My balls they are aching,
From ages wanking, waiting,
Waiting to get this thing inside.

Rollin', rollin', rollin',
I'm rootin' her assholin',
We're mounted doggy style, Rawhide.
I don't try to understand her,
Just catch and grope and bang her,

Now her twat is gettin' wet and wide,
My foreskin's torn and tattered,
Her pussy's worn and battered,
At last I'll drop my load inside.



Redneck Mother

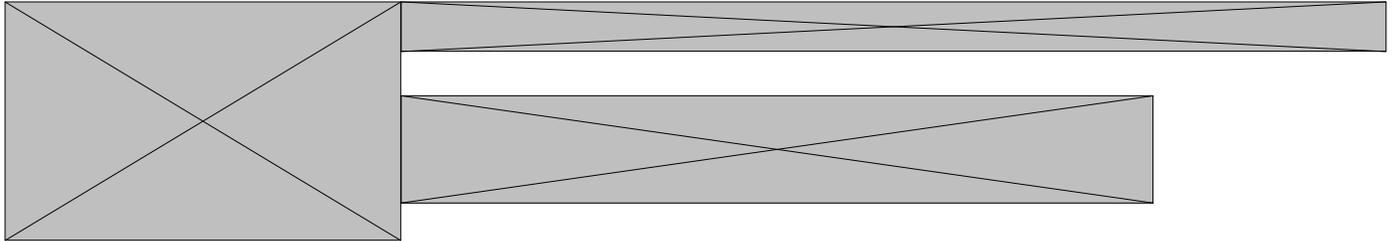
(To: Redneck Mother)

He was born in Oklahoma,
His wife's name is Betty Lou Thelma Liz,
And he's not responsible for what he's doin',
His mama made him what he is.

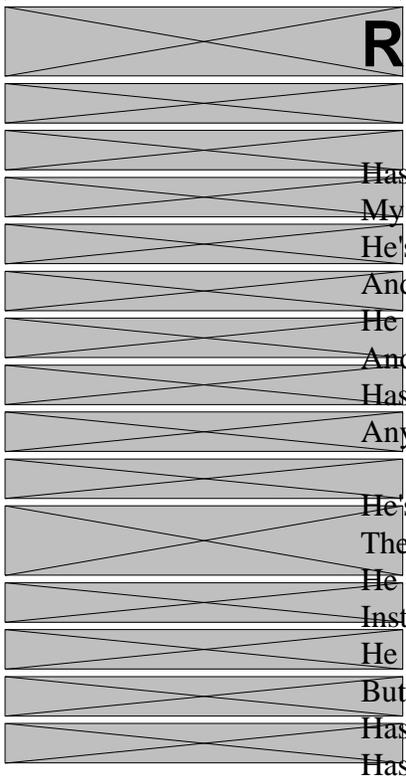
Chorus

And it's up against the wall, redneck mother,
Mother who has raised a son so well (so well, so
well),
He's 34, a drinkin' in a honky tonk,
Just kickin' hippie ass and raisin' hell.
He sure does like his Shiner beer,
He likes to chase it down with Wild Turkey liquor,
He drives a '67 Chevy pick-em-up truck,
He's got a gun rack and a "Goat
Ropers Need Love Too" sticker.

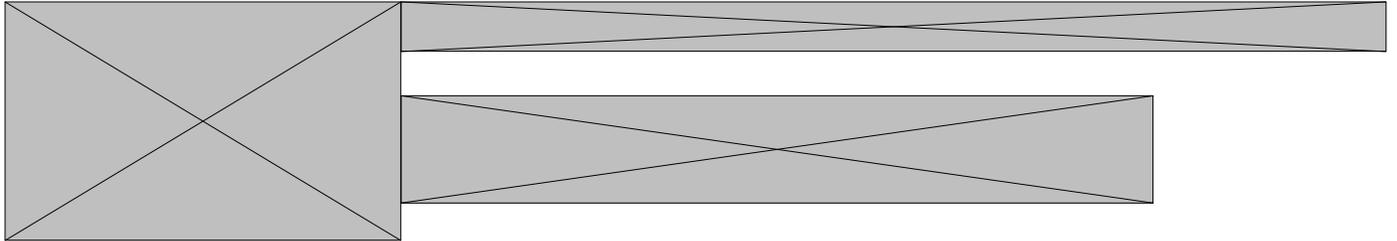
M is for the Mudflaps on my pick-em-up truck,
O is for the Oil I put on my hair,
T is for T-Bird,
H is for Haggard,
E is for Enema,
R is for Redneck!



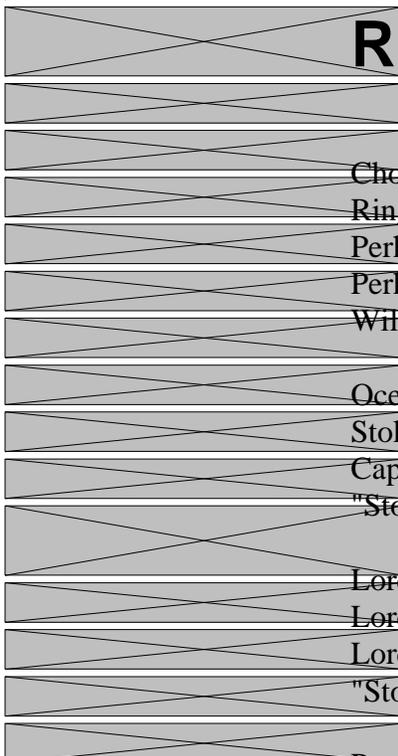
Rhode Island Red



Has anybody seen my cock,
My big Rhode Island Red?
He's mostly pink, with a little bit of blue,
And he's purple on his head (Gor Blimey).
He stands straight up in the morning,
And he gives me wife a shock,
Has anybody seen, anybody seen,
Anybody, anybody seen my cock?
He's a right big-headed little upstart,
The best you've ever seen.
He could have got gonorrhoea,
Instead he got gangrene.
He should have worn a condom,
But the silly sod forgot,
Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,
Has anybody seen my cock?



Ring the Bell Verger



Chorus
Ring the bell verger, ring the bell ring,
Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing,
Perhaps the village organist sitting on his stool,
Will play upon his organ and not upon his tool.

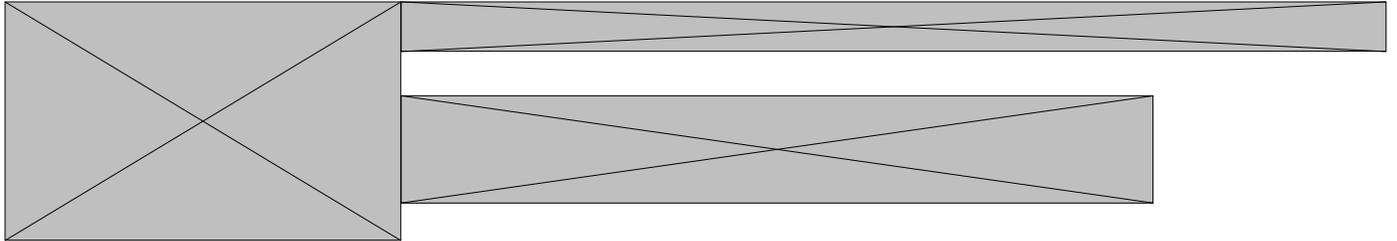
Ocean liner five months late,
Stoker stoking stoker's mate,
Captain's voice comes down the wire,
"Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire!"

Lordship's chauffeur in the garage lies,
Lordship's wife between his thighs,
Lordship's voice come from afar,
"Stop fucking wife and start fuckin' car!"

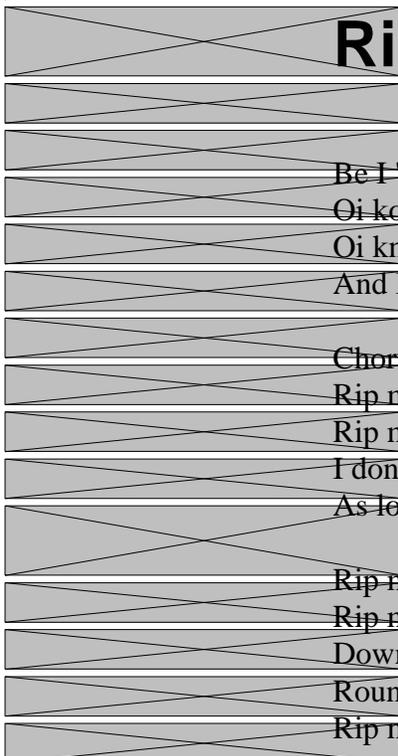
Part-time barman in the four-ale lurks,
Tossing off with erratic jerks,
The landlord's voice begins to moan,
"Stop pulling plonker and start pulling foam!"

Verger in the belfry stood,
Grasped in his hand, his mighty pud,
From afar the vicar yells,
"Stop pulling pud and start pulling bells!"

Old time convict in the compound stands,
His prick lies idle in his hands,
The warden's voice begins to moan,
"Stop picking prick and start picking stone!"



Rip My Knickers Away

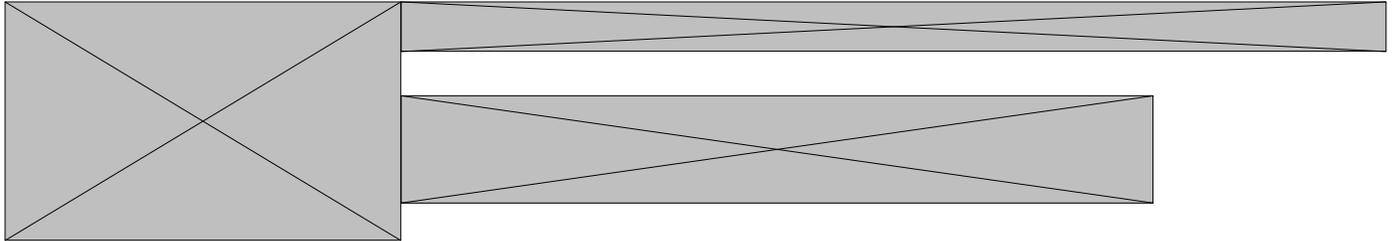


Be I 'ampshire, be I buggery,
Oi koms up from Wareham,
Oi knows a gal with calico drawers,
And I knows how to tear 'em.

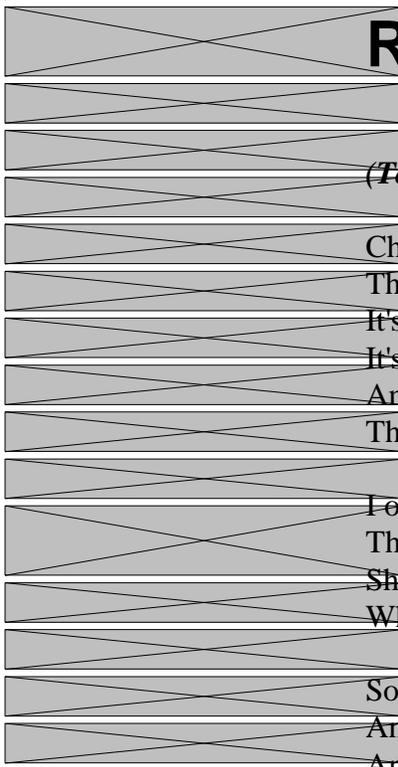
Chorus
Rip my knickers away,
Rip my knickers away,
I don't care what becomes of me,
As long as you finger my C.U.N.T.

Rip my knickers away, away,
Rip my knickers away,
Down the front, down the back,
Round the back, round the crack,
Rip my knickers away.

Walkin' by the field one day,
I heard a maiden crying,
"Oh, please don't rip me knockers off, Jack,
You'll get there by and byin'."



Ringadangdoo



(To: My Ding-a-Ling)

Chorus

The ringadangdoo, pray what is that?
It's furry and soft, like a pussy-cat,
It's got a crack down the middle,
And a hole right through,
That's what they call the Ringadangdoo.

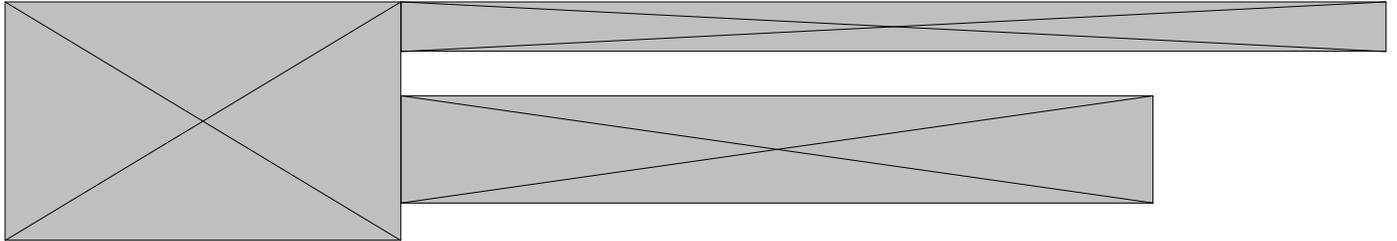
I once knew a girl, her name was Jean,
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen,
She loved a boy, who was straight and true,
Who longed to play on her ringadangdoo.

So she took him to her father's house,
And crept inside as quiet as a mouse,
And they shut the door and the window too,
And he played all night on her Ringadangdoo.

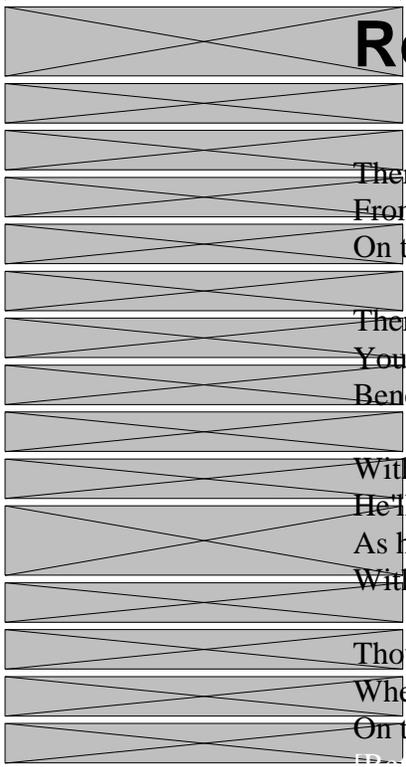
The very next day her father said,
'You've gone and lost your maidenhead!
You can pack your bags and suitcase, too,
And bugger off with your Ringadangdoo!'

So she went to town and became a whore,
And hung a red light outside her door,
And one by one and two by two,
They came to play on her Ringadangdoo.

There came to that town a son of a bitch,
Who had the pox and the seven-year-itch,
He had gonorrhoea and syphilis too -
So that was the end of her Ringadangdoo.



Road to Gundagai

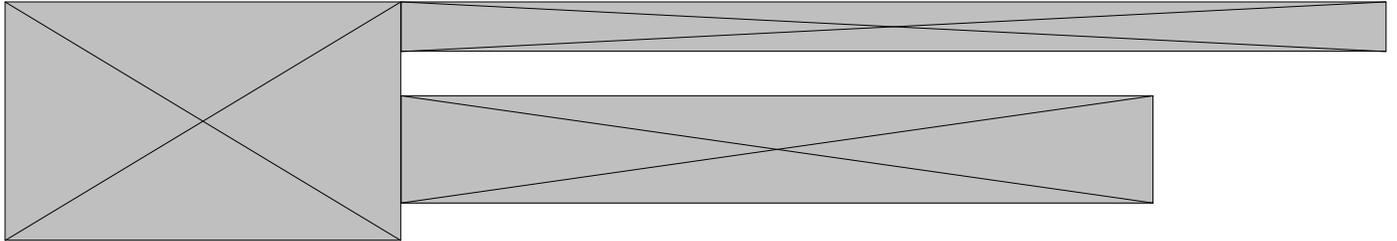


There's a crack winding back,
From her belly to her back,
On the road to Gundagai.

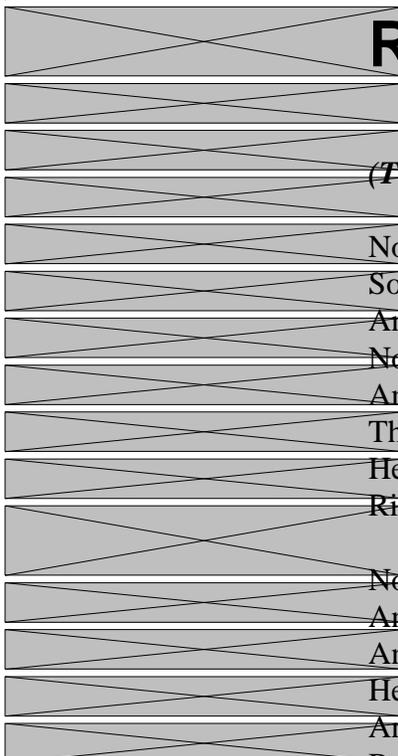
There's a yank there beside her,
You bet your balls he'll ride her,
Beneath the starry sky.

With a frenchie on his big prick,
He'll ride her with ease,
As he scratches up the gravel,
With both of his knees,

Though the time will come to pass,
When he'll whop it up her arse,
On the road to Gundagai.



Rub-A-Dee-Dub



(To: The Scotsman)

Now the baker's boy to the mart he went,
Some pork for him to buy.
And when he got upon the spot,
No one he could espy.
And just as he was about to leave,
Thinking all was dead,
He heard the sound of rub-a-dee-dub,
Right above his head.

Now the baker's boy was cunning and wise,
And he crept up the stairs,
And he crept up so silently,
He caught them unawares.
And there he saw the butcher's boy,
Between his missus' thighs,
And they were having rub-a-dee-dub,
Right before his eyes.
Oh, they were having rub-a-dee-dub,
Right before his eyes.

Now the butcher's wife was much alarmed,
Aleeping from the bed,
She turned unto the baker's boy,
And this is what she said,
"If you were but my secret keep,
Just bear this fact in mind.
You can always cum for a rub-a-dee-dub.
Whenever you feel inclined."
Oh, can always cum for a rub-a-dee-dub.
Whenever you feel inclined."

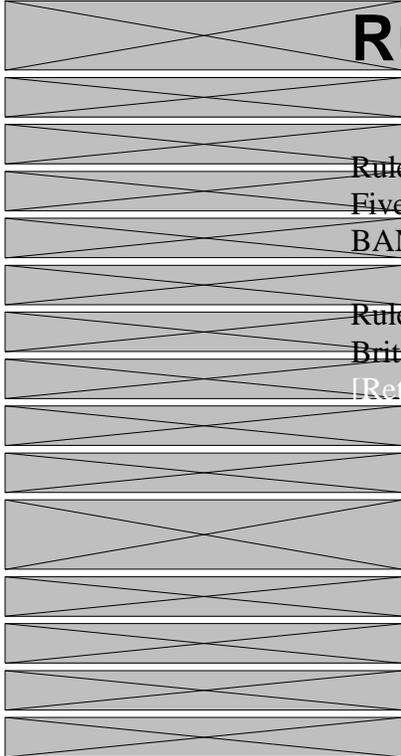
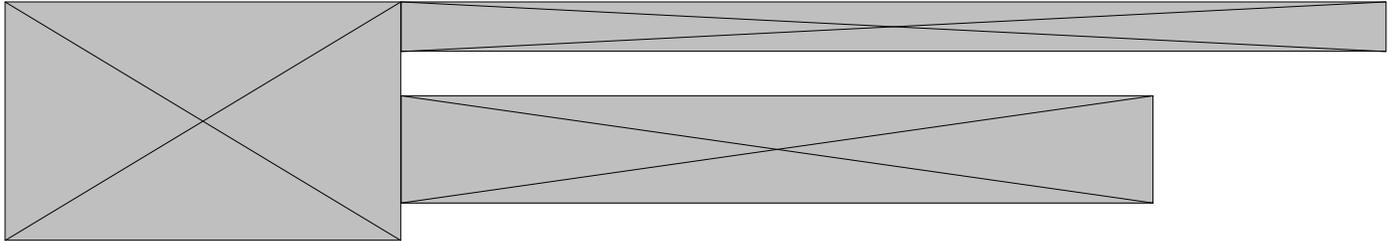
Now the baker's boy was filled with joy,
The prospect of such fun,

He barely leaped upon the bed,
When the butcher's boy was done.
But when he came to the shortest strokes,
How he kissed the butcher's wife.
He vowed he'd have a rub-a-dee-dub,
Every day of his life.
Oh, he vowed he'd have a rub-a-dee-dub,
Every day of his life.

Now in the 'morn when he awoke,
All over did he quake.
His back was sore, his balls were raw,
All over he did shake.
And when he looked at his Tom-Tom,
He saw he'd done the trick.
The consequences of his rub-a-dee-dub,
Was pimples on his prick.
Oh, the consequences of his rub-a-dee-dub,
Was pimples on his prick.

Now the baker's boy to the doctor went,
Some ointment for to buy,
The doctor looked him up and down,
And heaved a mighty sigh,
"My boy, my boy," the doctor said,
"You've been a bloody fool,
You'll never more have a rub-a-dee-dub,
I'm gonna cut off your tool."
Oh, you'll never more have a rub-a-dee-dub,
I'm gonna cut off your tool."

Now listen to the baker's boy,
For he should surely know,
An enthusiastic amateur,
Is worse than any pro,
And if you would a wooing go,
And self-control you lack,
Whenever you have a rub-a-dee-dub,
Be sure to wear a mack.
Oh, whenever you have a rub-a-dee-dub,
Be sure to wear a mack.

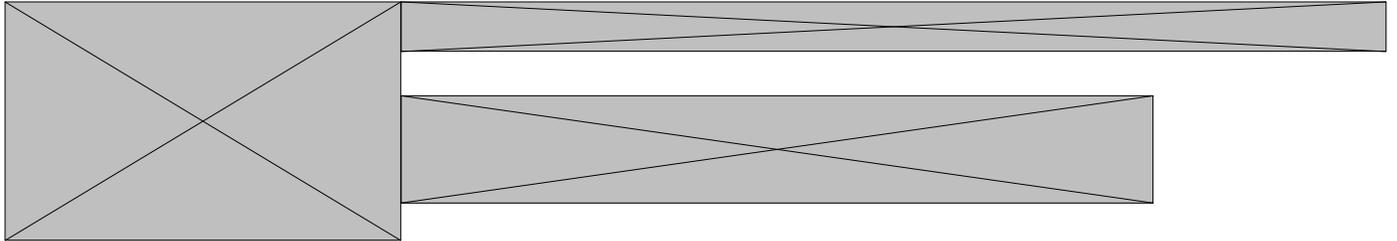


Rule Britannia

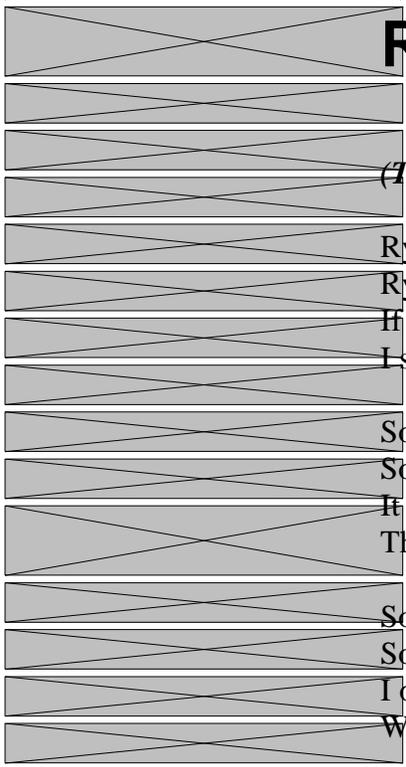
Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese crackers up your asshole,
BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the seas,
Britons never, never, never shit green peas.

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Rye Whiskey



(To: same)

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,
Rye whiskey, I cry.
If I don't get rye whiskey,
I surely will die.

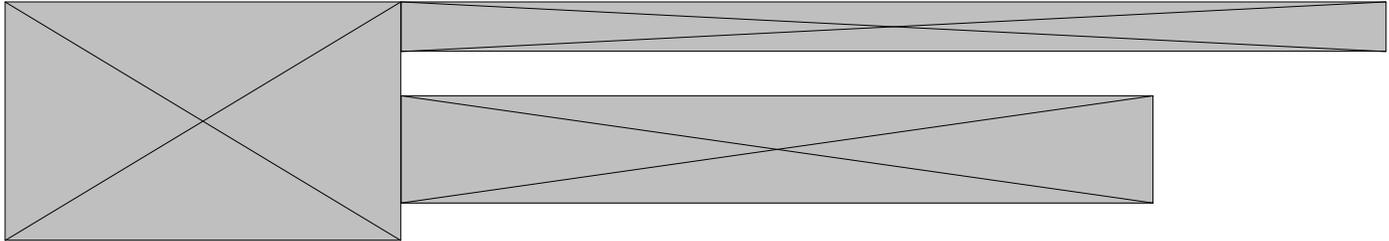
Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink gin,
It doesn't really matter,
The state that I'm in.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink rum,
I only do that,
When I want to cum.

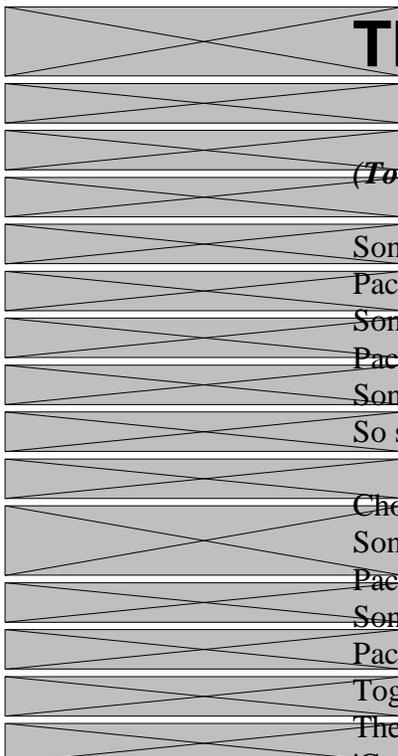
Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink wine,
Give some to old Nelly,
She fucks for a dime.

Sometimes I drink whisky,
Sometimes I drink beer,
When I fill up my bladder,
I piss off the pier.

If the ocean were whiskey,
And I were a duck,
I'd swim to the bottom,
And drink my way up.



The S & M Girl



(To: The Candy Man)

Songmaster: Who can take some jumper cables,
Pack: Who can take some jumper cables,
Songmaster: Attach 'em to her tits,
Pack: Attach 'em to her tits,
Songmaster: Connect them to a Mack truck,
So she has orgasmic fits?

Chorus

Songmaster: The S & M Girl...
Pack: The S & M Girl...
Songmaster: The S & M Girl.
Pack: The S & M Girl...

Together:

The S & M Girl,
'Cause she mixes it with love,
And makes the hurt feel good.
Makes the hurt feel good.

Who rubs down with honey,
Just to have a chance,
To lay out on the lawn,
And be a picnic for fire ants?

Who can sleep on barbed wire,
Tossing left and right,
Just to see how many stitches,
She can earn each night?

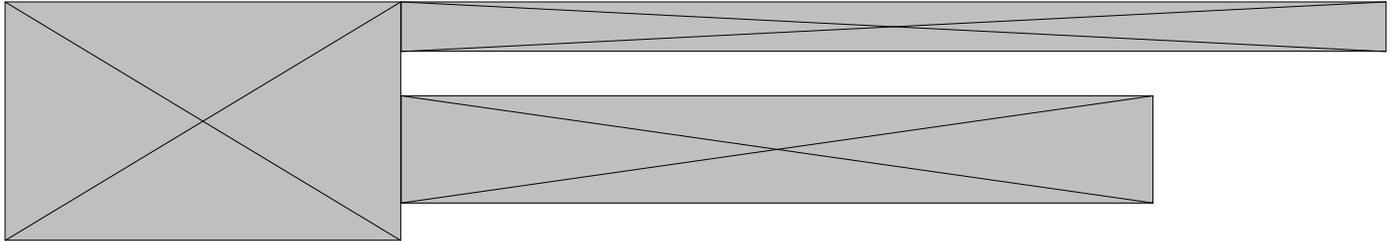
Who can shave her body,
Pubic parts and all,
Swim around all day,
In a pool of alcohol?

Who can jump a flagpole,
Land right up on top,
Wiggle down and squeeze so tight,
The truck on top pops?

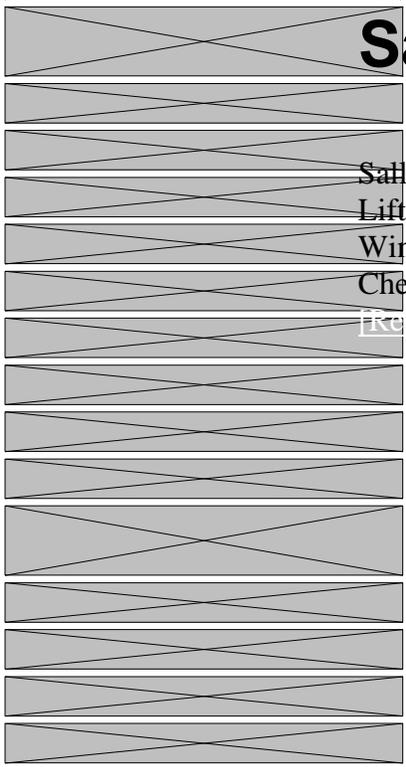
Who can take a buzz saw,
Hold it to her twat,
Rev up the engine,
And perpetually squat?

Who ties down her sweetie,
Every single day,
Covers him with rats,
And lets the kitties in to play?

Who can take some shackles,
Chain you to the walls,
Fill a glass with sperm,
By lancing both your balls?
(See "The S & M Man" for more verses)

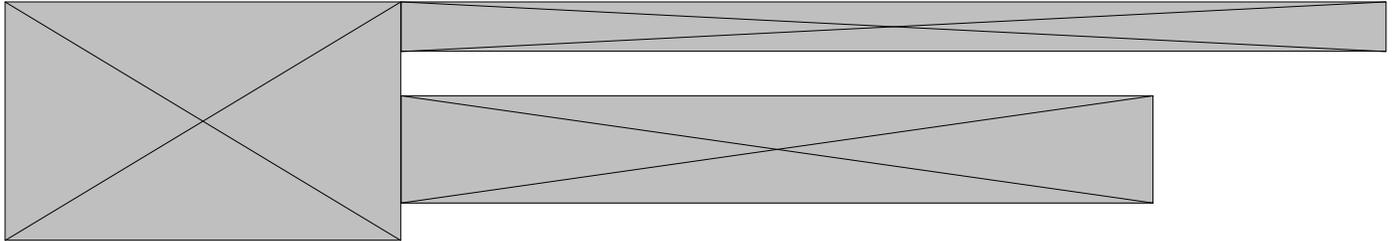


Sally in the Alley

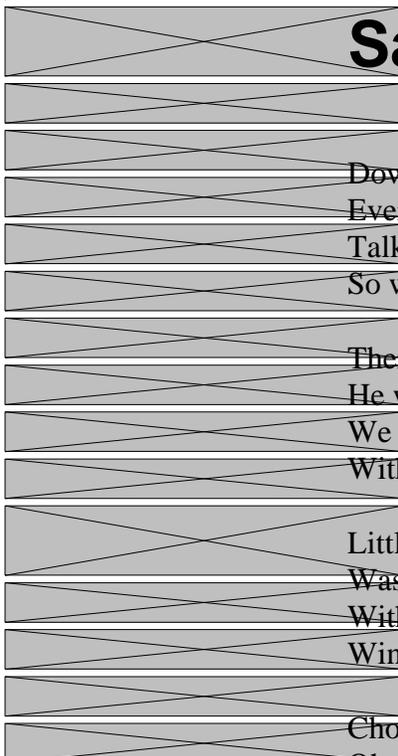


Sally in the alley, sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,
Wind from her butt blew out six winders,
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

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Salome



Down our street we had a little party,
Everyone there was oh so gay and hearty.
Talk about a treat, there was fuck all to eat,
So we all got pissed in a boozier down the street.

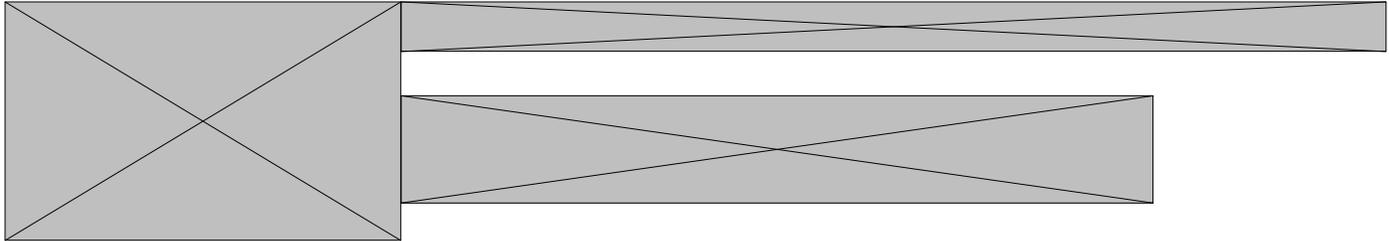
There was old Uncle Jim,
He was fair fucked up,
We put him in the cellar,
With the old bull pup.

Little Sunny Tim,
Was trying to get it in,
With his asshole,
Winking at the moonlight.

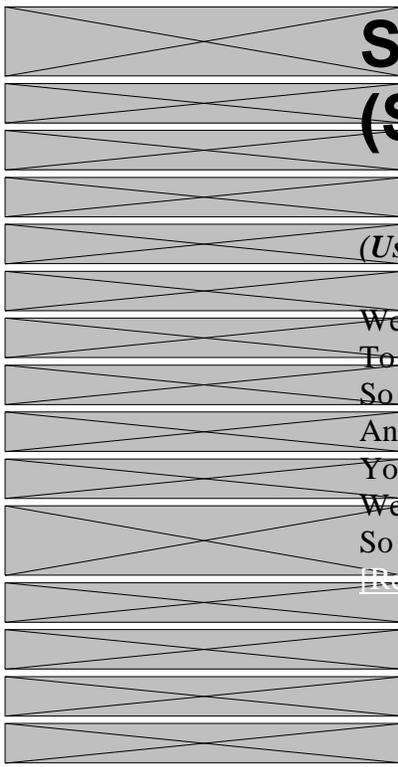
Chorus

Oh, Salome, Salome,
My gal Salome.
Dancing there with her asshole bare,
Every little wiggle make the boys all stare.
She swings it, she flings it,
She's a great big cow twice the size of me,
Hairs on her belly like the trunk of a tree,
She could run, jump, fuck, fart,
Push a barrow, wheel a cart,
That's my gal Salome.

Monday night she fucks like hell,
Tuesday night she has a spell,
Wednesday night she takes it up her back,
Thursday night she takes it in the crack,
And Friday night she takes it up her nose,
In between her finger and down between her toes.
Saturday night she dishes out the clap -
And she goes to church on Sunday.

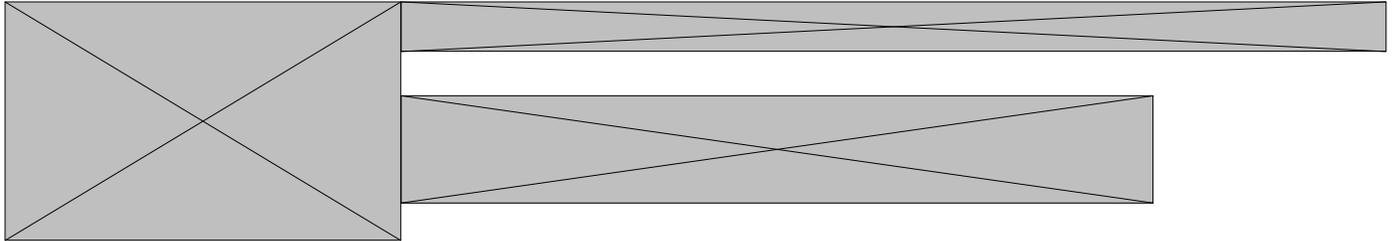


Sing, You Fucker, Sing! (Salutations)

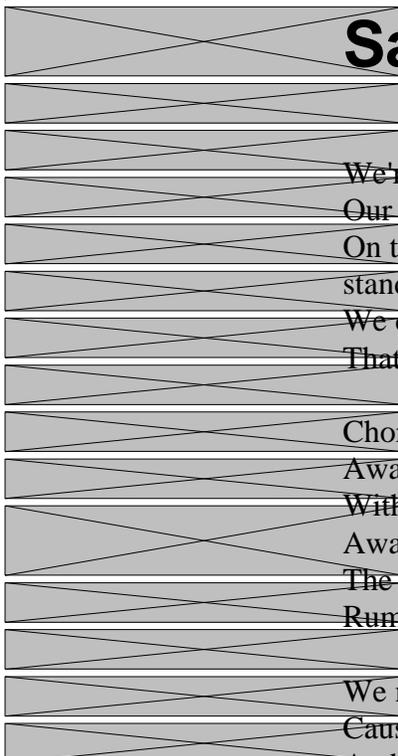


(Used to coerce a hasher into singing.)

We call upon _____,
To give us a song,
So sing, you fucker, sing!
And if you don't sing,
You can show us your schwing.
We don't want to see your moldy old schwing!
So sing you fucker, sing!



Salvation Army Song



We're coming, we're coming,
Our brave little band,
On the right side of justice we'll all take a
stand.

We don't smoke tobacco because we all think,
That people who smoke are likely to drink.

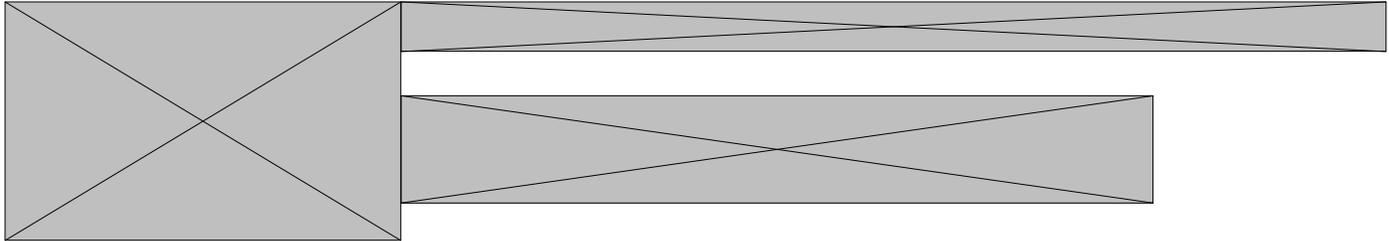
Chorus

Away, away with rum by gum,
With rum by gum, with rum by gum,
Away, away with rum by gum,
The song of the Salvation Army.
Rum chug-a-lug, rum chug-a-lug, rum bum bum.

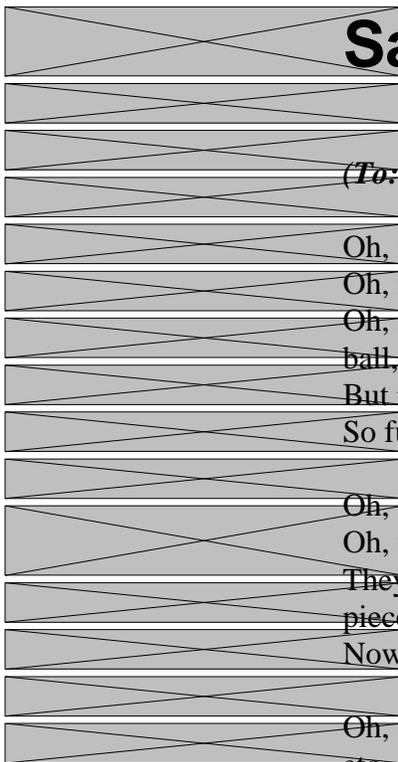
We never eat fruit cake,
Cause fruit cake has rum,
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man eating fruit cake until he is light?

We never eat cookies,
Cause cookies have yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.
Oh, can you imagine a greater disgrace,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

There's Viceroy cigarettes,
For people who think,
And Ban deodorant for people who stink,
But thinking and stinking are not right by me,
I get my kicks from Saigon tea.



Sammy Small



(To: Ye Jacobites by Name)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one
ball,
But it's better than none at all,
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all,
They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking
piece of lead,
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all,
etc...
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a fucking
piece of string,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck 'em all,
etc...
Oh, the parson he will come, with his tales of
kingdom come,
He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all,
etc...
Oh, the hangman wears a mask, for his silly
fucking task,
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, fuck 'em all,
etc...

Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, with his silly
fucking crew,
They've got fuck-all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

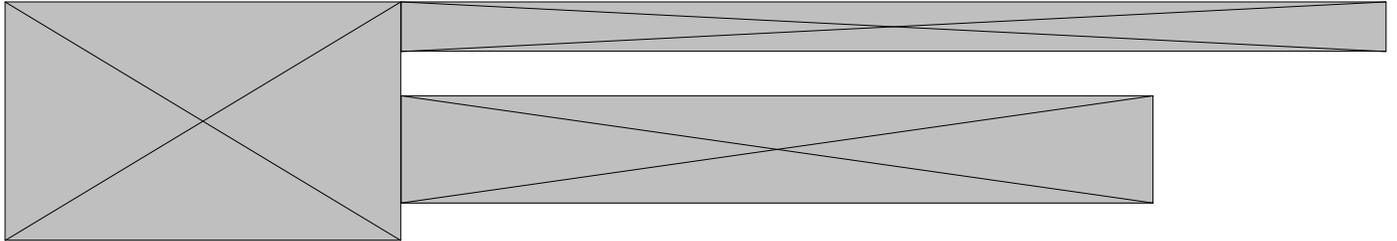
(With Reverence)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
etc...

I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so goddamn
proud,
That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL!

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all,
etc...

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, thought it was a
fucking joke,
Now my goddamn neck is broke, so fuck 'em all!



The Scotsman's Kilt

Well, a Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair.
And one could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his
share.

He fumbled 'round 'till he could no longer keep his feet.
And stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Chorus

Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio, Ring di diddle-i-o,
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

About that time two young and lovely girls happened by.
One said to the other with a twinkle in her eye.
See yon sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built.
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt.

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as can be.
Lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see.
And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt.
Was nothin' more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

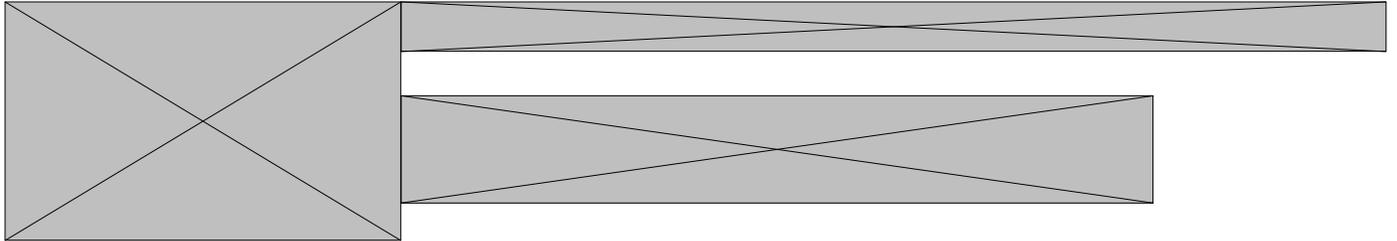
They marvelled for a moment and one said, "We must be gone.
Let's leave a present for our friend before we move along."
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow.
Around the bonnie star the Scott's kilt did lift and show.

Now the Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled towards the
trees.
Behind the bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees.
And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes.
"Ah, lad I don't know where you've been, but I see you've won
first prize."

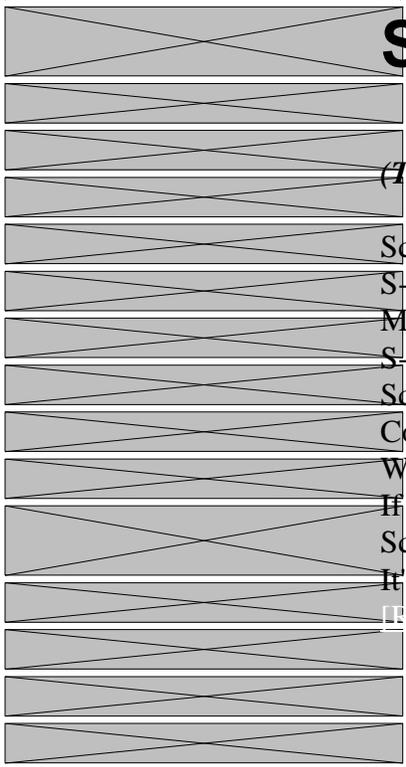
Now our Scottish friend still dressed in kilt continued down the
street.
He hadn't gone ten yards or more when a girl he chanced to meet.

She said, "I've heard what's 'neath that kilt, tell me is it so?"
He said "Just put your hand up, miss, if you'd really like to know."

She put her hand right up his kilt, and much to her surprise,
The Scotsman smiled and a very strange look came into his eyes.
She cri "Why Sir, that gruesome." And then she heard him roar,
"If you put your hand up once again, you'll find it grew some more."

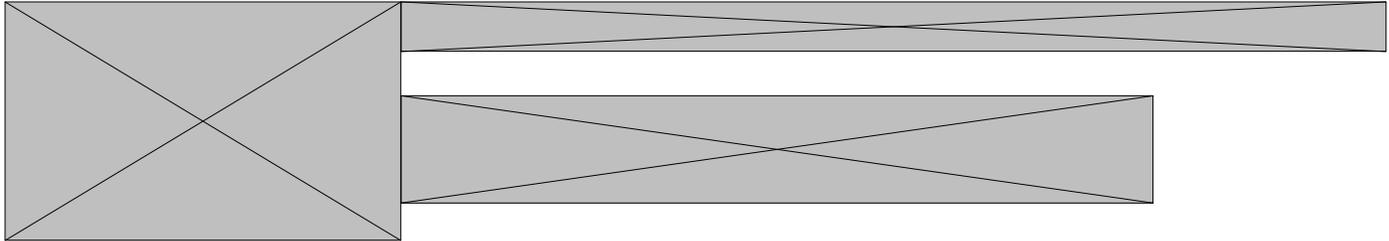


Scrotum

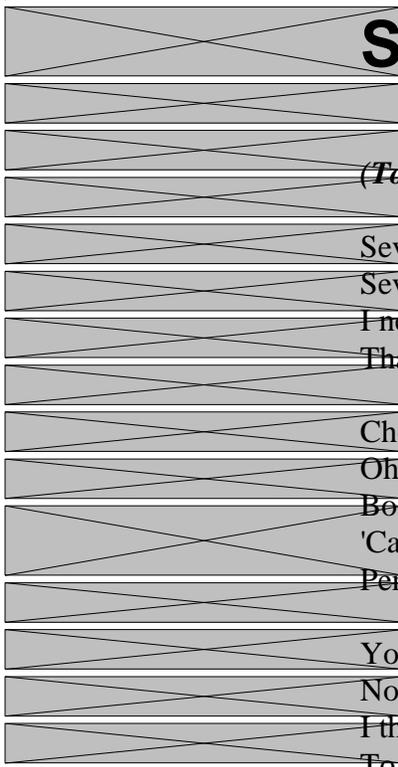


(To: Jada)

Scrotum. Scrotum.
S-C-R-O-T-U-M.
Mangy, scrungy,
S-C-R-O-T-U-M.
Scrotum, scrotum,
Covered with hair.
What would you do
If it wasn't there?
Scrotum, scrotum,
It's what we keep our gonads in!



Seven Nervous Days



(To: Seven Lonely Days)

Seven nervous days, I've waited for results,
Seven lonely nights I've stayed away from you,
I never could have guess I had no idea,
That you'd given me a dose of gonorrhoea.

Chorus

Oh my darling I'm crying,
Boo-hoo poor me,
'Cause the doctor's prescribing,
Penicillin for me.

You said you were drunk,
Now does that make it right?
I think you're a lousy skunk,
To sleep with a transvestite.

Said you couldn't tell,
It was very hard to find,
So you thought what the hell,
And rammed it up behind.

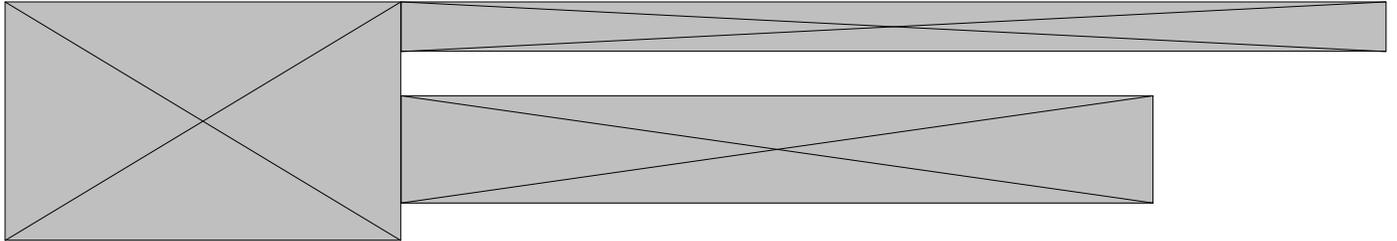
I knew I had a dose,
'Cause it hurts when I pee,
If you ever come close,
I'll cut off your willie.

I never felt so shy,
You caused me so much strife,
But now it's your turn to cry,
'Cause you gotta tell your wife.

Final Chorus

Oh my darling you're crying,

Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,
Now the doctor's prescribing
Penicillin for you too.



Seven Old Ladies

(To: Oh My, What Can the Matter Be?)

Chorus

Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Seven old ladies locked in the lava'try,
They were there from Sunday to Saturd'y,
Nobody knew they were there.
They said they were going to have tea with the
Vicar,
They went in together, they thought it was
quicker,
But the lavat'ry door was a bit of a sticker,
And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,
And thought she was known as a bit of a rover,
She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,
She found herself in a desperate pickle,
Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
She went in to pass some superfluous water,
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught
her,
And nobody knew she was there.

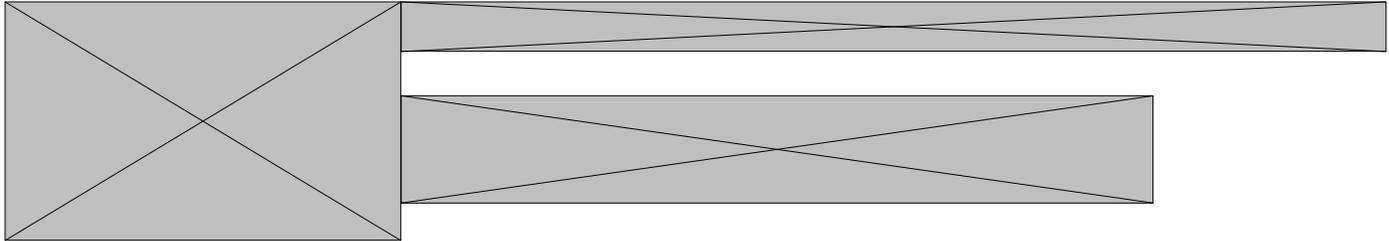
The next old lady was Abigale Humphrey,
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
And then she found out she could not get her bum
free,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Pamela Mason,
She couldn't wait so she used the basin,
And that was the water I washed my face in,
I didn't know she was there.

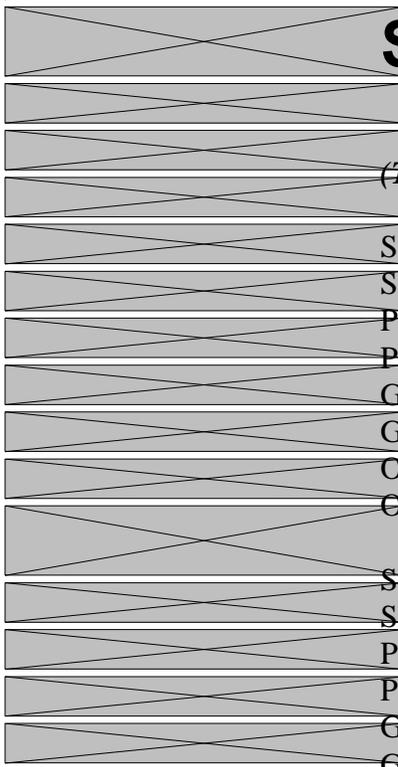
The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
Who was doing all right till a vagrant suspender,
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,
She only sat down on a personal whim,
But she somehow got pinched 'twixt the cup and the
brim,
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,
Went in with a bottle of booze on the sly,
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,
And nobody knew she was there.



Sex Is Boring



(To: Frere Jacques)

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Gonna cut my fingers off,
Gonna cut my fingers off,
One by one,
One by one.

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Gonna cut my toes off,
Gonna cut my toes off,
One by one,
One by one.

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Pulling out my pubic hairs,
Pulling out my pubic hairs,
One by one,
One by one.

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Poking out my eyes,
Poking out my eyes,

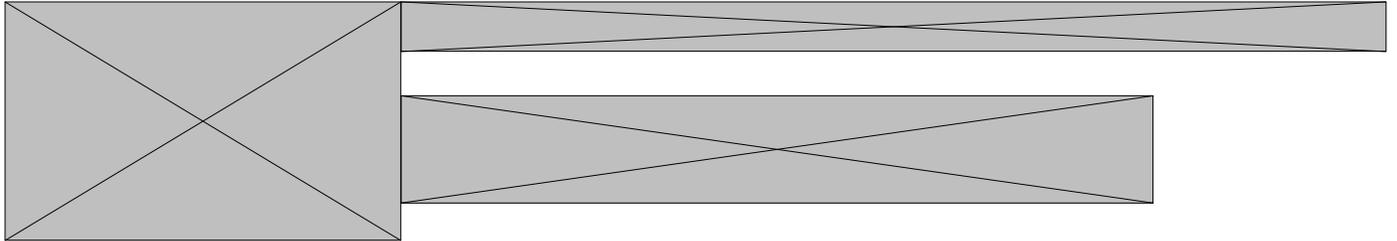
One by one,
One by one.

(Harriers)
Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Cutting off my gonads,
Cutting off my gonads,
One by one,
One by one.

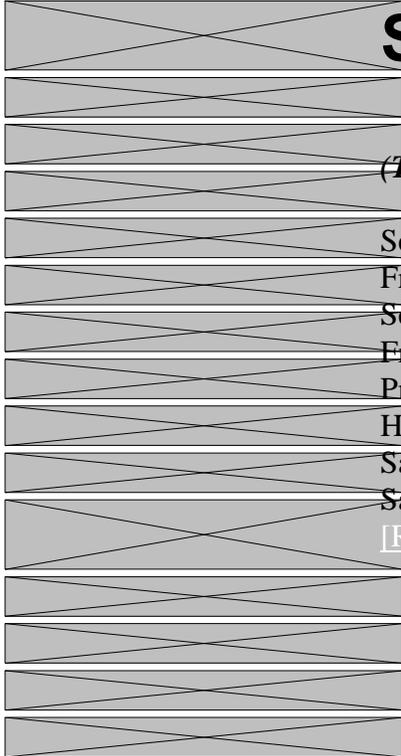
Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Cutting off my penis,
Cutting off my penis,
Inch by inch,
Inch by inch.

(Harriettes)
Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Gonna cut my titties off,
Gonna cut my titties off,
One by one,
One by one.

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Gonna yank my diaphragm,
Gonna yank my diaphragm,
'Til it bleeds,
'Til it bleeds.



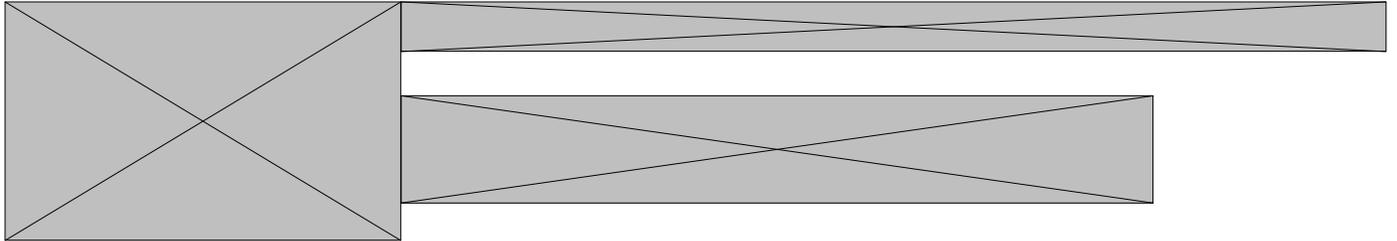
Sexiatus Relievium



(To: Gregorian Chant)

Sexiatus mania,
Frustratum randium,
Sexiatus mania,
Frustratum randium,
Prostitutum contracoptum.
Hand et fingum masturbatum,
Satisfactor relievium,
Satisfactor relievium.

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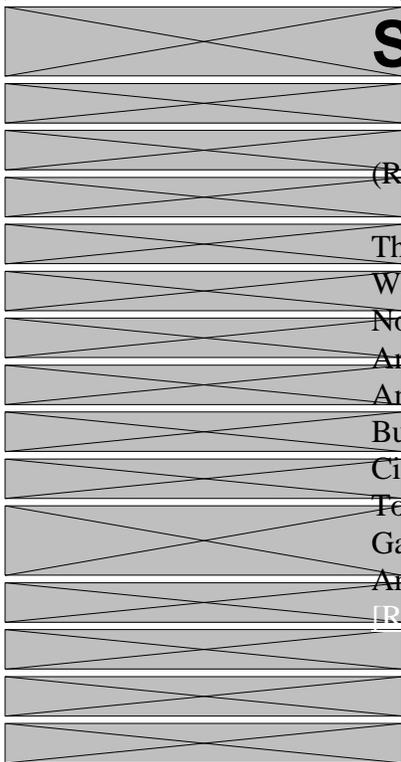


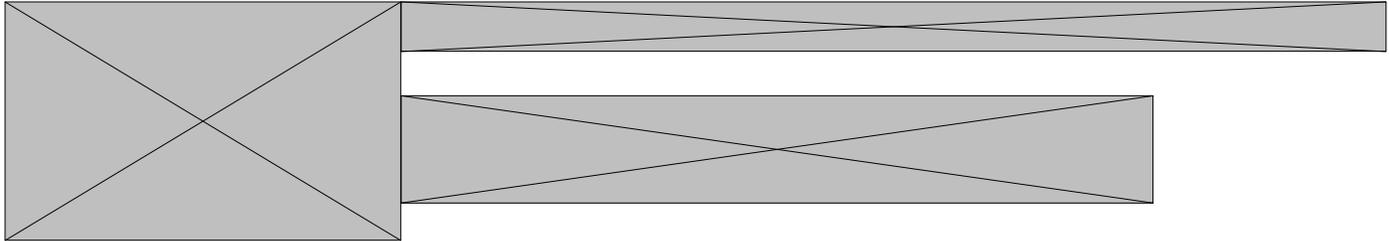
Sharp Operator

(Recitation)

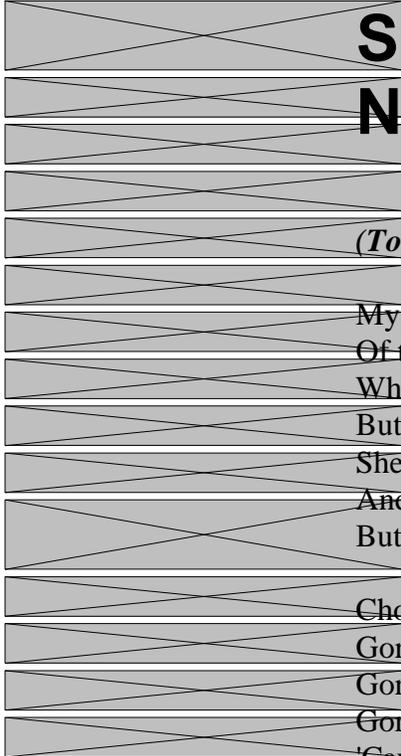
There was a young lady who swallowed a
Wilkerson Sword stainless steel razor blade.
Not only did she suffer a tonsilectomy,
An appendectomy,
And a hysterectomy,
But she castrated her husband,
Circumcised her lover,
Took two fingers off a casual acquaintance,
Gave the vicar a harelip,
And she still had five shaves left.

[R]





She Ain't Gonna Fuck No More



(To: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

My eyes have seen the glory,
Of the coming of the whore,
Who had fucked all round Jakarta,
But had never cum before,
She'd fuck and suck most anything,
And she had a running sore,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Chorus
Gorey, gorey what a woman,
Gorey, gorey what a woman,
Gorey, gorey what a woman,
'Cause she ain't gonna fuck no more.

That whore had gone around the world,
In and out of every bed,
But though she tried with all her might,
Her cunt felt almost dead,
But with all the fucking that she'd done,
She had never cum, she said.
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She almost quit then in despair,
But then she had a flash,
She said "I've tried most everything,
But haven't tried the Hash!
And all those jerks are so pissed up,
They'll never see the rash."
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And so one steaming Monday night,

She found the Anchor truck,
She could see by the crazed looks in their eyes ,
That she would have some luck,
So she strolled into the circle,
And challenged anyone to fuck,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Hash Master was in control,
And so he stepped up first,
But sadly the man had drunk too much,
And over-quenched his thirst,
When he pulled his flaccid penis out,
She laughed like she would burst,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Joint Hash Masters took a turn,
They stepped up one by one,
But with each prick she gave a sigh,
For still she hadn't cum.
She said "You're no good at fucking,
You'd best go back and run."
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Masters of Music tried their hands,
But couldn't do a thing,
One was so tired from running,
All he could do was sing,
The other tried a short cut,
Got his prick lost in her ring,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Hash Cash stepped hard into the fray,
And tried to fill the breach,
But when he put it up inside,
She said it wouldn't reach,
So she grabbed the Secretary,
And she sucked him like a leech,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Scribe stepped up and cried,
"The pen is mightier than the sword."
But when he jumped upon her,
She just lay there looking bored.
She said, "You're really nothing,
When you've whored like I have whored"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Religious Adviser said a prayer,
And called upon the gods,
The only way to make her cum,
Was with his divine rod,
But even with celestial help,
He was like the other sods,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

All in the circle took their turns,
The Germans and Frogs,
The Aussies, Yank and Pommies,
And even a couple of Wogs,
But the Dutchmen were the first in line,
To shed their running togs,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

When they all had finished she said,
"There's something I must tell,
I've laid here in the circle
And watched all your pricks swell,
But for all the good you've done for me,
You can all go straight to hell."
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

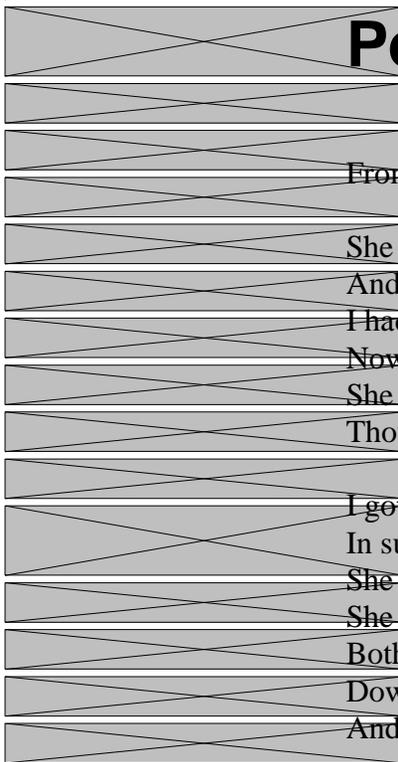
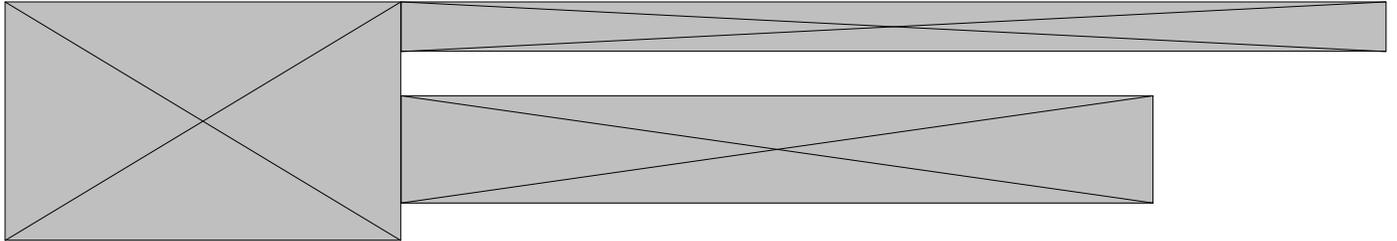
They each had tried her one by one,
As she lay upon the grass,
They'd jammed it up her cunt and mouth,
And some had tried her ass,
The one thing that they hadn't tried,
Was to fuck her all en masse,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

What alone they didn't do,
They accomplished it in sum,
With three pricks between each finger,
And 18 up her bum,
And 16 each in cunt and mouth,
She said "I think I've cum!"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The city bells began to peel,
Her body began shake,
Exploding rockets lit the sky,
The earth began to quake,
That one massive orgasm,

Was all that she could take,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And when they climbed down off her
And they looked upon the ground,
Nothing of her could be seen,
And nothing could be found,
They said though she was one good fuck,
She'd never be a Hash House Hound,
For she ain't gonna fuck no more.



Period

From: Pig Vomit

She said she loved me,
And that she'd let me in her pants,
I had a healthy boner,
Now I had my chance,
She held a secret,
Though she denies it to this day.

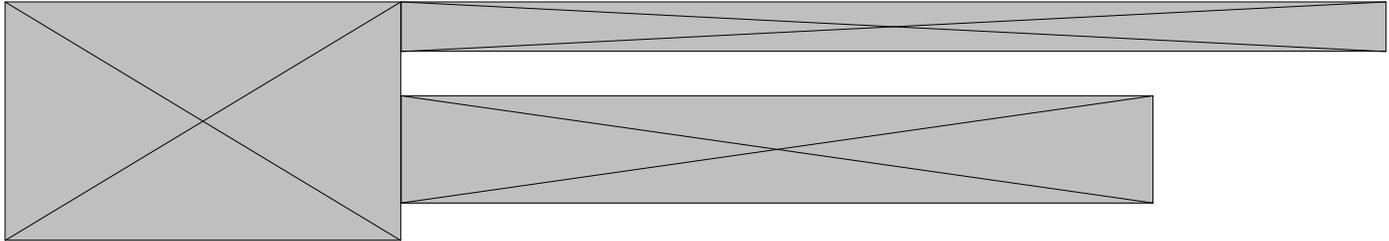
I got my first taste of love,
In such a bitter way.
She had her period,
She had her period
Both of us were screaming,
Down my face her blood was streaming,
And it glistened in the dashboard lights

She had her period,
I was an idiot Whoa, Whoa,
I should have plunged my appendage,
Way down deep into her hemorrhage that night.

Went to a drive-in movie,
Love in the back seat of my car,
I was a cunning linguist,
Did I go too far,
Such menstruation should be plugged up before it
drains.
Did she go without a tampon due to lack of brains?

She had her period,
She had her period,
Both of us were screaming,
Down my face her blood was streaming,
And it glistened in the dashboard lights,

She had her period,
I was an idiot Whoa, Whoa,
I should have plunged my appendage,
Way down deep into her hemorrhage that night.



She Went for a Ride in a Morgan

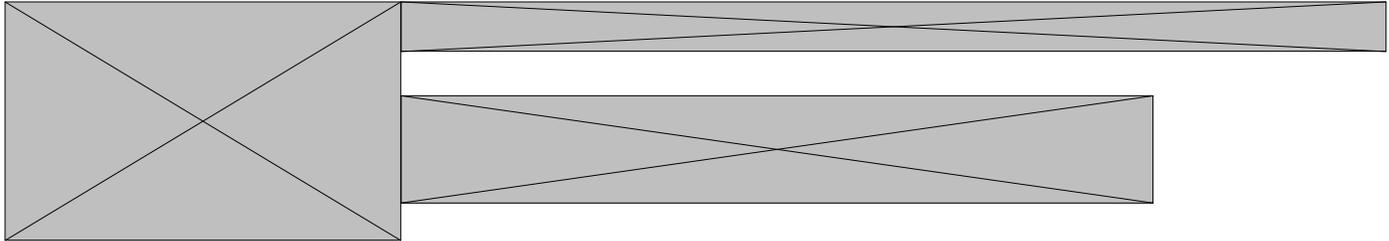
She went for a drive in a Morgan,
She sat with the driver in front.
He fooled with her genital organs:
The more vulgar-minded say cunt.

Now she had a figure ethereal,
She auctioned it out to men's cocks.
And contracted diseases venereal:
The more vulgar-minded say pox.

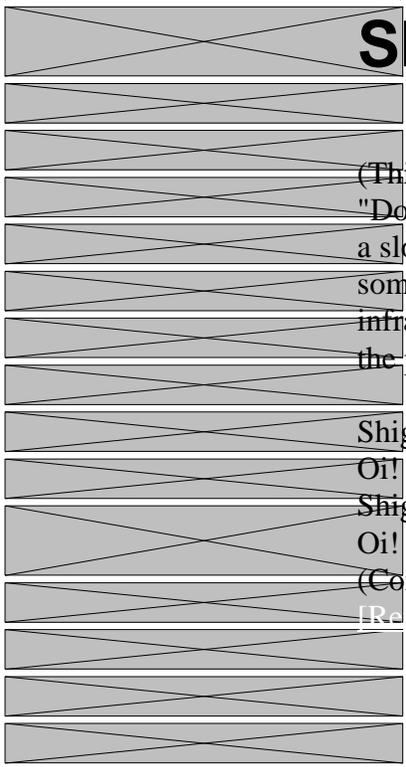
The dazzling peak of perfection,
There wasn't a fuck she would scorn,
She gave every man an erection:
The more vulgar-minded say horn.

Did you ever see Anna make water?
It's a sight that you ought not to miss.
She can lead for a mile and a quarter:
The more vulgar-minded say piss.

If I had two balls like a bison,
And a cock like a big buffalo,
I would sit on the edge of creation,
And piss on the buggers below.



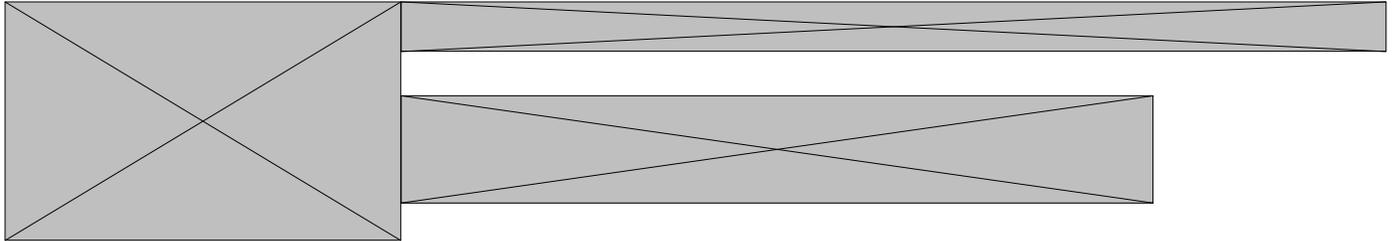
Shiggy-Shaggy



(This is used as a replacement for "Down down down down" while waiting for a slow drinker or as a chant to have someone do a down down for some infraction of tradition or pissing off the pack.)

Shiggy-Shaggy, Shiggy-Shaggy
Oi! Oi! Oi!
Shiggy-Shaggy, Shiggy-Shaggy
Oi! Oi! Oi! etc...
(Continue until down down is completed.)

[Re



Shiner Beer

In the town of shiner in the Lone Star State,

They're brewing a beer that tastes really great,

Makes me want to masturbate,

Oh, I love shiner beer.

Grab yourself a fist of lard,

Work it up nice and hard,

Shoot your jism across the yard,

Oh, I love shiner beer.

Mm, Mm, Mm, tastes so good,

Yes Yes Yes like I knew it would,

Take advice from this old croner,

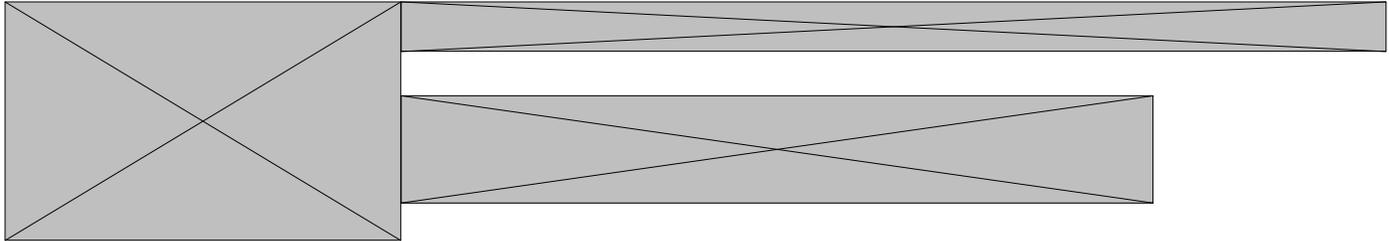
It don't matter if you're a loner,

Go ahead and cop that boner,

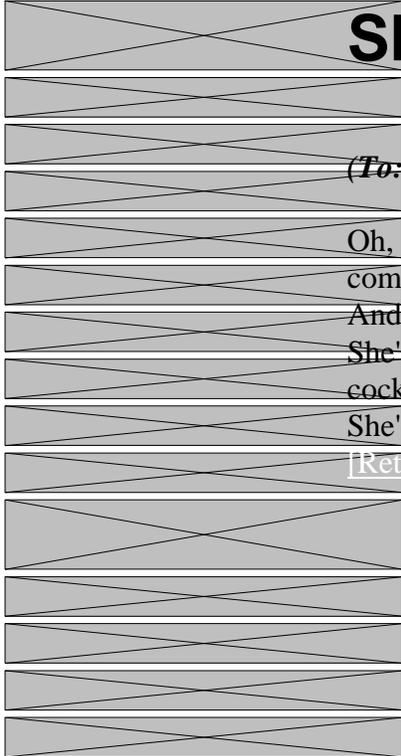
If you got shiner beer.

All you ladies everywhere,
Hold onto your underwear,
Shiner makes you lose your cares,
Oh, I love shiner beer.

Mm, Mm, Mm, tastes so good,
Yes, Yes, Yes like I knew it would,
(Slowly)
Shiner the best beer brewed in the cunt-tree.



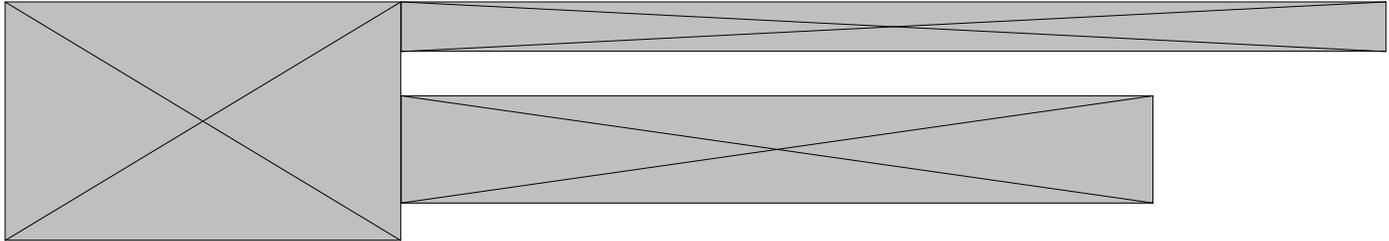
She's My Girl



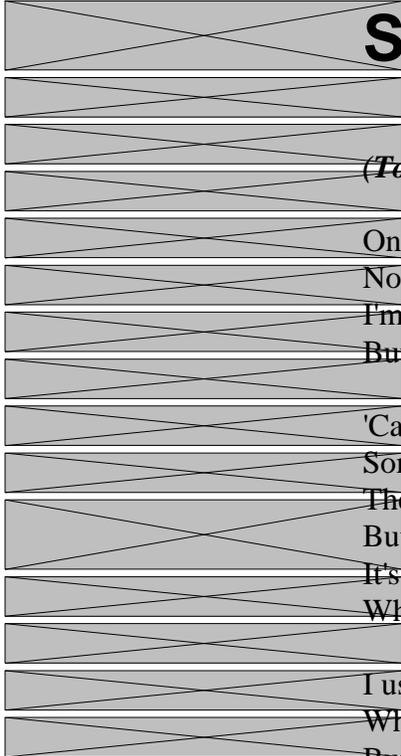
(To: Turkey in the Straw)

Oh, the wiggle of her ass would make a dead man
come,
And the nipple on her tit is as big as my thumb,
She's a mean motherfucker, she's a great
cocksucker,
She's my girl, she fucks!

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Singha Cock



(To: Those Were the Days)

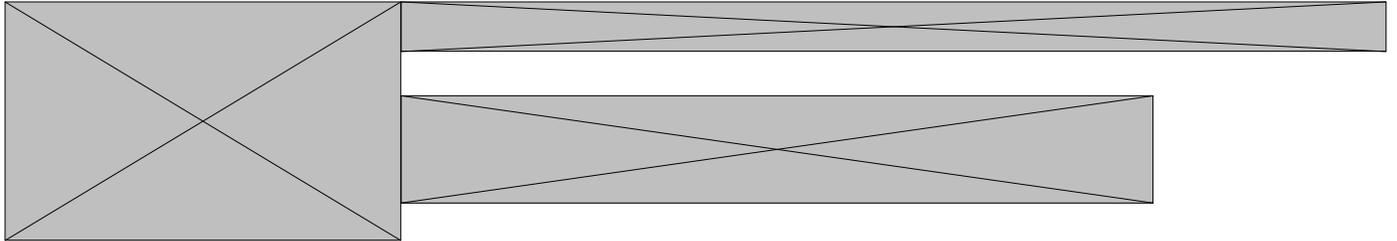
Once there was a time that we'd fuck all night,
Now any more than once a month, no way,
I'm always asking for a little extra,
But you shy away and say, "Oh, not today."

'Cause you've got Singha cock,
Some girls have all the luck,
They get it day and night for weeks on end,
But you won't look at me,
It's really sad to see,
What that limp Singha cock has done to me.

I used to worry about another woman,
Who was taking you away from me,
But then I learned the cause of your deflation,
Wasn't someone else sat on your knee.

It was that Singha cock,
Some girls have all the luck,
They get it day and night for weeks on end,
But you won't look at me,
It's really sad to see,
What that limp Singha cock has done to me.

So, boys as you swig upon that bottle,
Please remember what we have to say,
If you want to play when you go home horny,
Push that one last bottle out of the way.



Sir Jasper

She wears her silk pajamas in the summer when it's hot,

She wears her woolen nightie in the winter when it's not,

But later in the springtime, and early in the fall,

She jumps between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Chorus

She's a most immoral lady,

She's a most immoral lady,

She's a most immoral lady,

As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

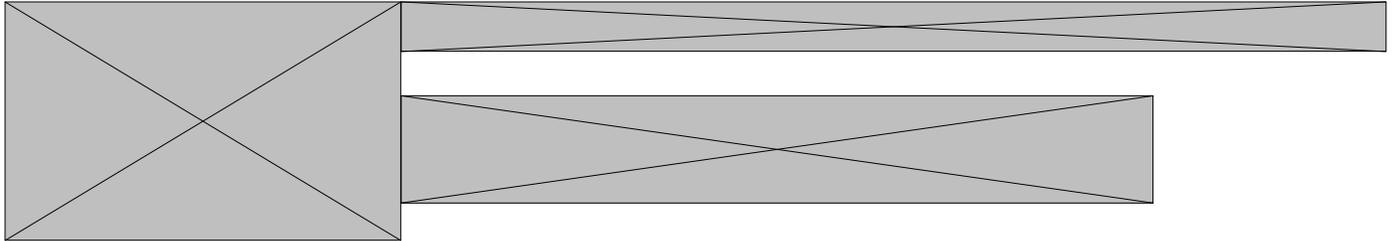
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not!
Oh, Sir Jasper do not!
Oh, Sir Jasper do not!
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do! etc.

Ohhh, Sir Jasper! etc.

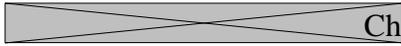
Ohhh! etc.



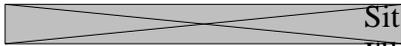
Sit on My Face



From Monty Python



Chorus



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,



You blow me away.



Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you,



I'll sit on your face and let you love me truly,



Life can be fine,



If we both sixty-nine,



If we sit on our faces,



In all kind of places,

Oh, I love to oralize,

With your face between my thighs,

Please sit on my face.

Sit on my face and tell me that you need me,

I'll sit on your face 'cuz I'll be needing you.

Yes, I'll be headed south,

When you're cumming in my mouth,

Please sit on my face.

Sit on my face and say you'll never leave me,

I'll sit on your face and never leave you blue.

Oh, for your legs,

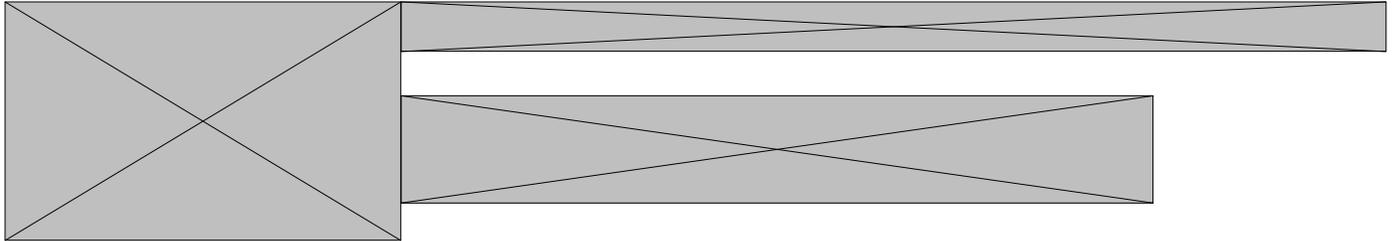
I'll spread while you are getting head,

Please sit on my face.

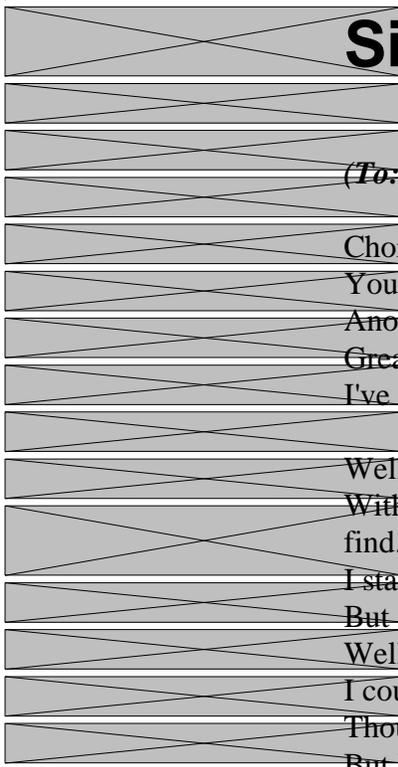
Sit on my face and tell me that I'm pretty,
I'll sit on your face and never lie to you.

Just put your lips right there,
We'll both ignore the hair,
Please sit on my face,

Oh, It's hard to say I love you,
When you're sitting on my face.



Sixteen Miles



(To: Sixteen Tons)

Chorus

You run 16 miles and what'd you get?
Another day older and covered in shit!
Great Hasher don't you call me, 'cause I can't go,
I've short cut the trail and I've miles to go.

Well, I woke up this morning in a bed - not mine.
With my Nike's in my hands, left for ON-ONs to
find.

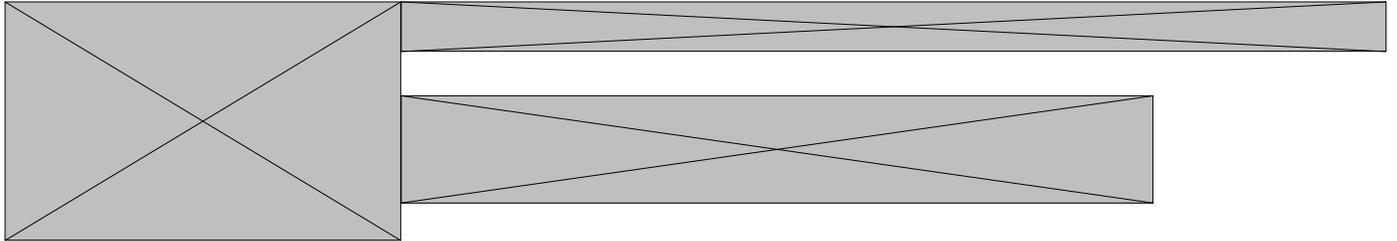
I started with my buddies a half past three,
But a short-cut the trail, now I'm an SCB.

Well, I looked for trail all over the place.
I could'a followed on's but I wanted to race.
Thought I'd get ahead - thought it'd be so boss,
But I followed my ass, now I'm lost, lost, lost!

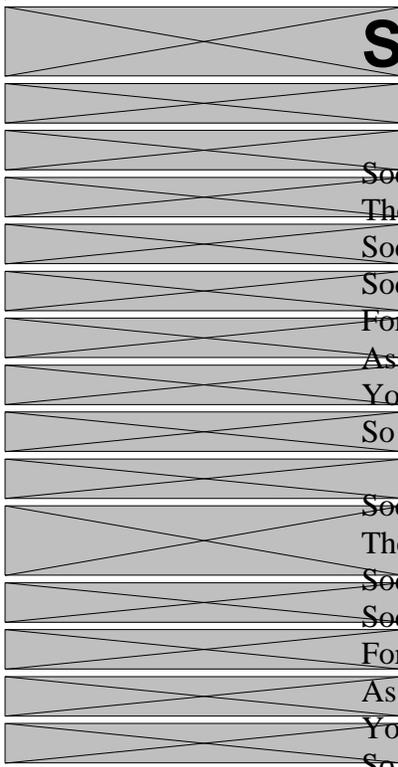
Well, I asked the Hare how much further to run.
He held up both hands - said "Let me show you son.
Just count these fingers and multiply by nine."
Oh, Great Hasher, please show me a sign!

So I've run for hours under the blazing sun.
I really don't know how far I've run.
I wanted a cold beer but I'll settle for wine,
Oh, Great Hasher for some fruit of the vine,

Great Hasher won't you call me,
I'm having fits.
I've short-cut the trail,
And now I'm covered in shit!



Sod 'Em All

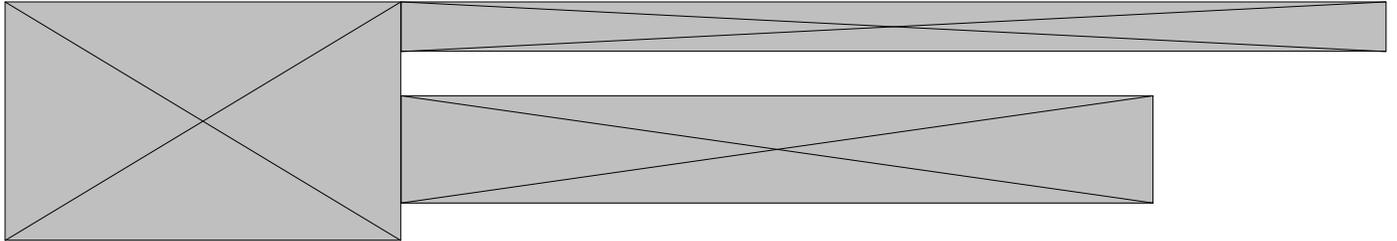


Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Sod all the sergeants and W.O. ones,
Sod all the corporals and their bastard sons.
For we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their billets they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

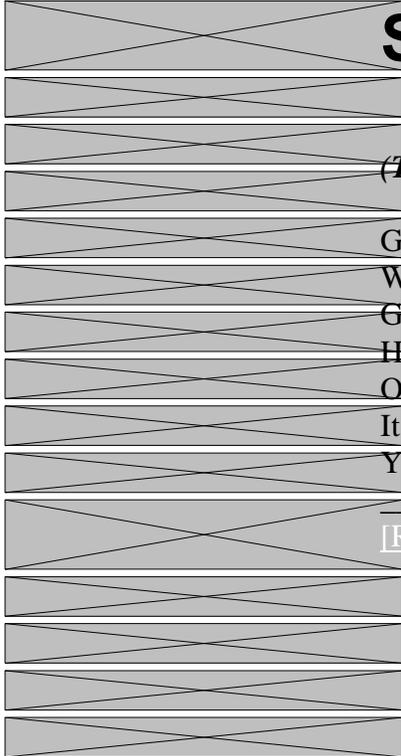
Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,
The skipper, the jimmy and all,
Sod all the yeomen and C.P.O. tels,
Sod the chief sloshies and their bleeding smells.
For we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their hammocks they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,
The jaunty, the crusher and all,
Sod all the shipwrights and C.P.O. cooks,
Sod all the paybobs with their bleeding books.
For we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their hammocks they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,
The admiral, the flag-jack and all,
Sod all the O.A.s and E.A.s as well,
Sod the chief stoker and send him to hell.
For we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their hammocks they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.



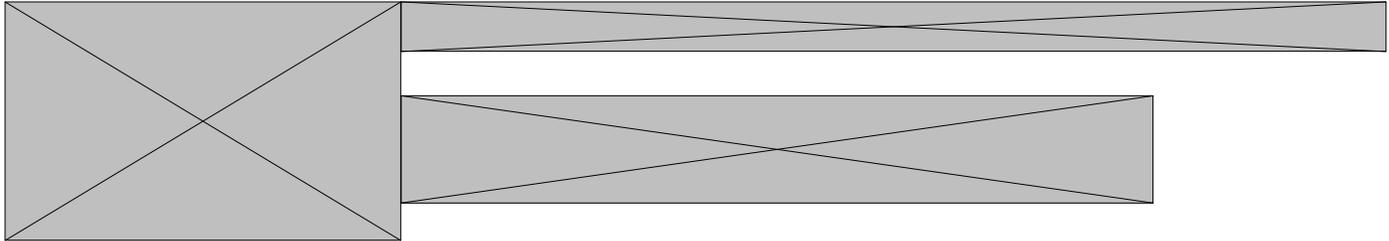
Sound of Hashers



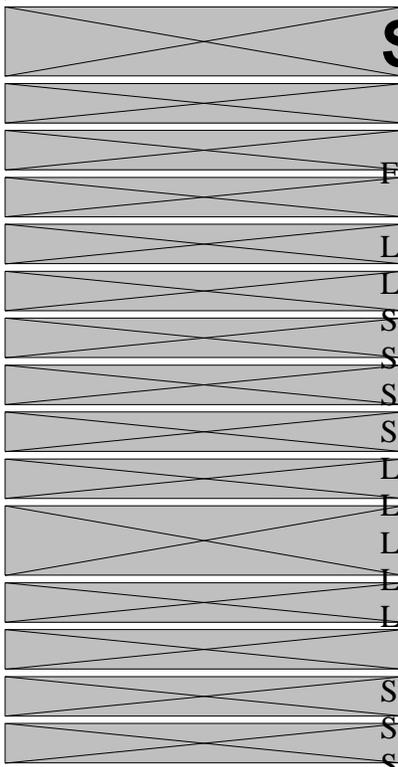
(To: Do, Re, Mi)

Give _____ a beer, a really big beer,
We will watch him drink it down.
Girls, you know if he drinks it all,
He will never get it up.
Oh, the stories sad to tell,
It picked up and then it fell.
You would die if you could see,
_____ slap his tiny wee-wee.

[F



Spam Song



From Monty Python

Lovely spam, wonderful spa-a-m,

Lovely spam, wonderful spam,

Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,

Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,

Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,

Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,

Lovely spam,

Lovely spam,

Lovely spam,

Lovely spam,

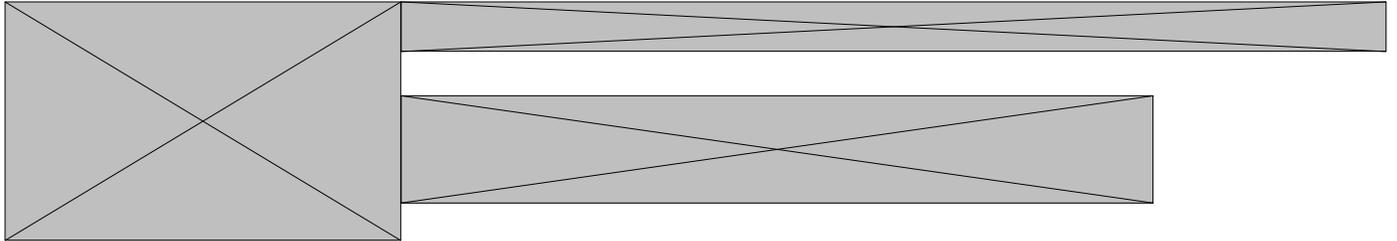
Lovely spa-a-a-a-am,

Spa-am,

Spa-am,

Spa-am,

Spa-a-a-am!



Suckanya



(To: Oh, Diana)



I'm so young and you're so old,
You've had a baby I've been told,
I don't care what my friends say,
I'll pay your bar fine any day,
You and I shall never part,
I'll give you five hundred bhat,
Oh, please go down on me, Suckanya.

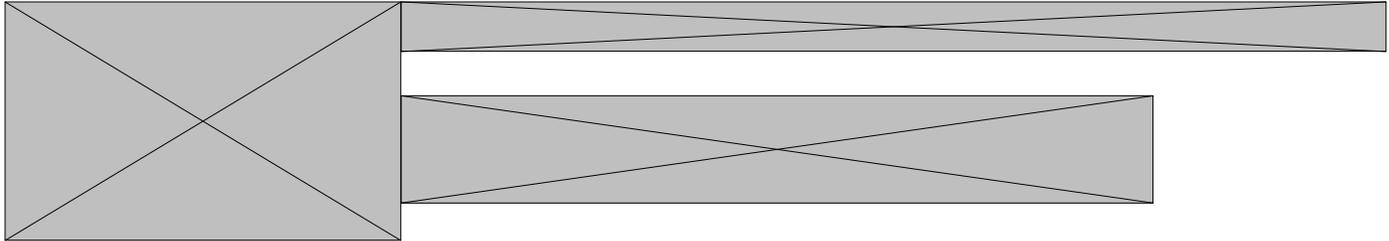


I bought you a house and brand new car,
In the Rock Hard you're a star,
You go out late every night,
Come home at noon, oh, what a sight,
In your heart I'll always stay,
As long as I can pay, pay, pay,
Oh, please go down on me, Suckanya.



You gave me clap and you wear gold,
My motorcycle you have sold,
To pay my bills at Adam and Eve,
The fruits of love are never free,
All I ask is one more suck
But you don't even give a fuck,
Oh, please go down on me, Suckanya.

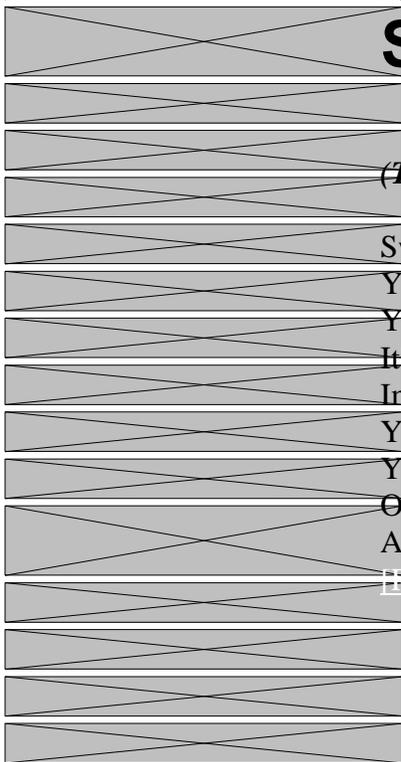
Your Thai husband threw me out,
Tell me what it's all about,
Now you're into sniffing glue,
Does this mean that we are through,
I love you with all my heart,
So don't cut off my private part,
Oh, please go down on me, Suckanya.

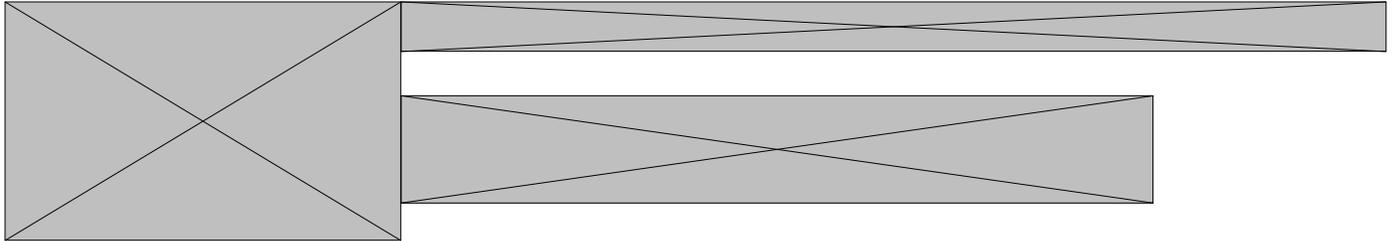


Sweet Antoinette

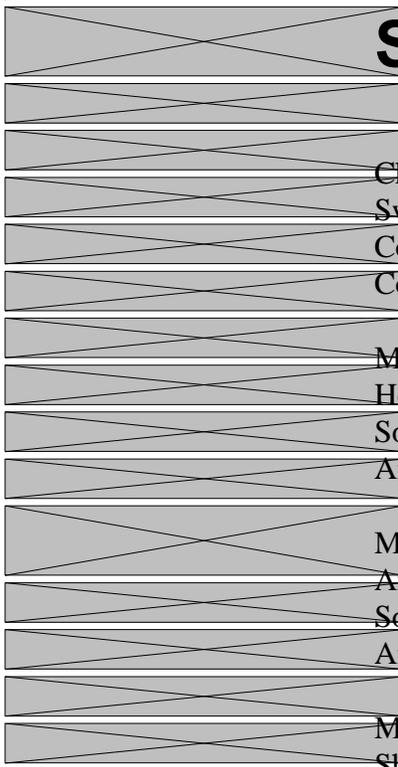
(To: Sweet Adeline)

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





Sweet Violets



Chorus
Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

My father was a coal miner,
He worked in a deep, dark pit,
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust,
And sometimes he'd shovel up shit.

My brother was a pilot,
And he never wanted to quit,
Sometimes he'd land on the runway,
And sometimes he'd land on the shit.

My wife, she died on the toilet,
She died of a horrible fit.
And to satisfy her last wishes,
She was buried in six feet of shit.

My father went to the woodshed,
Some wood he wanted to split,
But when he grabbed hold of the handle,
He found it was covered with shit.

Phyllis Quat kept a sack in the garden,
I was curious I must admit,
One day I stuck in my finger,
And pulled it out covered with shit.

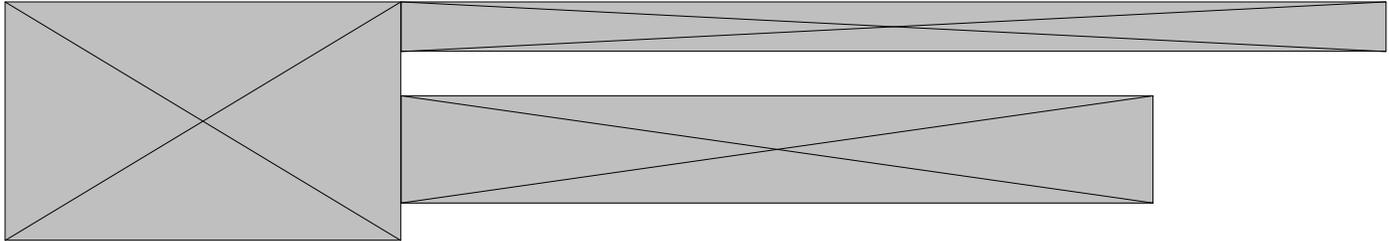
I sat in a gold lavatory,
In the home of the Baron of Split,
The seat was encrusted with rubies,
But as usual the bowl contained shit.

My brother he worked in a sewer,
Some lamps they had to be lit,
One evening there was an explosion,
And my brother was covered with shit.

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boyfriend's,
But the bag was old and it split,
Now the boyfriend and Phyllis have parted,
For the bag was packed full of shit.

Now baby was eating an apple,
They thought he had swallowed a pit,
But when they examined his appy,
They found it was covered with shit.

Well, now my song it is ended,
And I have finished my bit,
And if any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a bucket of shit.



The Tale Of Poor Dave

Recite

Now this is the tale of young Davie Bloor,
Whose sexual equipment got jammed in the door.
By the time they had freed him he didn't feel well,
For his poor private parts were all mangled to hell.
They rushed him to hospital, the ambulance flew,
But when they arrivthere were nowt they could do.
What a sad day for Dave, condemned without choice,
To a life with no sex and a high squeaky voice.
But lucky for Dave, so he wouldn't feel a fool,
Some bright spark suggested a bionic tool.
A smart new electric one, made out of brass,
Though the batteries would have to be kept up his arse.

So newly equipped and after a rest,
Dave thought he would put his new tool to the test.
So finding a woman nearest and handy,
He filled her with drink to make her feel randy.

The girl without waiting put her hand on Dave's fly,
And when she felt what was there gave a cry of surprise.
"That's my bionic chopper," he said, "now let's have some fun."
"Gor blimey," she said, "it feels like a gun."

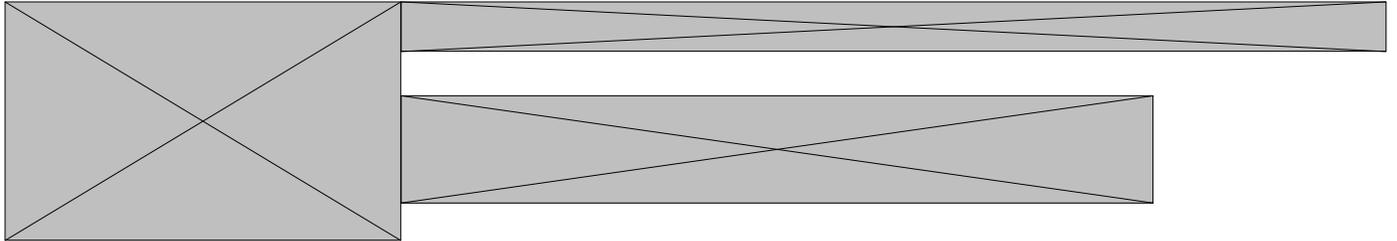
They both stripped of quick and he entered her fast,
Then he turned up the knob and gave her full blast.
They clutched tight to eachother and Dave's dick shook some more,
They shook of the bed and onto the floor.

Now the pace hotted up and they started to choke,
As the air in the room became filled with smoke.
With a bang Dave's ballock flew into the air,

And his other went bonkety-bonk down the stairs.

So back to repairs went Dave, full of woe,
Was this how his sex life was destined to go?
A return to the doctor at the end of each shag,
With his prick in his pocket, and his balls in a bag?

But they fixed Dave up and made him manly again,
And they helped him with batteries and flex to the main.
So if he can't get a girl, lucky Dave doesn't cry,
'Cause now he's AC/DC and can go with a guy!



There Was an Old Farmer

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,
Shaking and waving his big hairy...
First at the ladies next door at the Ritz,
Who taught the young children to play with
their...
Kite strings and marbles and all things galore,
Along came a lady who looked like a...
Decent young lady, but walked like a duck,
She thought she'd invented a new way to...
Bring up the children, to sew and to knit,
The boys in the stable were shoveling...
Litter and paper from yesterday's hunt,
And old farmer Potter was having some...
Cake in the stables and singing this song,
If you think that's dirty,
You're fucking well wrong!

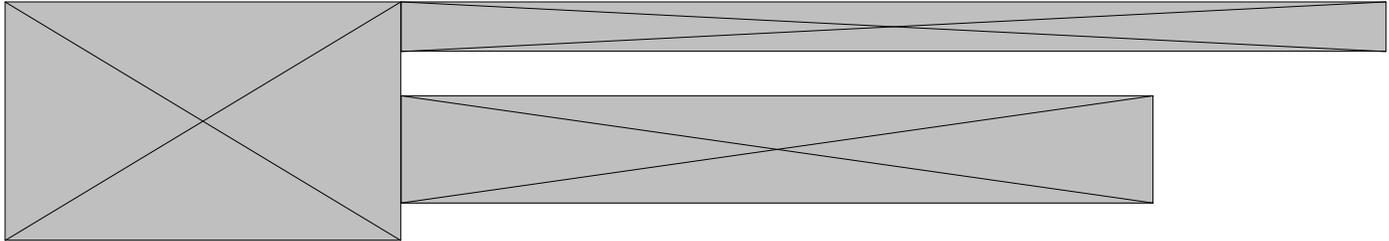
Chorus
Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in shit, shit, shit, shit!

(Spoken) You want it cleaner?

There once was a farmer who took a young miss,
To the back of the barn where he gave her a...
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs,
And told her that she had such beautiful...
Manners that suited a girl of such charms,
A girl that he wanted to take in his...
Washing and ironing, and then if she did,
They could get married and raise up a...

(Spoken) Too clean?

Suzanne was a lady with plenty of class,
Who knocked the boys dead when she wiggled her...
Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do,
To make it quite plain that she wanted to...
Go for a walk or a stroll through the grass,
And hurry back home for a nice piece of...
Cake and ice cream and pieces of roast duck,
And after this meal she was ready to...
Go for a walk or a stroll on the dock,
With any young man with a sizable...
Roll of green bills and pretty good front,
And if he spoke softly she'd show him her...
Little pet dog who was subject to fits,
And maybe let him grab ahold of her...
Little white hand with a movement so quick,
And then she'd lean over and tickle his...
Chin while she showed what she once learned in
France,
And ask the poor fellow to take off his...
Coat while she sang of the Mandalay Shores,
And whatever she was, Suzanne wasn't a whore.



They're Moving Father's Grave to Build A Sewer

Spoken:

To shit-house artists when they die,
We'll build it wide and build it high,
In tribute to their brain and wit,
A monument of solid shit.

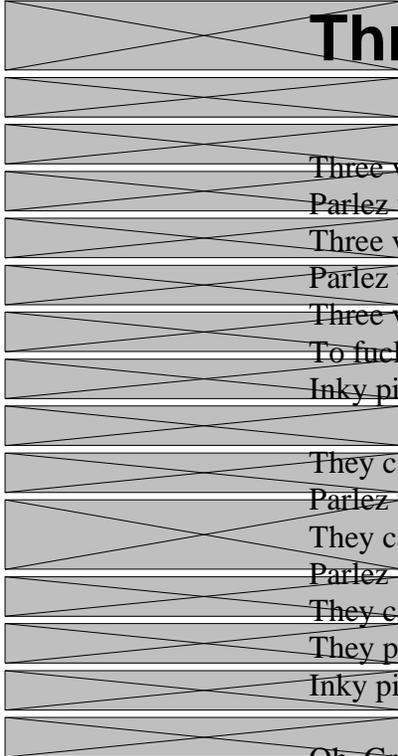
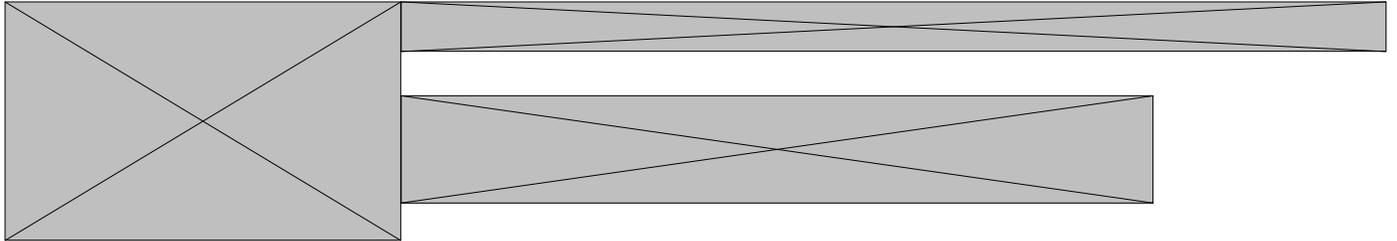
Sung:

They're moving father's grave to build a sewer,
They're moving it regardless of expense,
They're moving his remains to lay down shithouse
drains,
To satisfy some nearby residents.

Now, what's the use of having a religion,
For when you die your troubles never cease.
When some high-society twit needs a pipeline for
his shit,
They won't let poor old father rest in peace.

My father in his life was never a quitter,
I'm sure that he'll not be a quitter now.
He'll put on a white sheet and haunt the shithouse
seat,
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

Oh, won't there be some pains of constipation!
And won't those shithouse bastards rant and rave!
But they'll get what they deserve,
For they had the bloody nerve,
To bugger up a British workman's grave.



Three Visiting Hashers

Three visiting hashers came over here,
Parlez vous?
Three visiting hashers came over here,
Parlez vous?
Three visiting hashers came over here,
To fuck our women and drink our beer,
Inky pinky parley vous, oh blimey.

They came upon a down-down,
Parlez vous?
They came upon a down-down,
Parlez vous?
They came upon a down-down,
They pissed all around and drank around.
Inky pinky parley vous, oh blimey.

Oh, Grand Master have you a maiden fair,
etc...
With blow job lips and stringy hair?

Oh, yes I have but she's too new, etc...
To sleep with stinking hashers like you.

Oh, Grandmaster I'm not too new, etc...
After all, I've already slept with you.

Yes, that's true, but your so sweet, etc...
Perhaps you could just suck their feet

Feet are fine but I prefer, etc...
They ride upon my mound of fur

Up the old stairs she was letc...
They threw her down upon the bed.

They tied her to the leg of the betc...
And fucked her 'til her cheeks were red.

Then they took her to the shetc...
And fucked her 'til she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane, etc...
And fucked her back to life again.

They fucked her up, they fucked her down,
etc...
They fucked her right around the town.

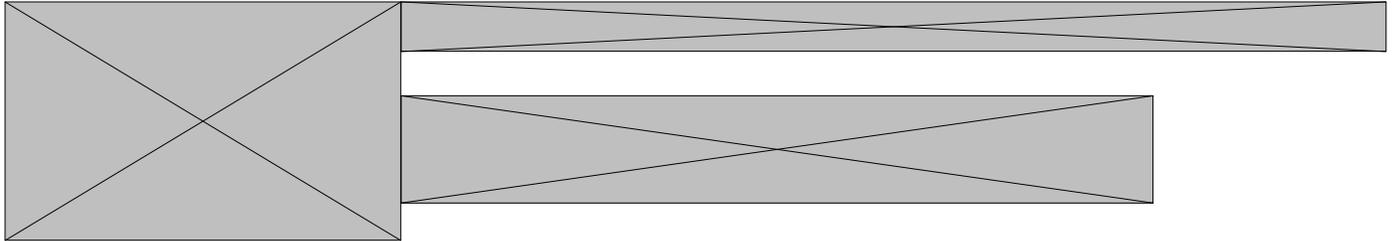
They fucked her in, they fucked her out,
etc...
They fucked her up the water spout.

Three months went by and all was, etc...
well, Six months later she started to swell.

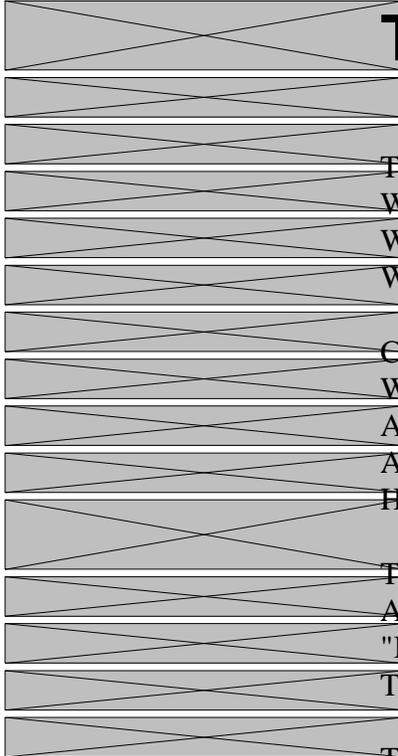
Nine months later she gave a grunt, etc...
And a lithe hasher popped out of her cunt.

The little hasher he grew and grew, etc...
He fucked his mother and his sister too.

The little hasher he went to hell, etc...
And there he started a hash as well.



The Tinker



The lady of the manor,
Was dressing for the ball,
When she spied a highland tinker,
Wanking up against the wall.

Chorus
With his bloody great kidney wiper,
And his balls the size of three,
And a yard and a half of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter,
And in it she did say,
"I'd rather be fucked by you, sir,
Than his Lordship any day."

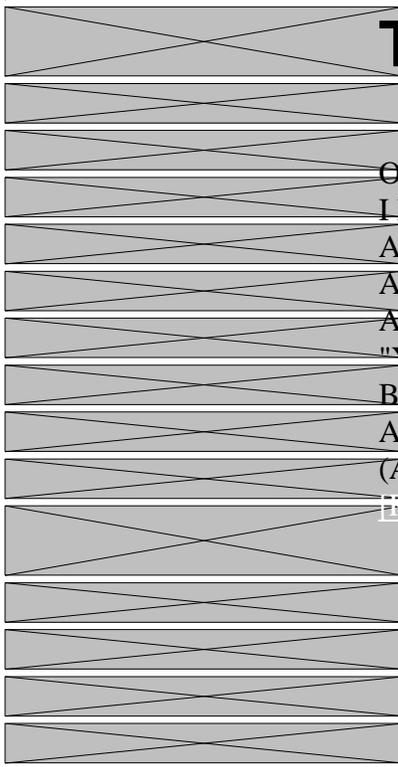
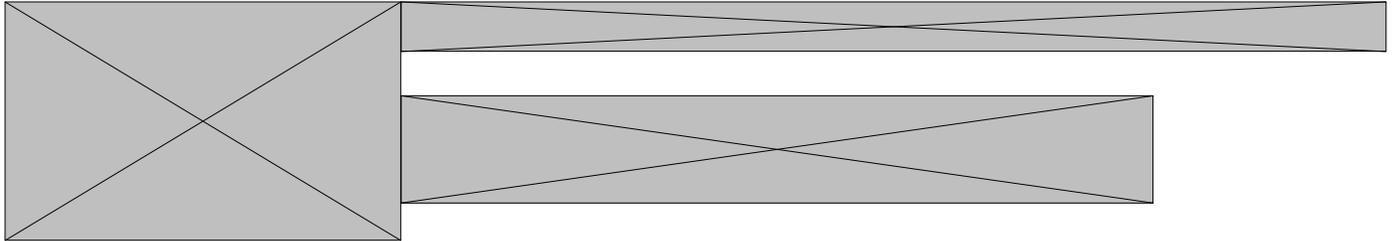
The tinker got the letter,
And when it he did read,
His balls began to fester,
And his prick began to bleed.

He mounted on his donkey,
And he rode up to the strand,
His balls across his shoulder,
And his penis in his hand.

He fucked the cook in the kitchen,
He fucked the maid in the hall,
And then he fucked the butler,
The dirtiest trick of all.

And then he fucked the mistress,
In ten minutes she was dead,
With half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging round about her head.

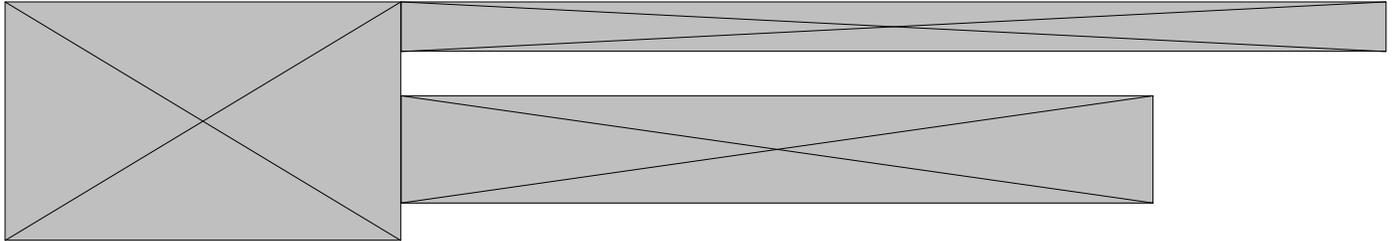
The tinker now is dead, sir,
And they say he's gone to Hell,
And there he fucks the Devil,
And I hope he fucks him well.



Tired of Life

O, I was tired of life,
I lay down in the gutter.
A little piggy came along,
And lay down by my side.
A lady passing by was heard to mutter,
"You can always tell who boozes,
By the company he chooses."
And the little pig got up and walked away,
(And walked a-way).

ES



Toasts

Here's to the gash that never heals,

The more you touch it the better it feels,
Rub it and tub it and scrub it like hell,
You'll never get rid of that fishy old smell.

Here's to the girl that lives on the hill,
If she won't do it her sister will.
Here's to her sister!

Here's to the breezes,
That blow through the treeses,
And lift the girls dresses ,
Way over their kneeses,
And show us the creases,
That twitches and squeezes,
And teases and pleases,
And carries diseases,
By Jesus!

Here's to the girl that I love best,
I lover her best when she's undressed,
I fuck her sitting, standing, and lying,
And if she had wings, I'd fuck her flying.
And when she's dead and long forgotten,
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten.

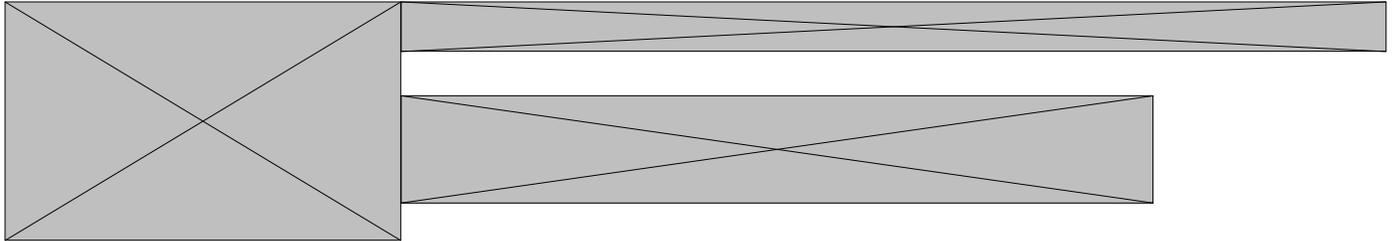
If I had a dog who could piss this stuff,
(Holding up Beer),
And if I knew he could piss enough,
I'd tie his head to the foot of the bed,
And suck his dick till we both dropped dead.

Here's to the lady dressed in black,
Once she walks by she never looks back,

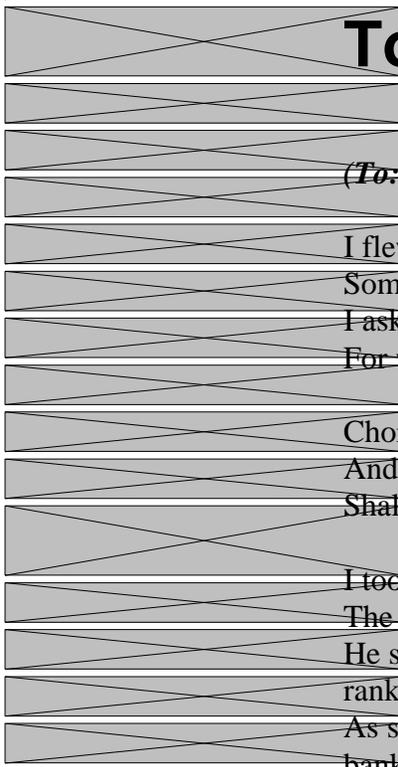
And when she kisses, oh how sweet,
She makes things stand that never had feet.

Here's to me in my sober mood,
When I ramble, sit, and think.
Here's to me in my drunken mood,
When I gamble, sin, and drink.
And when my days are over,
And from this world I pass,
I hope they bury me upside down,
So the world can kiss my ass!

Times are hard,
And wages are small,
So drink more beer,
And fuck them all.



Tokyo Hash Song



(To: The Wild Rover)

I flew into Tokyo, an expat so neat,
Some boozy old hashers I happened to meet,
I asked to go hashing, they answered me, "Nay,
For wimps such as you we can find any day!"

Chorus

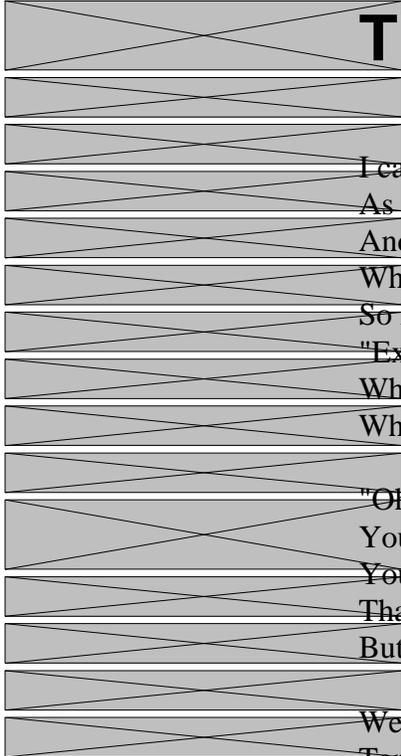
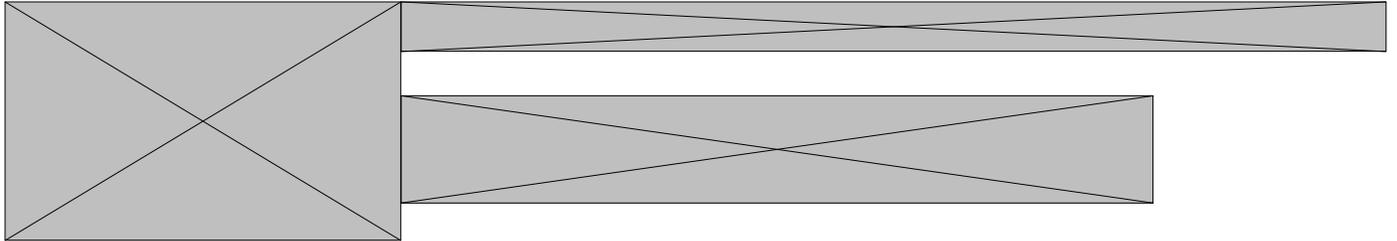
And its no nay never, no nay no never no more,
Shall I play the wild hasher no never no more.

I took out my checkbook all shiney & bright,
The hash-cash's eyes they lit up with delight,
He said "gladly we'll welcome you as one of our
rank,
As soon as your check has been cleared by the
bank".

They sold me a T-shirt at exorbitant price,
Then we went hashing, 'twas ever so nice,
At the last checkpoint we lost three without
trace,
And back at the On On we all got shit faced.

I've hashed the world over in places far & near,
I fondle the women and drunk all the beer,
And now I'm returning with tales for to tell,
Of checkbacks unending and shortcuts through hell.

Now all I have left is a beer stained T-shirt,
And my nikes are covered in shiggy & dirt,
My wife she has left me because of the pong,
So this is the end of my terrible song.



The Traveler

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be.
And there was a hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a hat upon the rack,
But a chamberpot you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a jerry with a hatband on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a horse in the stable,
But a milk-cow you can see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a mild-cow with a saddle on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there were some boots beside the bed.
Where my boots ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose are those boots beside the bed,
Where my boots ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
Those aren't boots beside the bed,
But some slippers you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a pair of slipper with black feet in,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there were some breeches beside the bed,
Where my breeches ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose are those breeches a-lying there,
Where my breeches ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
Those aren't a pair of breeches,
But a polishing cloth, you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a polishing cloth with a buttons on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,

As drunk as I could be,
And there was head on the pillow,
Where my head ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that head a-lying there,
Where my head ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a head on the pillow,
But a football you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a football with a mustache on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was cock inside my bed,
Where my cock ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that cock a-standing there,
Where my cock ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a cock a-standing there,
But a carrot that you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a carrot with balls on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was stain on the counterpane,
And it didn't come from me.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that stain on the counterpane,

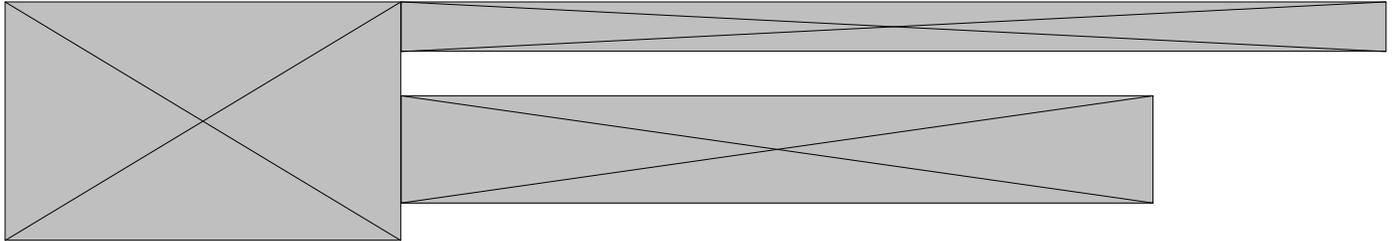
Which didn't come from me?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a stain on the counterpane,
But some baby's milk you see."

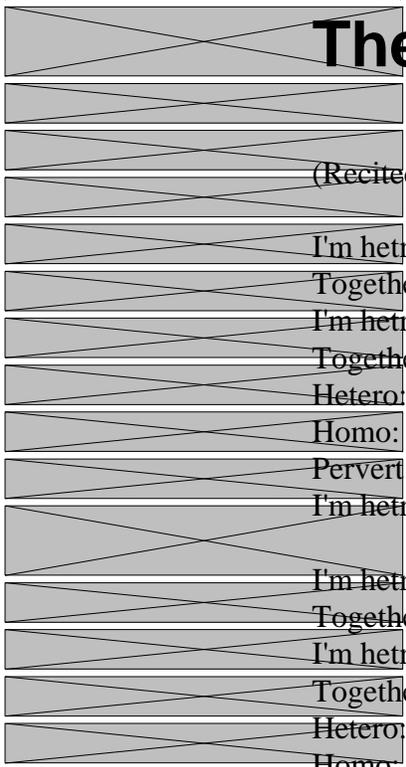
Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But baby's milk that smelled like cum,
I never saw before.

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
I ain't your wife, this ain't your house,
You're not living at all with me.

Well I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
It's the fifth time that I've stuffed this bird,
She ain't never complained before.



The Triangle



(Recited by three hashers)

I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv,
Together: Three Hashers of quite different intentions,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv,
Together: Seeking sex in three different directions.
Hetero: I love with a will girls from Sydney to Dover,
Homo: I loved with a Will 'til Will said it was over,
Pervert: I loved with Will, Wilhelmina, Frand Rover,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv,
Together: As we search for this, that, or the other,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv,
Together: It's so strange, we're from the same mother.
Hetero: I once fancied a Harriette brim full of beer,
Homo: I once fancied our G.M., he had a nice rear,
Pervert: I remember the fellow, but I used his ear,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

I'm normal, Informal, Who knows?
Together: All for one, one for all, up your nose,
You can number us all amongst those,
Who give thanks for the age of permission.
Hetero: I once had a Harriette who was lovely to lick,
Homo: I once tried a Harriette, but she made me feel sick,
Pervert: I once knew a Harriette who liked horses' dicks,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

He's staid, They're depravHe's the end,
Together: Getting kicks in our different manners,
We're ourselves so why should we pretend?
We live and let live so why ban us?
Hetero: I once had an affair with a pretty Kathleen,
Homo: I'm not into royalty, but my lover's a queen,

Pervert: I had mine stuck in a vending machine,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

I like girls, I like guys, I like sex,

Together: Our threesome is gruesome though sensual,

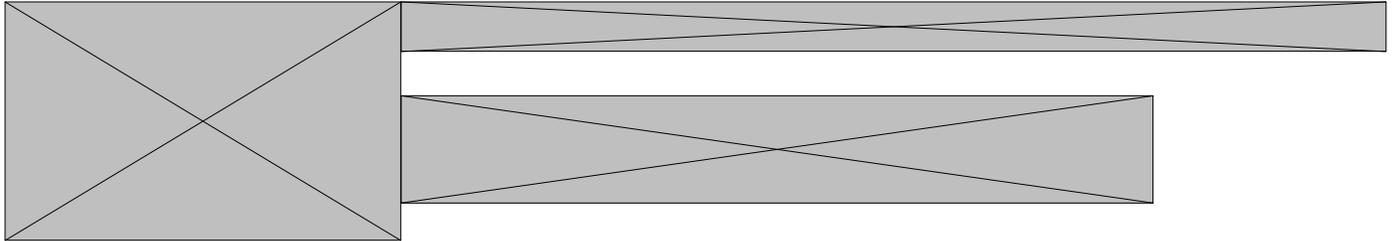
Not knowing quite who to do next,

To fulfill all our latent potential.

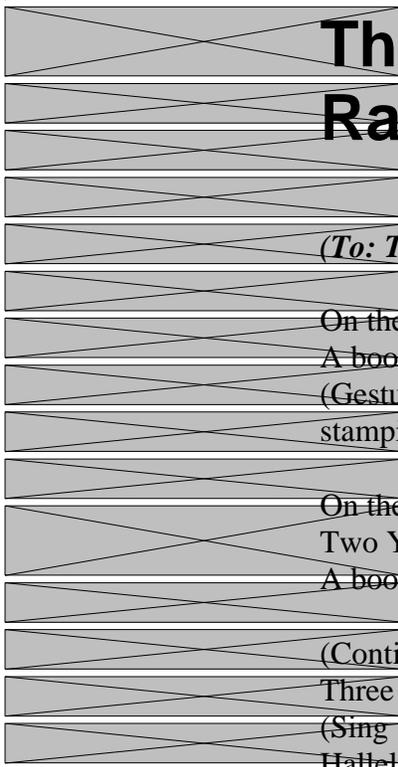
Hetero: Is life a bright flower simply there for the plucking?

Homo: Or a ripe juicy banana awaiting a sucking?

Pervert: I don't care what it is, I'm just here for the fucking,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.



The Twelve Days of Ramadan



(To: The Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of Ramadan King Khalid gave to me,
A book by Salman Rushdie,
(Gesture throwing to ground and stamping on it.)

On the second day of Ramadan King Khalid gave to me,
Two Yemenese (Gesture big spit.)
A book by Salman Rushdie (with gesture).

(Continue adding verses)

Three Ayatollahs.
(Sing "Ayatollah, Ayatollah," to tune of Hallelujah Chorus, while bowing in prayer.)

Four Iraqi mine sweepers.
(Put hands over ears and stamp feet.)

Five Iranian terrorists.
(Jump forward and spray crowd with machine gun fire.)

Six cruise missiles.
(Sing "We're coming to blow you away, Ha-ha, hee-hee, ho-ho")

Seven U.S. soldiers.
(Shout "One, two, three, four, I love the Marine Corps," while marching in place.)

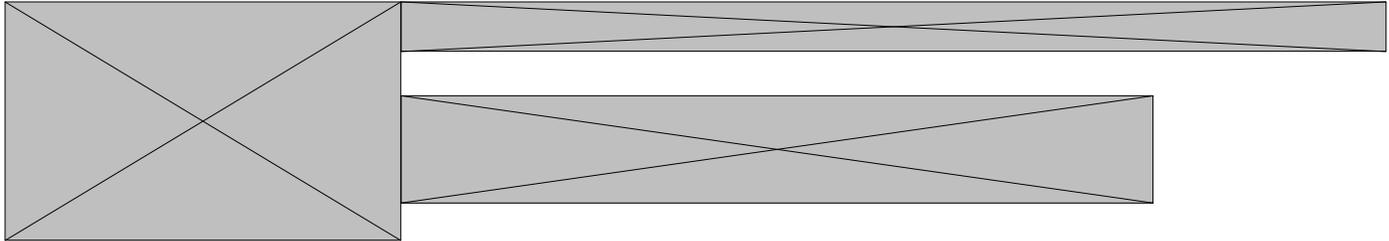
Eight blindfolded hostages.
(Sing "Show me the way to go home" while stumbling about with arms outstretched.)

Nine raving mullahs.
(Shout "Israel must go, Israel must go" while shaking fists in air.)

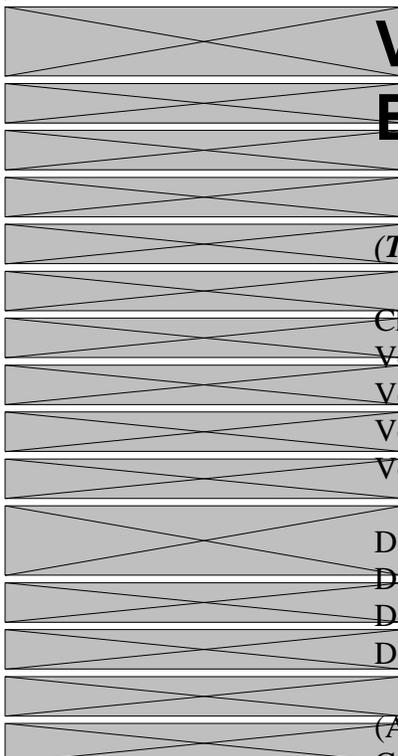
Ten Scud missiles.
(Fingers in ears and say, "Nanny-Nanny boo-boo, you missed me!")

Eleven open sewers.
(Sing "What a pong, what a pong, etc." to tune of William Tell Overture.)

Twelve circumcisions.
(Sing "Oooh that hurts, oooh that hirts" to tune of The Music Man while running around holding groins.)



Vegetables Are The Best



(To: Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

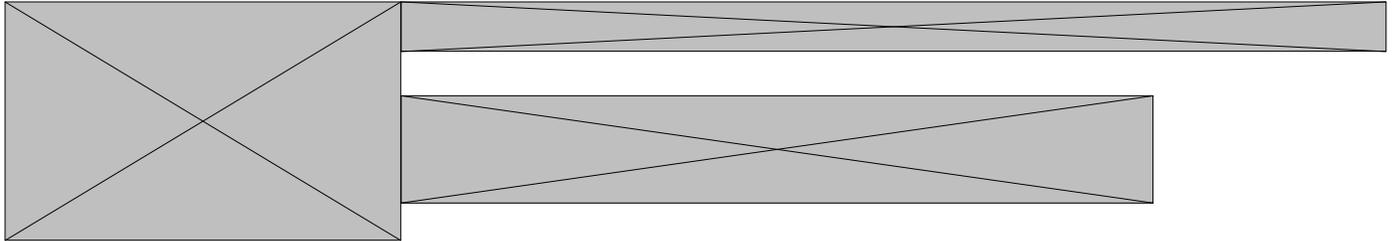
Chorus
Vegetables are the best, girls,
Vegetables are the best--eat your greens!
Vegetables are the best, girls,
Vegetables are the best.

Do the deed with a wegirls,
Do the deed with a weed--VEGETABLES!
Do the deed with a wegirls,
Do the deed with a weed.

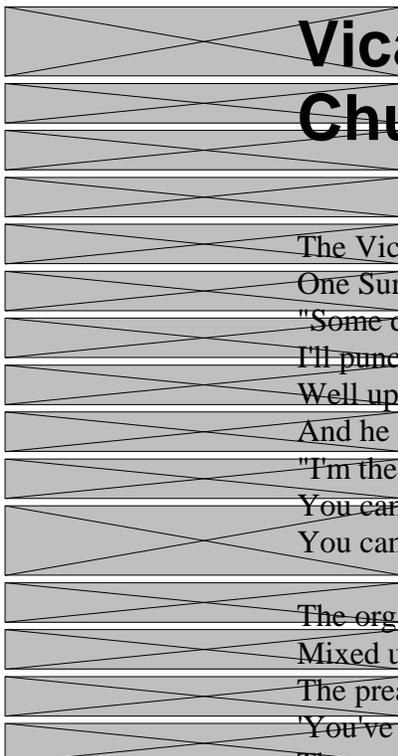
(Additional lines done as above.)
Commit fellatio with a potato, girls
Take a dyke on with a daikan, boys
Shave the fuzz off a peach, boys
Slip a rubba on a rutabaga, girls
Be a fairy with a strawberry, boys
Try humpin' a pumpkin, lads
Tickle your root with a shoot, boys
Tickle your clit with a pickle, girls
No need for the pill with a dill, girls
Stick a cuke up your chute, girls
Fill your chute with a root, girls
Squeeze a kumquat in your twat, girls
Give a wedgie to a veggie, boys
Drink the pee of a broccoli, boys
A gourd will always stay hard, girls
Elope with a cantaloupe, girls
Go goose a spruce, lads
Wine and dine a fine pine, men
Stuff some grass up your ass, boys

Debauchery with the shrubbery, boys
Rub your tube with a tuber, boys
Wheat germ makes your squirm, girls
Rub your slit hard with rhubarb, girls
Get frisky with some kim chee, girls
Give him a horn with some corn, girls
Make him green with a bean, girls
Get defrocked by a stalk, father
Venial sins with the California Raisins, girls
Stiffen your root with a Kiwi fruit, boys

(Use your imagination for more of the
same.)



Vicar in the Dockside Church

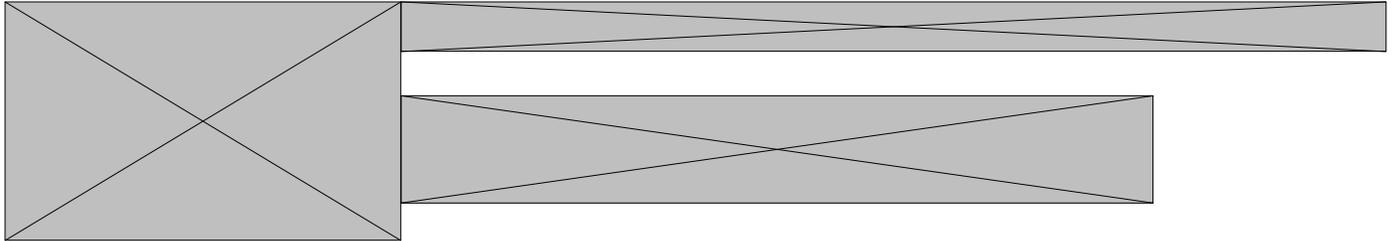


The Vicar in the dockside church,
One Sunday morning said,
"Some dirty bastard's shat himself,
I'll punch his fucking head."
Well up jumped Jock from the third row back,
And he spat a mighty go-o-ob,
"I'm the one who shat himself,
You can chew my fucking kno-o-ob,
You can chew my fucking knob."

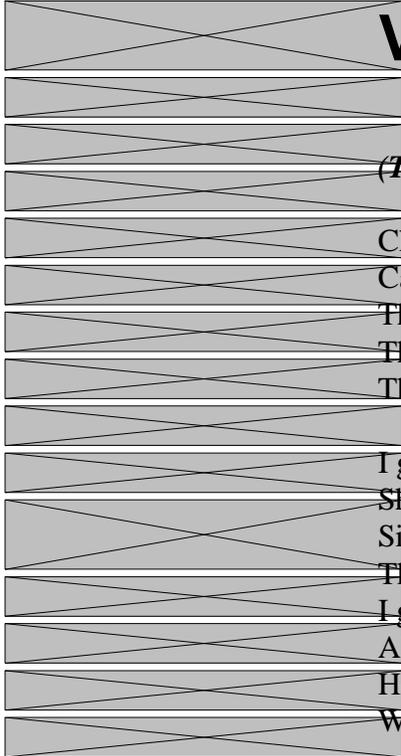
The organist played 'Hearts of Oak',
Mixed up with 'Auld Lang Syne',
The preacher then got up and said,
"You've had your fucking time."
The organist waltzed down the aisle,
With his organ on his back,
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,
(And the Vicar from his pulpit cried,)
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-ack,
You can waltz that bastard back."

Sweet Jenny Lynd got up to sing,
She warbled like a thrush,
The Vicar from his pulpit said,
"By God you're fucking lush."
"That's right," said she, "but I'm not for free,
It's thirty bob a ti-i-ime."

The up jumped Jock and hollered out,
(And the Vicar from his pulpit cried)
"Hands off you bastards she's mi-i-ine,
Hands off you bastards she's mine."



Virgin Sturgeon



(To: Reuben, Reuben I've Been Thinking)

Chorus

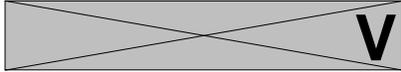
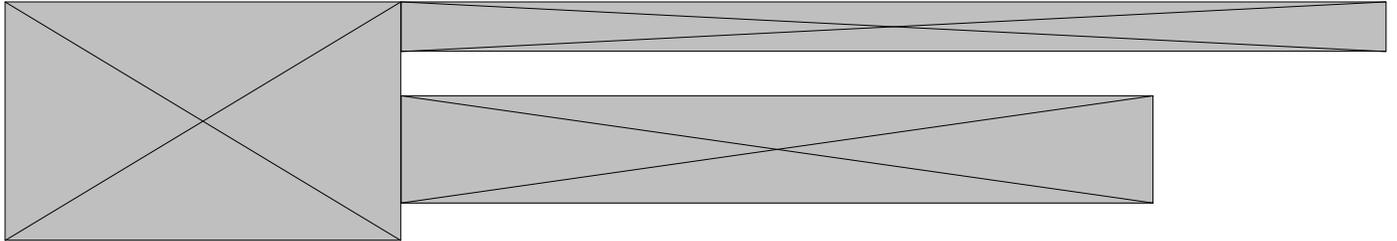
Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urging,
That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,
She's a virgin through and through,
Since I gave my girlfriend caviar,
There ain't nothing she won't do.

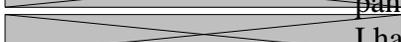
I gave caviar to my bow-wow,
All the other doggies looked agog,
He had what those bitches needed,
Wasn't he a lucky dog?

I gave caviar to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age is ninety-three,
Last time that I saw grandpa,
He's chased grandma up a tree.

My father was a lighthouse keeper,
He had caviar for his tea,
He had three children by a mermaid,
Two were kippers, one was me.



Vlad



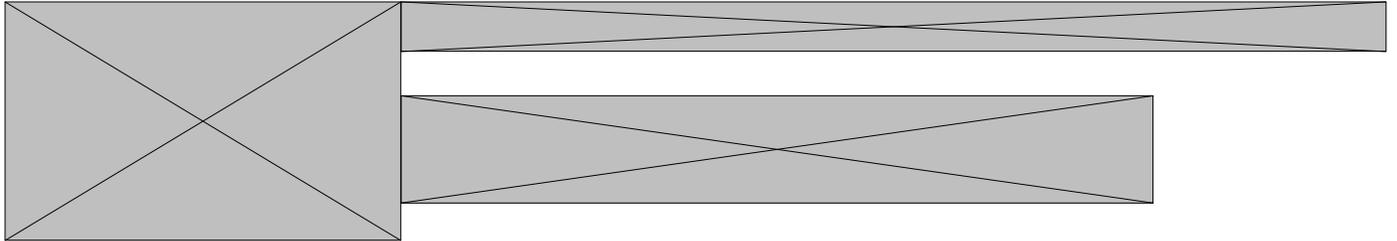
Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew
nipple, bosom, hair-
pie, finger fuck, screw, moose piss, cat pud,
orangutan tit, sheep
pussy, camel crack, pig lie in shit.

Aw Vlad, Aw Vlad.

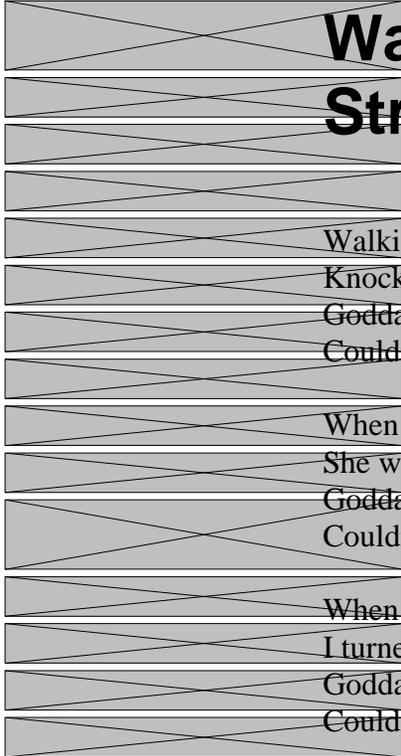
Well, I went to a party, and what did they do?
They took off their socks, and they took off their
shoes,
They took off their shirts, an they took off their
pants,
I had a hunch, we weren't gonna dance.

Everybody's ass was bare,
No broads left, just a queer over there,
But the whole damn thing didn't phase me a bit.
I just jumped on the pile and grabbed some tit.

My baby's not a sports fan,
But she plays with balls whenever she can,
'Cause her favorite sport you see,
Is playing tonsil hockey.



Walking Down Canal Street

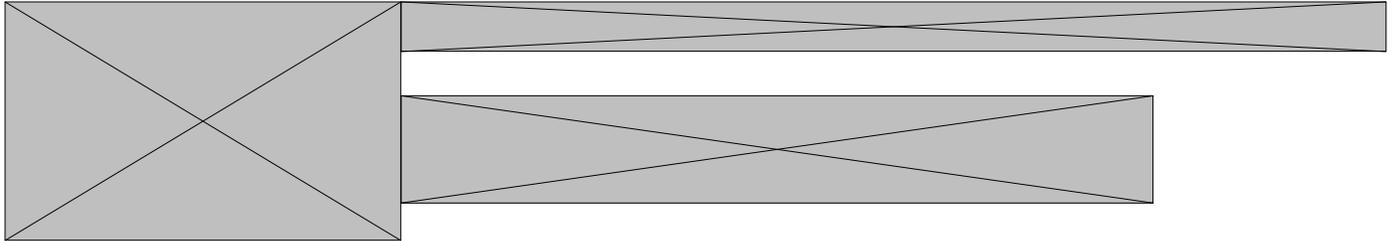


Walking down Canal Street,
Knocking on every door,
Goddamn son of a bitch,
Couldn't find a whore.

When I finally found a whore,
She was tall and thin,
Goddamn son of a bitch,
Couldn't get it in.

When I finally got it in,
I turned it all about,
Goddamn son of a bitch,
Couldn't get it out.

When I finally got it out,
It was red and sore,
Goddamn son of a bitch,
You should never fuck a whore.



Waves and Waves

(To: Both Sides Now)

Waves and waves of golden hair,
Her lips so rher skin so fair,
Her breasts they were a perfect pair,
They took my breath away,
I courted her from week to week,
I held her hand, I kissed her cheek,
No other favors did I seek,
Or try to get my way.

Chorus

I've humped with her from both sides now,
In and out, up and down,
In all experience I do declare,
I've never seen a tattoo there.

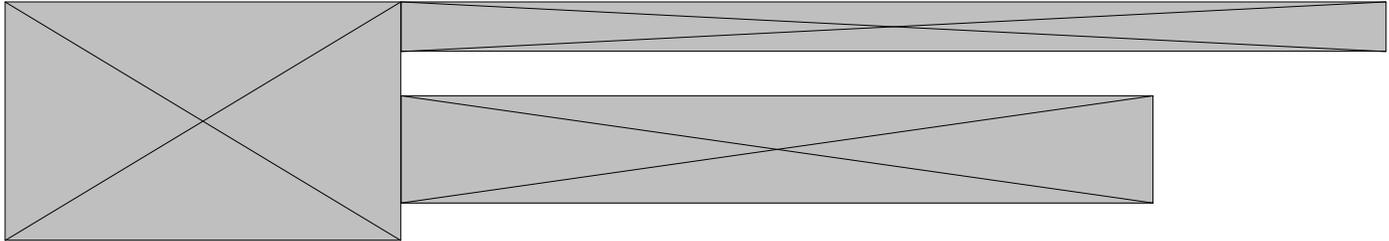
She sat herself upon my knee,
And turning round she said to me,
"I've saved myself for you, you see,
Until our wedding day,
It's only twice I've been untrue,
Phuket Hash they did me screw,
The Yankee navy laid me too,
And had their ends away."

I must admit I've played some tricks,
What's one destroyer full of pricks?
Phuket Hashmen in their kits,
Would surely lose their way,
But like a cad, my chance did seize,
I'd never been between her knees,
And my pure angel just to please,
Upon her back did lay.

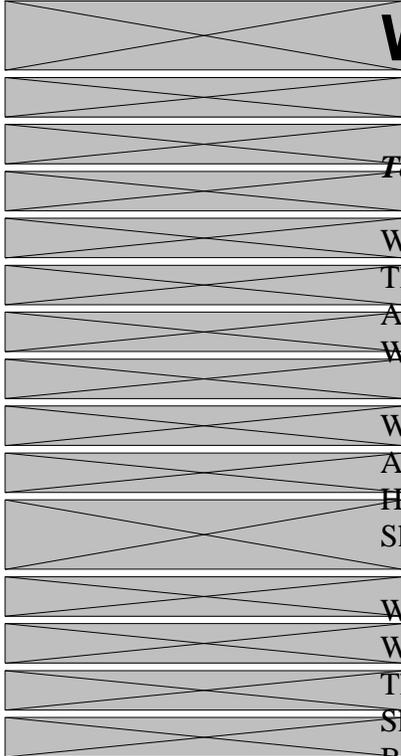
Waves and waves of pubic hair,
The cooties crawling everywhere,
The flavored douches sprayed in there,
It's strawberry today,
And if you get inside her pants,
Cave paintings in the south of France,
The only way that I could chance,
Describing what I saw.

Orangutans hang from her clit,
A serpent's head peers from the slit,
A dragon rampant on each tit,
Each face a different way,
To drop your head and taste the dew,
Is like feeding time at London Zoo,
I took some snake bite serum too,
I'm not ashamed to say.

Now hordes and hordes of curious guys,
Pay for the pleasure and surprise,
Of gazing between my girlfriend's thighs,
It's made me rich today,
So pay now if you've a need,
No clap, no VD, guaranteed,
Maybe some babies, I'll concede,
Just form a queue--this way.



We Got Married



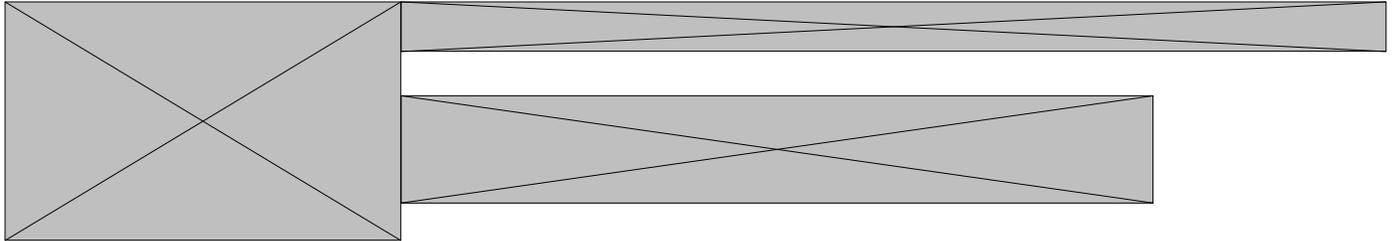
To: Side by Side)

We got married on, Sunday,
The party didn't finish till, Monday,
And when the guests had gone home,
We were all alone, side by side.

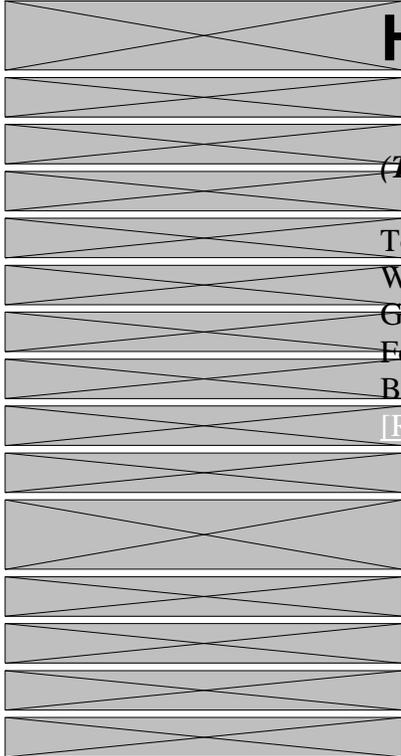
Well we got ready for bed then,
And I very nearly dropped dead when,
Her teeth and her hair,
She placed on the chair, Side by side.

Well the shock did very near kill me,
When a glass eye did fall,
Then her leg and then her arm,
She placed against the chair,
Ba do ba, Side by side.

Well this left me broken hearted,
For most of my wife had departed,
So I slept on the chair,
There was more of her there,
Side by Side.



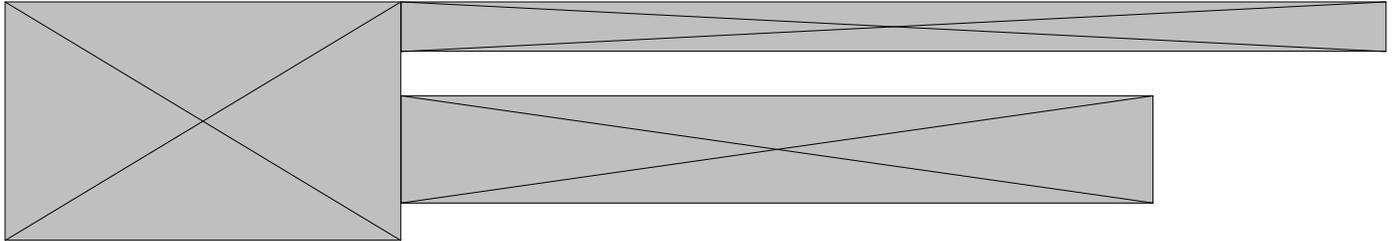
Hash Wedding Song



(To: Amazing Grace)

Today we wed _____ to _____,
We heard them say "I do."
Give it your best,
For the next forty years,
But first drink down your beers.

[F



Wee Wee Song

When I was just a wee wee tot,

They put me on my wee wee pot.

There I was to wee wee,

Wee wee quite a lot.

Chorus

Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee.

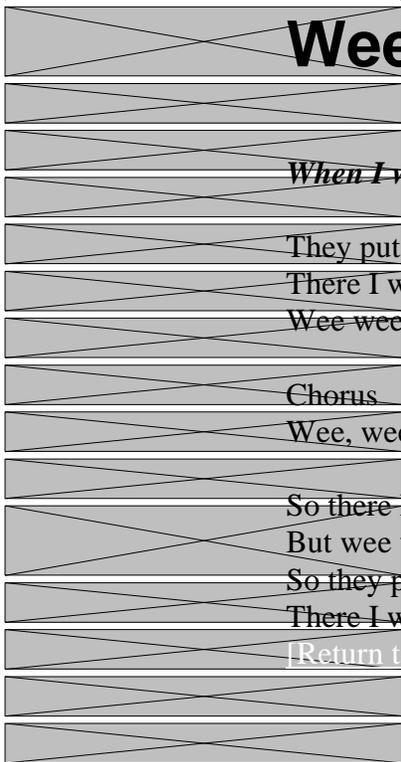
So there I sat on my wee wee pot,

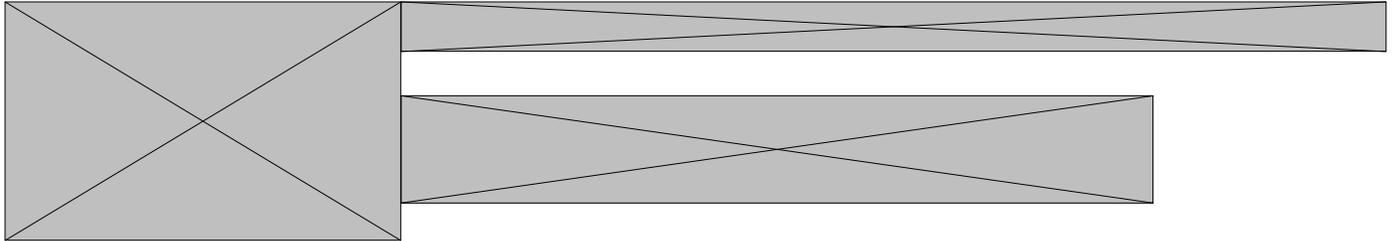
But wee wee I could not,

So they put me in my wee wee cot,

There I wee weed quite a lot.

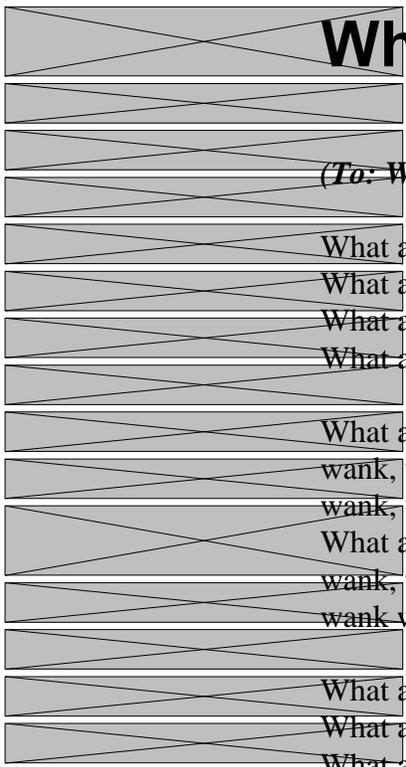
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What a Wank

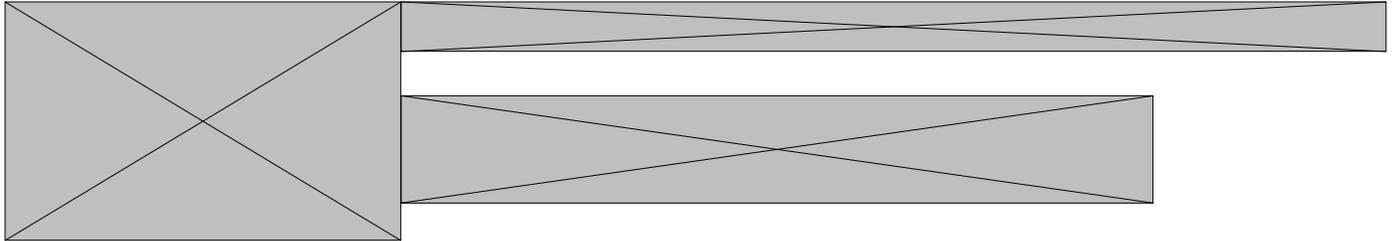
(To: William Tell Overture)



What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank.

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
wank, wank,
wank, wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
wank, wank,
wank wank.

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank.



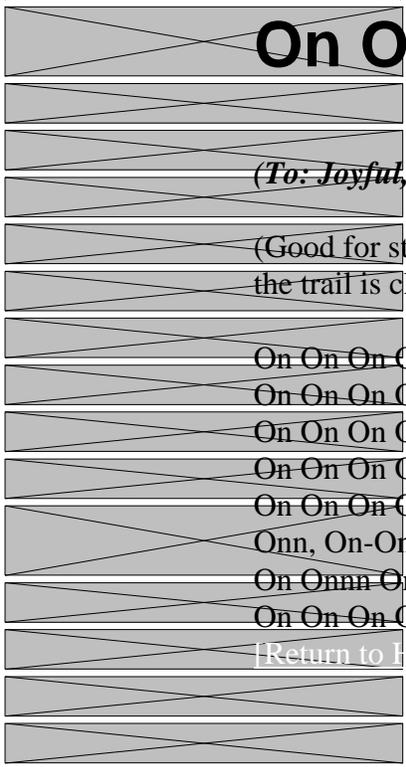
On On

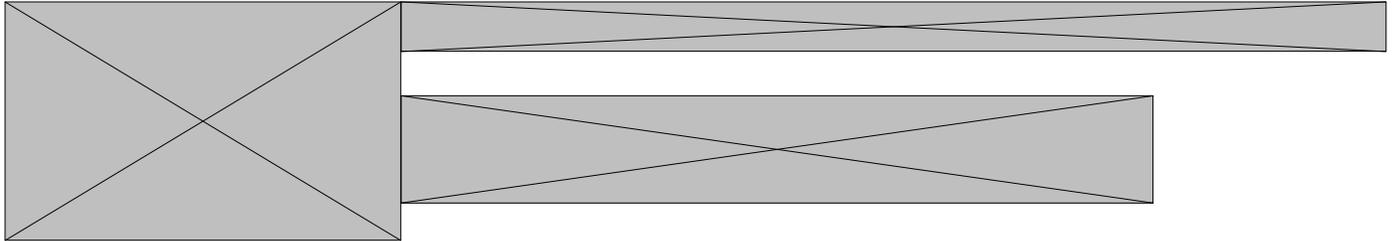
(To: Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee)

(Good for starting out a hash or when the trail is clear.)

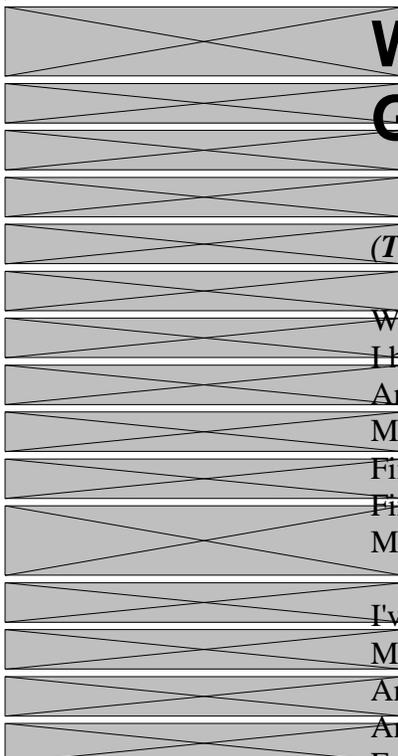
On On On On On On On On,
On On On On Onn, On-On,
On On On On On On On On,
On On On On Onn, On-On.
On On On On Onn, On-On On On,
Onn, On-On On On On Onn.
On Onnn On On On On On,
On On On On Onn, On-On.

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When I Was a Little Girl

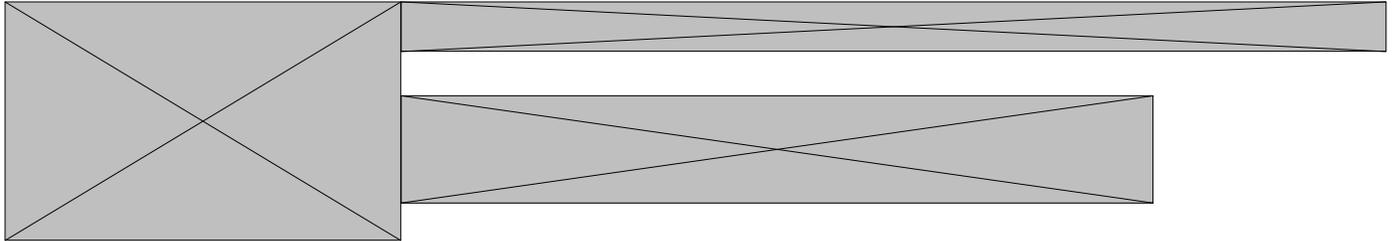


(To: Happy Wanderer)

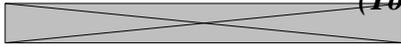
When I was a little girl,
I had a little thing,
And if I triI could get,
My little finger in.
Finger in, finger in, finger in,
Finger iin, finger in, finger in,
My little finger in!

I've grown into a woman now,
My thing has lost its charm,
And I can get five fingers in,
And half my fucking arm.
Fucking arm, fucking arm, fucking arm,
Fucking aaarm, fucking arm, fucking arm,
And half my fucking arm!

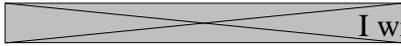
Now my age is ninety-two,
And I'm half fucking dead,
Now I get both arms in,
And half my fucking head.
Fucking head, fucking head, fucking head,
Fucking 'eeead, fucking head, fucking head,
And half my fucking head!



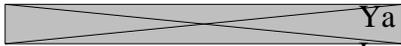
I Put My Lips



(To Johnny Comes Marching Home)



I wrapped my lips around his toe,



Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!



I wrapped my lips around his toe,



Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!



I wrapped my lips around his toe,



I said shut up I'm starting low.



Chorus



Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,



Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!



I wrapped my lips around his nose,



Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!



I wrapped my lips around his nose,



Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I wrapped my lips around his nose,
Better move on he's starting to doze.

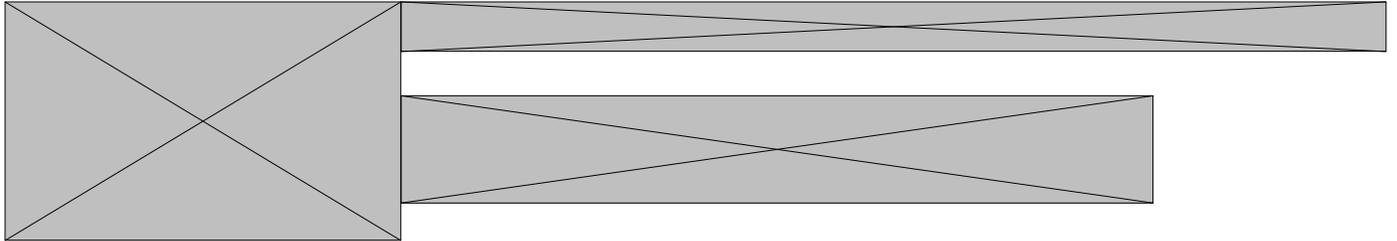
I put my head between his thighs...
That's when he started rolling his eyes.

I slipped my tongue between his cheeks...
I'd love to stay but this really reeks.

I put his dick right in my mouth...
Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm.

I wrapped my hand around his cock...
Then laid it out on the chopping block.

(Slower and with reverence - hats off!)
Now he lies in a wooden box...
But his prick's on the wall with the other cocks.



When Lady Jane Became a Tart

(To: Those in Peril on the Sea)

It fairly broke the family's heart,
When Lady Jane became a tart,
But blood is blood and race is race,
And so to save the family face,
They bought her an expensive flat,
With "Welcome" written on the mat.

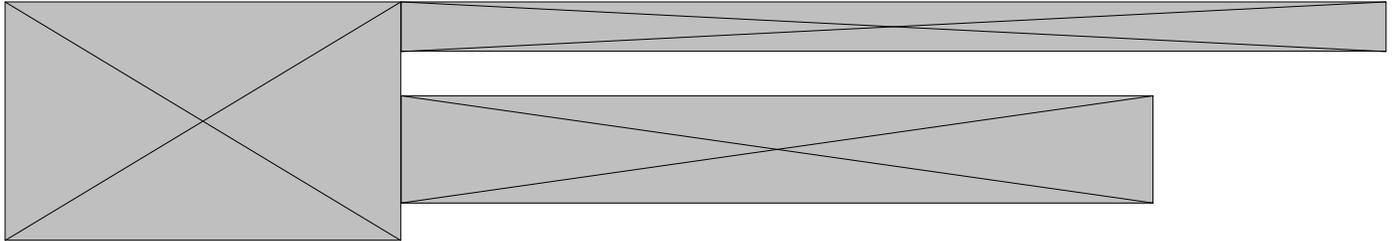
It was not long ere Lady Jane,
Brought her patrician charms to fame,
A clientele of sahibs pukka,
Who regularly came to fuck 'er,
And it was whispered without malice,
She had a client from the palace.

No one could nestle in her charms,
Unless he wore ancestral arms,
No one to her could gain an entry,
Unless he were of the landed gentry,
And so before her sun had set,
She'd worked her way through Debrett.

When Lady Anne became a whore,
It grieved the family even more,
But they felt they couldn't do the same,
As they had done for Lady Jane,
So they bought her an exclusive beat,
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

When Lord St. Clancy became a Nancy,
It did not please the family fancy,
And so in order to protect him,

They did inscribe upon his rectum,
"All commoners must now drive steerage,
This fucking hole is reserved for peerage."



When the End of the Month Rolls Around

Tune: As the Caissons Go Rolling Along

You can tell by the stain that she's in a lot of
pain,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her stance she's got cotton in her
pants,
When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus

For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry,
Shout out your sizes loud and strong:
Junior, Regular, Super-Duper, Bale of Hay!
For where e're we go you will always know,
When the end of the month rolls around.

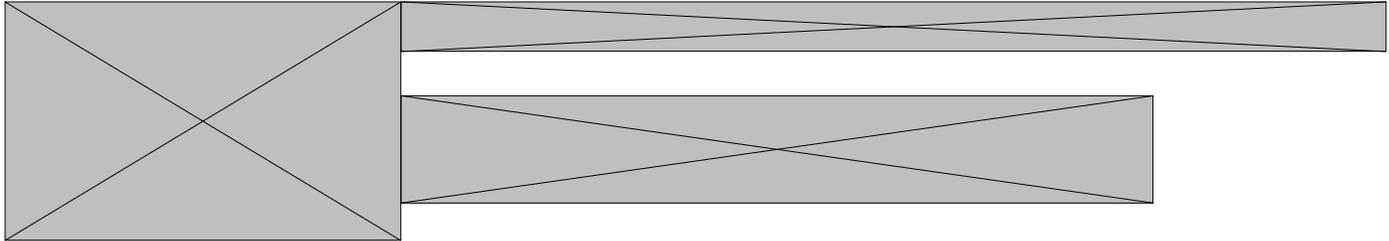
You can tell by her walk that you'll sit around
and talk,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the blotch that she's got a leaky
crotch,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her eyes there is blood between
her thighs,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling
out,
When the end of the month rolls around.

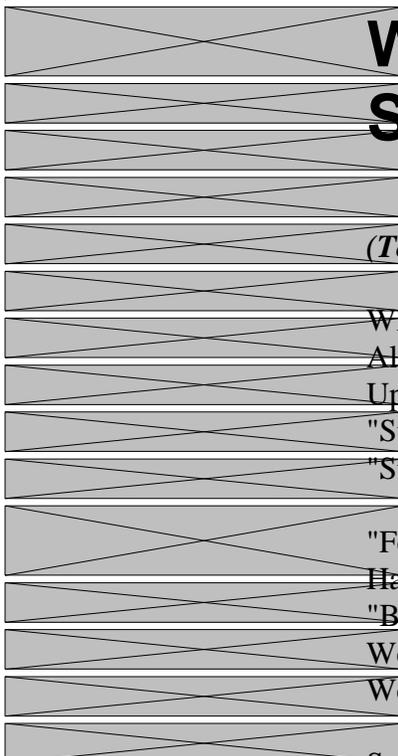
You can tell by her stance that she's bleeding in
her pants,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell that it itches by the way she always
bitches,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can bet it ain't sweat when her underwear is
wet,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the stink that she isn't in the
pink,
When the end of the month rolls around.



While the Kiwis Shagged

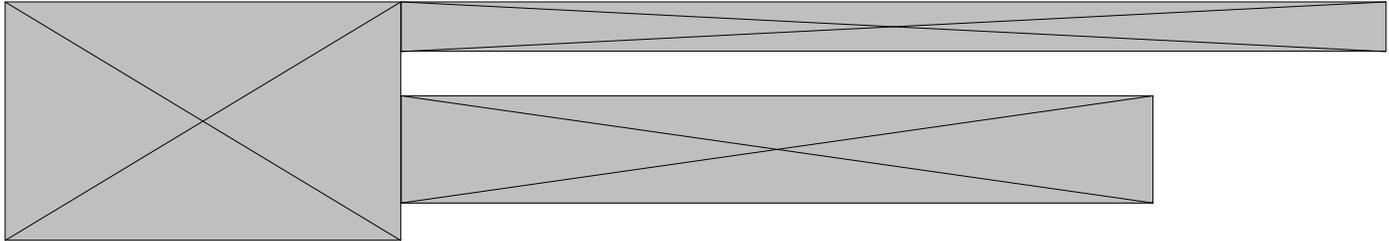


(To: While Shepards Watched)

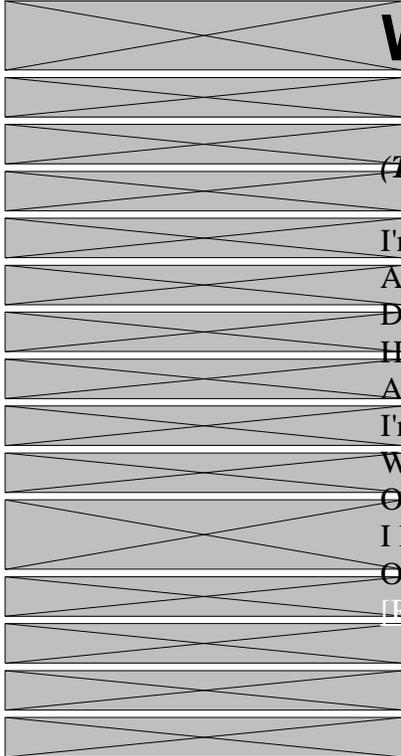
While the Kiwis shagged their flocks by night,
All laying on the ground,
Up jumped the Aussie doctor and said,
"Stop that and I'll buy a round,"
"Stop that and I'll buy a round."

"Fear not," said they, for fear of AIDS
Had seized the doctor's mind,
"Before we Kiwis take a new bride,
We clean out her behind,
We clean out her behind."

So you girls waiting for the question popped,
You won't get very far,
If you want to take a Kiwi mate,
You'll have to answer, "Baaaaaa."
You'll have to answer, "Baaaaaa."

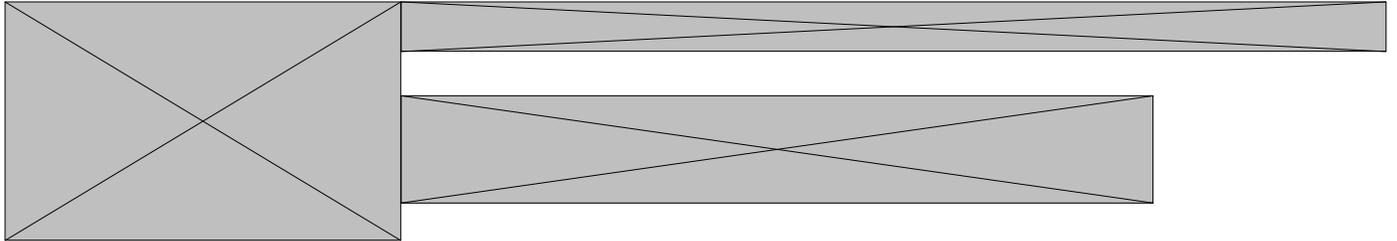


White Hashmas



(To: White Christmas)

I'm dreaming of a white Hashmas,
As I masturbate in bed,
Dreaming of juicy Lucy and Rock,
Hard's floozes,
And a katoey giving me head,
I'm dreaming of a white Hashmas,
With every stroke of my old man,
Oh, I think I'm coming,
I know I'm coming,
Oh, won't Hashmas be so grand.



Drink, Drink, Drink!

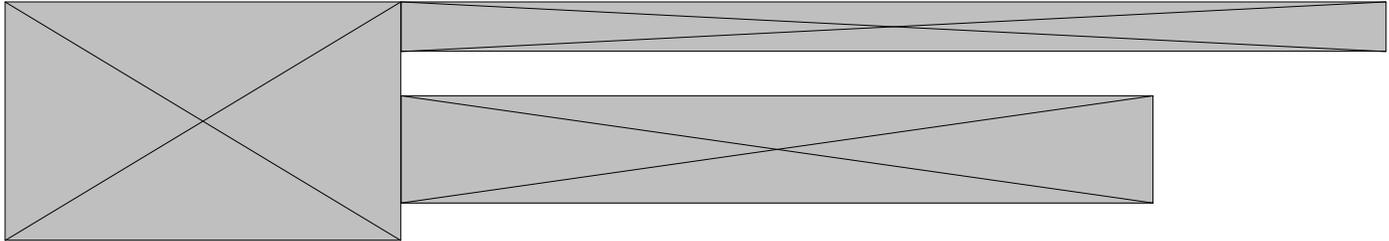
(To: song of same name)

(Drinker begins at start of song.
Really good to encourage new hashers
and slow drinkers.)

Drink, drink, drink, you great hash-er,
Lift, your beer and be merry this day,
Drink, drink, drink, you mad hash-er,
Quick, like hashers and drain it away.

Chorus
Join all the hashers who down-downed before,
Merrily, merrily, drinking some more.
Don't lose it over your head when you're done,
Drink it up, drink it up, 'til it is gone.

Drink, drink, drink, you slow hash-er,
Lift, your beer and be merry this day,
Drink, drink, drink, you poor bastard,
Wimp, why can't you just drain it away.
(After chorus, repeat last verse and
chorus for slow drinkers until done.)



Why Can't He Get It Up?

From: Pig Vomit

Why can't he get it up?

Why can't he get it up?

While I was on my way to group therapy,
I was wonderin' how many men were just like me,
Could it be that I was the only jerk,
Whose sex apparatus just would not work,
Then one by one they each raised their hands,
Said that they shriveled under pressure last
night.

And with every story of deflated glory,
There was not one boner in sight.

Did the others that were with me,
Have to rub their little weenies,
Wishing they could get it up,
So they could beat their meat.

Well I was thinkin' I ain't never had an inkling,
I would ever have a problem like a penis that was
shrinkin'.

Why can't he get it up?

Why can't he get it up?

It's never hard enough.

Why can't he get it up?

Now when I just was a teen it was understood,
I was risin' every day with some morning wood.
The teachers wouldn't notice when I'd hide my
little stiffy,
And walkin' to the blackboard got a little bit
iffy.

It's a cruel joke now to think of times like that,
And then I look down to see my tires flat,

There's nights I start to get 'em,
And then I can't keep 'em -
I remember getting boners when I didn't even need
'em.

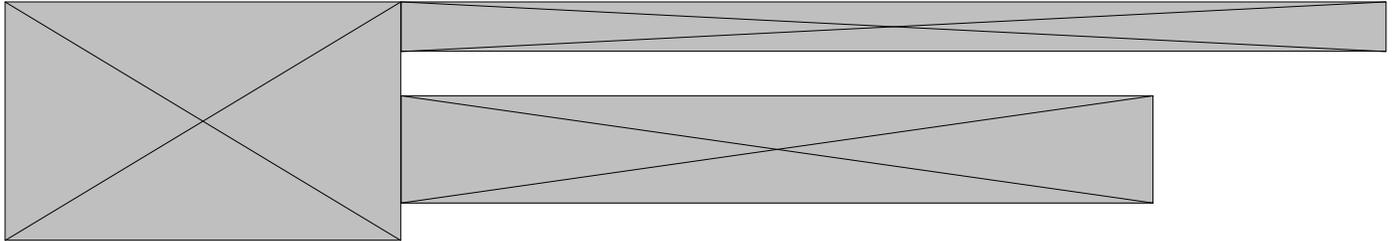
Why can't he get it up?
Why can't he get it up?
It's just a shrunken sub.
Why can't he get it up?

It sucks not gettin' a boner,
I've been waitin' a week for this date.
It sucks not gettin' a boner,
But my penis won't cooperate.
It sucks not gettin' a boner,
I'm the owner of a shrunken head.
It sucks not gettin' a boner,
Get the battery, this suckers dead.

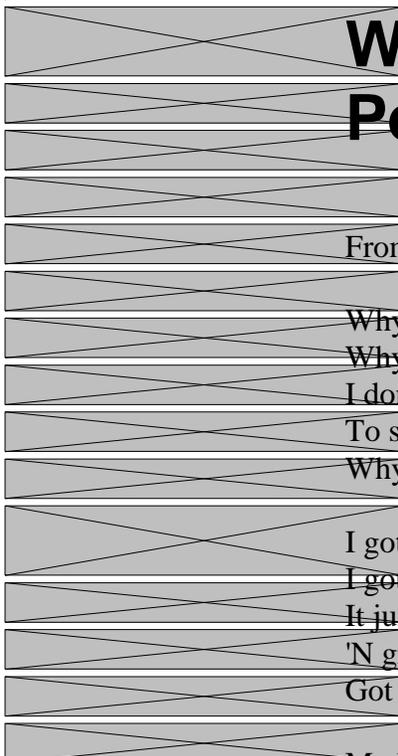
Well therapy was over it was time to go home,
But relief turned to fear cause I wouldn't be
alone,
I knew my girl was waitin' and I hate it when she
begs.

But the hardest part of makin' love,
Just ain't between my legs!

Why can't he get it up?
Why can't he get it up?
Hung like a lady bug.
Why can't he get it up?



Why Does it Hurt When I Pee?



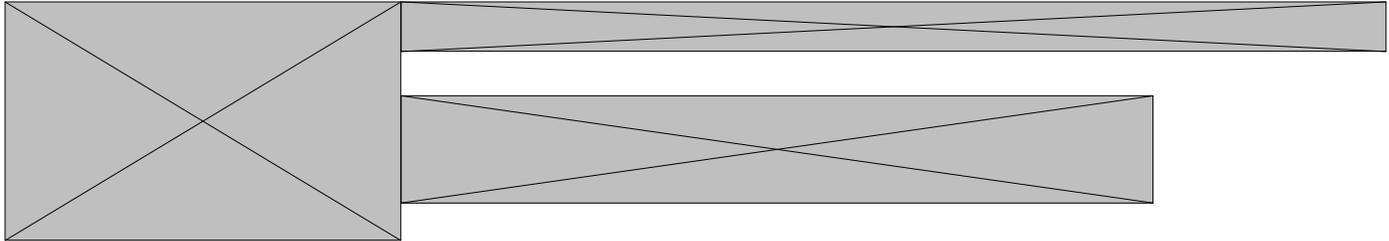
From Frank Zappa

Why does it hurt when I pee?
Why does it hurt when I pee?
I don't want no doctor,
To stick no needle in me,
Why does it hurt when I pee?

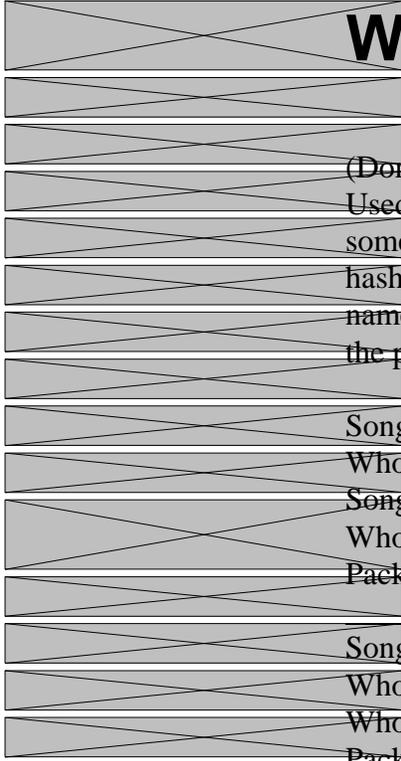
I got it from the toilet seat,
I got it from the toilet seat,
It jumped right up,
'N grabbed my meat,
Got it from the toilet seat.

My balls feel like a pair of maracas,
My balls feel like a pair of maracas,
Oh God I probably got the,
Gon-o-ka-ka-khachus!
My balls feel like a pair of maracas.
Ai-ee-ai-ee-ahhhh!

Why does it,
Why does it,
Why does it,
Why does it hurt ...
When I Peeeee?



Who's Who



(Done as cadence, usually led by RA.
Used sparingly to test the humor of
someone who is being a jerk at the
hash, the blanks filled in by the
name of the hash and the name of
the person in appropriate spots.)

Songmaster:
Who's the bastard of the _____ Hash,
Songmaster:
Who goes home with the hash bash cash.
Pack
_____, _____! (Name repeated twice)

Songmaster:
Who's the bastard of the _____ Hash,
Who goes home with the hash bash cash.
Pack
_____, _____, _____, piss off!

Songmaster:
Who's the bastard of the _____ Hash,
Pack
_____, _____!

Songmaster:
Who rides herd on his own laid trail,
Pack
_____, _____!

Songmaster:
Who's the bastard of the _____ Hash,
Who rides herd on his own laid trail,
Who goes home with the hash bash cash.
Pack
_____, _____, _____, piss off!

Songmaster:

Who's the bastard of the _____ Hash,
Pack

_____, _____!

Songmaster:

Pack

_____, _____!

Songmaster:

Who's the bastard of the _____ Hash,
Who gets pissed if we miss a check,
Who rides herd on his own laid trail,
Who goes home with the hash bash cash.

Pack

_____, _____, _____, piss off!

(Other lines to create verses)

Who short cuts in the first half mile.

Who pisses and shits all over the trail.

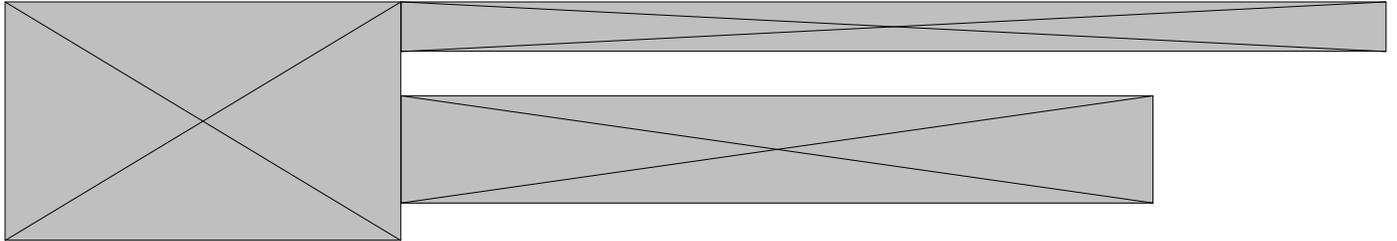
Who never works checks or any bad trails.

Who pisses off the pack everytime he speaks.

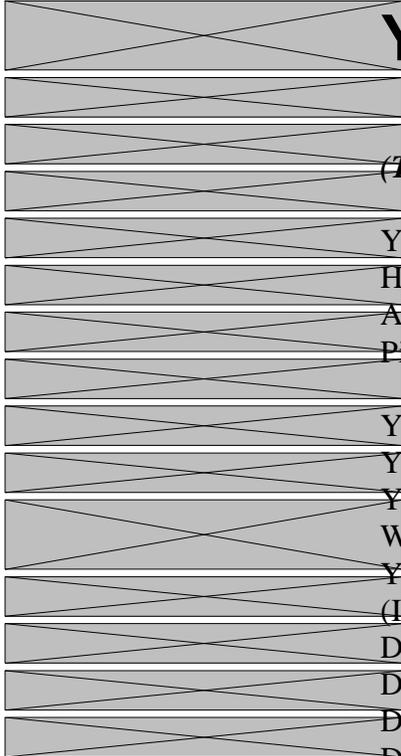
Who never sings aloud in the down down circle.

Who's leaving now for a piece of tail.

(Make up your own verses)



Yankee Doodle Dandy



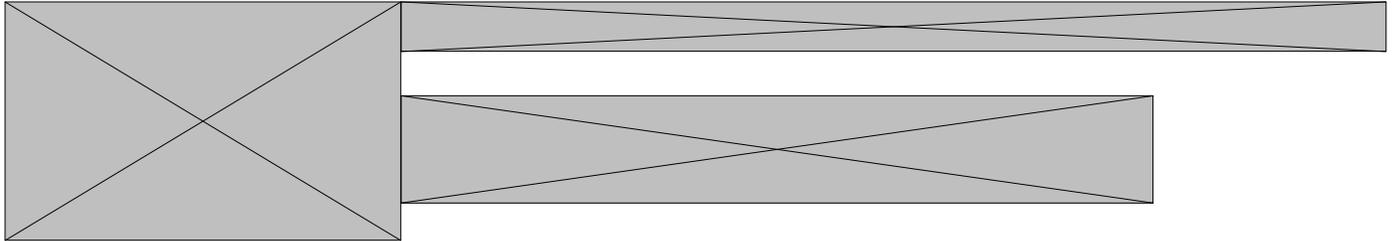
(To: I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy)

Yankee doodle he's a dandy,
He's a hasher till he dies,
A real live asshole from the USA,
Pissed on my most other girls.

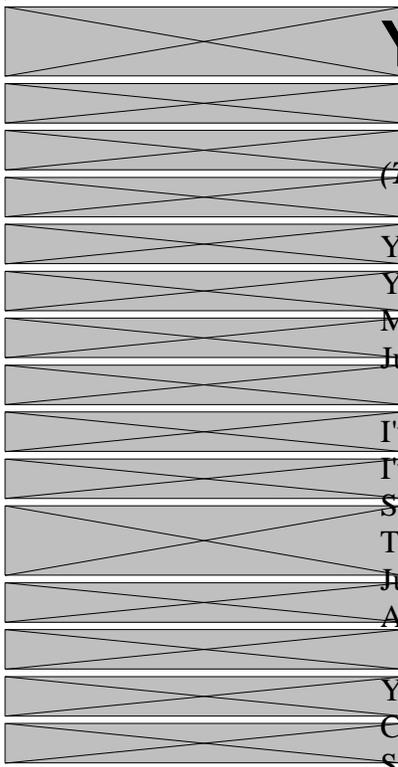
Yank his doodle, it's a dandy,
Yank his doodle, zip his fly,
Yankee doodle ran the trail,
Wanking off his doodle,
You're that yanking doodle guy.

(If used as a down down song:)
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.

*(Continue until down down is finished,
or go into "Why are you waiting".)*



Yank My Doodle



(To: I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy)

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,
Yank my doodle 'till I die,
Make that wiener shoot some fireworks,
Just like the Fourth of July.

I've got a Yankee doodle boner,
I've had it since you rubbed my thigh,
So yank my doodle if you please.
That bulge is not a pony,
Just stick your fingers up my ass,
And stroke my macaroni.

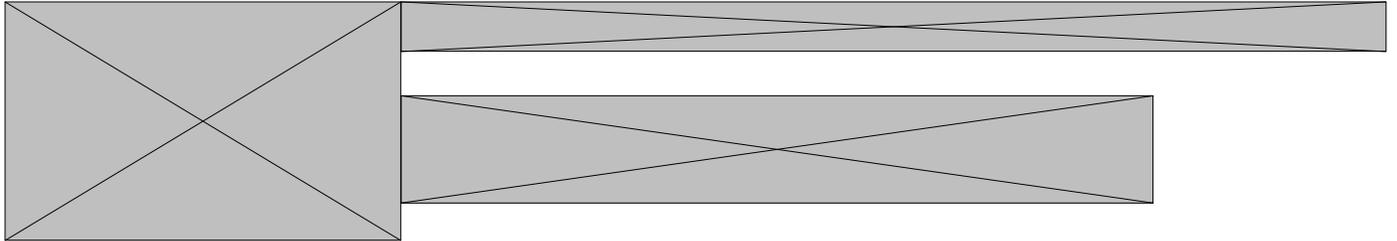
Yank my doodle it's so big,
Clearly it's a dandy,
Stick that sucker in your mouth,
You'll swear it tastes like candy.

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,
Yank my doodle 'till I die,
Lick that lizard 'till it's standing tall,
Right through my pu-u-bic hair.
If you like Yankee doodle peckers,
I've got one that I can spare.

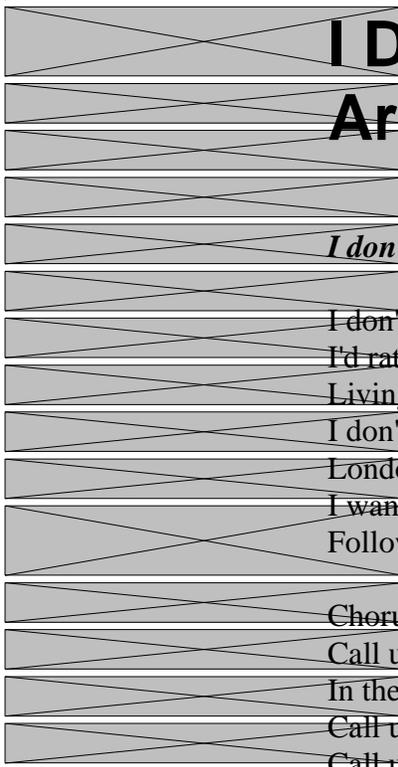
So yank my doodle 'till it cums,
Just point it toward your titties,
They say that stuff is beauty cream,
Let's make your titties pretty.

Yank my doodle it's so big,
Baby it's a dandy,
Jerk that Turk and make it squirt,
And keep a Kleenex handy.

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,
Yank my doodle 'til I die.



I Don't Want to Join the Army

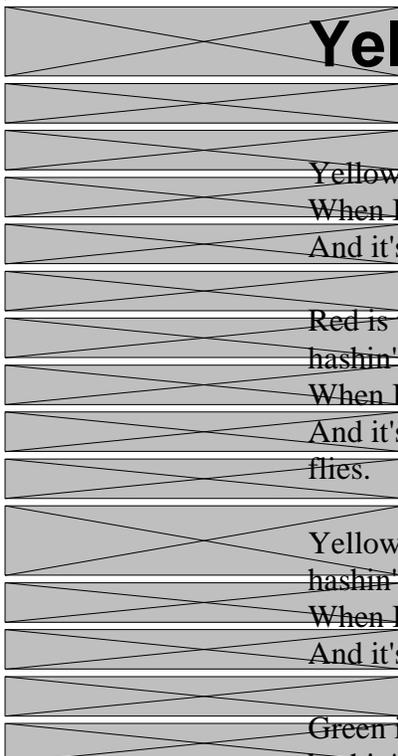
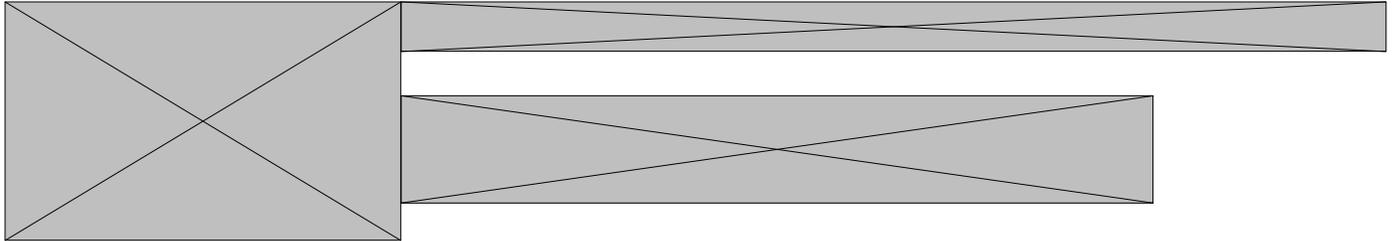


I don't want to join the army,

I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground,
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't need no Foggy women,
London's full of girls I never 'ad.
I want to stay in Blighty, Lord Gawd Almighty,
Following in the footsteps of me Dad.

Chorus
Call up the buggers,
In the Royal Marines.
Call up the Queen's Artillery.
Call up me brother,
Me sister and me mother,
But for Gawd's sake don't call me.

Monday I touched her on the ankle.
Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
On Wednesday night Hooray! I pulled dress away.
Thursday night I felt that I, was really getting
high.
Friday I got me hand upon it.
Saturday gave it just a little a tweak.
Sunday after dinner, I finally got it in 'er
And now I'm paying thirty bob a week.



Yellow is the Color

Yellow is the color of my true love's hair,
When I'm hashin', aa-hum, when I'm hashin' aa-hum,
And it's the color of the boils on my bum.

Red is the color of the settin' skies, when I'm
hashin' aa-hum,
When I'm hashin', the settin' skies,
And it's the color of my foreskin caught in my
flies.

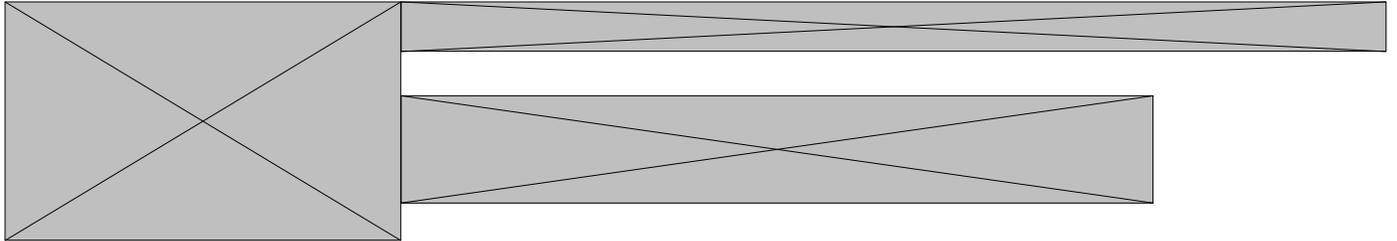
Yellow is the color that brings me cheer, when I'm
hashin' aa-hum,
When I'm hashin', that brings me cheer,
And it's the color of my piss and my beer!

Green is the color of all that grows, when I'm
hashin' aa-hum,
When I'm hashin', of all that grows,
And it's the color of the boogers up my nose.

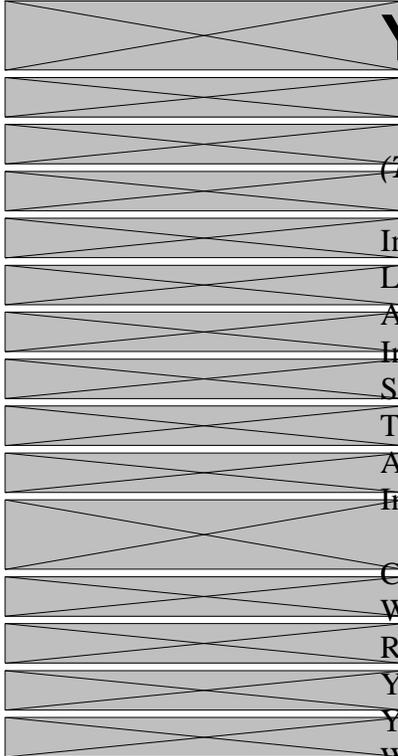
Brown is the color that makes me stop, when I'm
hashin' aa-hum,
When I'm hashin', that makes me dance!
And it's the color, it's the color of my
underpants.

Blue is the color that makes me stop, when I'm
hashin' aa-hum,
When I'm hashin', that makes me stop,
And it's the color of the vein in my pork chop.

White is the color of the winter snows, when I'm
hashin' aa-hum,
When I'm hashin', the winter snows,
And it's the color of the cheese between my toes.



Yellow Ryder Truck



(To: Yellow Submarine)

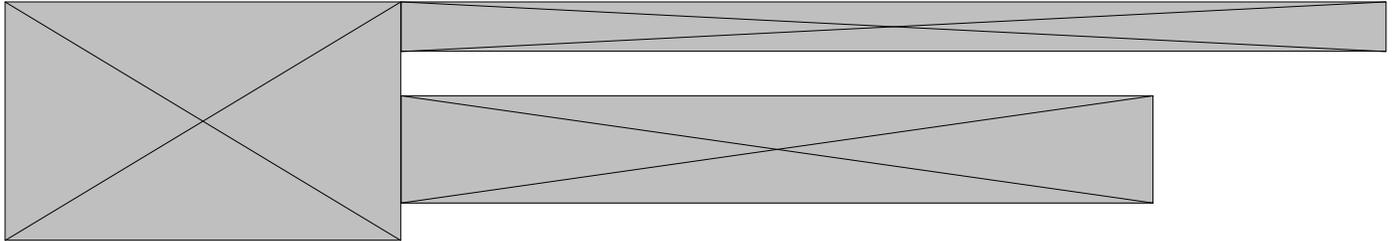
In the town where I was born,
Lived a man who Hashed the land,
And he told us of his life,
In the back of Ryder trucks.
So we ran up to the sun,
Till we found the land of trucks,
And we lived a life of sleaze,
In our yellow Ryder truck.

Chorus

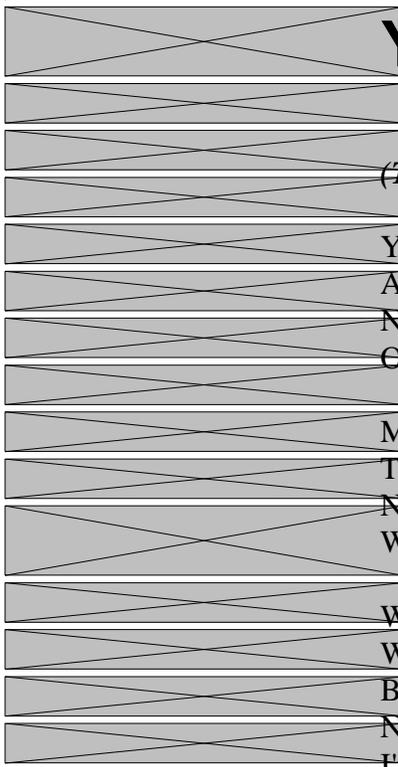
We all live in a yellow,
Ryder truck,
Yellow Ryder truck,
Yellow Ryder truck,
We all live in a yellow Ryder truck,
Yellow Ryder truck,
Yellow Ryder truck.

Most of our friends are all aboard,
Many more of them party next door,
And the Hashers begin to chant.

As we live a life of sleaze,
Every one of us has all we need,
Plenty of beer and lots of fucks,
In our yellow Ryder truck.



Yesterday



(To: Yesterday)

Yesterday,
All my muscles seemed to feel OK,
Now my body doesn't work today,
Oh, I went hashing yesterday.

Muscles ache,
They'd be better if I'd stayed in bed,
Now it feels as if they're made of lead,
Wish I'd stayed at home instead.

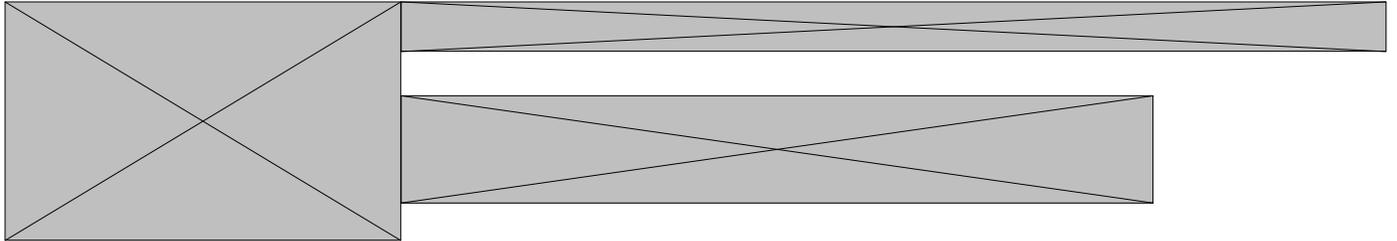
Why I ran that hash,
Was so rash,
But what the heck,
Now its clear,
I'm a mere,
Physical wreck.

Bloodshot eyes,
And my tongue is twice its normal size,
Its at times like this I realize,
Hashing isn't all that wise.

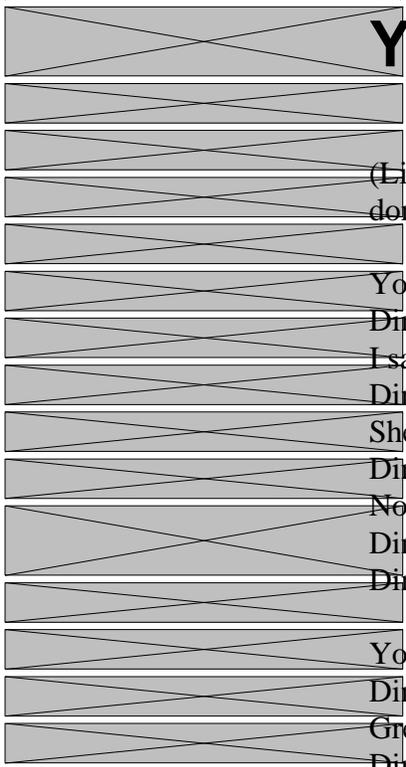
Why I drank that beer,
Isn't clear,
It's just a blur,
I don't feel so young,
And my tongue,
As lined with fur.

Yesterday,
Running seemed a healthy game to play,
Now my body is in disarray,
Oh, I went hashing yesterday,

(mmm-mm-mmm).



Yo' Mama



(Lines by Songmaster and ding-dong chorus lines by Pack.)

Yo Mama don't wear no drawers.
Ding dong.
I saw her when she took 'em all off.
Ding dong.
She threw them into the sky.
Ding dong.
Now Superman, won't even fly.
Ding dong. Ding. Dong. Ding-a-ding-a-dong.
Ding. Dong. Ding-a-dinga-dong.

Yo Mama loves to pick her toes.
Ding dong.
Green booger snots fall from her nose.
Ding dong.
Her belly is big and fat.
Ding dong.
How could anybody look like that?!
Ding dong. Ding. Dong. Ding-a-ding-a-dong.
Ding. Dong. Ding-a-dinga-dong.

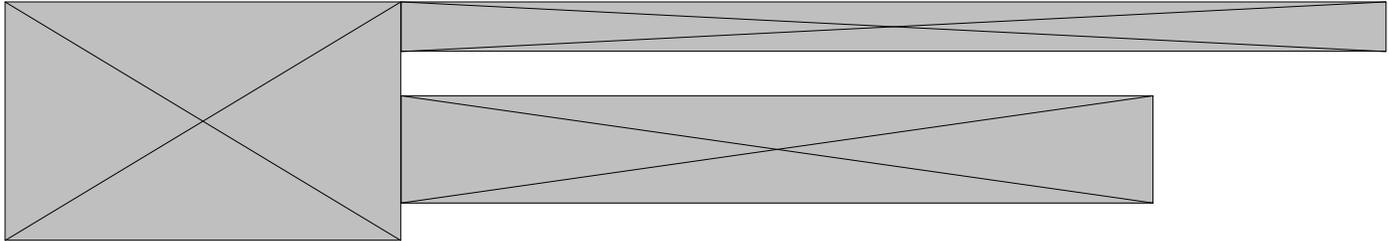
Yo Mama's got cum on her face.
Ding dong.
Sucks dicks all over the place.
Ding dong.
She lines 'em up in a row.
Ding dong.
And she gives 'em a good old blow!
Ding dong. Ding. Dong. Ding-a-ding-a-dong.
Ding. Dong. Ding-a-dinga-dong.

Yo Mama don't wear no rag.
Ding dong.

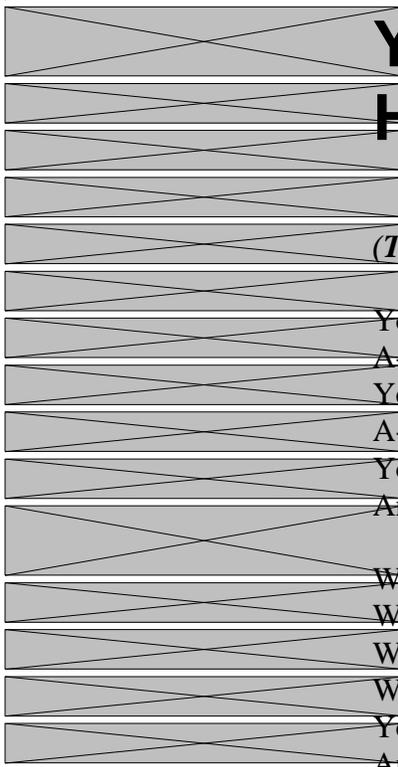
'Cuz she uses a burlap bag.
Ding dong.
Her pussy is red and raw.
Ding dong.
'Bout the grossest thing I ever saw.
Ding dong. Ding. Dong. Ding-a-ding-a-dong.
Ding. Dong. Ding-a-dinga-dong.

Yo' Mama don't wear no drawers .
Ding dong.
I saw her when she took 'em all off.
Ding dong.
She threw them onto a fence.
Ding dong.
And I ain't seen the neighbors since.
Ding dong. Ding-dong-dinga dinga dong.
Ding dong. Dinga-dinga-dong.

Yo' Mama don't wear no drawers.
Ding dong.
I saw her when she took 'em all off.
Ding dong.
She threw 'em into the "head".
Ding dong.
Now the tidy-bowl man is dead.
Ding dong. Ding-dong-dinga dinga dong.
Ding-dong. Dinga-dinga-dong.



You Ain't Nothin' But a Hasher



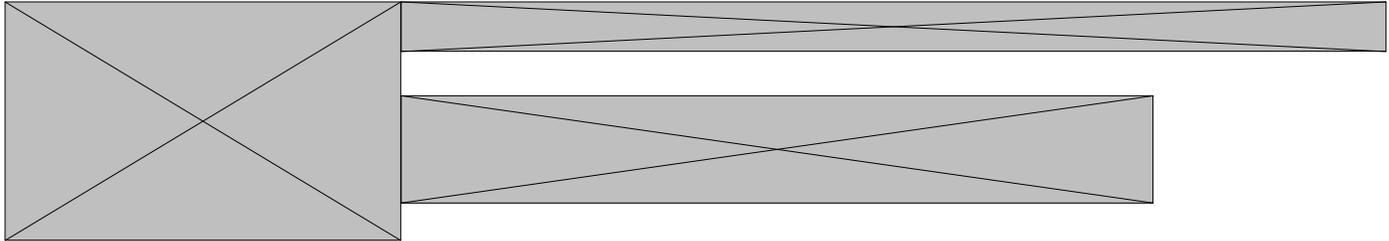
(To: You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog)

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-humpin' all the time,
You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-humpin' all the time.
You ain't never caught a hare,
And you ain't no friend of mine.

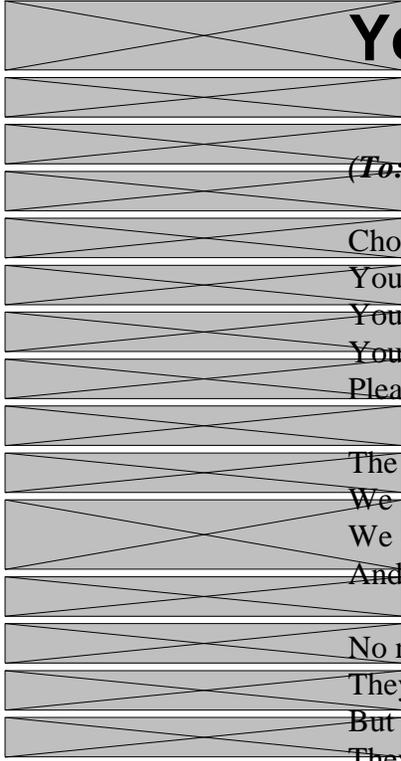
When I said you was high class,
Well, that was just a lie,
When I said you was high class,
Well, that was just a lie.

You ain't never caught a hare,
And you ain't no friend of mine.

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-humpin' all the time,
You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-humpin' all the time.
You ain't never caught a hare,
And you ain't no friend of mine.



You Are My Hashit



(To: You Are My Sunshine)

Chorus

You are my hashit, my loving hashit.
You make me happy when skies are gray.
You'll never know boys how much we love them.
Please don't take my hashit away.

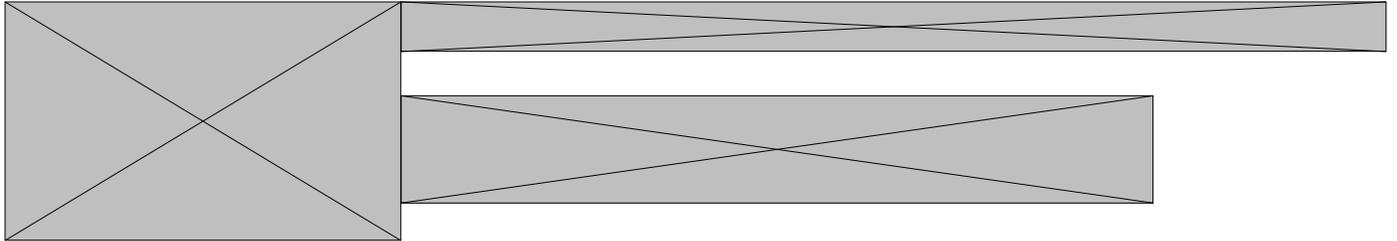
The other day boys, while we were hashing.
We saw our GM masturbate.
We saw two others auto hashing.
And then the beer truck was late.

No need to hurry, no need to worry.
They can do hash crimes every day.
But we'll never tell on, these other hashers.
They might take our hashit away.

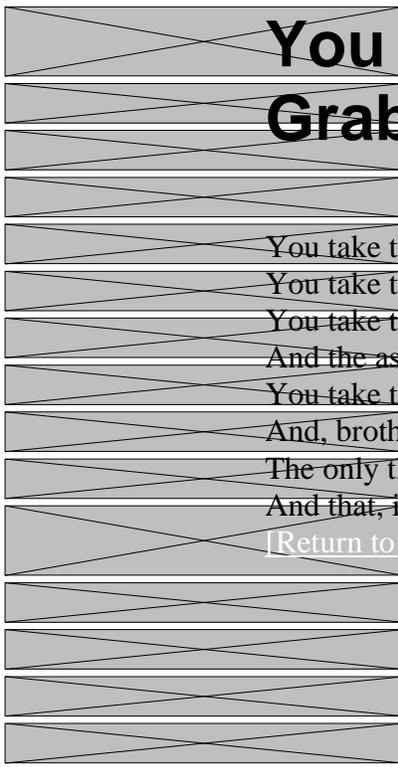
It's always hard, and it's always ready
And if you bite it, it won't scream
It will be there in the morning
And if pressed it will wait while I preen.

You don't have to lubricate it
Buy it presents, or even give it any head
You can tell it all your secrets
And no one will hear a word that you said.

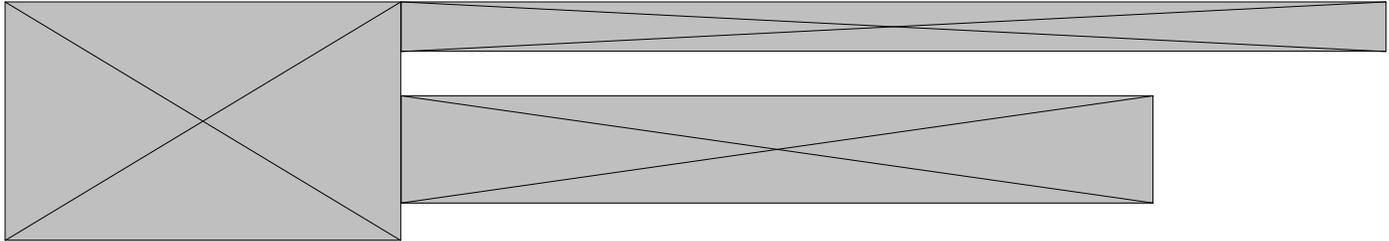
It's not too drunk, and it's not too tired
It's not too quick, and it feels no pain
And if your toilet, should overflow girls
What good's a dick to unclog a drain!



You Take the Legs Off Betty Grable



You take the legs off Betty Grable,
You take the hair from Myrna Loy,
You take the tits off old Jane Russell,
And the ass of a baby boy,
You take the hands and face off some old clock,
And, brother, when you're through,
The only thing that's missing is the C-U-N-T,
And that, is, you!
[Return to



You Won't Find Any Country

(To: The Wild Rover)

I've searched the world over, excitement I've sought,
But all my experience was dearly bought.

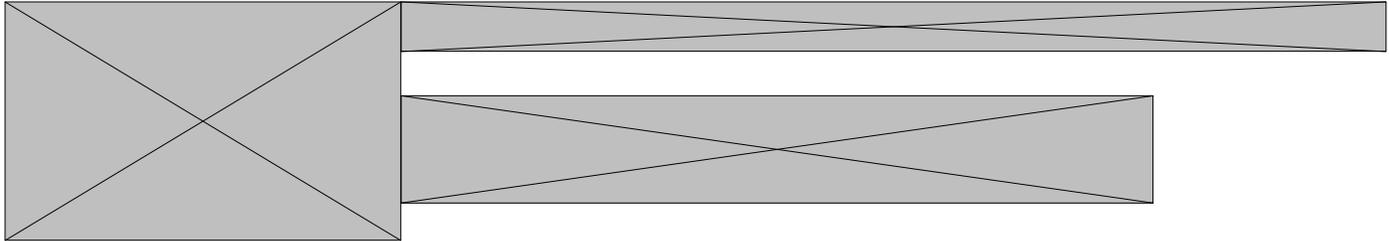
Chorus
So it's no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
You won't find any country,
Where it pays you to score.

To tap a Yank for a good screw, in my belief,
Is like asking Mrs Custer to give to Indian relief,
In the last year or two they've not used their tush,
'Cause they're shagged up the arse by a cowboy called Bush.

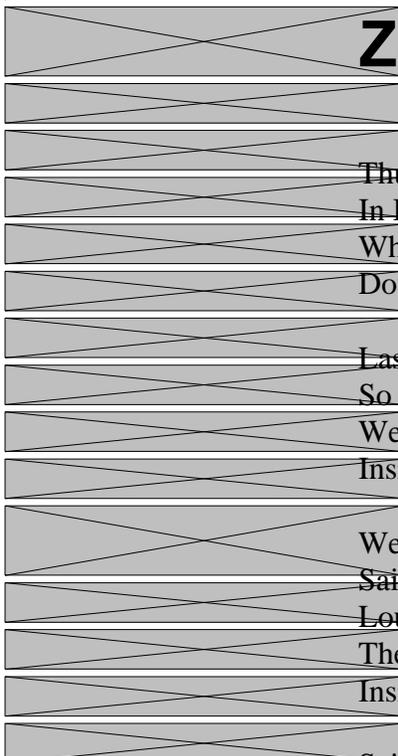
The Dutch they just sit there, asshole on bike,
One finger up nostril and one in a dyke,
And if they feel chilly when these things they perform,
They put their caps up girls' pussies to keep their heads warm.

Now haircuts for Germans are four times the price,
They charge for each corner and go over it twice,
And if you pick up a harlot now don't throw her out,
Though her snatch it smells strongly, they just love sauerkraut.

The Swiss nation at loving are antiseptic,
They put germolene, not Vaseline, on their prick,
The Swiss yodel is to cover their sheeps'
anguished calls,
For their Toblerone pricks make triangular holes.
The Aussies are known for their intake of beer,
And they've all been in Sidney, now isn't that
queer,
To keep flies off from their hat corks are hung,
'Cause a zipper can be painful if caught on the
tongue.



Zoological Gardens



Thunderin' Jasus it's a lark,
In Dublin City after dark,
When you're up on a bird in Phoenix Park,
Down by the Zoological Gardens.

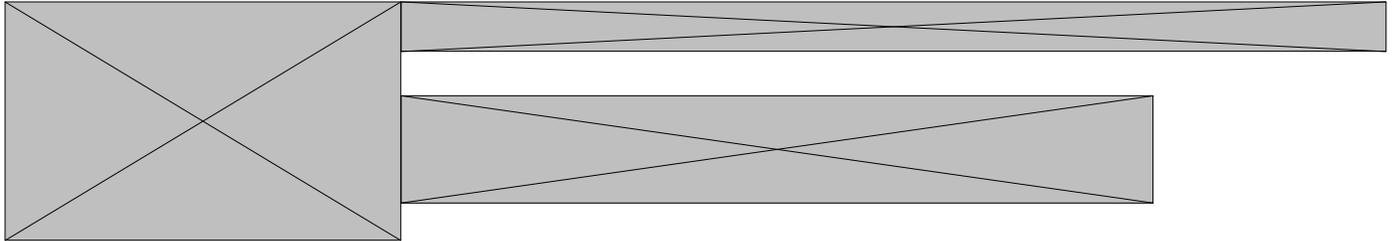
Last Sunday night we had no dough,
So I took the mot* up to see the Zoo.
We saw the lions and the kangaroos,
Inside the the Zoological Gardens.

Well we went out there by Castleknock,
Said the mot to me, "Sure we'll court by the
Lough."
Then I knew she was one of the rare old stock,
Inside the the Zoological Gardens.

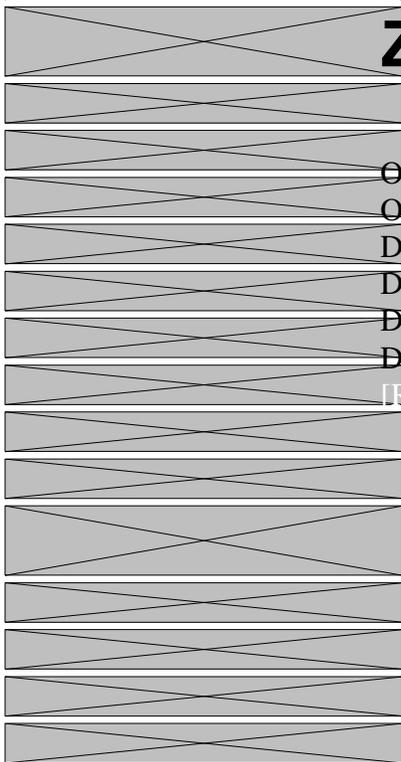
Said the mot to me, "My dear friend Jack,
Sure, I'd like a ride on the elephant's back."
"If you don't get out of that I'll give you such a
crack"
Inside the Zoological Gardens.

We went out there on our honeymoon,
Said the mot to me, "If you don't come soon,
I'll have to sleep with the hairy baboon"
Inside the Zoological Gardens.

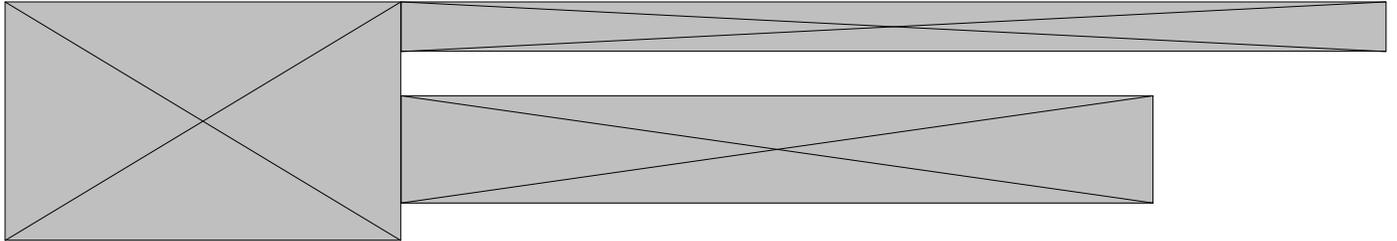
(* bird, broad, bimbo, bitch, cunt, etc.)



Zulu Warrior



Ola zooma zooma zooma,
Ola zooma zooma chief,
Drink it down you Zulu warrior,
Drink it down you Zulu chief,
Drink it down you Zulu warrior,
Drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief!



I Put My Hand

(To When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

I put my hand upon her toe
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her toe,
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her toe,
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're way too low!"

Chorus
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her knee,
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her knee,
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her knee,
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're teasin' me!"

I put my hand upon her thigh...
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're way too shy!"

I put my hand upon her tit...
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're squeezin' it!"

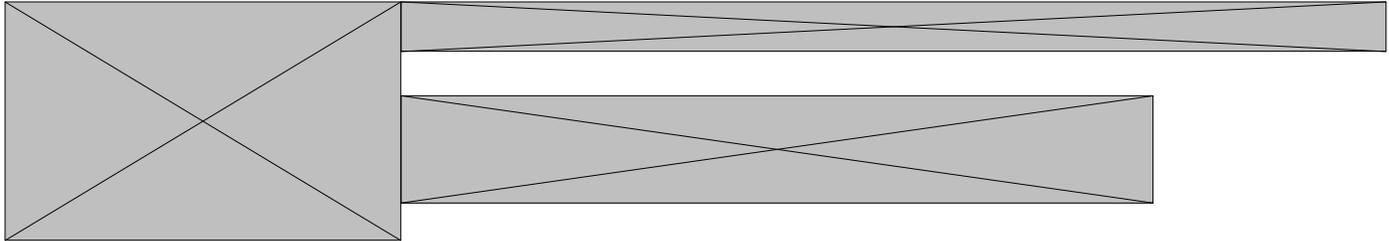
I put my hand upon her chin...
She said, "Hey Hasher, stick it in!"

I put my hand upon her breast...
She said, "Hey Hasher, I want the rest!"

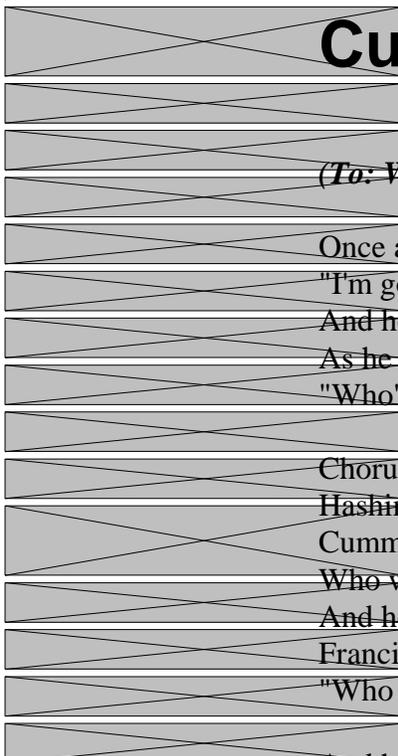
I put my hand upon her twat...
She said, "Hey Hasher, you've hit the spot."

(Slower and with reverence - hats off!)
Now she lies in a wooden box...
From sucking too many Hasher's cocks.

We dig her up now and then...
We fucked her once, we'll fuck her again.



Cumming Mother



(To: Waltzing Matilda)

Once a jolly 'Stralian came to California,
"I'm gonna make me a fortune" said he,
And he worked and he hashed,
As he waited for his cash to build.
"Who'll come a-hashin in Frisco with me?"

Chorus
Hashin with Norman,
Cumming Mother Wheatley,
Who should go a-hashing with such a man as he?
And he worked and he ran and he hashed in San
Francisco,
"Who will come a-hashing in Frisco with me?"

And he worked with his toys,
In the Valley they call Silicon,
"Silicone's for titty-bumps, not fucking
industry!"
So declared our Hashman, intelligent and witty
one,
Oh, what a sly and a cool one was he!

Up jumped a bunch of bucks, full of piss and
vinegar,
"Grab him, we'll make him our leader, will we!"
They selected him Grand Master,
And that was the down-fall of him,
"You'll go a-hashing, Grand Master, will ye"

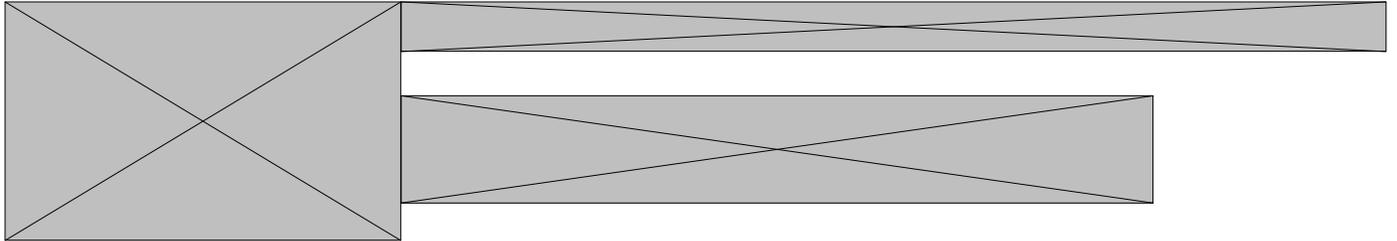
Then there was that asshole, an Irishman of little
wit,
Bent on destruction and mayhem was he.
Out with his pal,

As if anyone would give a shit.
On with our hashing, our hashing went we.

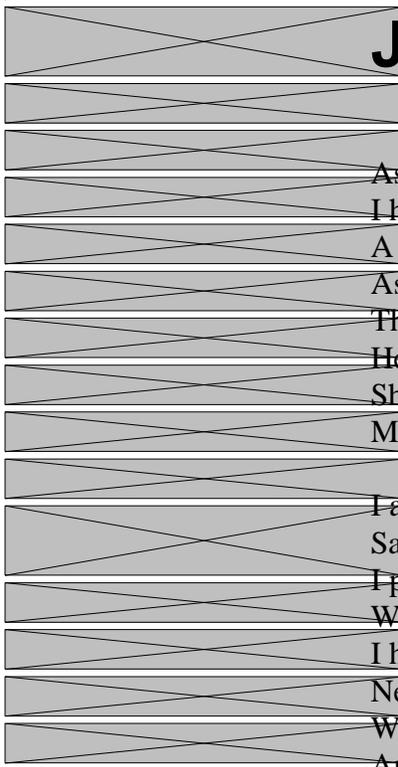
Then came the Harriettes,
Surrounding their Grand Master,
Head like a bowling ball, moustachioed was he.
And they teased his litle pecker-stick,
"Till it grew to a 3" dick,
"Who ya gonna please with that thing? Not me!"

The economy it took a turn, and Tandem took a turn
with it,
"My fortune will never be found here" said he.
So he filled his gut with Fosters',
And sent his shit by Qantas,
"Won't you come a-hashing in 'Stralia with me?"

Good bye, then, to Norman-Cumming-Mother-Wheatley,
Who would go a-hashing with such a man as he?
And he wanked and he hashed,
And he went back to Australia,
Some day we'll come a-hashing in 'Stralia with ye.



Jenny Brown

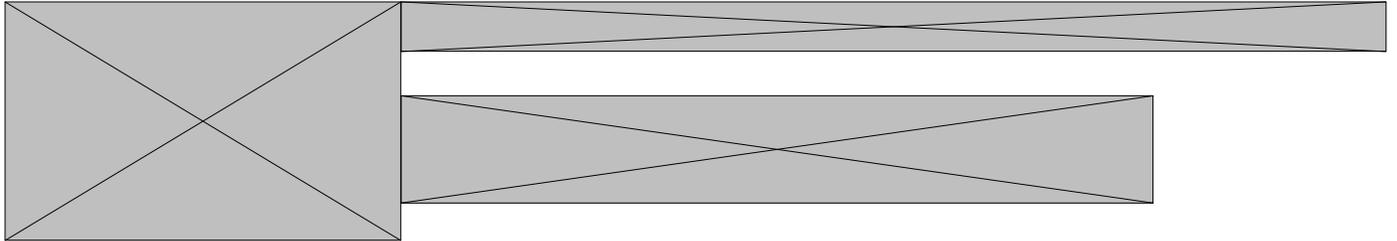


As I was walking by the shore,
I happened there to see,
A woman's form a-lyin' there,
As still as still could be.
The dress she wore was gingham blue,
Her hair all tumbled down;
She might have been my own true love,
My sweetheart Jenny Brown.

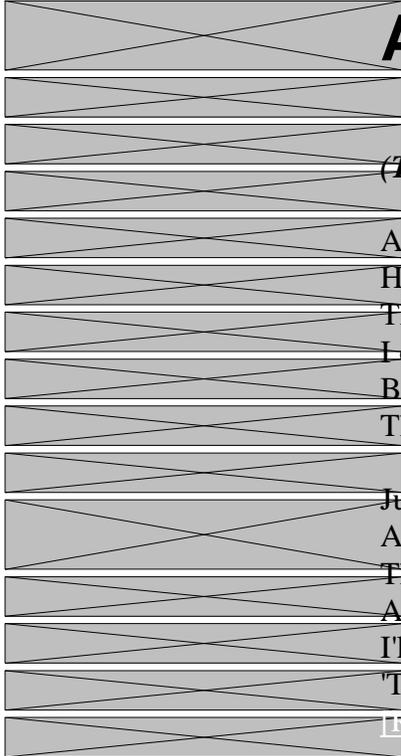
I approached the body with despair,
Saw her bruised and battered feet.
I pulled the seaweed from her hair,
Where the crabs had begun to eat.
I had treated her so cruelly,
Never the proper way.
When I saw her last she cried,
And then she ran away.

I wuffed the flies and bugs,
Away from her swollen and bloated chest.
I breathed in very deeply,
And then I held my breath.
I thought that I could keep it down,
But oh was I so wrong.
I'm sorry but I barfed upon,
My sweetheart, Jenny Brown.

A sense of quiet came over the beach,
Her death was painless and fast,
It seems that I had lost her now;
My true love was gone at last.
Then, "Aha," she jumped up and said,
"I'll bet you thought I'd drowned."
What a wrotten sense of humor,
Has my sweetheart Jenny Brown.



Amazing Hash

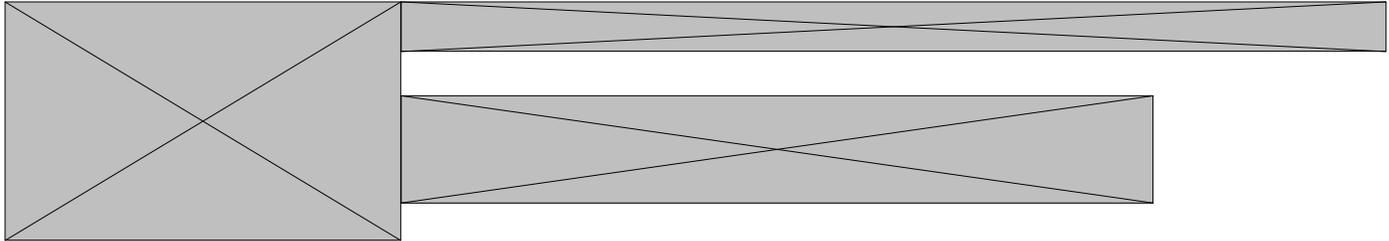


(To: Amazing Grace)

Amazing Hash,
How sweet the trail,
That saved a DFL like me.
I once was lost,
But now I'm found,
The On-On I now see!

Just two more blocks,
And I'll be in,
The beer is waiting for me.
And when I'm there,
I'll drink my share,
'Til they get rid of me!





The Ballad of OJ Simpson

(To: "The Ballad of Lizzie Borden")

Yesterday out in Los Angeles,
Nicole and Ronald died.
And they busted OJ Simpson
On a charge of homicide.

Well, he might not have done it,
But the media thinks he did,
And Michael Jackson's volunteered
To take care of the kids!

'Cause you can't cut your exes up in California,
Contrary to all popular belief.
No, you can't cut your exes up in California,
You know it's gonna cause a lot of grief.

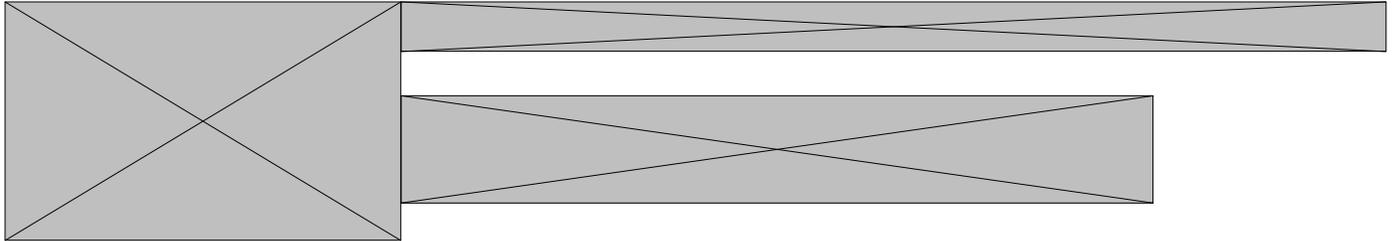
Well, he might have used a razor,
'Cause the airline lost his gun,
But he didn't use a hatchet,
'Cause that's already been done!
Now poor OJ's in the jailhouse,
And they're looking for the knife.
For just ten million dollars,
He might get off with life!

'Cause you can't cut up your exes in California,
And then blame all the damage on the heat.
No, you can't cut up your exes in California,
With evidence upon the Bronco seat!

You can sell a ton of crack
And the cops will turn their back.
You can rape and burn and loot;

They don't want another suit.
You can peddle phony stock
Like they do in Little Rock,
But you can't turn your ex into a Pez Dispenser.
California is a far cry from DC!

No, you can't cut up your exes in California,
And then go out and drive around the town!
No, you can't cut up your exes in California,
It's almost sure to make the jury frown!



King of the Nerds

(To: King of the Road)

Theorems to prove or not,
Differentials get me hot,
Got three advanced degrees,
I don't pay no software fees.

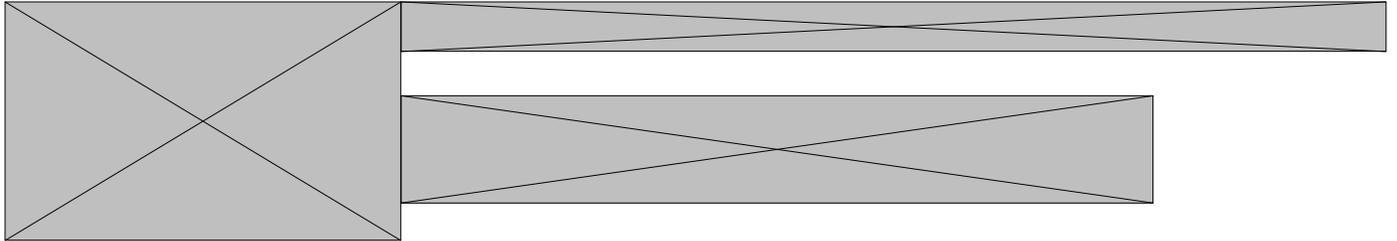
I work - hard on my code at nights,
My system's fifty-gigabytes,
Don't have much truck with words,
'Cause I'm (um-um) King of the Nerds.

Chorus

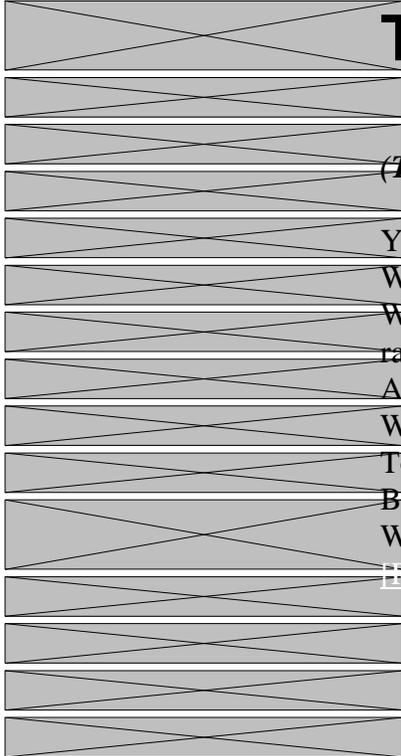
I know every engineer on every mainframe,
Each fileserver, and all of their names,
I know every BBS in every town,
And who to call for service when the system is
down.

You know I watch Star Trek, TNG,
I follow Science Fiction Fantasy,
I read PC news for thrills,
I don't have no social skills,

Ah, but cheap beer and take-out foods,
Get me lots of geeks in party moods.
Good grooming's for the birds,
When you're (um-um) King of the Nerds,
And (um-um) I'm King of the Nerds.



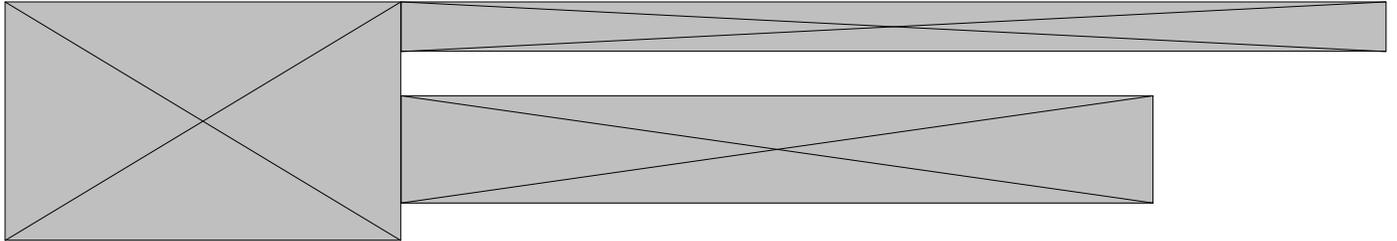
The Banana Song



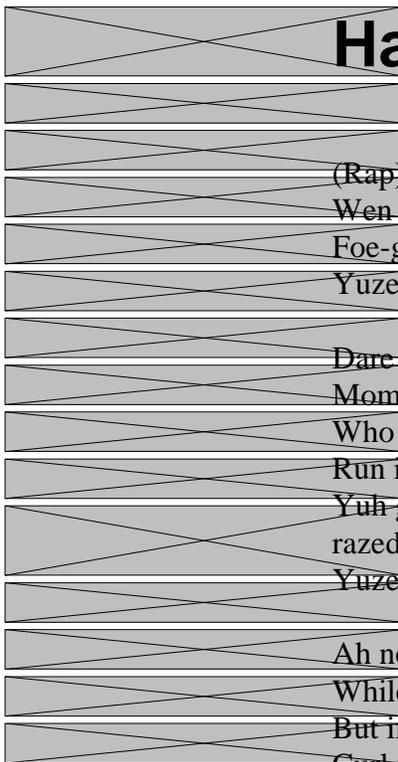
(To: Yes, We Have No Bananas)

Yes, we have no ba-nan-as,
We have no ba-nan-as to-day.
We've limp ones and thick ones and
ravages and sick ones,
And all kinds of dicks and say!
We have an old, fash-ioned cu-cum-ber,
To please you till you slum-ber.
But, yes we have no ba-nan-as,
We have no ba-nan-as today.

H



Hash Rap



(Rap)

Wen yuh get out uh bwit uh pane in yuh hed,
Foe-get wut chuh sed cuz yuh feelin' haf ded,
Yuze HASHIFIED.

Dare at duh Down Down, ain't no thaang,
Mommie-daddie-liddle kid,
Who yuh gon bring?
Run in yoh shawt shawts, show sum laig,
Yuh gats nuddin tuh hyde, yuh bin pra-puh lee
razed,
Yuze HASHIFIED.

Ah no summuh u hashers is the runnin' kind,
While summuh u walkers kinda waddle behind,
But if u bend yoah shole-duhs enn crane yoah nek,
Curl up yoah toes, so day doan get wet,
Yu'll be struttin' 'n stridin' like duh New York
Jets,
Yuze HASHIFIED.

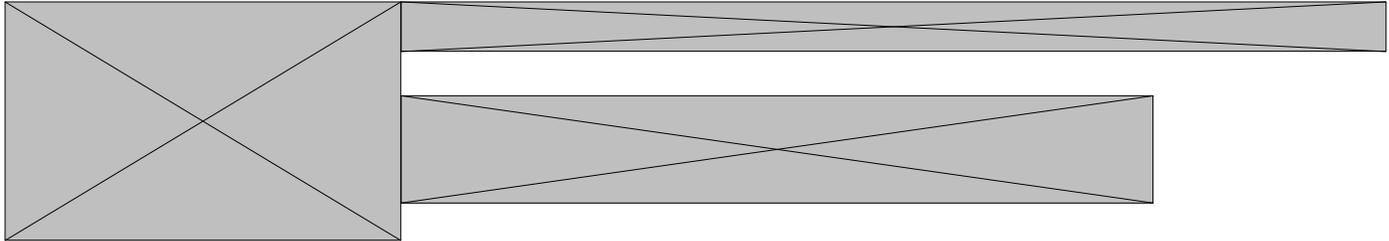
Wen u in sum shiggy (san-doon) and yuh doan no
ware,
Jes tek mah a-vice, You godda beware!!
Cuz wen duh hare sets duh hash-course (s)he doan
care,
(S)he's HASHIFIED.

En if lotsa liddl kids stot follo-in u,
Shoutin" "On! On!" 'till u doan no wut-tuh-doo,
Jes bring out yoah hash horn, it bee bad,
Blast it in deh eere drums, day'll bee sad,
Th'ain't HASHIFIED.

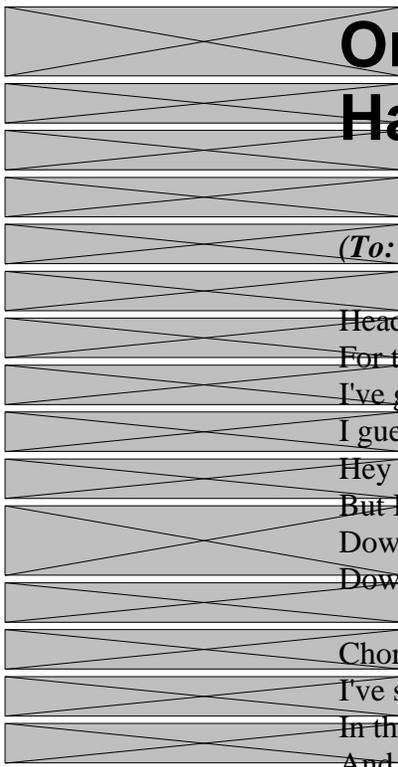
Ragland Alabama,

datz were am att,
Am shukkin' n jive-n, n du-in mah rap,
Am tired and wired but ah don giv uh dam,
dat hash today wuz lak Vee et Namm,
It wuz HASHIFIED.

Now dere's wun moh liddl thaing ahm wantin' t'
say,
Before you hashers staht runnin' away.
We're the Charlottesville HARLOTS that's our name,
After hashing with us you won nevuh bee duh same,
Cuz weer HASHIFIED!!!



Orlandos InterAmericas Hash Song



(To: Come Monday)

Headed out to Orlando,
For the Labor day InterHash,
I've got my muddy shoes on,
I guess I never was meant for running marathons.
Hey fellows, I didn't know,
But if she's willing to go,
Down on me, I'll be all right,
Down on me, and I will sleep well tonight.

Chorus

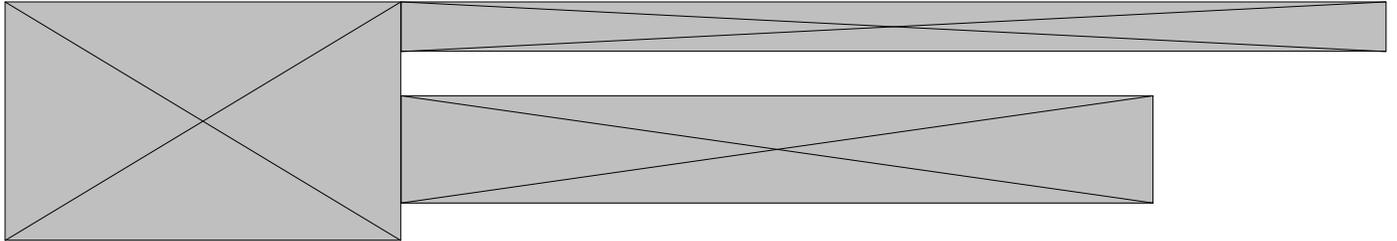
I've spent four awesome days,
In the shiggy Everglades,
And I just want to drink some more beer!

Yes, it's been quite a weekend,
Empty Kegs and piss in the pool,
And now we're off to the hot tub,
For Jammies toe sucking school.
Hey Darlin, it's hard don't you know,
That's the reason I need you to go,
Down on me, and I'll be all right,
Down on me, and I will sleep well tonight.

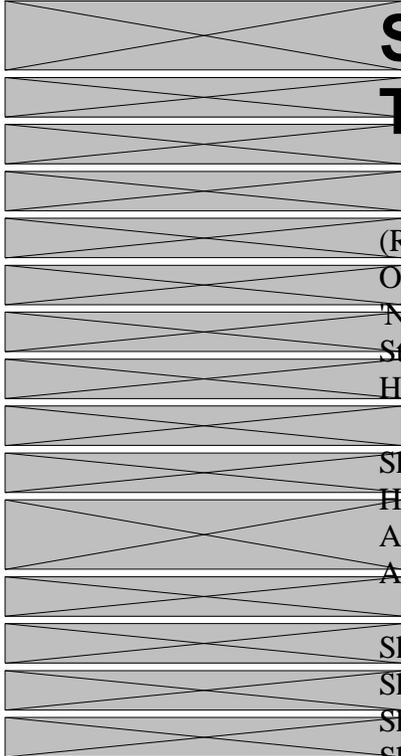
I can't help it Honey,
I laughed at your pussy fart sound,
Remember that night in the stairwell,
When we thought there'd be no-one around.
(break)
I hope you're enjoying the sucking,
I swear I won't cum in your mouth,
I promise I'll look you Darlin,

Next time that I'm headed down south,
Thank you mam, what a pleasure it's been,
Could you tell me your Hashname again? (as you go)
Down on me, I'll be all right,
Down on me, and I will sleep well tonight.

(repeat chorus twice)



Street of the Thousand Assholes



(Recite)

On the street of a thousand assholes,
Neath the sign of the swinging tit,
Stood a beautiful Chinese maiden,
Her name was "Who Flung Shit".

She stood in celestial splendor,
Her eyes like pools of piss,
As she diddled herself with a candle,
And stood in eternal bliss.

She thought of her friends on Bond Street,
She thought of her friends on Bow,
She thought of the score,
She'd laid on the floor,
When in walked "One Hung Low".

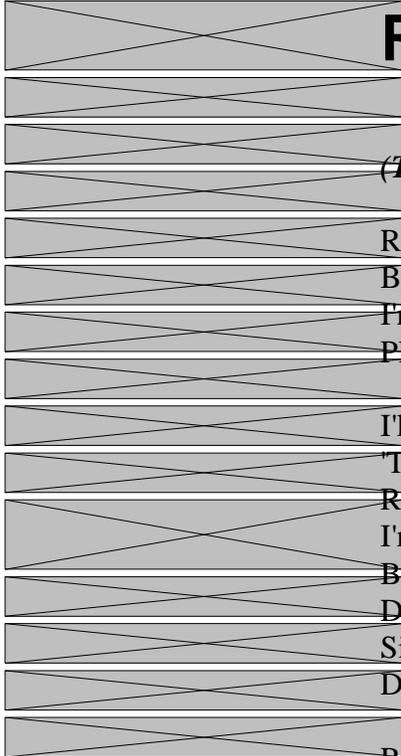
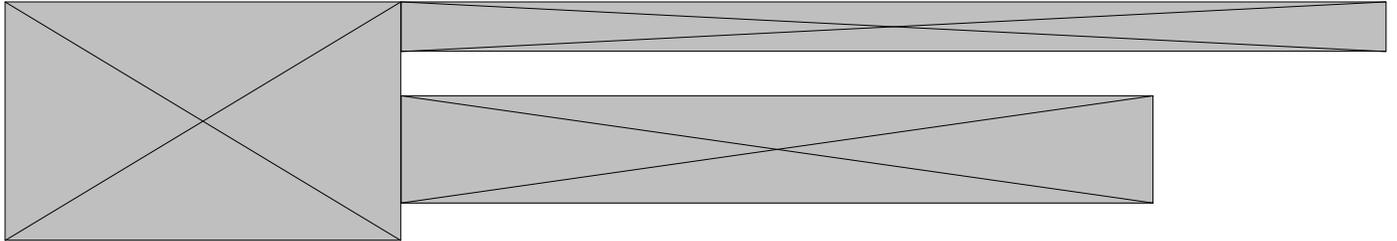
"Fly into my arms thou bag of shit",
He said with his cock in hand,
"My love for thee will last like snow,
On the desert sand".

She gently raised her starboard tit,
And scratched her itchy prat,
Then she said with a half-assed grin,
"Go fuck your hat".

Anger overcame him,
As he pissed upon the wall,
Cock in hand he fucked his hat,
And tread on his one good ball.

Now on the street of a thousand assholes,

'Neath the sign of the pregnant cat,
They bore him away in splendor,
The man who had fucked his hat.



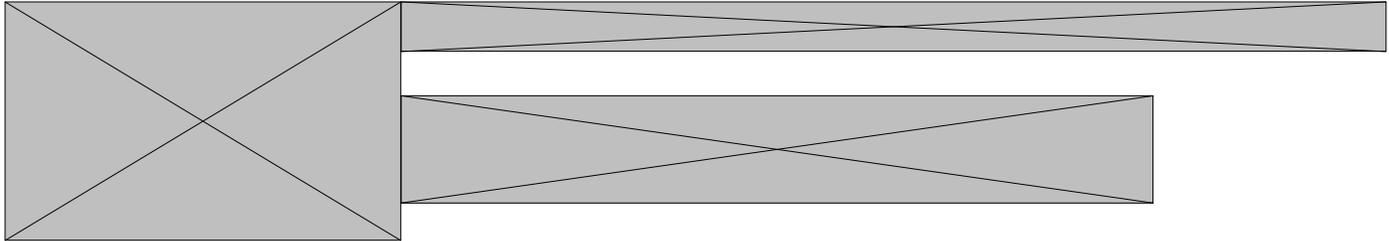
Red Rag in the Sunset

(To: Red Sail in the Sunset)

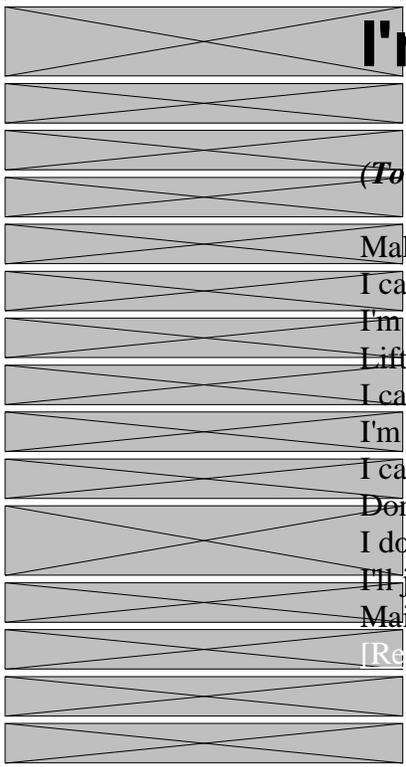
Red rag in the sunset,
Blood drips like the sea.
I'm just a young virgin,
Please don't piss on me.

I'll lick up your juices,
Til my face turns blue.
Red rag in the sunset,
I'm trusting in you.
Be easy on me now,
Don't bite it no more.
Six-nine not a toilet,
Don't piss you old whore!

Red rag in the sunset,
Blood drips like the sea.
I've earned my red wings now,
Bitch don't piss on me!



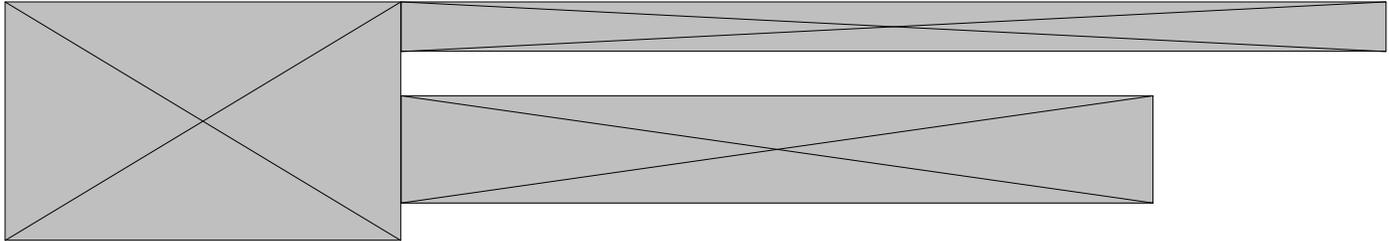
I'm Your Mailman



(To "Bye Bye, Blackbird")

Make me happy, make me gay,
I can come, twice a day,
I'm your mail-man.
Lift the knocker, ring the bell,
I can make you, feel real swell,
I'm your mail-man.
I can come in any kind of weath-er,
Don't you know my bags are made of leath-er?
I don't mess with keys or locks,
I'll just slip it in the box,
Mail-man, bye bye.

[Re



The Twelve Bugs of Christmas

(To: The Twelve Days of Christmas)

(See "Twelve Days of Christmas")

For the first bug of Christmas,
My manager said to me,

See if they can do it again.

Tell them it's a feature.

Say it's not supported.

Change the documentation.

Blame it on the hardware.

Find a way around it.

Say they need an upgrade.

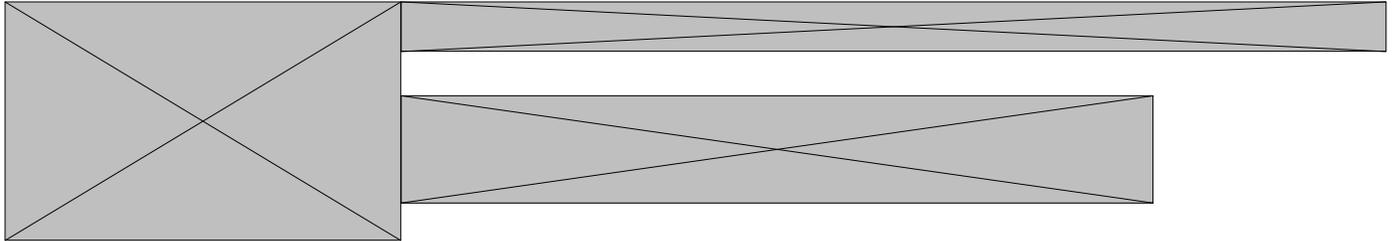
Reinstall the software.

Ask for a dump.

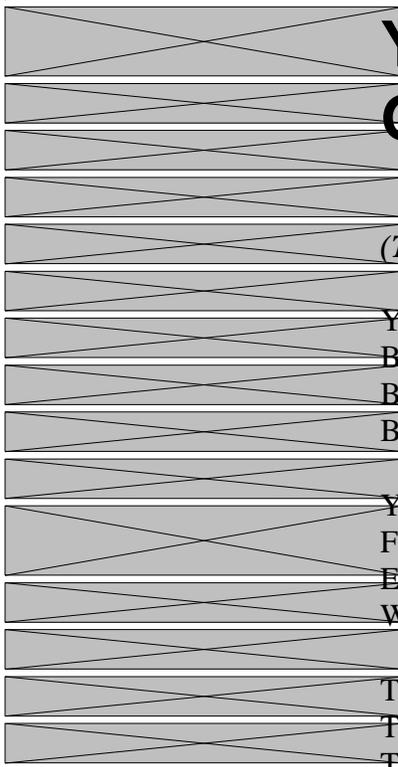
Run with the debugger.

Ask them how they did it.

Try to reproduce it.



You Are Sixteen Going on Seventeen



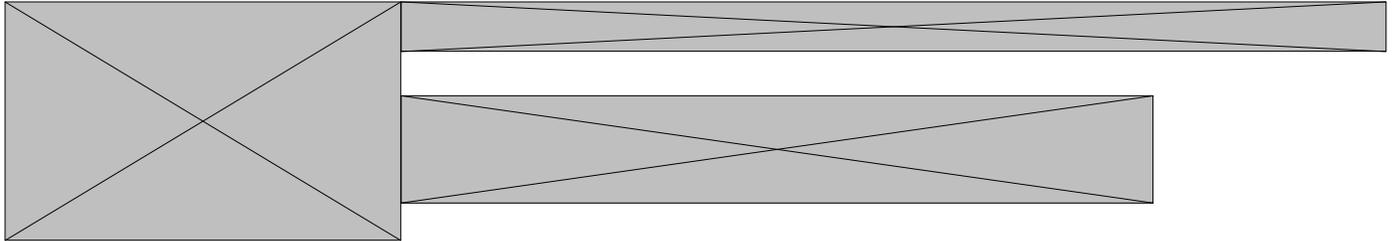
(To: same title)

You are sixteen going on seventeen,
Baby, it's time for sex!
Better prepare with your birth control,
Baby, because you're next!

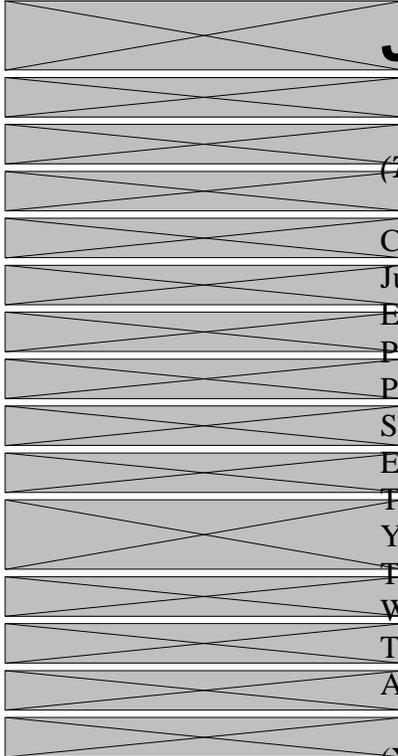
You are sixteen going on seventeen,
Fellows will fall in line.
Eager young lads with cocks in hand,
Will soften you up with wine.

Totally unprepared are you,
To face a world of men.
Timid and shy and scared are you of,
To enter the world of sin.

You need someone older and wiser,
Telling you what to do.
I can teach you sex and cunnilingus,
I-I'll take car-are of you.



Just a Gigolo



(To: tune of same)

Chorus

Just a Gigolo,
Everywhere I go,
People know the part I'm playing.
Paid for every dance,
Selling each romance,
Ev'ry night some heart betraying.
There will come a day,
Youth will pass away,
Then what will they say about me.
When the end comes I know,
They'll say "Just a Gigolo",
As life goes on without me.

(Young Harriette)
He's just a Gigolo,
But his balls hang down low,
His cock is fine for playing.
With a little luck,
I can get a fuck,
Without even paying.
If I give him a lick,
Or suck his big dick,
He will cum without me.
But he's up very fast,
And willing to last,
As I cli-max without fee.

(Old Harriette)
He's just a Gigolo,
He fucks much too slow,
He's not much good for staying.
He won't even fuck,

'Til I show him a buck,
Then his dick begins a swaying.
He's a drunken old sot,
When he licks my twat,
Why does he always throw up?
Why does he turn green,
And make a big scene,
Every-time I show up?

(A Gay)

He's just a Gigolo,
He likes a good blow,
He'll plug your bum for fifty.
If you bend over quick,
He'll give you his dick,
His technique is quite nifty.
He's not really gay,
But if you will pay,
He'll satisfy your aching.
He'll take a good suck,
For only a buck,
It's money he's a making.

(A Husband)

He's just a Gigolo,
If anybody knows,
Where I can find the bastard.
He messed up my life,
By spoiling my wife,
Now I can't satisfy her.
If I find him around,
His balls I will pound,
And serve them to my woman.
I will cut off his dick,
And serve it on a stick,
He'll never more be cummin'

(His Mother)

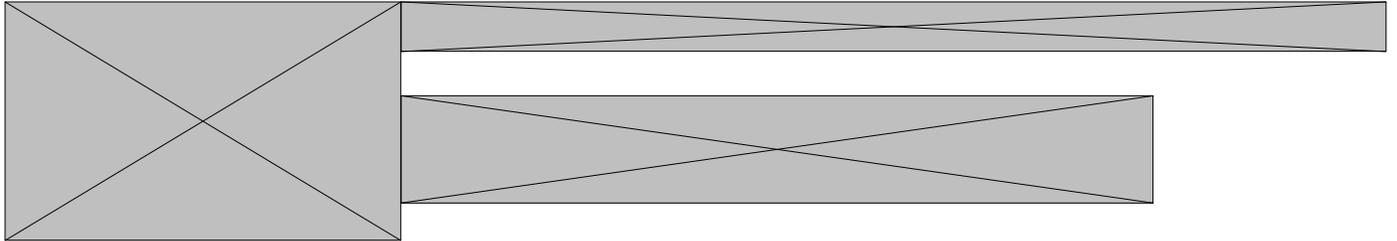
He's just a Gigolo,
But I trained him so,
Since he was on my tittie.
He had a great tongue,
For one so young,
Still in diapers shitty.
My twat he would lick,
As he grew a dick,

He learned his trade from Mommy.
I helped him everyday,
To train in every way,
Now he makes a lot of money.

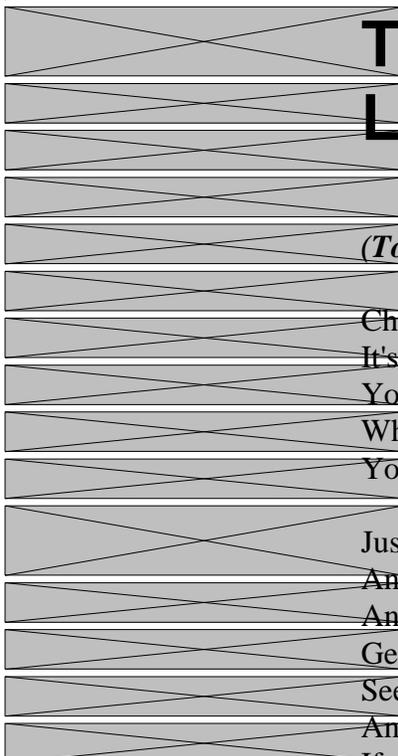
(His Father)
He's just a Gigolo,
I'm proud of him so,
I envy his vocation,
Gets laid everyday,
And even gets pay,
Along with paid vacation.
With a different life,
A nagging wife,
He'd never had such pleasure.
He's the son I adore,
A lovable whore,
Valued beyond any measure.

(His Priest)
He's just a Gigolo,
A bastard you know,
His sin is beyond measure.
He's never in mass,
He's with every lass,
He only lives for pleasure.
He's done every sin,
More than most men,
He needs a real confession.
His life is that way,
As long as they pay,
On Sunday he's in session.

(His Doctor)
He's just a Gigolo,
But everybody knows,
He's dying any day now.
He fucks all night long,
He's worn out his dong,
His balls sag all the way now.
He bleeds when he pees,
His liver's Swiss cheese,
He shits into his britches.
From licking the tits,
And drunken clits,
Of pus infested bitches.



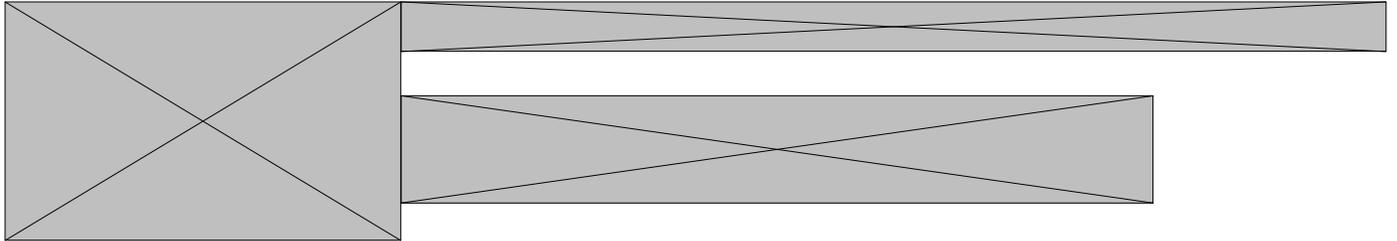
The Good Hash Lollipop



(To: On the Good Ship Lollipop)

Chorus
It's the good hash lol-li-pop,
You can't get one in the can-dy shop.
Where my little crabs play, (grab crotch)
You don't have to beg just eat all day.

Just one lick here, anywhere,
And I will start, float - ing on air,
And there you are,
Getting cream from my chocolate bar.
See my big pop rise, then you open your eyes,
And you suck real hard it quakes.
If you eat too much, Ooh Ooh!
You'll awake with a tum-my ache.
(to chorus)



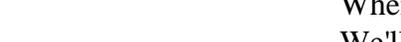
Get It Up



Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my
hair do,
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that
tongue around,
Hit the spot, make me hot,
I will scream out loud.

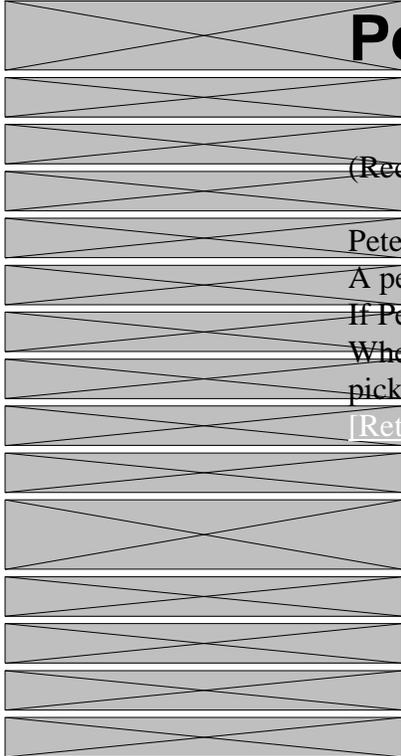
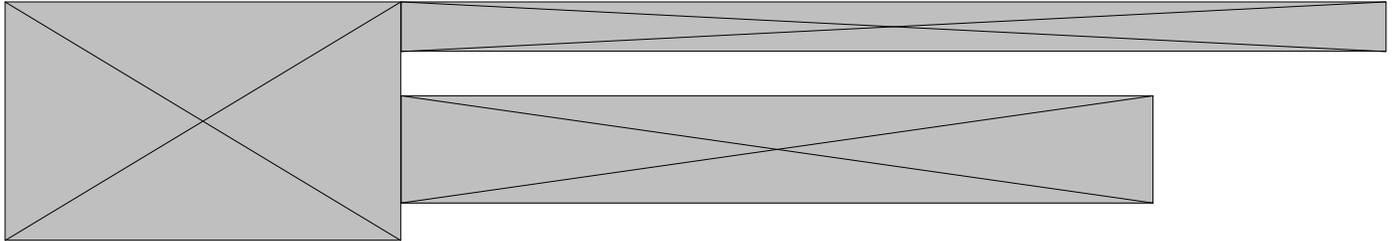


Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my
hair do,
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that
tongue around,
Suck my toes, insert your hose,
Make my juices flow.



Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my
hair do,
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that
tongue around,
When I am done and I have cum,
We'll start another round.

Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my
hair do,
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that
tongue around.

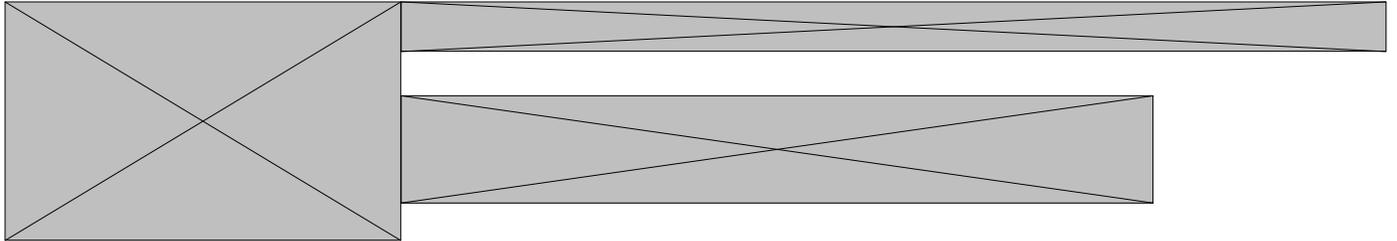


Peter Pecker

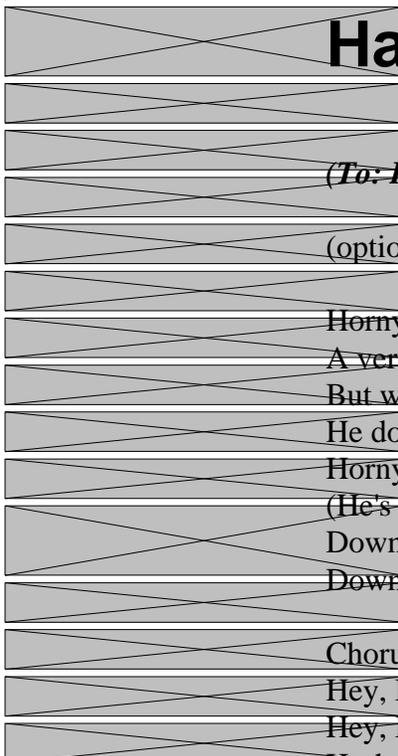
(Recited)

Peter Pecker picked a peck of pickled pussies;
A peck of pickled pussies, Peter Pecker picked.
If Peter Pecker picked a peck of pickled pussies,
Where's the peck of pickled pussies Peter Pecker
picked?

[Ret



Hash Dog



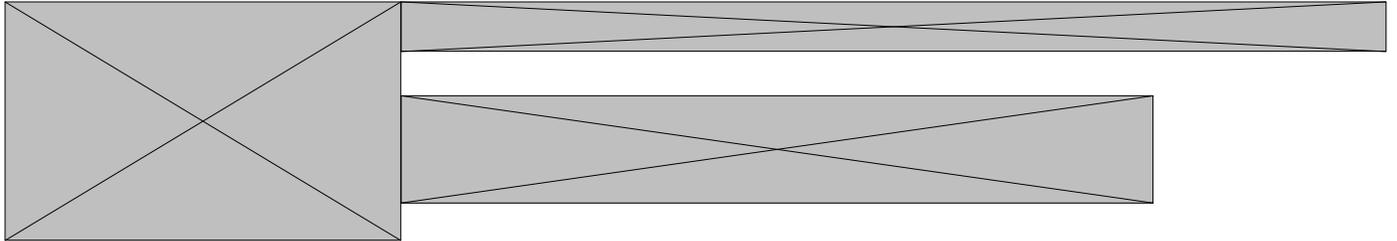
(To: Bird Dog)

(optional down down song)

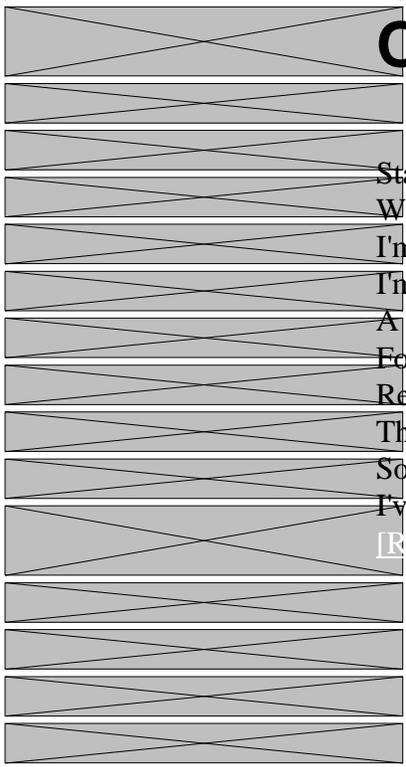
Horny is a bastard (From the Hash)
A very sneaky bastard (From the Hash)
But when he fucks my honey (He's a Dog)
He doesn't give me money (What a Dog)
Horny is a hasher that's a tryin' to steal my baby
(He's a Hash Dog)
Down down, down down down downnn.
Down down, down down, down down down downnn.

Chorus

Hey, Hash Dog get away from my tail,
Hey, Hash Dog you're on the wrong trail.
Hash Dog you'd better leave my little pussy love
alone...
Hey, Hash Dog get away from my chick,
Hey, Hash Dog you'd better put away your dick.
Hash Dog you'd better find a little pus-sy of your
own.
Down down down, down down down downnn.
Down down, down down, down down down downnn.

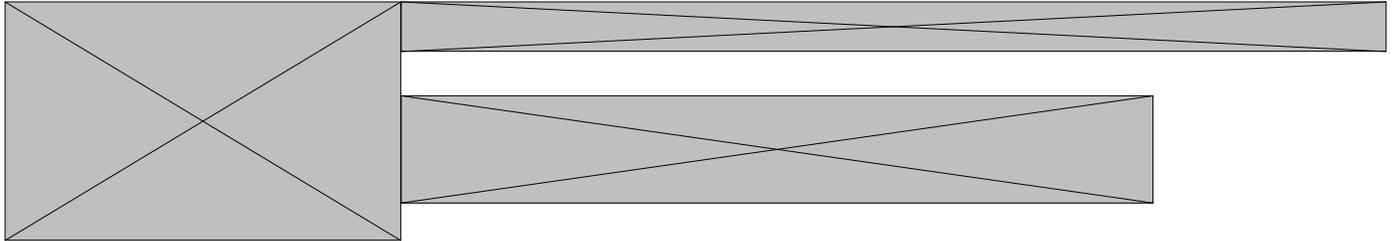


Ode to a Hasher



Starkle Starkle little twink,
Who the hell are you I think,
I'm not as drunk as thinkle peep,
I'm just a little slort of sheep,
A few bruskiees make a guy,
Fool so feelish, don't know why,
Really don't know who's me yet,
The drunker i stay the longer I get,
So just one more to fill my cup,
I've all day sober to Sunday up.

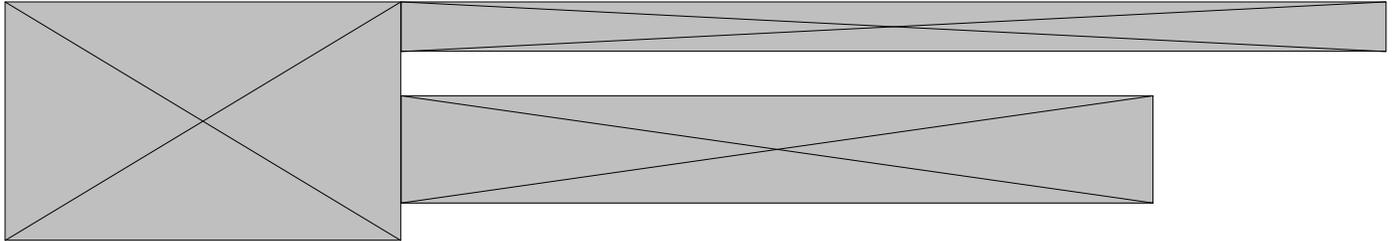
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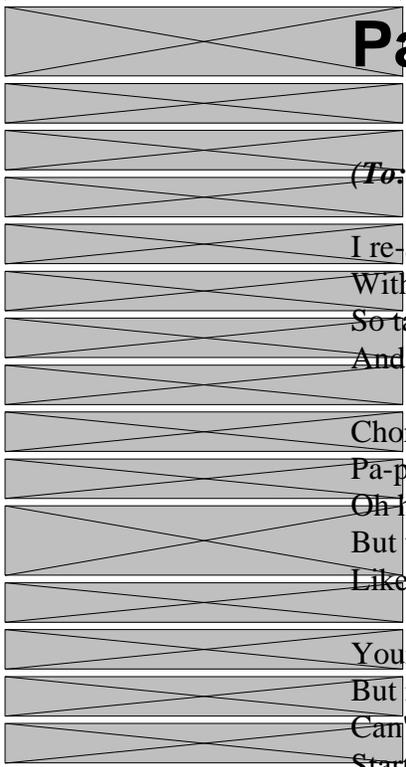
Almost Persuaded

(To: tune of same name)

Last night all alone in a bar room,
Met a girl with a tit in one hand.
She had really tight shorts, hal-ter top,
And an ass that would tempt any man.
The she came and sat down on my face,
And as she placed her hand on my dick,
I found myself wanting to fuck her,
For temptation was making me sick.
I was al-most persuaded,
To leave the hash in the cold air.
Al-most persuaded,
To leave the pack with no hare.
Then we danced and she whisper "I need you."
"Take me now, right here," she did wale.
But I told her that though I did want to.
I'd promised that I'd lay the trail.
I was al-most persuaded,
"Til a hasher holler "Beer!" at the door.
Al-most persuaded,
But my thirst couldn't stand it no more.



Paper Hash Marks



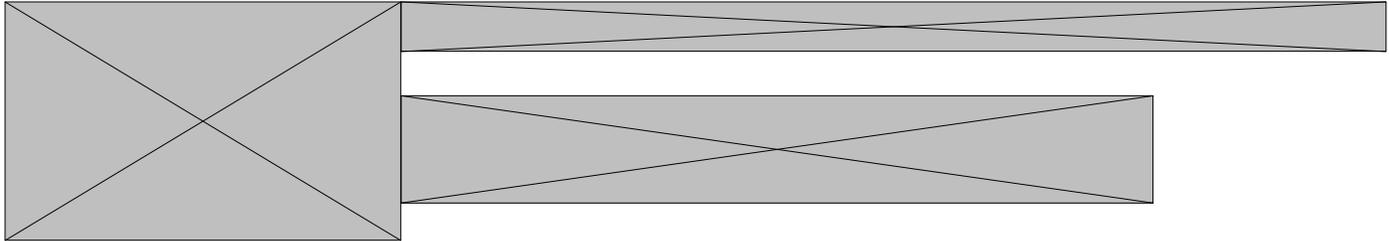
(To: "Paper Roses")

I re-al-ize the way your trail de-ceived me,
With several BT's I mistook for trail.
So take a-way the false trail that you left me,
And lay the kind that leads to the beer pail.

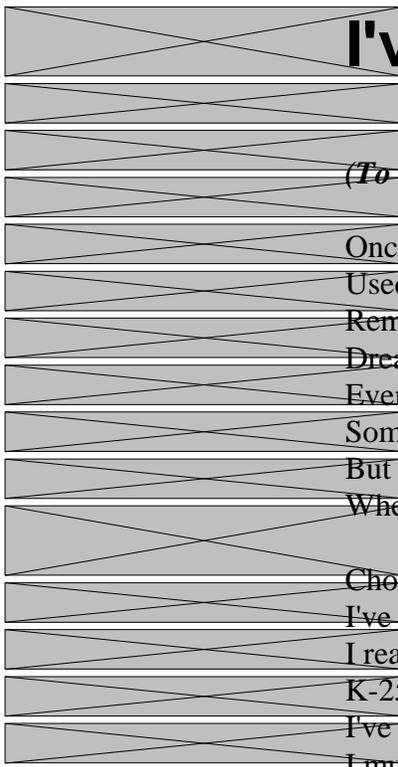
Chorus

Pa-per Hash Marks, Pa-per Hash Marks,
Oh how real those hash marks seemed to me.
But they're on-ly, Pa-per Hash Marks,
Like your imitation trail for me.

Your pretty trail looked warm and so ap-peal-ing,
But it was "Bad!", I shouted with a tear.
Can't take another falsy so I'm plead-ing,
Start laying paper hash marks to the beer!



I've Got the Clap Again



(To "Those Were the Days")

Once upon a time I was a Hasher,
Used to down an Anker Bir or two,
Remember how I laughed away the hours,
Dreaming of the whores that I would screw.
Every Monday evening I'd go Hashing,
Sometimes I'd short cut along the way,
But I'd always stay late at the On-On,
Where you'd often hear a Hasher say:

Chorus

I've got the clap again,
I really should refrain,
K-25, the Club, and Tanamour.
I've got the pills to use,
I must lay off the booze,
I've got the clap, oh yes, I've got the clap.

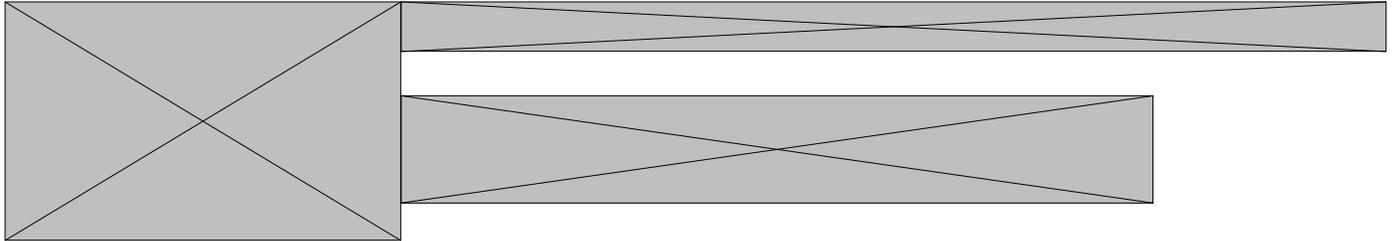
One night to the Hash there came a beauty,
A thing that's quite unusual to do.
But something made me think this girl was
different,
It must have been the tattoos on her boobs.
She wore hot pants and see-through T-shirt,
Sipped her beer through rosy choo-choo lips.
All the men began to get excited,
At the sight of that young lady's swollen tits.

Five o'clock Hashmaster got his horn out,
Everybody else put theirs away.
Then I got myself into position,
Where I could see her lovely buttocks sway.
She short-cut and I short-cut behind her,
Wondering if tonight I'd be in luck.

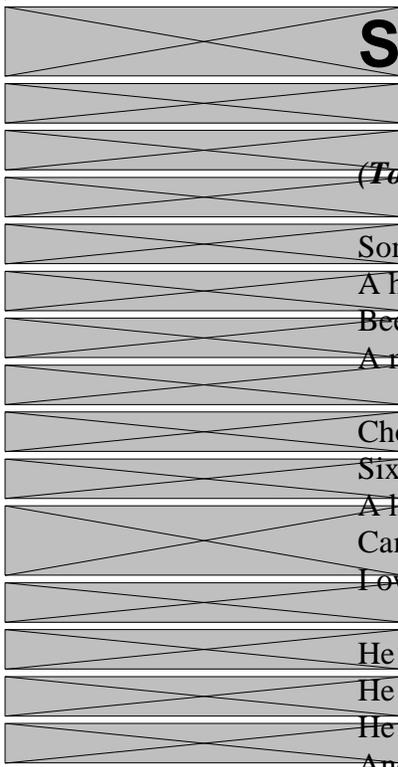
Heard her calling "On-On" from the bushes,
And I knew right then that we were going to fuck.

This girl showed me that she was no novice,
Her repertoire of tricks sure made me sweat.
I came, she came, then we came together,
And our juices flowed till we were soaking wet.
Made our way back finally to the circle,
Watching smiling faces turning green.
Could it be that they were only jealous,
Or could it be they knew she wasn't clean?

Drove her home that night, she lived in Ancol,
Arranged that this should be a regular thing.
But then one week later at the On-On,
I took a piss and felt that tell-tale sting.
Now Dr. Budi has a Monday practice,
He's got a special clinic on the Hash.
So that we all can have our weekly check-ups,
And find out just what caused that nasty rash.



Sixteen Checks



(To: "Sixteen Tons")

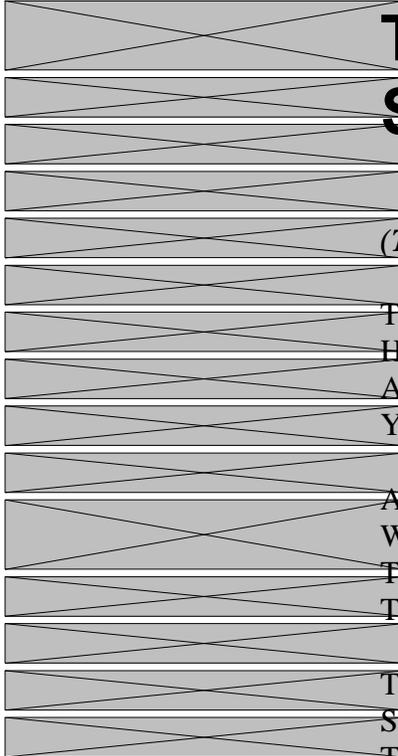
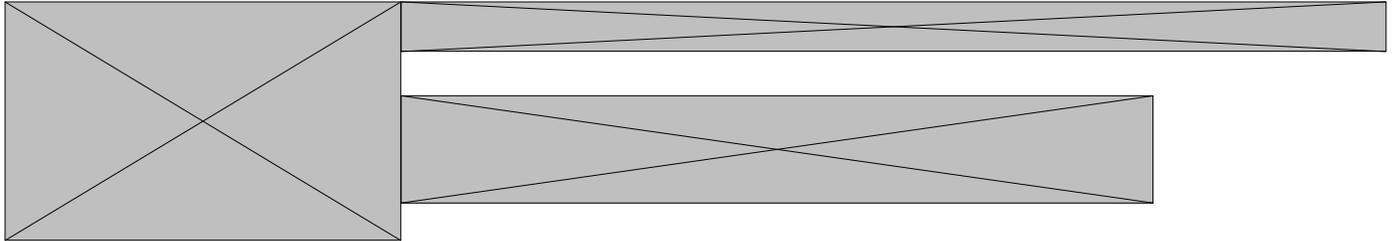
Some peo-ple say a trail is made out of mud,
A hash-er's made out of beer soaked blood,
Beer and blood, skin and bones,
A mind that's half, a sex drive that's strong.

Chorus
Sixteen checks, what do you get?
A little bit closer and a thirst you can't wet.
Can't drink, can't piss, I can't give up,
I owe a down down when the hash cir-cles up.

He was born a hasher and baptised in beer,
He picked up his hash and he ran like a deer.
He layed sixteen checks and a whole lot of trail,
And I curse his name, I want to whip his tail.

I'm getting so thirsty I don't think I can see,
My bladders empty, but I still gotta pee.
I found sixteen checks and shiggy galore,
And I lost one shoe and my shorts I tore.

An On-In is shining in the distant trees,
I see ole Gispert a wavin' to me.
After sixteen checks just look at the beer,
I've gone to hash heaven and I love it here!



Teddy the Red-Nosed Senator

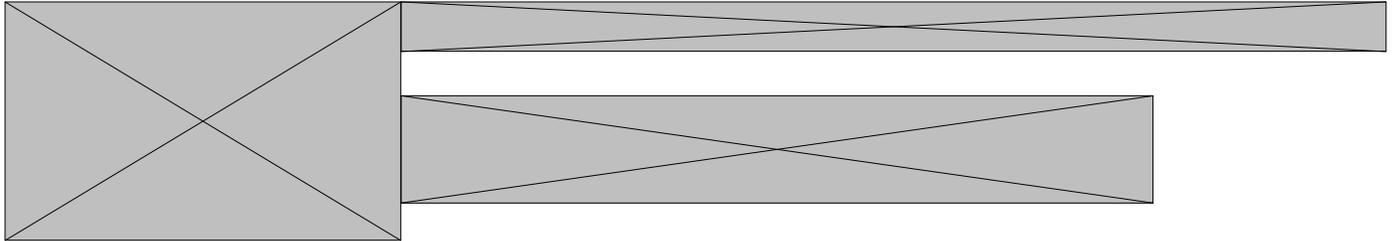
(To: Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer)

Teddy the red-nosed Senator,
Had a very shiny car,
And if you ever saw it,
You were probably near a bar.

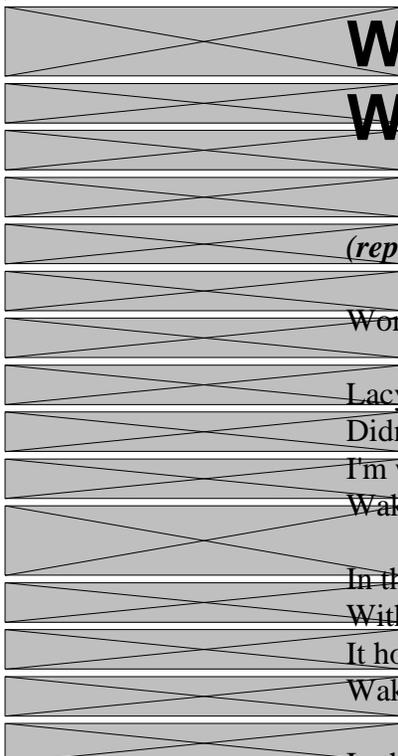
All of the other Senators,
Wondered how he got his dames,
They thought he drank too many,
Too play in any bedroom games.

Then one foggy Christmas eve,
Santa came to say,
Teddy with your nose so red,
Won't you help me guide my sled.

That's how the police found them,
Wrapped around a maple tree,
Teddy the red-nosed Senator,
He's a drunken S.O.B.
He's a drunken S.O.B.



Waklin' 'Round in Womens's Underwear



(repeat Chorus and end.)(To: Winter

Wonderland)

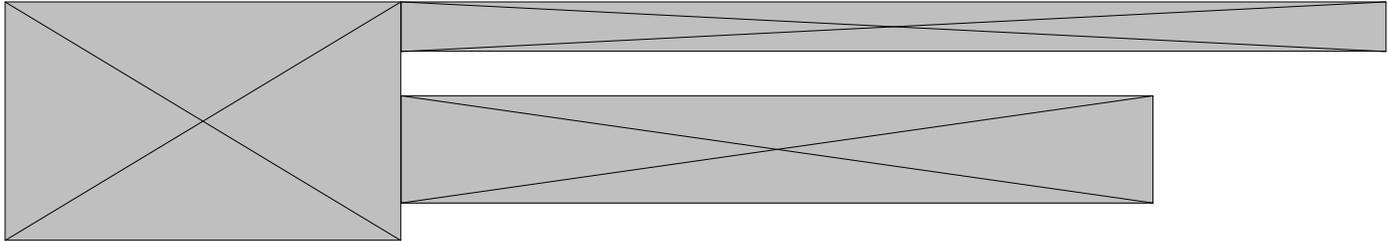
Lacy things the wife is missin',
Didn't ask for her persmission,
I'm wearin her clothes - silk panty hose,
Waklin' 'round in womens's underwear.

In the store there's a teddy,
With little sraps like spaghetti,
It holds me so tight like handcuffs at night,
Waklin' 'round in womens's underwear.

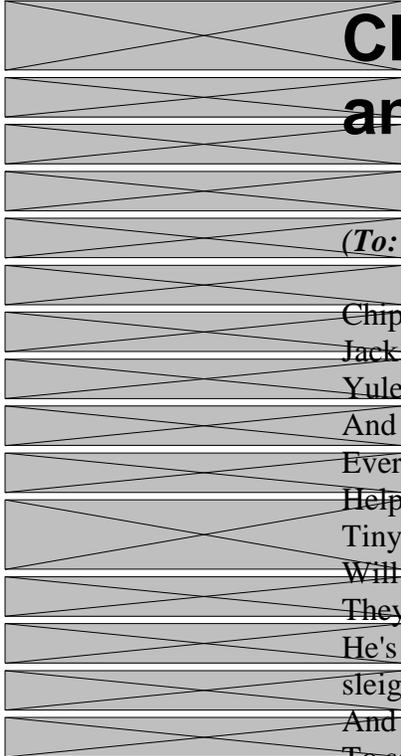
In the office there's a guy named Melvin,
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown,
He'll say are you ready, we'll say whoa man,
Let's wait until the wife's out of town.

Later on if you wanna,
We can dress like Madonna,
Put on some eye shade and join the parade,
Waklin' 'round in womens's underwear.

Lacy things... missin',
Didn't ask... persmission,
Wearin her clothes - silk panty hose,
Waklin' 'round in womens's underwear,
Waklin' 'round in womens's underwear,
Waklin' 'round in womens's underwear.

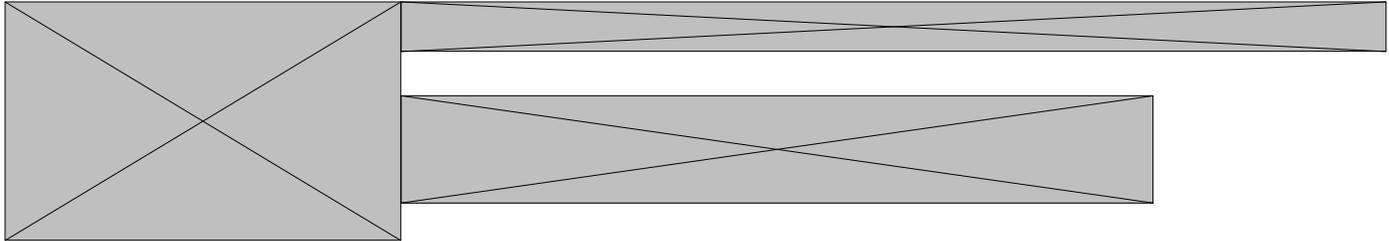


Chipmunks Roasting on an Open Fire

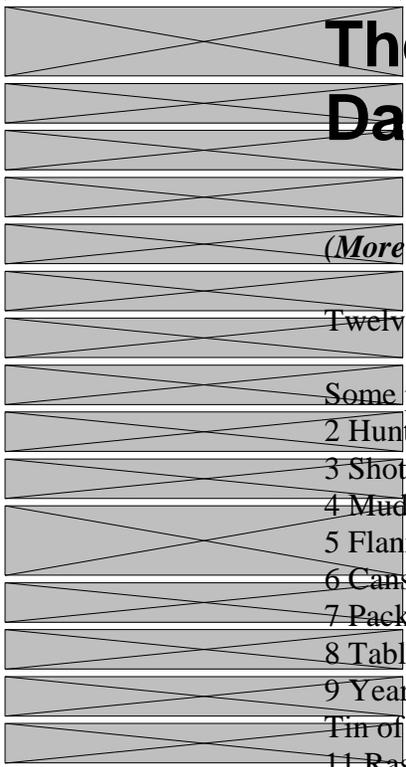


(To: The Christmas Song by Nat King Cole)

Chipmunks roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost ripping up your nose,
Yuletide carolers being thrown in the fire,
And folks dressed up like buffaloes.
Everybody knows a turkey slaughtered in the snow,
Helps to make the season right,
Tiny tots with their eyes all gouged out,
Will find it hard to see tonight.
They know that Santa is on his way,
He's loaded lots of guns and bullets on his
sleigh,
And every mother's child is sure to spy,
To see if reindeer really scream when they die.
And so I'm offering this simple phrase,
To kids from one to ninety two,
Although it's been said many times, many ways,
Merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas,
Screw you.



The Twelve Redneck Days of Christmas



(More new lines to farce The

Twelve Days of Christmas)

Some parts to a Mustang GT.

2 Huntin' dogs.

3 Shotgun shells.

4 Mud grip tires.

5 Flannel shirts.

6 Cans of Spam.

7 Packs of Redman.

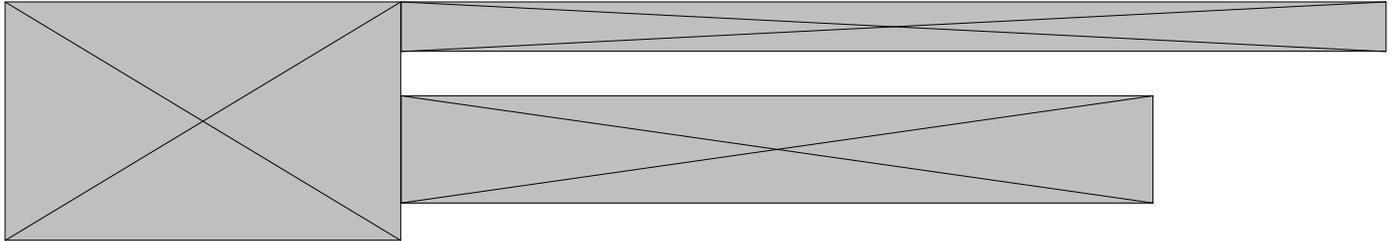
8 Table Dancers.

9 Years Probation.

Tin of Copenhagen.

11 Rasslin' Tickets.

12-Pack of Bud.



The Twelve Days After Christmas



(Another twist to The

Twelve Days of Christmas)

The first day after Christmas,
My true love and I had a fight,
And so I chopped the pear tree down,
And burnt it, just for spite,
Then with a single cartridge,
I shot that blasted partridge,
My true love, my true love,
My true love gave to me.

The second day after Christmas,
I pulled on the old rubber gloves,
And very gently wrung the necks,
Of both the turtle doves.

The third day after Christmas,
My mother caught the croup,
I had to use the three French hens,
To make some chicken soup.

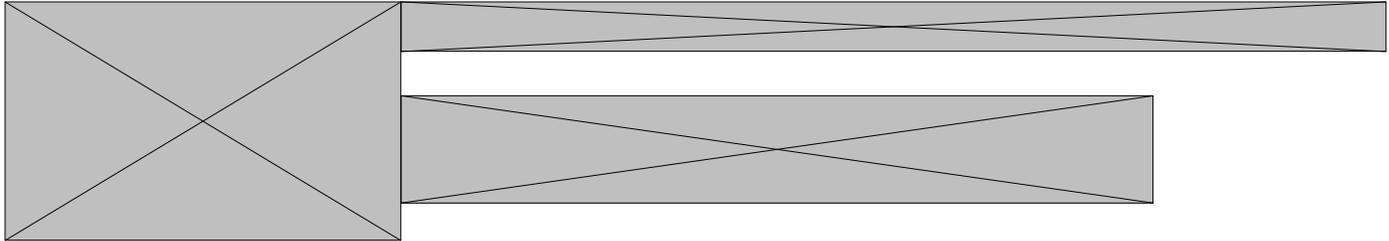
The four calling birds were a big mistake,
For their language was obscene,
The five golden rings were completely fake,
They turned my fingers green.

The sixth day after Christmas,
The six laying geese wouldn't lay,
So I sent the whole darn gaggle to,
The A.S.P.C.A.

The seventh day, what a mess I found,
The seven swans-a-swimming all had drowned,
My true love, my true love,
My true love gave to me.

The eighth day after Christmas,
Before they could suspect,
I bundled up the,
Twelve drummers drumming,
Eleven pipers piping,
Ten lords-a-leaping,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight maids-a-milking,
(well, actually I kept one of the ladies),
And sent them back collect.

I wrote my true love,
"We are through, love!"
And I said in so many words,
"Furthermore your Christmas gifts were for the
(Soprani) Birds!"
(Soprani) Birds!!!
(Everyone else) Four calling birds,
Three french hens,
Two turtle doves
And a partridge in a pear tree!"



Deck the Halls (Politically Correct Version)

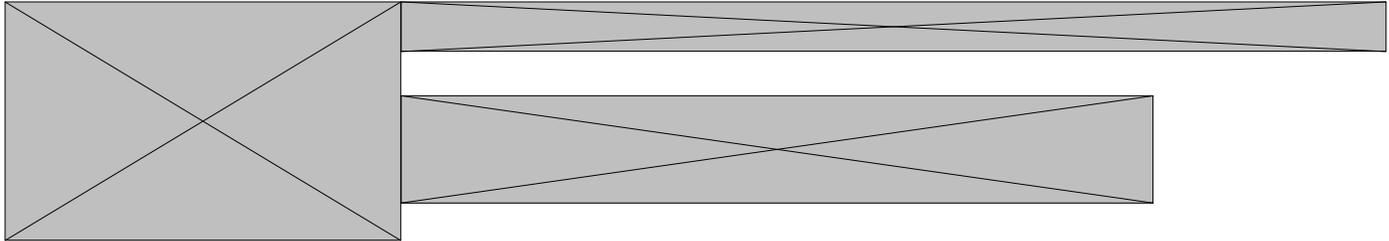
(To: Deck The Halls)

Deck the halls with boughs of,
Non-endangered plant species,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Tis the season to be self-actualizing,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Don we now our alternate-lifestyle apparel,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Toll the ancient,
Non-denominational-winter-solstice-holiday carol
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

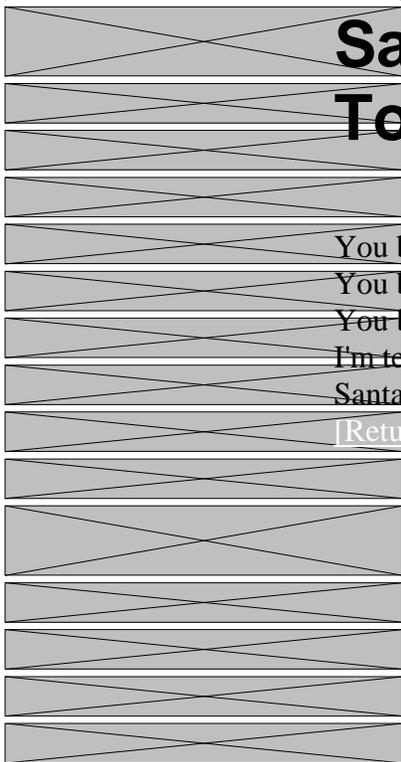
See the blazing log of,
Non-denominational-winter-solstice-,
Holiday-non-endangered wood before us,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Play the harp without unnecessary,
Brutality and join the chorus,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Sing we emotionally stable,
In a collective group effort,
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Heedless of the weather patterns,
Despite the effects of global warming,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Fast away the mature year passes,
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Hail the new year without,
Any implicit ageism, ye persons,

Fa la la la la la la la,
Dance in a non-hierarchical,
Manner in merry measure,
Fa la la la la la la la,
While I tell of non-materialistic,
non-denominational-winter-solstice-holiday
treasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

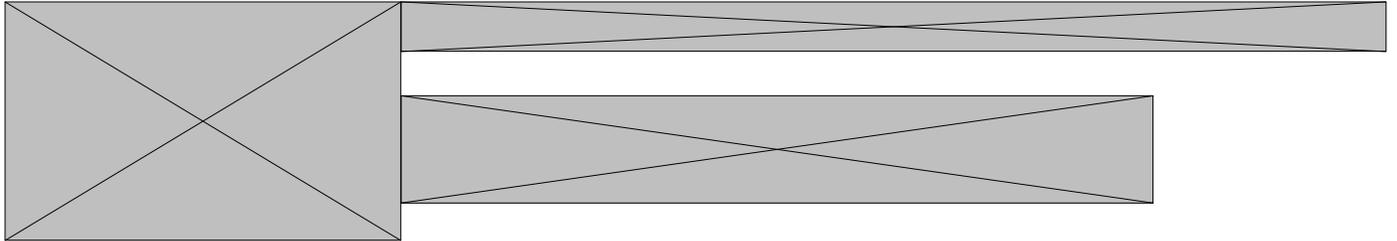


Santa Claus is Coming to Town



You better watch out,
You better not cry,
You better not pout,
I'm telling you why,
Santa Claus is dead.

[Return]



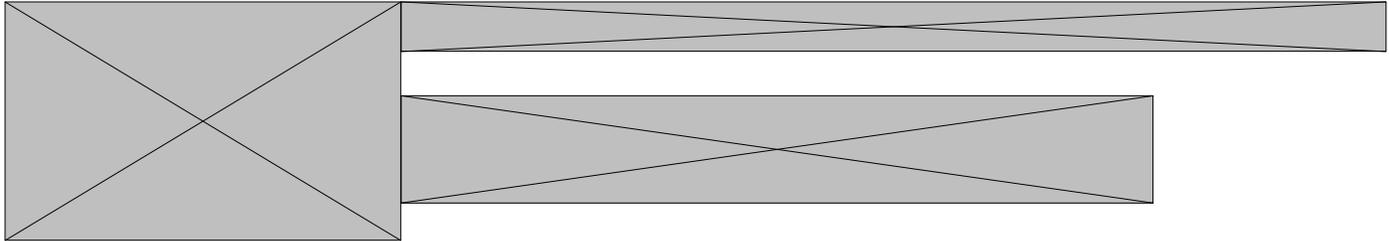
The Restroom Door Said Gentlemen

(To: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

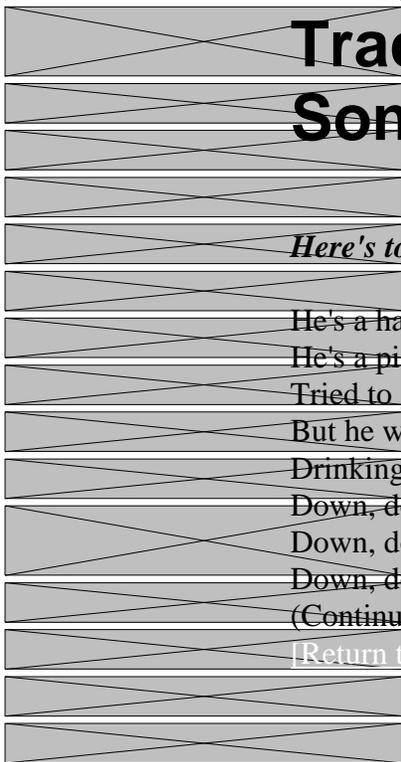
The restroom door said 'Gentlemen'
So I just walked inside.
I took two steps and realized,
I'd been taken for a ride.
I heard high voices,
Turned and found the place was occupied,
By three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse.
What could be worse,
Than three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse?

The restroom door said 'Gentlemen'
It must have been a gag.
As soon as I walked in,
I ran into some old hag.
She sprayed me with a can of mace,
And hit me with her bag.
It just wasn't turning out to be my day.
What can I say?
It just wasn't turning out to be my day!

The restroom door said 'Gentlemen',
And I would like to find,
The crummy little creep,
Who had the nerve to switch the sign.
Because I've got two black eyes,
And one high heel up my behind.
Now I'll never sit in comfort or joy.
Boy oh boy!
Now I'll never sit in comfort or joy.



Traditional Down Down Song



Here's to _____, he's true blue.

He's a hasher through and through,

He's a pisspot so they say.

Tried to get to heaven,

But he went the other way.

Drinking down, down, down, down,

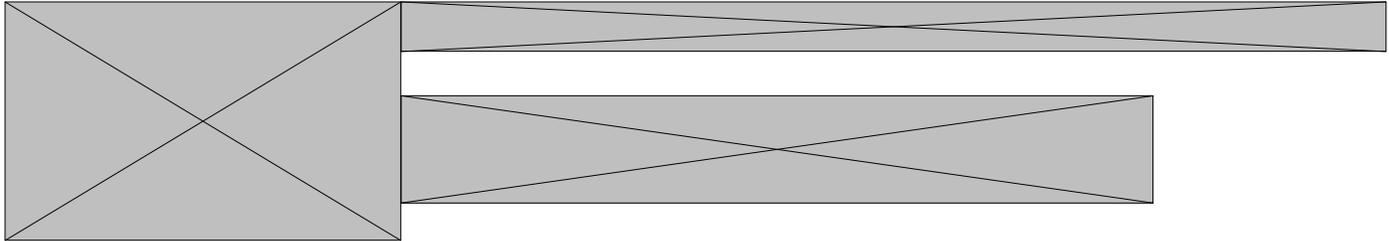
Down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down,

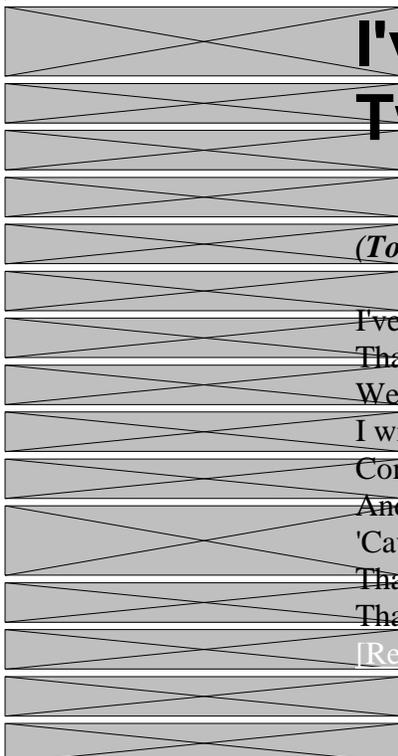
Down, down, down, down.

(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")

[Return t



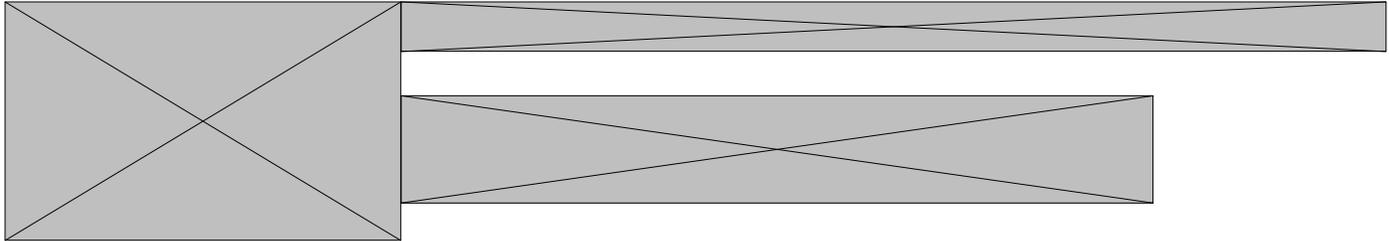
I've Got a Start on a Twelve-Inch Hard On



(To "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover")

I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard on,
That I've had all af-ter-noon.
Went to the doctor, he told me to cough.
I wish that he would, have whacked it right off!
Come to me, Venus, mas-sage my penis,
And shrivel it like a prune,
'Cause I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard on,
That I'll probably have till June, till June,
That I'll probably have till June.

[Re



Traditional Down Down Song

III

Here's to _____, he don't screw,

He's a asshole, through and through,

He's a shithead, so they say,

Tried to be a hetro,

But he went the other way.

Drinking down, down, down, down,

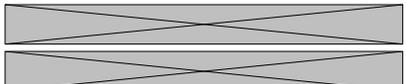
Down, down, down, down,

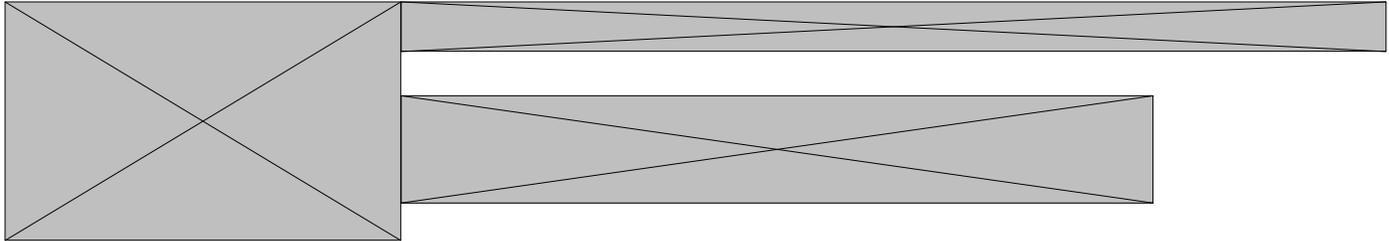
Down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down.

(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")

[Return to





Why Are We Waiting?

(To: Oh, Come All Ye Faithful)

(Good for slow drinkers at the
Down Down, hurrying up barmaids
or slow beermasters and mismanagement.)

Why are we waiting,
Could be masturbating,
Oh, why are we wa-ai-ting,
So fuck-ing long.

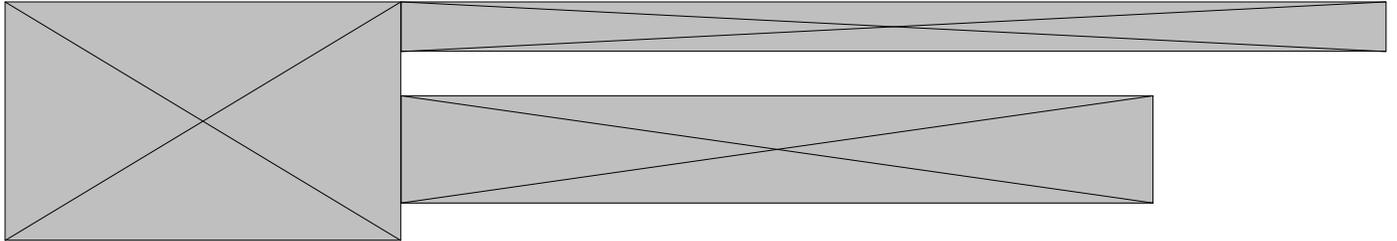
Why are we wait-ing,
Could be fornicating,
Oh, why-y are we wait-ing?
Oh, why-y are we wait-ing?
Oh, why-y are we wait-ing,
So fucking long!

(repeat as needed)

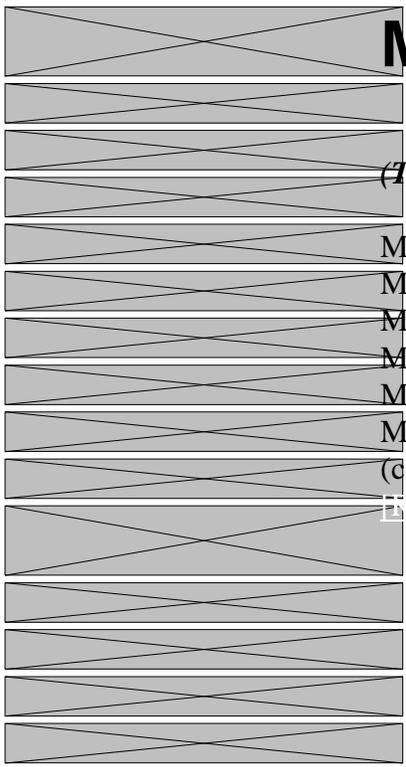
(Cleaner version for public singing.)

Why are we wait-ing,
Why-y are we waiting,
Oh, why are we wa-ai-ting
Oh why, why, why?
Why are we wait-ing,
Why-y are we wa-ai-ting?
Oh, why-y are we wait-ing?
Oh, why-y are we wait-ing?
Oh, why-y are we wait-ing,
Oh, why, why, why?

(repeat as needed)

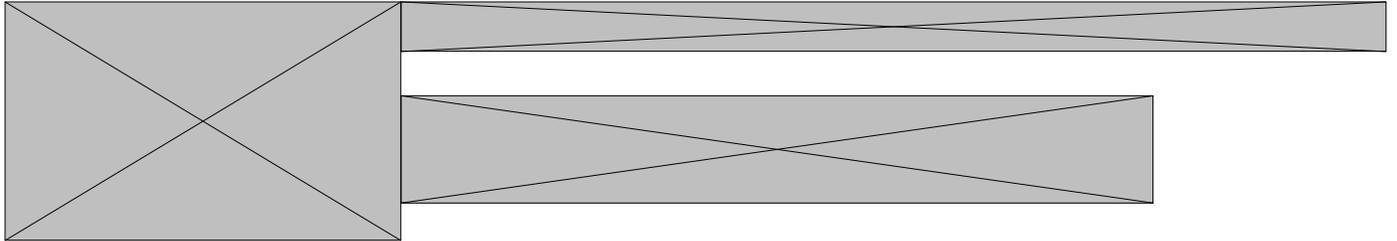


More Beer



(To: Amazing Grace)

More beer, mo-ore beer,
More beer, more beer,
More beer, mo-ore beer, mo-ore beer.
More be-er, mo-ore beer,
More be-er, mo-ore beer,
More beer, mo-ore beer, more beer.
(continue as needed)



He's Got the Whole Bitch In His Hands

(To: He's Got the Whole World in His Hands)

(Works better if you have a very accomodating female to play model, particularly a girlfriend or spouse of "He". This can be a very seductive display with the right model and demonstrator.

Pack should clap to song.)

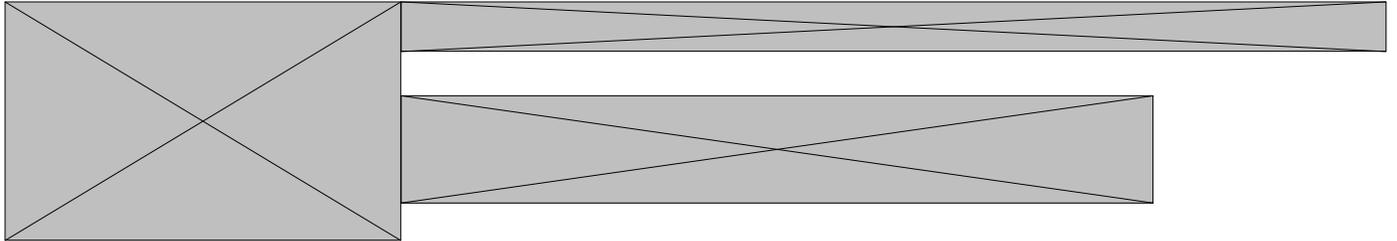
He's got the left foot in his hands,
(toe sucking appropriate here)
He's got the whole left fo-ot in his hands,
He's got the left foot in his hands,
He's got the left foot his hands.

He's got the right foot in his hands,
He's got the whole right foot in his hands,
He's got the right foot in his hands,
He's got the right foot in his hands.

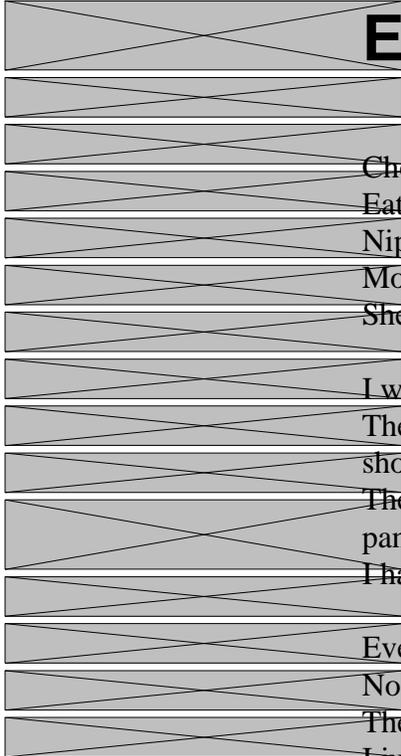
(Continues with various body parts, use your imagination.)
He's got the...

Left thigh in his hands.
(Optionally licks thigh as model permits)
Right thigh in his hands.
Left cheek in his hand.
(grabs behind model for ass cheek
With left hand and grinds)

Right cheek in his hand.
(grabs with both hands and grinds,
Continues to hold cheeks and grind
with next lines.)
Left tit in his mouth.
Right tit in his mouth.
Whole bitch in his hands.



Eat-Bite Song



Chorus

Eat-bite fuck suck gobble nibble chew,
Nipple busom hair-pie finger-fuck screw,
Moose-piss cat-pud Orangutang-tit,
Sheep-pussy camel-crap pig-n-lion shit.

I went to a party and what they do?
They took off their socks and took off their
shoes.

They took off their shirts and took off their
pants.

I had a hunch we wern't gonna dance.

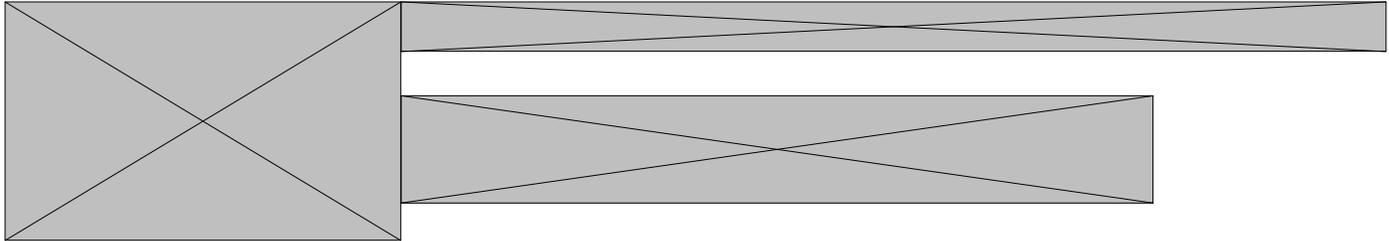
Everybody's Everybody's ass was bare.

No broads left, just a queer over there.

The whole damn thing didn't phase me a bit.

I just jumped on the pile and grabbed some tit.

Now my baby's not a sports-fan.
But she plays the balls whenever she can.
'Cause her favorite sport you see.
Is playing tonsil... hockey.



The Full Moon Howlers



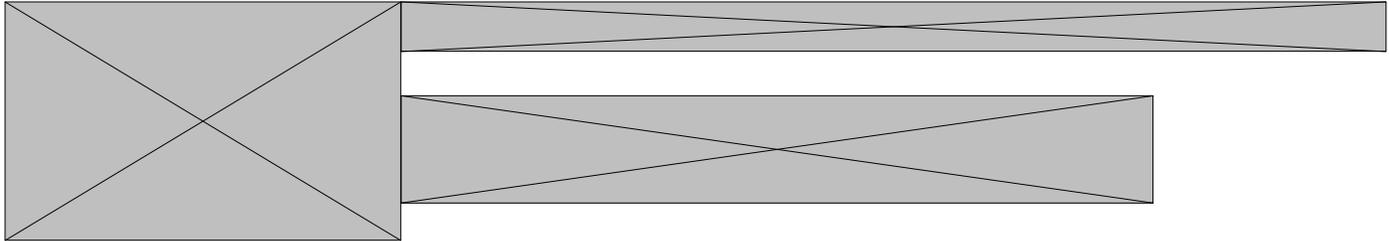
(To: "Sejle opad aaen")

(Danish traditional tune,
sailing up the river)

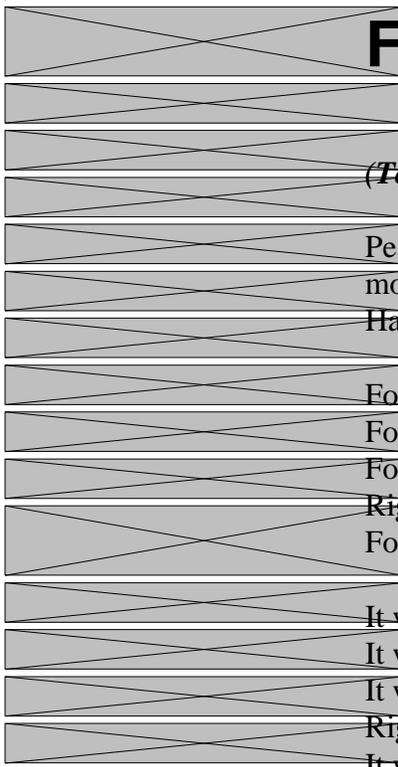
We are the full mOOn ho-o-o-o-o-owlers
Sly mid-night prow-lers are we,
We "mOOn" the spooks,
Drink wit-ches' brew,
'Cause we're sons of bit-ches just like you,

We live by the ca-nine co-o-o-o-o-o-odex,
Hear up, we'll teach it to you:
"If you can't eat,
or screw it, then,
Piss on it, Piss on it, once a-gain!"

For we are the full mOOn ho-o-o-o-o-owlers,
HO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-WL.



Found a Penis



*(To: the old children's song "Found a Peanut",
more appropriate for harriettes to sing.
Harriers can substitute pussy for penis.)*

Found a penis,
Found a penis,
Found a penis ri-ight now.
Right now I found a penis,
Found a penis ri-ight now.

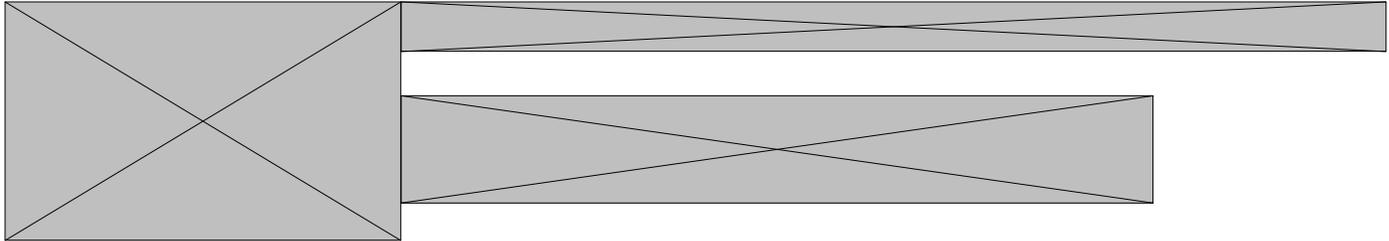
It was dripping,
It was dripping,
It was dripping ri-ight now.
Right now it was a dripping,
It was dripping ri-ight now.

Ate it anyway,
Ate it anyway,
Ate it anyway ri-ight now.
Right now I ate it anyway,
Ate it anyway ri-ight now.

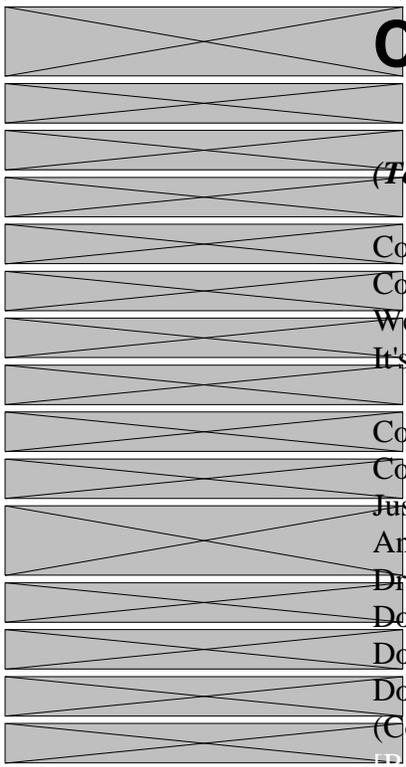
(Do the following lines in the same fashion as above)

Got the cla-app.
In my mou-outh.
Saw the doctor.
Took the needle.
Found another dick.
It looked healthy.
So I ate it.
Got si-ick.

Saw the doctor.
It was a-aids.
Then I di-ied.
Went to Hea-ven.
Found a Penis.
Ate it anyway.
(Make up your own variations)



Consider Yourself

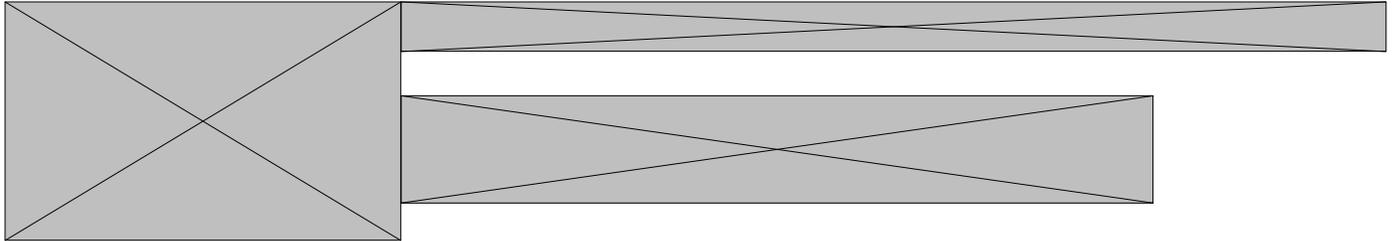


(To: the same from "Oliver")

Consider yourself, On Home,
Consider yourself, one of the harriers,
We've taken to you, so strong,
It's clear, we're, going to get along.

Consider yourself, Vir-gin,
Consider yourself, part of festivities,
Just grab up that mug, don't fear,
And drink, up, or wear your next beer.
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.

(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")



Oral Sex

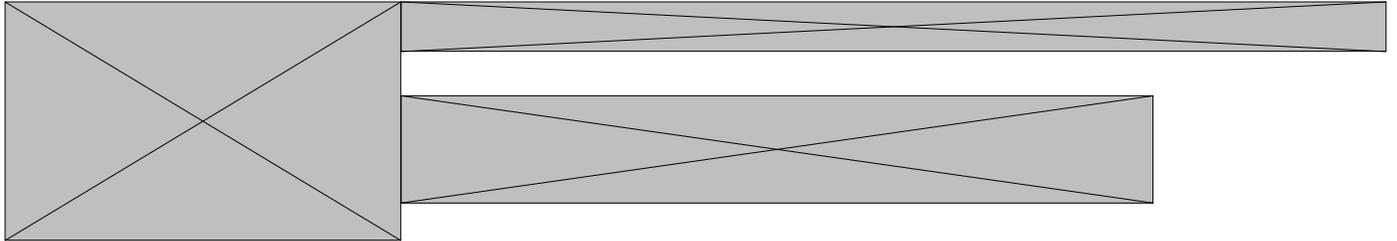
(To: "Oklahoma")

O.....ral sex is every,
Hasher's dream come true!
With my lips so sweet,
Upon his meat,
In a moment he'll begin to spew!

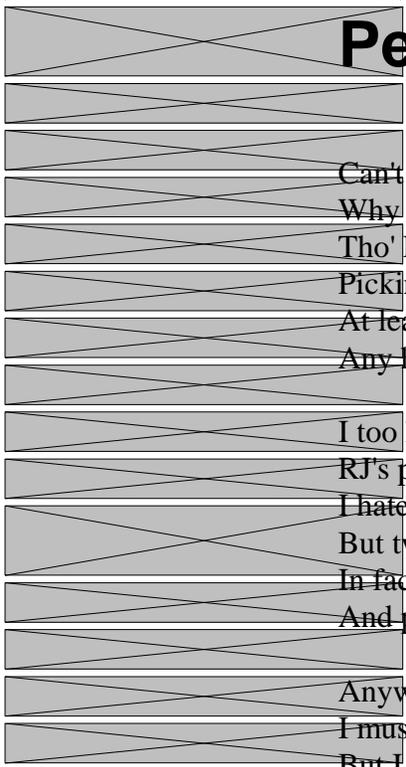
O.....ral sex, every night,
My Honey-Lamb and I,
Practice 69,
And it's so fine,
That it brings a tear to my eye.

Oral sex with a Hasher is grand,
'Cause a tongue is more fun than a hand!

So when I saaay,
Yippee Yippee Oh I Aaaa,
That means I'm having,
Oral Sex with a Hasher,
Oral sex, O-R-A-L-S-E-X,
Oral sex is, OK!



Pecker Picker

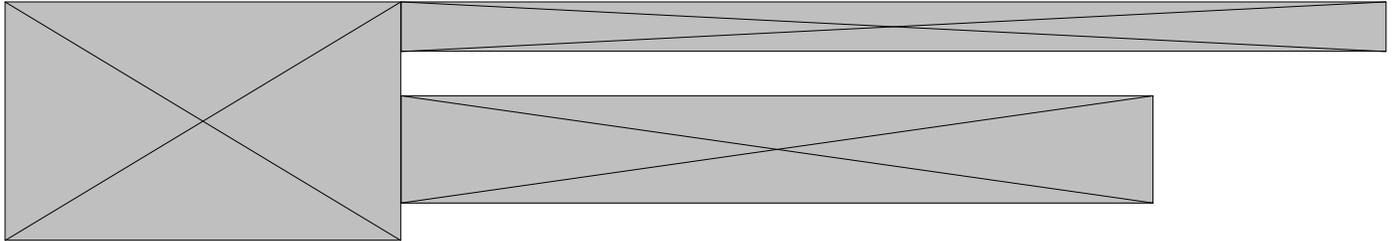


Can't understand it - can't comprehend,
Why someone thinks I'd eat a friend,
Tho' Pecker Picker is the name,
Picking peckers is not the game,
At least not to peck my way around,
Any hasher who's flat out on the ground.

I too heard the rumour a harriette,
RJ's pecker got down and ate,
I hate to disappoint you all,
But twasn't me who had a "ball",
In fact I heard the very same gossip,
And put it down to just a fib.

Anyway when all is said and done,
I must admit I like to have fun,
But I am choosy about whose dick,
Gets the privliledge of a peck and pick,
And as much as I like old RJ,
Twasn't me got down on him that day

I was far too busy getting it on,
With someone other than R. Jon,
So the moral of the story thus,
I can't understand all this fuss,
About someone getting a blow job,
And a harriette who got a sore gob.



If I Were the Marrying Kind

Chorus

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a-

Rugby full-back.

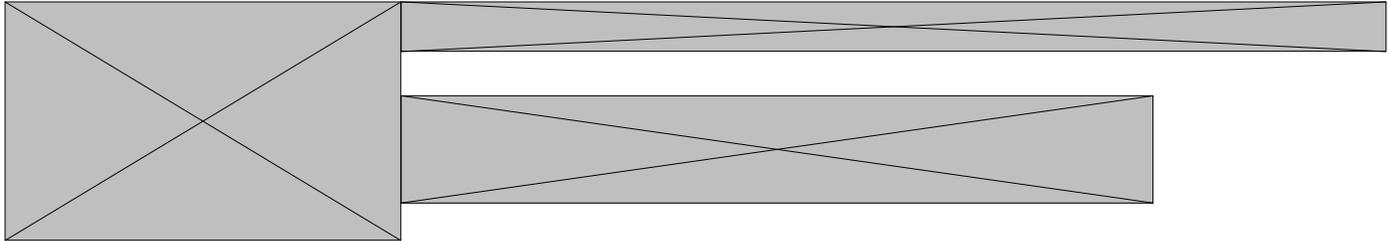
And he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,
We'd both find touch together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Finding touch together.

Wing three-quarter.

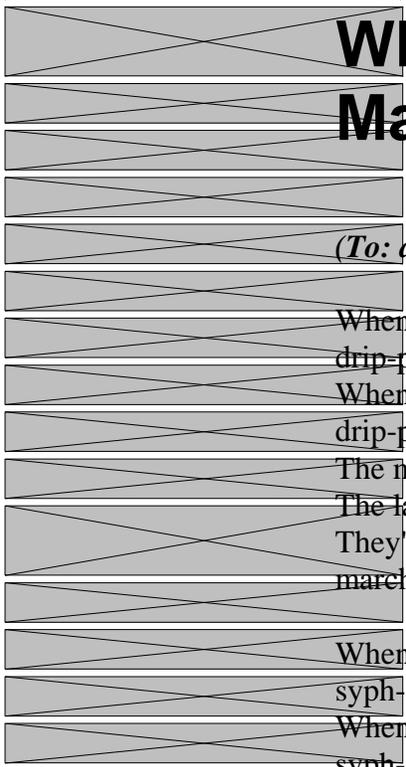
And he'd go hard, and I'd go hard,
We'd both go hard together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Going hard together.

(Substitute the positions and actions for the above.)

Rugby scrum-half put it in
Rugby hooker strike hard
Big prop forward bind tight
Referee blow
Hash house harrier down down (last: Doing down downs..)



When Johnny Comes Marching Home



(To: as its namesake)

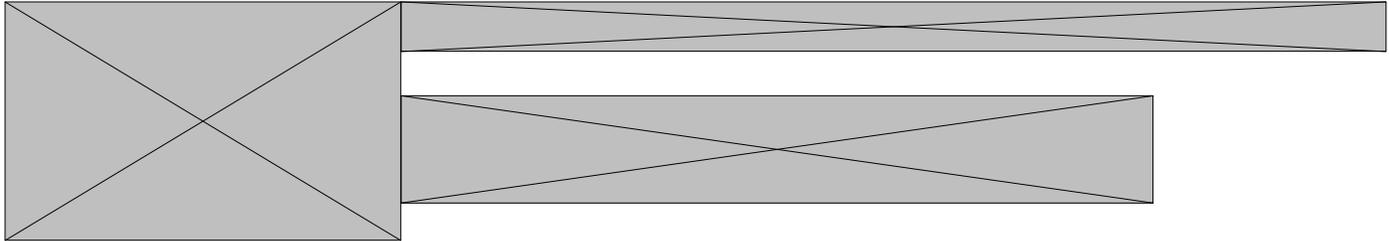
When Johnny comes marching home again, with
drip-ping dick,
When Johnny comes marching home again, with
drip-ping dick.

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies will shun him and kick him out.
They'll wish they're gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

When Johnny comes marching home again, with
syph-illus,

When Johnny comes marching home again, with
syph-illus.
The wives will sorrow and lassies will cry,
They'll miss the pleasures that made them sigh.
They'll wish they're gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

When Johnny comes marching home again, with aids,
with aids,
When Johnny comes marching home again, with aids,
with aids.
The funeral wreath is ready now,
The women will place it upon his brow.
They'll wish they're gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

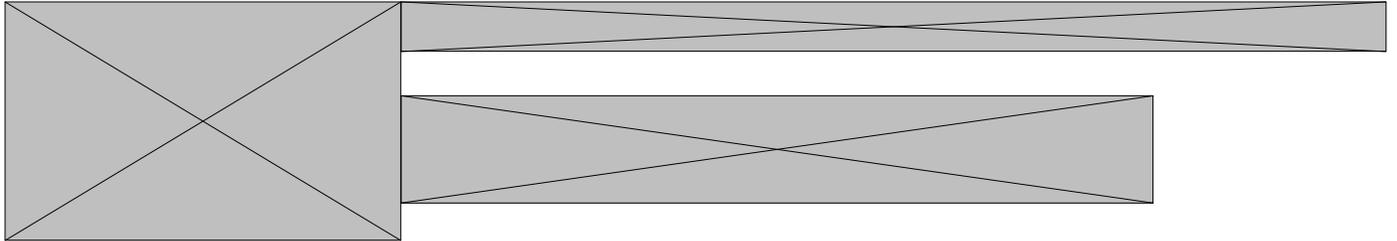


Are You Lonesome Tonight?

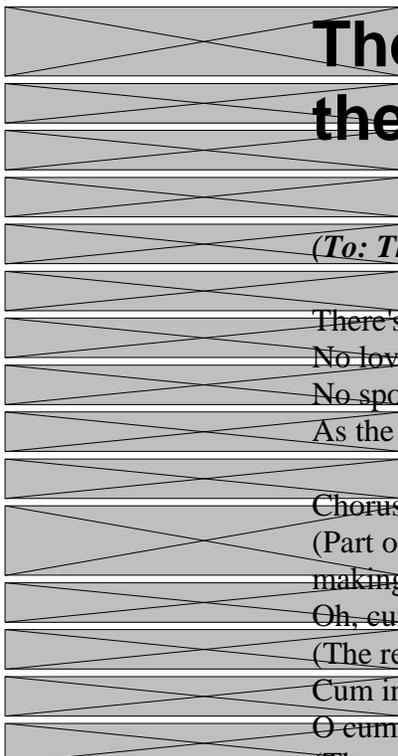
(To: song of same name [Elvis])

Are you lonesome tonight,
Is the hash out of sight,
Are you sorry you strayed from the trail?
Does your throat get real dry,
Underneath the hot sky,
When you think of the beer to you wail?
Do the sores on your feet seem to blister and pus?
Do you gaze down the road and you wish for a bus?
Are your legs filled with pain,
Will you shortcut again,
Tell me fool are you lonesome tonight?

[REU]



The Little Brown Shitter in the Vale



(To: The Little Brown Church in the Vale)

There's a toilet in the valley by the wildwood,
No lov-li-er place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my chi-ild-hood,
As the lit-tle brown shitter in the vale.

Chorus

(Part of the pack starts singing background making masterbating gestures with each word)

Oh, cum, cum, cum, cum, ...

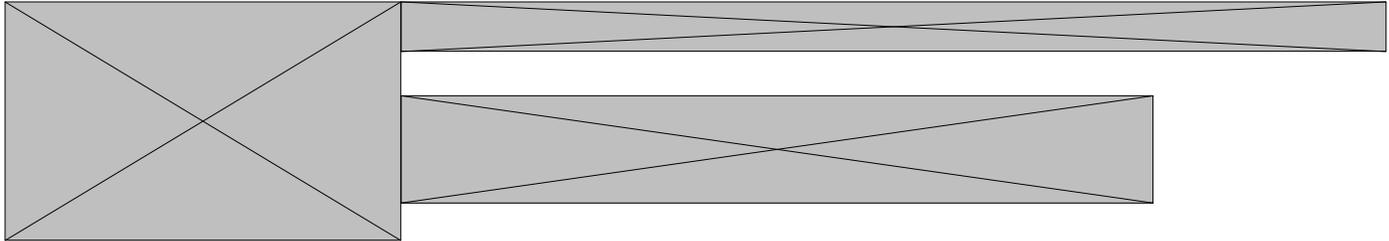
(The rest of the pack joins in after four "cum's" and sings...)

Cum in the toilet in the in the wild-wood,
O cum in the shitter in the dale.

(Then all together sing...)

No spot is so dear to my chi-ild-hood,
As the lit-tle brown shitter in the vale.

How nice in the morning when you're horn-y,
To find a quite place to set your tail,
Re-lease is just a few stokes in pri-va-cy,
Then you cum in that shitter in the vale.



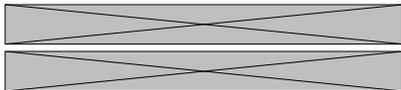
I Wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Weiner

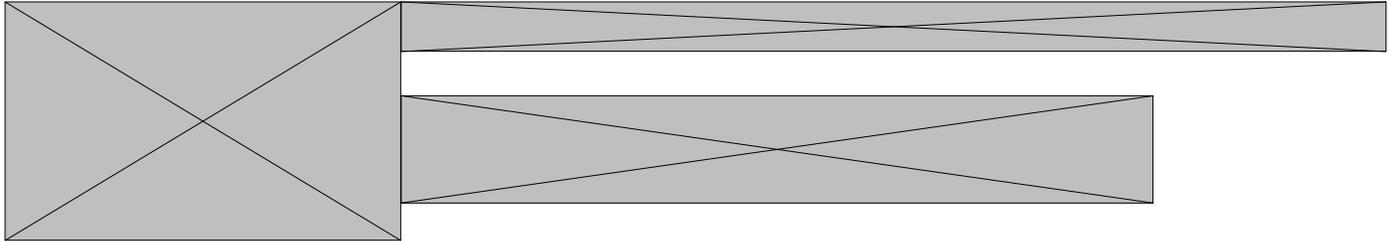
(To: jingle of same name)

Oh, I Wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Weiner,
That is what I'd really like to be-e-ee,
'Cause if I were an Oscar Meyer Weiner,
You'd like a weiner plug your cunt with me!

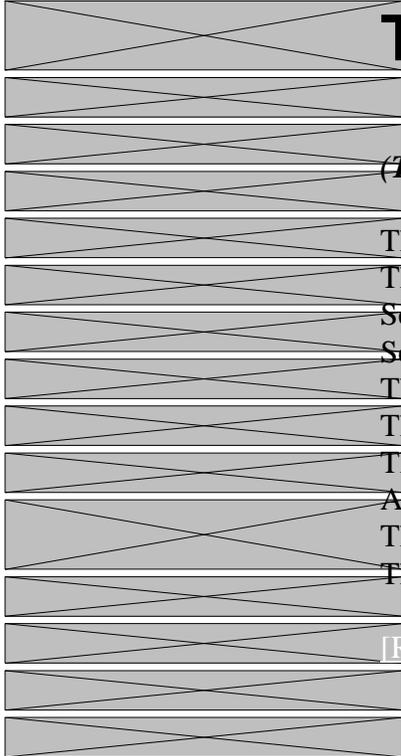
Oh, I Wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Weiner,
That is what I'd really like to be-e-ee,
'Cause like you use an Oscar Meyer Weiner,
There'd be really nothing left of me.

[Return to





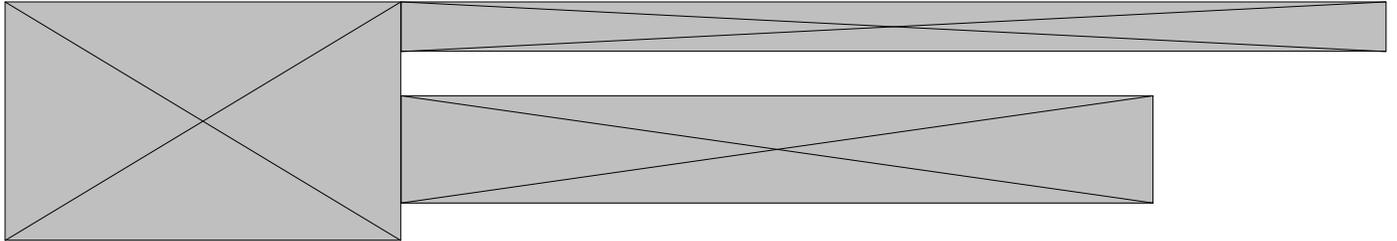
Three Blind Wanks



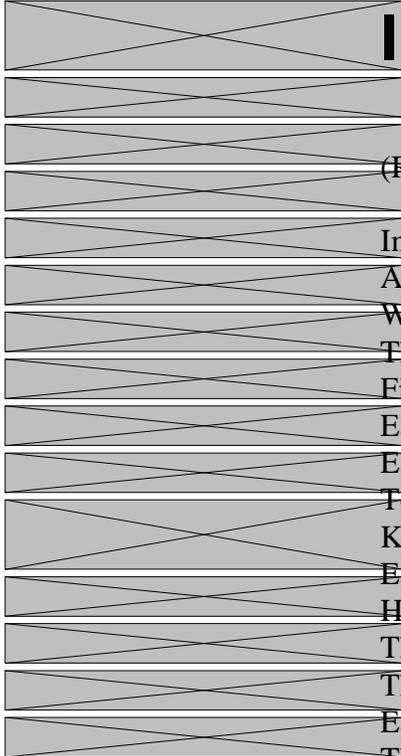
(To: Three Blind Mice)

Three blind wanks,
Three blind wanks,
See how they yank,
See how they yank,
Their Mothers said,
They'd be blind if they wanked.
They yanked out their puds,
And away they did wank,
Three blind wanks,
Three blind wanks.

E

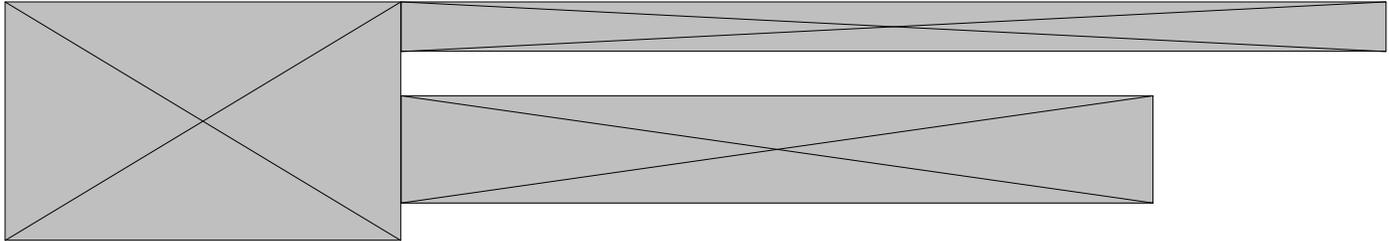


In Xanadu

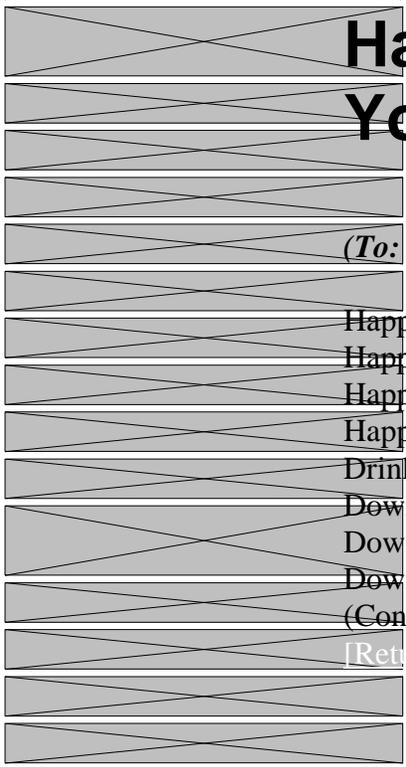


(Recited)

In Xanadu, did Kubla Khan,
A stately pleasure house decree,
Where Alph the great whoremonger ran,
Through bedrooms measureless to man,
Five hundred whores did business there,
Each one a sight so merry,
Each night a virgin was laid out,
To sacrifice her cherry.
Kubla Khan himself was there,
Each night to do the deed,
He offered her his mighty snake,
The virgin it would feed.
Three times explosions racked the room,
Each time that Khan did burst,
Then Alph would take the virgin over,
Just to quench his thirst,
That great house,
Those fine whores,
A virgin every night,
And Khan,
Living a life of ecstasy!

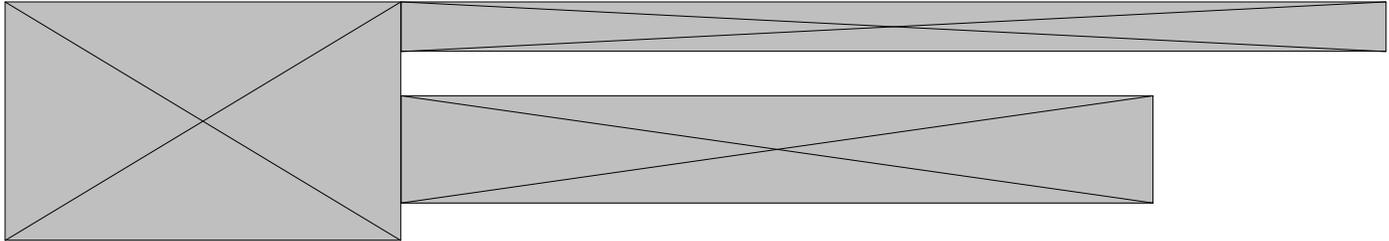


Happy Birthday Fuck You

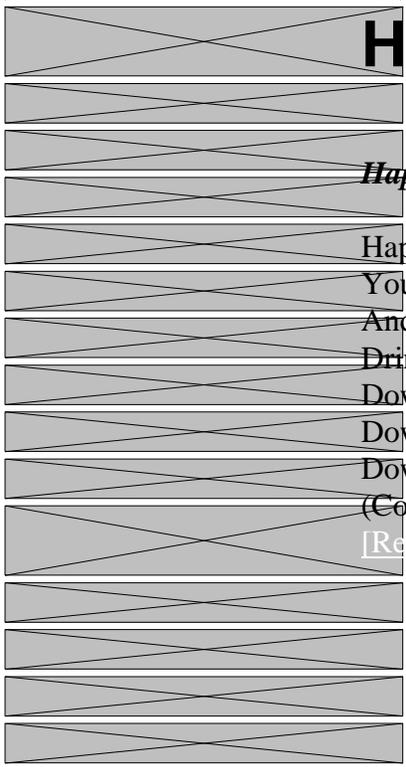


(To: The Birthday Song)

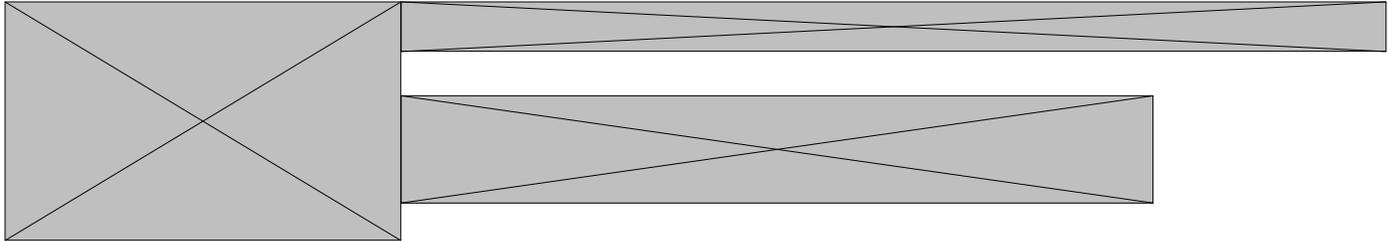
Happy birthday, fuck you,
Happy birthday, fuck you,
Happy birthday, you asshole,
Happy birthday, fuck you.
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")
[Ret]



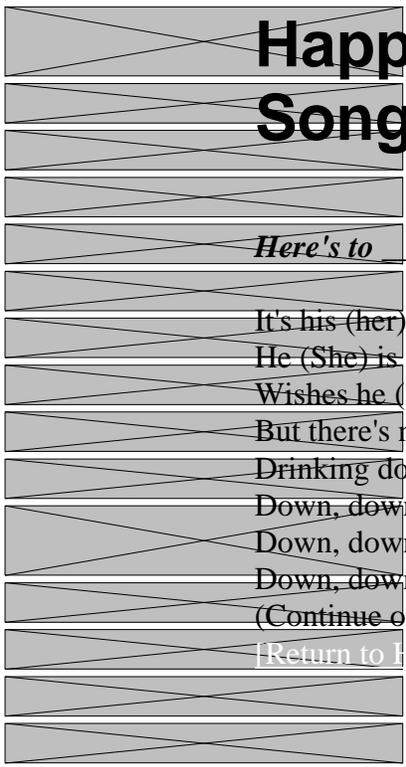
Happy Birthday to You



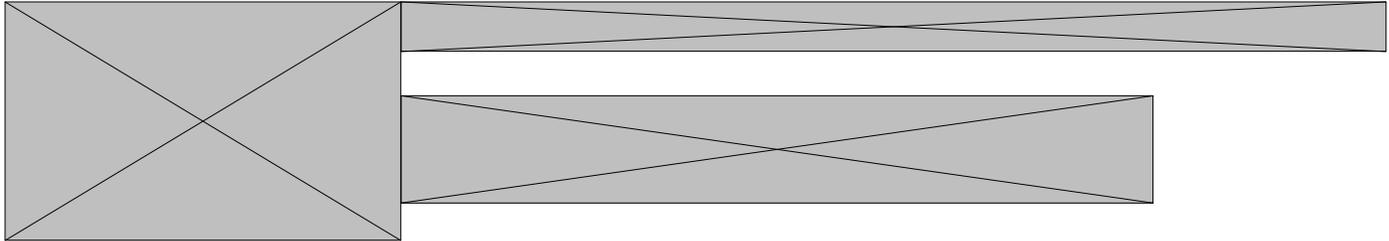
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
You look like a hasher,
And you smell like one too.
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")
[Re



Happy Birthday Down Down Song



Here's to _____, *he's (she's) true blue,*
It's his (her) birthday, boo hoo hoo,
He (She) is (age) if she's a day,
Wishes he (she) was younger,
But there's no way!
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")
[Return to I



You're 50 Years Old (or 30, 40, 60, etc.)

(To: Oliver!)

(Substitute any decade,
30, 40, 50, etc.)

You're 50 years old, _____.

You've finally reached half of a century.

We hope you've got what it takes,

To stay - a-live till you're 51!

Maybe it's time to take some respite,

From these trashing days;

The end of your hashing days is near,

Let's hope the hash brewmaster,

Doesn't kill you first,

With that home-brew shit he calls beer!

You're 50 years old, _____.

Here's wishing you lots of luck,

And hoping that the future holds,

In store for you,

50 more years to fuck!

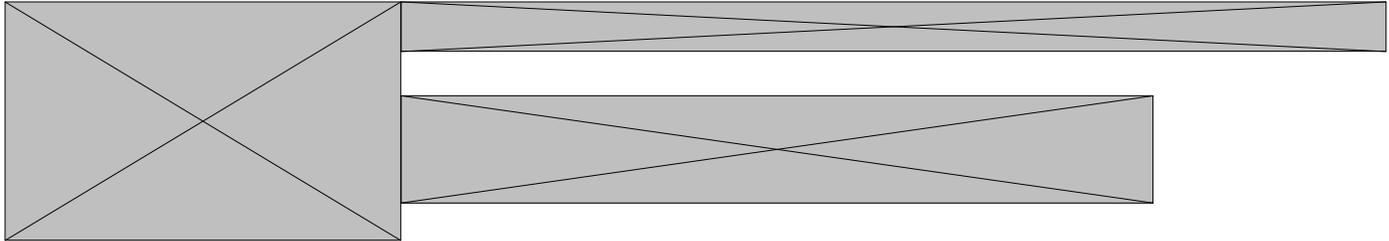
Drinking down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down,

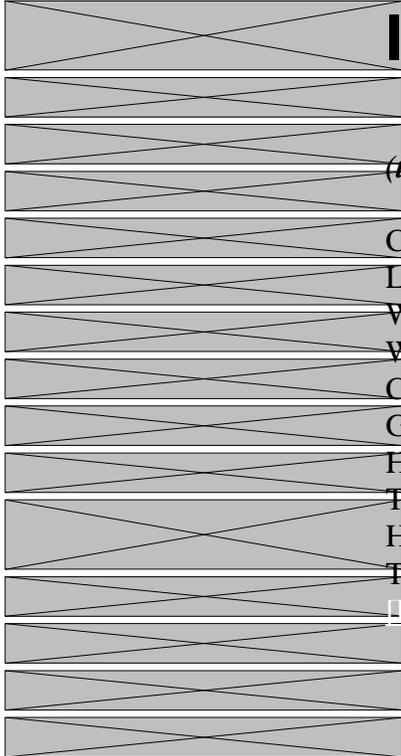
Down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down.

(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")

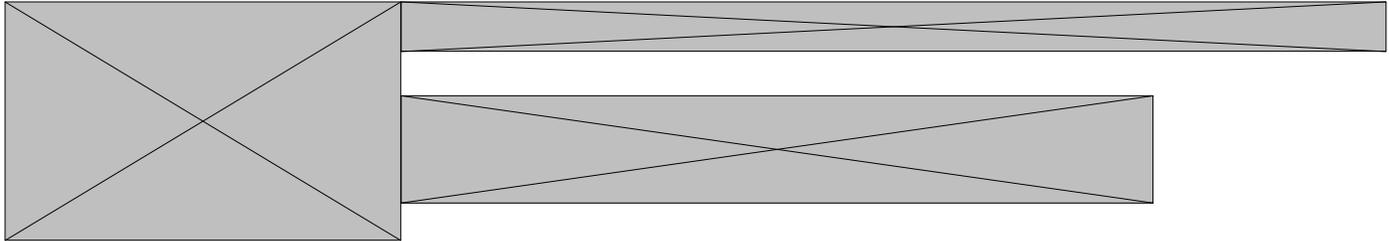


Interhasher Anthem

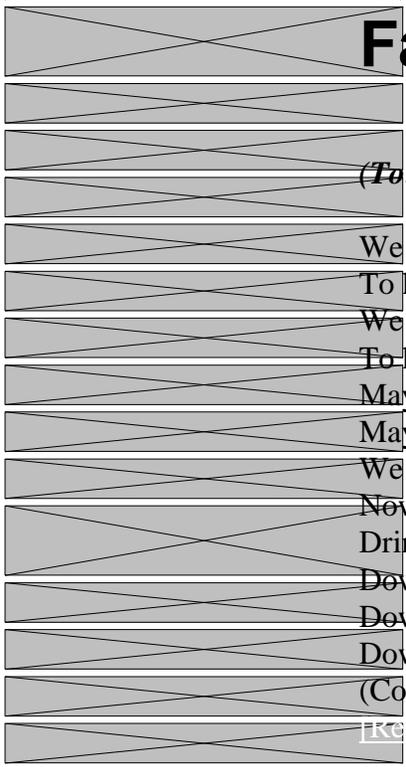


(to "Pomp and Circumstances")

Come on Interhashers,
Lift your beers and shout.
We are interhashers,
What we've got we flout.
Close the narrow circle,
Gather round the beer.
Hashing, Wanking, Drinking,
That is why we're here.
Hashing, Wanking, Drinking,
That is why we're here.

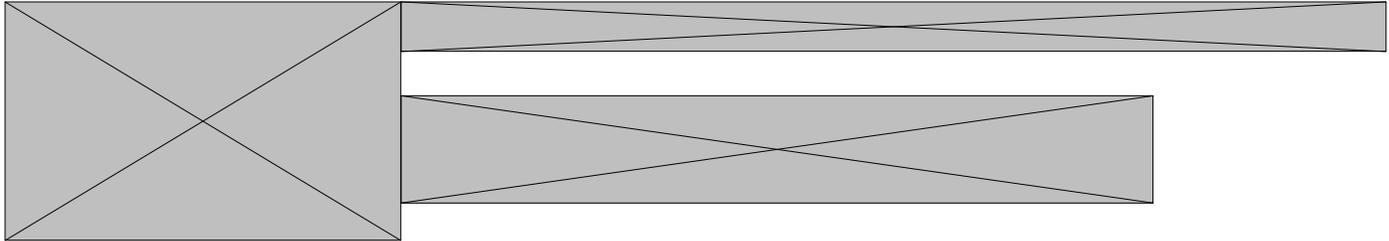


Farewell Song



(To: Auld Lang Syne)

We bid farewell to _____,
To hash in other lands,
We bid farewell to _____,
To hash in other lands.
May all your hash trails end with beer,
May all your trails have beer,
We bid farewell to _____,
Now here is one more beer.
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")
[KC]

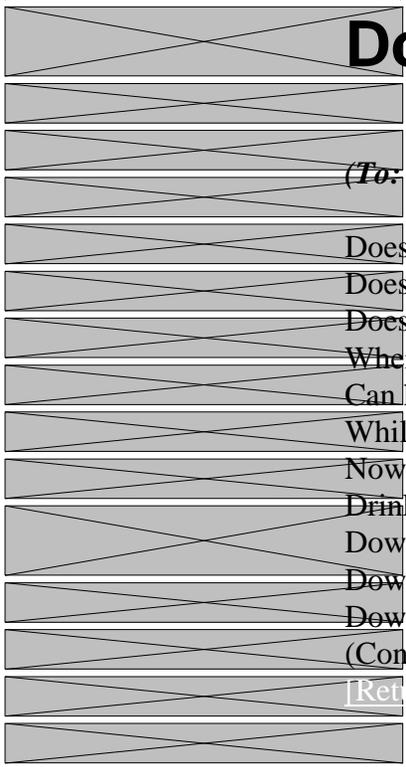


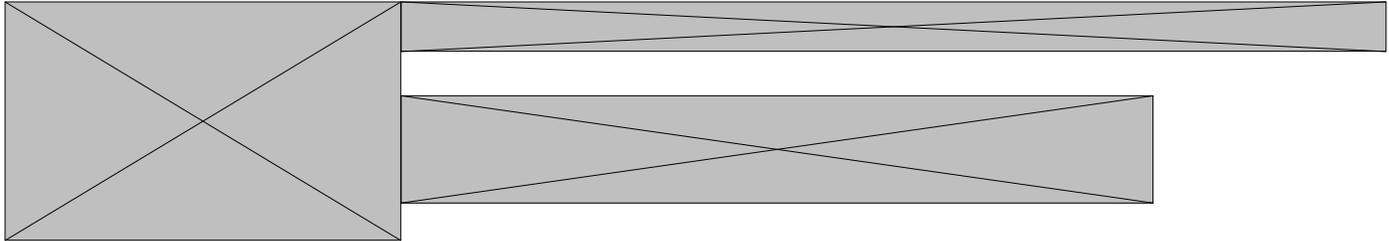
Does a Hasher?

(To: Sailor's Hornpipe)

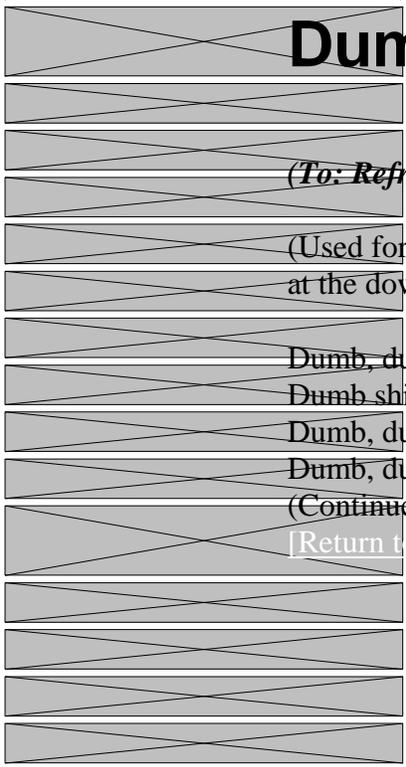
Does a hasher like to walk,
Does a hasher like to run,
Does a hasher like to be,
Where they're having all the fun?
Can he drink a 12-ounce beer,
While his friends all sing and cheer,
Now your time has come,
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")

[Ret





Dumb Shit



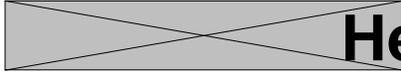
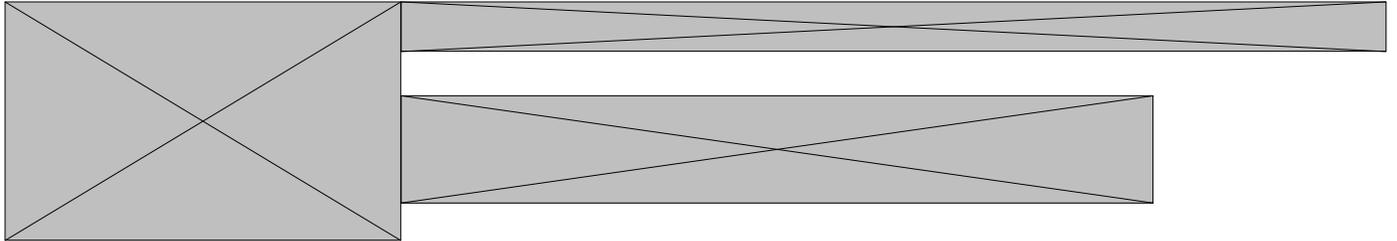
(To: Refrain from Music Man)

(Used for someone who screws up at the down down.)

Dumb, dumb, dumb shit,
Dumb shit, dumb shit,
Dumb, dumb, dumb shit,
Dumb, dumb, dumb.

(Continue as needed.)

[Return t



He's the Meanest



(To: Okinawa Down Down tune)



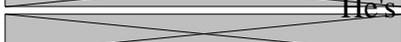
He's the meanest,



He sucks the horse's penis,



He's the meanest,



He's a horse's ass.



All he does is pound it,



Ever since he found it,



He's the meanest,



He's a horse's ass.



He's always pissing on us,



He's rotten and dishonest,



He's the meanest,



He's a horse's ass.

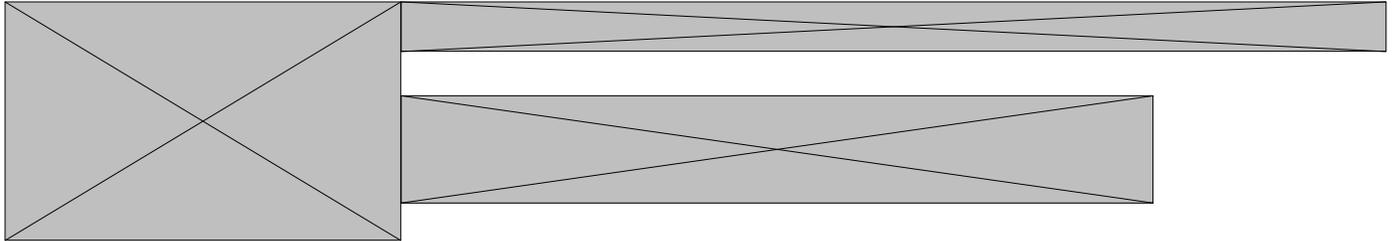
Drinking down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down,

Down, down, down, down.

(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")



Mr. Blue Balls



(To: Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dah)

Zip-a-dee-do-dah, zip-a-dee-day,
My oh my oh, what a miserable lay.

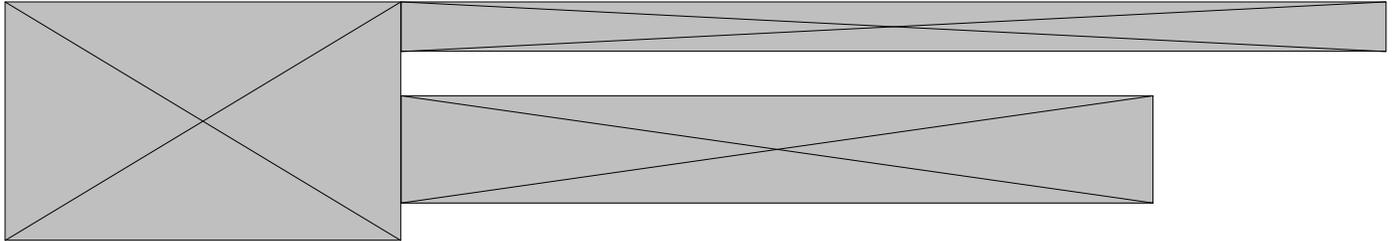
Chorus

Haring is great but,
Beerings the best,
Time for your down-down,
Put ice on the chest.

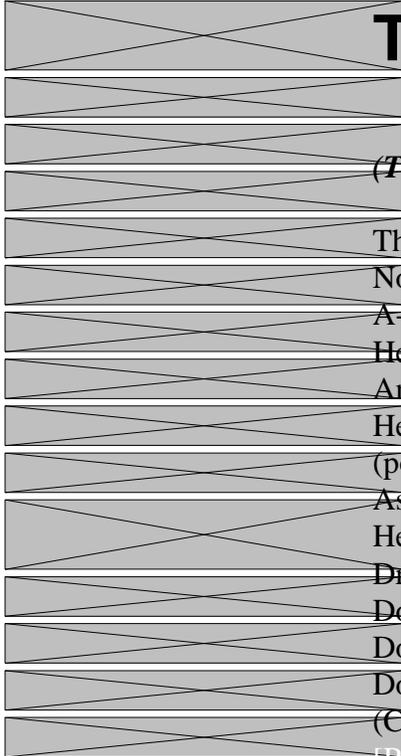
Slap your ass cheeks 'round that ice hole,
It's a fact,
It's irrefutable,
It's cold right on your pubicals.

Zip-a-dee-do-dah, zip-a-dee-day,
Down-downs are better than your miserable lay.

Mr. Blue Balls formed an icicle
He's all cold,
And furry too,
Better find something to screw.
Oh, zip-a-dee-do-dah, zip-a-dee-day,
Hope you like ice,
'Cause that's where you'll stay.
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")

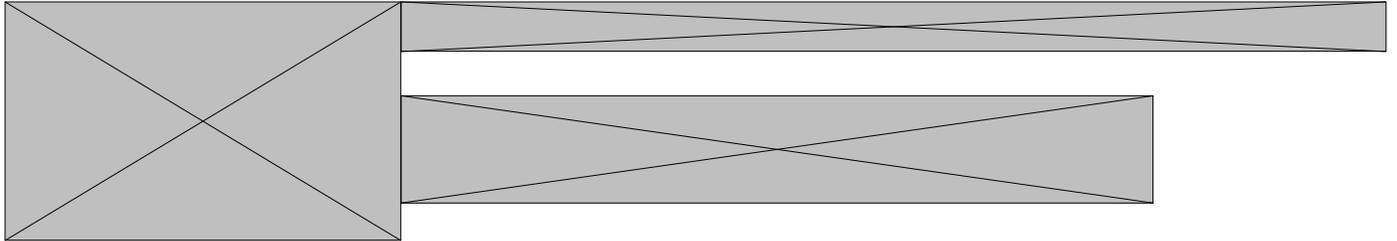


There Was a Little Bird

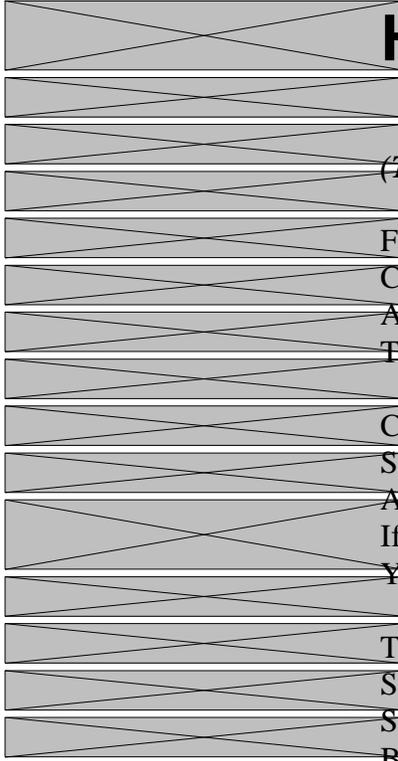


(To: tune of same)

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd,
A-sittin' on a telephone pole.
He ruffled up his neck,
And shit about a peck,
He puckered up his little asshole.
(point at violators)
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
He puckered up his little asshole.
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.
(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")



Hash Virgin Serenade



(To: Ball of Kerrymuir)

Four and twenty virgins,
Came out to this old hash,
And when the hash was over,
There were four and twenty less.

Chorus
Singing, balls to your partner,
Arse against the wall.
If ye canna get laid at this old hash,
Ye'll never get laid at all.

This fine young virgin she was there,
She had drank a bit too much,
Showing us her titties,
But sayin' we couldna touch.

This cocky virgin he was there,
Drinking Old Milwaukee's Best,
Showing the girls his tiny dick,
The girls they weren't impressed.

This other virgin she was there,
Talkin' 'bout givin' head,
But when it came to swallowin',
She would spit instead.

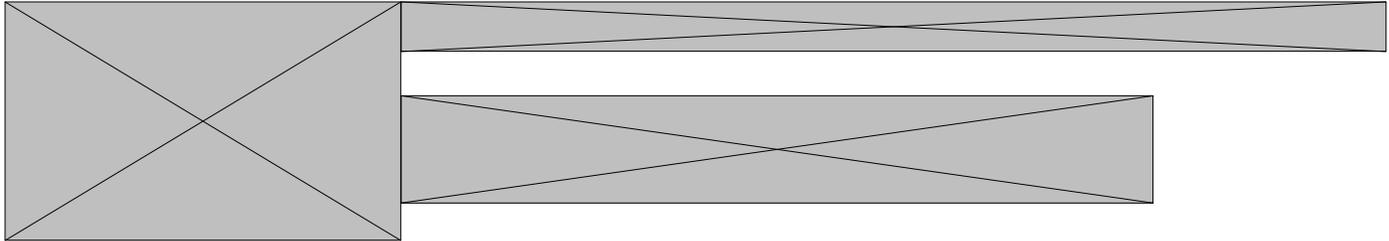
This other virgin he was there,
Askin' 'bout toe sucks,
The harriettes frowned and then they said,
"What do you want for three bucks?"

The other virgin SHE was there,
Givin' us all a great view,

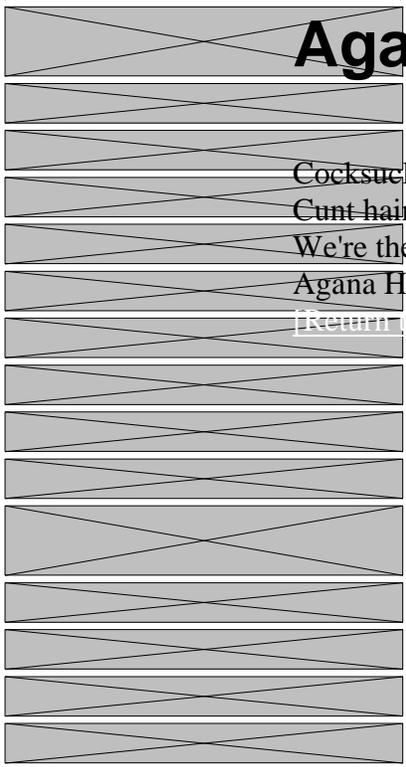
While dancing on the table,
She said she'd do the crew.

This other virgin HE was there,
Getting drunk as he could be,
And by the time the circle broke up,
He'd pissed a gallon of pee.

This fine young virgin she was there,
With legs all firm and tan,
Her shorts rode up her ass so tight,
They squeaked whenever she ran.

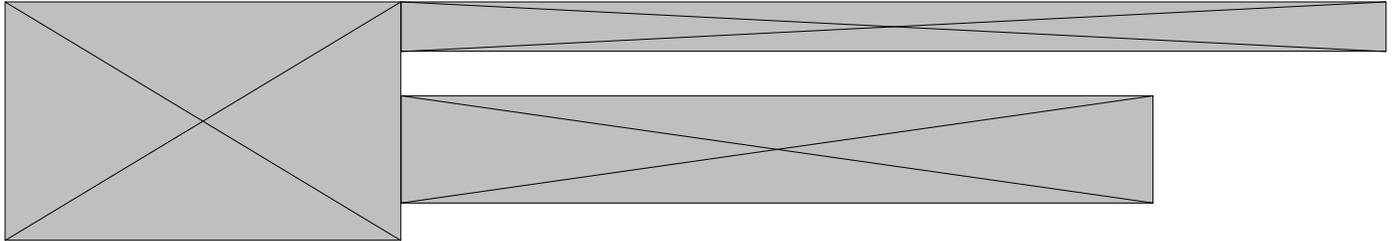


Agana HHH Chant

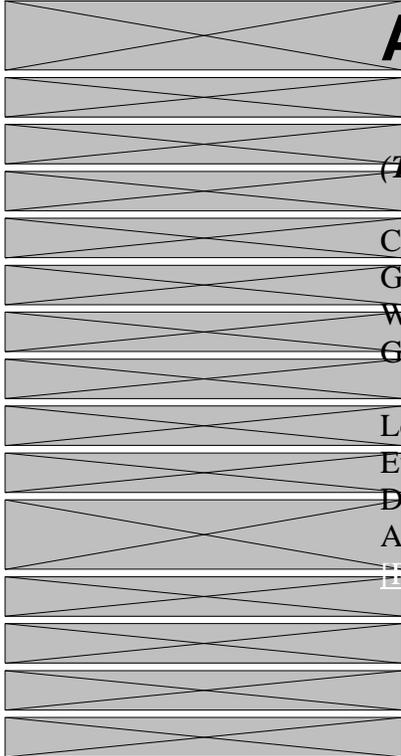


Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit,
Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your mother's tit.
We're the Agana Hash, all the others suck,
Agana Hash, Agana Hash, rah, rah, fuck!

[Return]



Aloha HHH Anthem

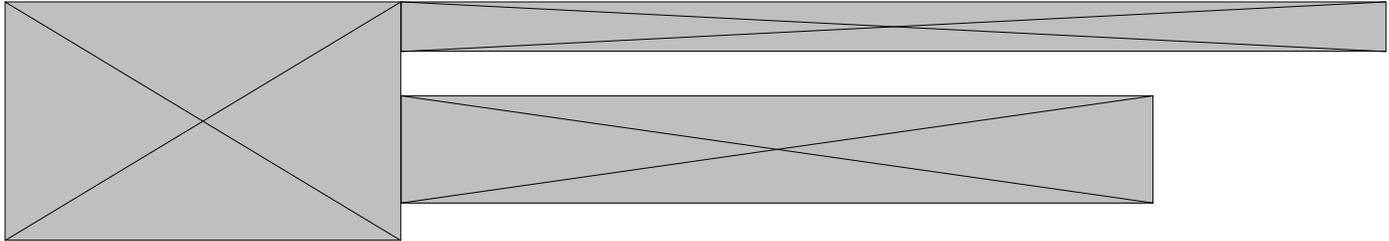


(To: Choral Stanza, Beethoven's 9th)

Come Aloha Hash House Harriers,
Get your asses in high gear,
Whiners, walkers, F-R-B-ers,
Gather 'round these mugs of beer.

Let the hashing spirit enter,
Ev'ry wanker here around,
Down-downs right and left and center
As we hashers chug 'em down.

H



Balibago Mount Arayat High

(To: Rocky Mountain High)

(Used as the Angeles HHH Anthem)

She was born in a grass hut,
In a field in Cebu.
Destined to a life of poverty.
But at the age of thirteen,
She had a change of heart,
And moved to downtown Angeles.

Chorus

Where the Balibago Mount Arayat High,
I've seen it raining pesos in the sky.
Sit around Fields Avenue and screw the TDY.
Mt Arayat High, Balibago,
Mt Arayat High, Balibago.

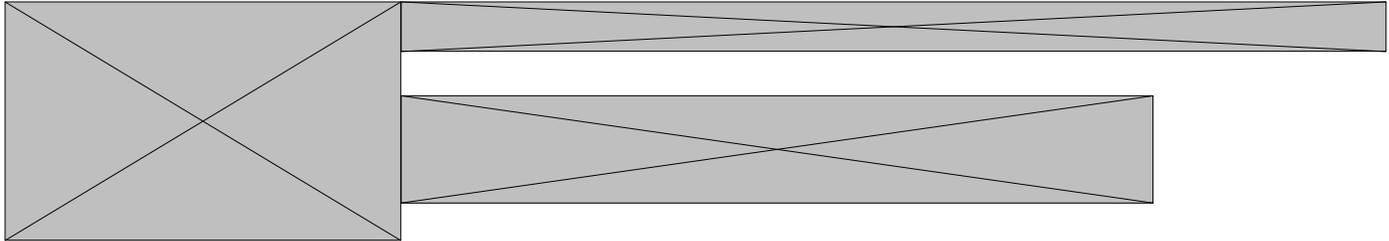
She hopped in a jeepney,
With a stump-broke carabao,
To a place she'd heard about before,
She's learned to pick up pesos,
From a bottle of San Miguel,
Working overtime giving blowjobs in Astro Park.

She heard the pay was better,
Down in Subic Bay.
Especially when the fleet was in.
So, she hopped a victory liner,
All the way to Olongapo
Where she learned to do the banana-cutter show.

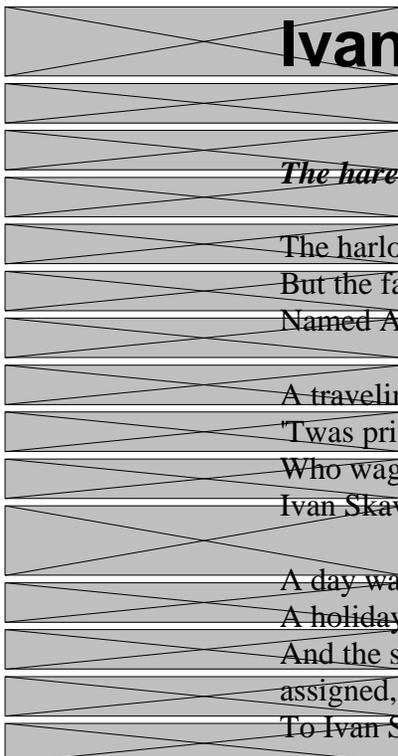
She's learned to do the circuit,
From Kim Hae to Taegu
Keeping Team Spirit troops alive.

She's a great tent heater,
And she blows without kimche breath,
All the boys along the DMZ.

She married a lieutenant,
And got a visa to the States.
The hope and dream of all the bar girls here.
But after a winter in Minot,
She froze her little twat,
And caught the freedom bird back to Angeles.



Ivan Skavinsky Scavar



The harems of Egypt are fine to behold,

The harlots the fairest of fair,
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik,
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A traveling brothel came down from the north,
'Twas privately run for the Tsar,
Who wagered a hundred no one could out-shag,
Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar,
And the streets were all lined with the harlots
assigned,
To Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

All hairs they were shorn, no frenchies were worn,
And this suited Abdul by far,
And he'd quite set his mind on a fast action
grind,
To beat Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

Old Abdul came in with a snatch by his side,
His eye bore a leer of desire,
And he started to brag how he would out shag,
Ivan Scavinski Scavar.

They met on the track with cocks at the slack,
A starter's gun punctured the air,
They were both quick to rise; the crowd gaped at
the size,
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

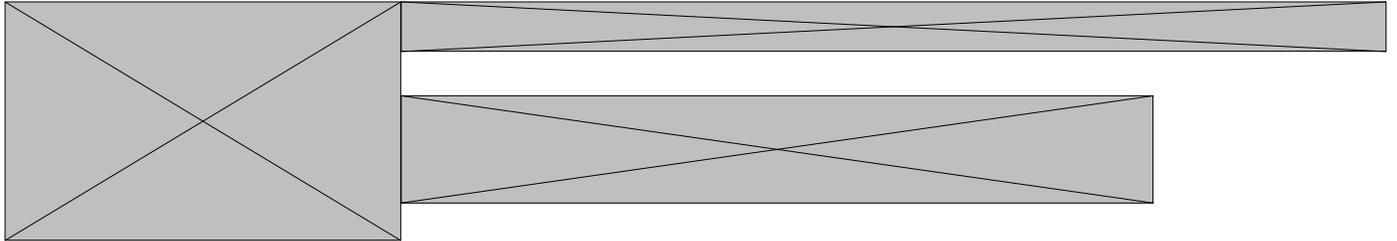
They worked all the night in the pale yellow

light,
Old Abdul he revved like a car,
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

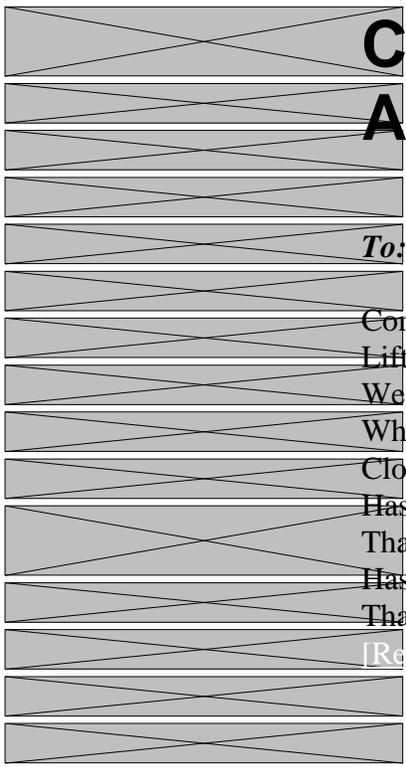
So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,
He bent down to polish the pair,
When something red hot up his back passage shot,
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green; the crowd shouted
"Queen!"
They were ordered apart by the Tsar.
'Twas bloody bad luck for poor Abdul was stuck,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

The cream of the joke came when they broke,
'Twas laughed at for years by the Tsar,
For Abdul the fool has left half of his tool,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.



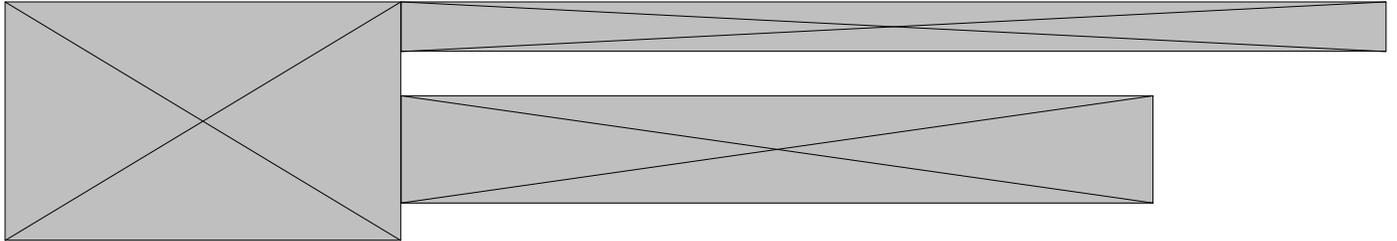
Copenhagen HHH Anthem



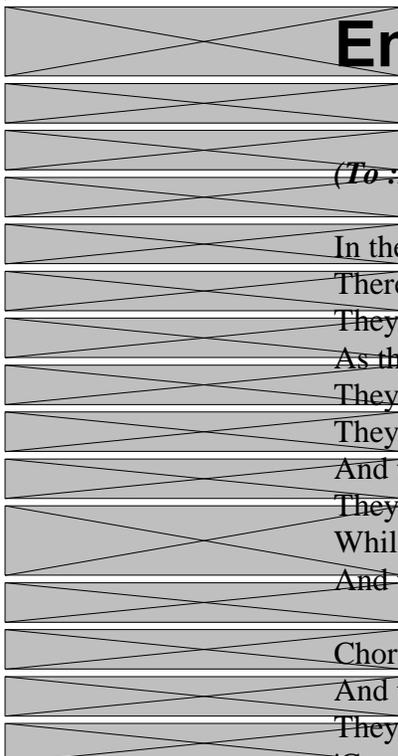
To: Pomp & Circumstance

Come on, Viking Wankers,
Lift your beers and shout,
We are Copenhashers,
What we've got, we flaunt.
Close the narrow circle, gather round the beer.
Hashing, wanking drinking,
That is why we're here,
Hashing, wanking, drinking,
That is why we're here.

[Re



Emerald Coast HHH



(To :Bad, Bad Leroy Brown)

In the panhandle of Florida,
There's a group that loves to hash.
They're from the Emerald Coast,
As their T-shirts boast and,
They can sure throw a hell of a bash.
They got a hundred or two hash house harriers,
And they like to have a lot of fun.
They eat their red beans and rice,
While drinking beer as cold as ice,
And they have even been known to run.

Chorus

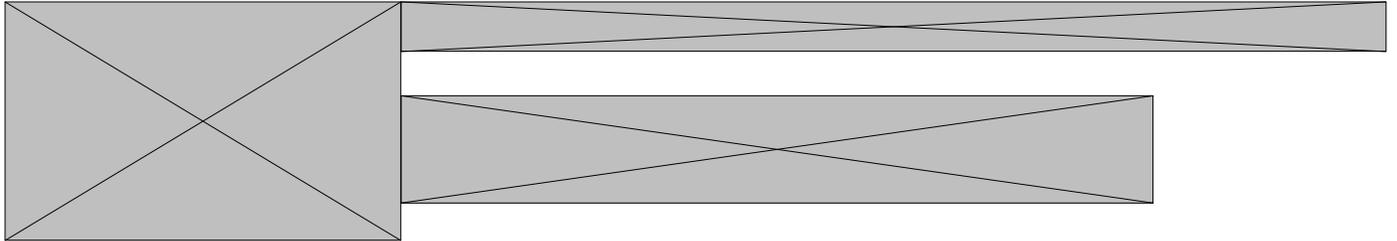
And they're the Emerald Coast Hash House Harriers,
They've been known to run through any barriers,
'Cause they're as crazy as the day is long,
And known to show their ass or sing a song.

It's hares away and off they're running,
Dropping flour from a plastic sack.
They mark the intersections,
With hash in all directions,
So they can split and bring together the pack.
The FRB's are shouting "On On!",
As the pack asks the question "Are You?"
They claim they're on the right trail,
And the check is in the mail,
Because a virgin missed a Check Back Two.

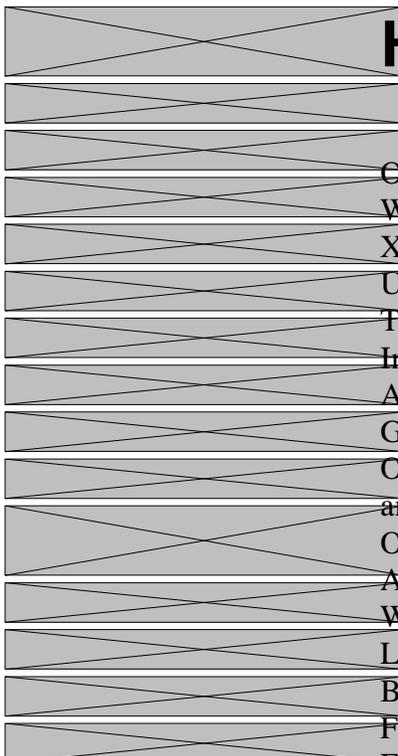
They're getting closer to the On Home,
A P-Check brings the pack in tight.
Just a little more shiggy,
But they're squealing like a piggy,
'Cause the Beer Near is in sight!

After running for an hour,
Through the nastiest parts around,
The hares all wail,
That they have laid the perfect trail,
But their reward will be a double Down Down.

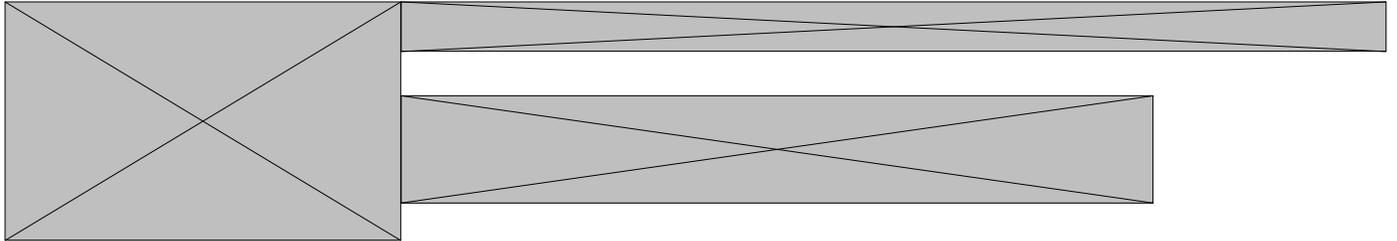
And the night turns into morning,
They have acted like a bunch of fools.
They took short-cuts,
And showed their tits and butts,
But that's okay because there are no rules!



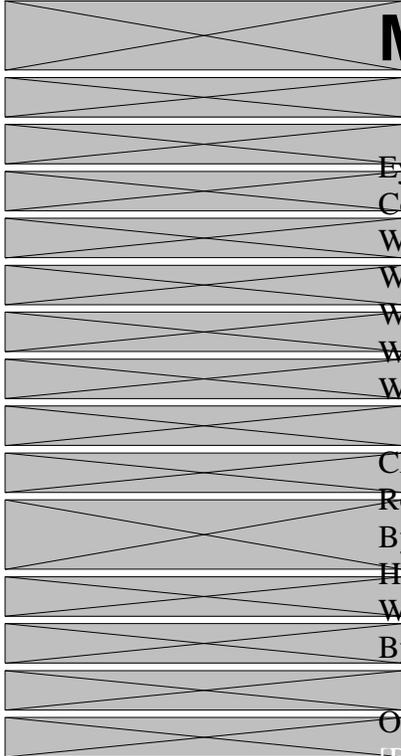
Hong Kong Prayer



Our Brother,
Who art in Beijing,
Xiao Ping be thy name,
United Kingdom gone,
Thy will be done,
In Hong Kong,
As it is in China.
Give us this day,
Our daily bet,
and forgive us,
Our speculations.
As we forgive those,
Who speculate against us.
Lead us not into Communism,
But deliver us,
From Gwailos.
For this is,
The Sovereignty,
The Power of Authority,
Forever and ever,
Chow mein.



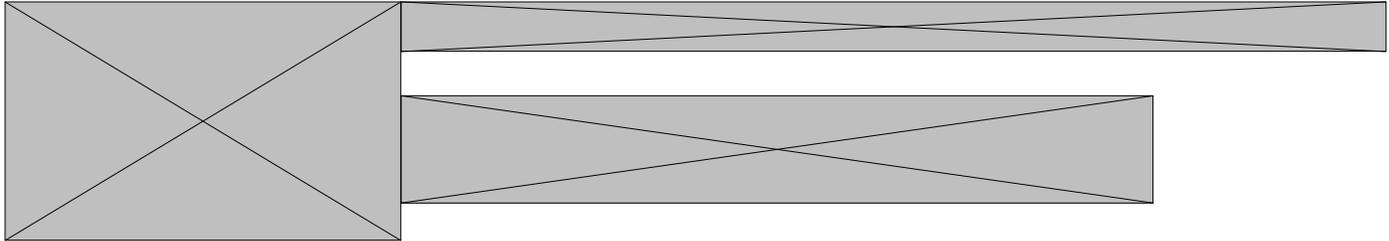
Men of the HH3



Eyes right, foreskins tight,
Cockstands to the front,
We're the men of the H, H, 3.
We're in search of fun,
We're the heroes of the night,
We'd rather fuck than fight,
We're the men of the H, H, 3.

Chorus
Rolling along, rolling along,
By the light of the silvery moon.
Happy is the Hash,
With my finger up her snatch,
By the light of the silvery moon.

Oh, (repeat until bored)



Hash Road Song

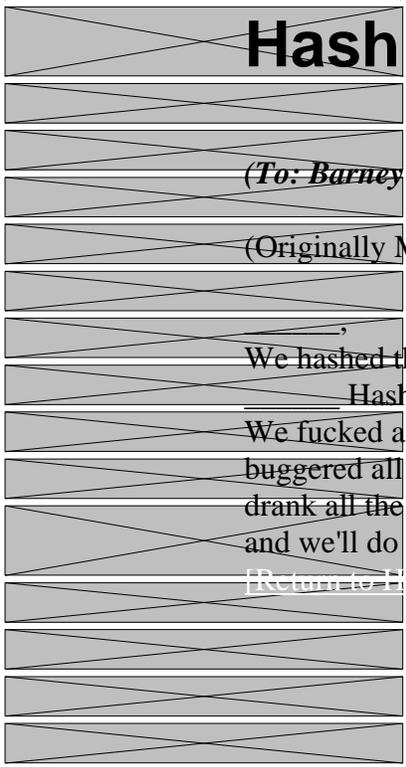
(To: Barney (the dinosaur) Theme)

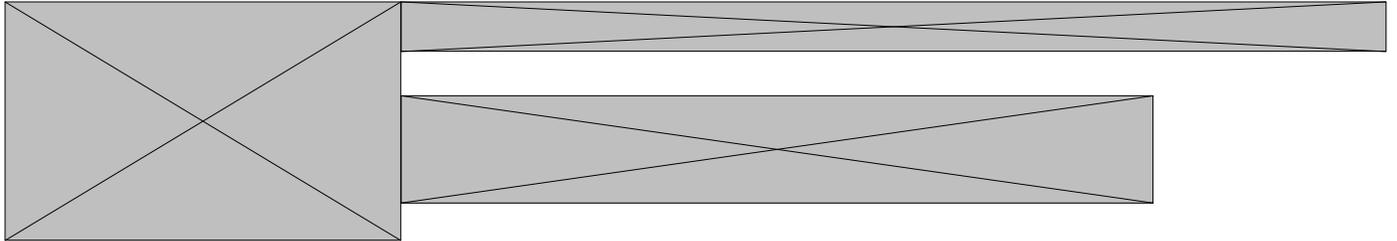
(Originally Mt. Vernon HHH Road Song)

We hashed there,
Hash House Harriers!

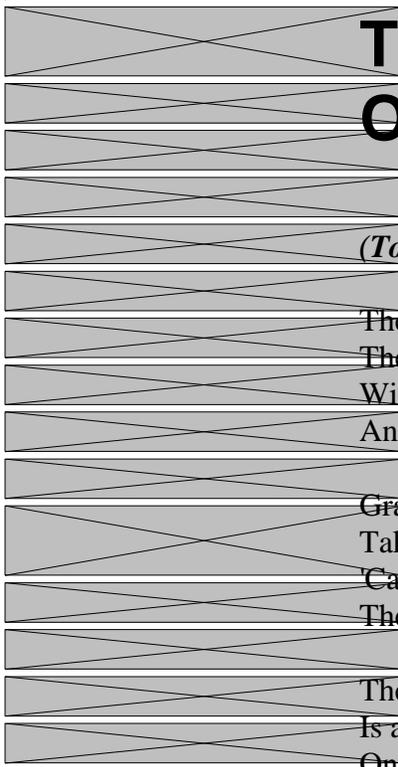
We fucked all the women,
buggered all the men,
drank all the beer,
and we'll do it all again!

[Return to H





There is a Hash In New Orleans



(To: The House of the Rising Sun)

There is a hash in New Orleans,
They throw a great party each year,
With strays and gays in wild parades,
And Po' Boys with Dixie beer.

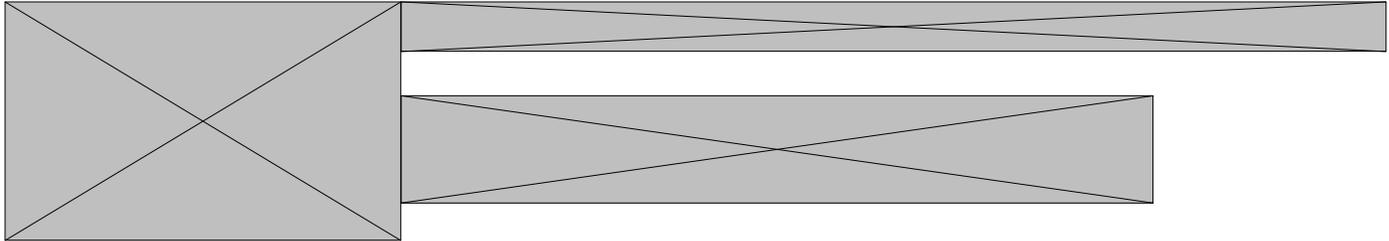
Grand Masters, tell your hashers,
Take your whistles and go,
'Cause Cajuns there, are rednecks and queers,
They take you on blow for blow.

The only thing a hasher needs,
Is a butt plug and a mug,
One to keep queers out of their rears,
The other so they can chug.

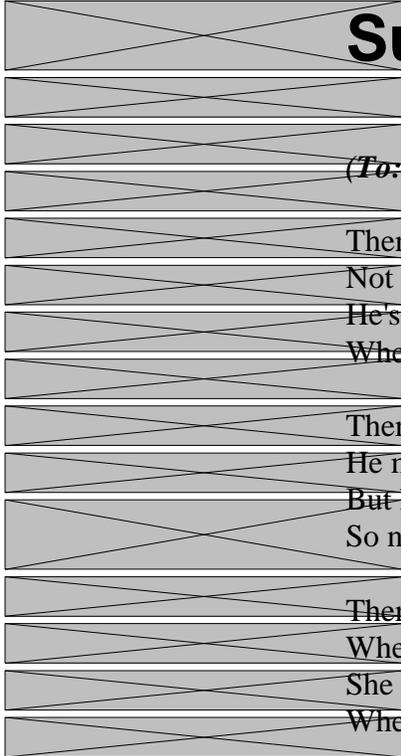
The virgins show up early,
They drink, pass out, and are through,
The experienced hashers cum later,
And cover the virgins in goo.

As hashers get up in the morning,
Most of them wish they were dead,
There's a little man with a hammer,
Banging inside of their heads.

Now the moral of our story,
Mardi Gras is a blast,
From the Emerald Coast, we propose a toast,
Merci, with our tits and ass.



Subic Hashional Anthem



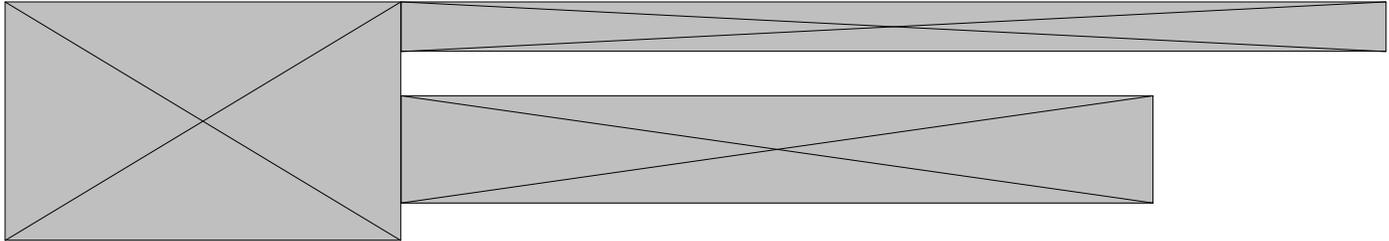
(To: Makin' Whoopee)

There was a hasher, of forty-five,
Not much to look at, but he's alive,
He's a disaster, he's our grand master,
When hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oh.

There was a sailor, who fell in love,
He met the girl, he was dreamin' of,
But he wouldn't marry'er, she's a clap carrier,
So now he's hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oh.

There was an ensign, who liked to smile,
When thinkin' of down-downs, durin' her last mile,
She chugs beer better, in Barrio Barretta,
When she's hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oh.

There was a hasher, who was in distress,
Till he biblically knew our, grand mistress,
He's her spiritual advisor, she's his appetizer,
When hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oh.



There is a House In Nittany Valley

(To: House of the Rising Sun)

There is a house in Nittany Valley,
They call the Harriers,
And it's been the salvation of many a poor boy,
And God, I know, I'm there.

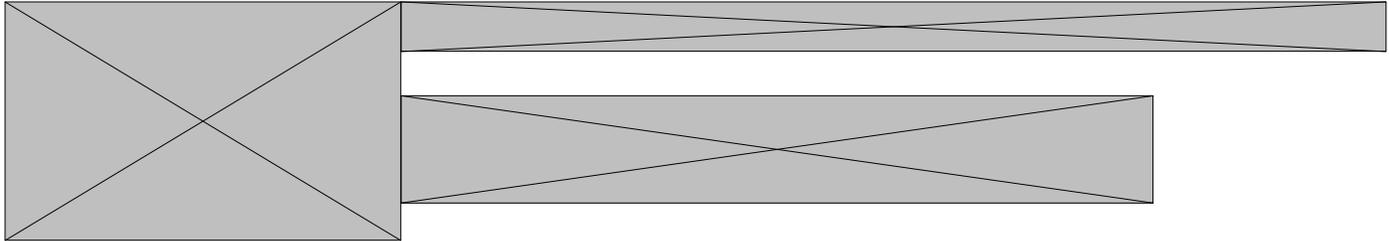
My Mother was Inferior,
An Ann Arbor harriette,
My father was the Reverend Poon Tang,
A Chemical Waste hasher yet.

Now the only thing a hasher needs,
Is a shag bag and a beer,
The only time that he is satisfied,
Is when the beer is near.

Oh Mother, tell your children,
To do what I did dare,
To live their lives in sin and ecstasy,
As a Hash House Harrier.

With one foot on the beer check,
The other foot on the trail,
I'm going back to the apres,
To chase after bimbo tail.

Well, there is a house in Nittany Valley,
They call the Harriers,
And it's been the salvation of many a poor boy,
And God, I know, I'm there.



Wet Spot's Wail

(To: Charlie on the MTA

Will He Ever Return?)

Let me tell you the story of a Hasher
named Wetspots on a tragic and fateful day.
She put flour in her pocket,
kissed her best man Stinky
and proceeded to lay the trail.

Oh,
The,
Trail it was abysmal and the checks
they were pathetic
and the logic just didn't jibe.
She left beer in Hobo Heaven,
thought it actually would stay there
and continued to keep on smilin'.

Well the hounds said "It's outrageous,"
and the co-Hare was adamant,
that ol' Wetspots was our blond friend.
But dear Wetspots didn't get it.
Kept on telling us we loved it.
Was determined to hash without end.

Oh will she ever return,
no she'll never return.
She is banned from laying trail.
She may run with us tomorrow,
but her Hare we will not follow.
She is banned from laying trail.

She decided she would greet us
at the tavern she would meet us.

She was greeted with so much rage.
And after produce row she led us,
from the city then she sped us.
Now her half-mind was unengaged.

Oh will she ever return,
no she'll never return.
She is banned from laying trail.
She may run with us tomorrow,
but her Hare we will not follow.
She is banned from laying trail.

After Hal's the Hounds took action,
twas a desperate reaction,
and they followed the Hares outside.
In four blocks they saw the reason,
why the trail it wasn't pleasin'
as the Hares prepared to drive.

Oh will she ever return,
no she'll never return.
She is banned from laying trail.
She may run with us tomorrow,
but her Hare we will not follow.
She is banned from laying trail.

Then our most exalted Tyrant
stuck his head inside her window
and proceeded to grab her keys.
There she sat in all that traffic,
and the hounds they were a laughing,
'til her shorts came off over her knees.

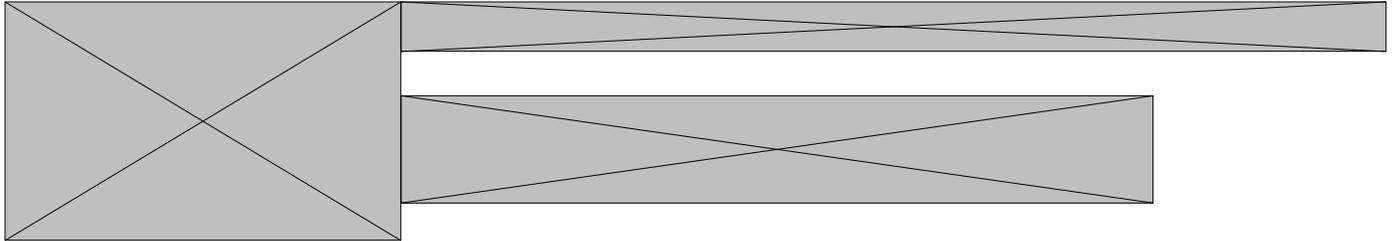
Oh will she ever return,
no she'll never return.
She is banned from laying trail.
She may run with us tomorrow,
but her Hare we will not follow.
She is banned from laying trail.

At,
Old,
Town,
Pizza we assembled for a session
that resembled something of a lynch partee.
Each had found his own way back,

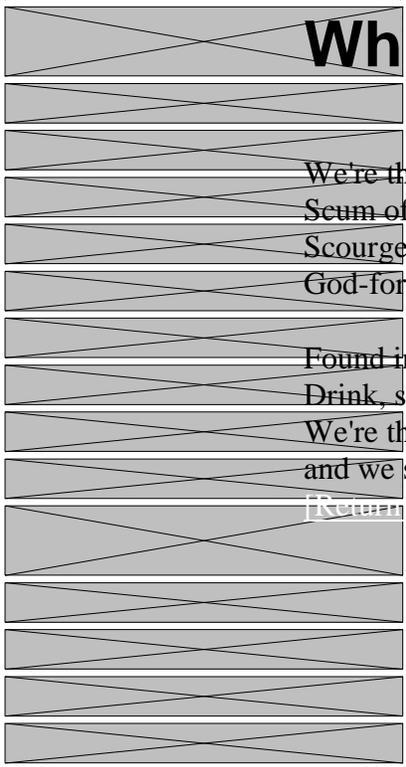
but we were ne'er again on track
for no flour did we see.

It was a Horrid Hash disaster,
that will live for ever after
in the annals of infamy,
As the day when our dear Wetspots
grabbed her final sack of flour
and she sealed her destiny.

Oh, will she ever return,
no she'll never return.
She is banned from laying trail.
She may run with us tomorrow,
but her Hare we will not follow.
She is banned from laying trail.

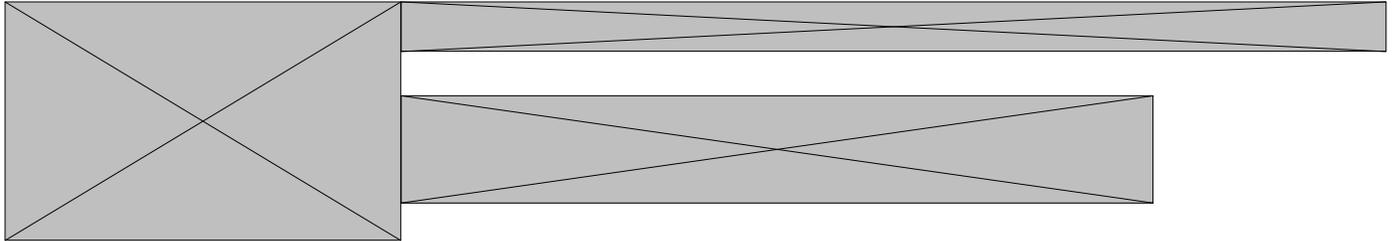


White House HHH Anthem

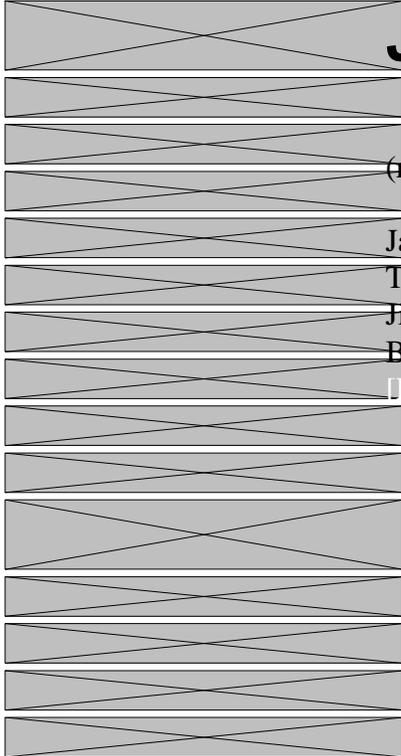


We're the White House Hashers,
Scum of the earth,
Scourge of crea-a-tion,
God-forsaken-fornicating-son-of-a-bitches,
Found in every whore house,
Drink, suck, and scre-e-ew,
We're the White House Hash,
and we say, fuck, YOU!

Return

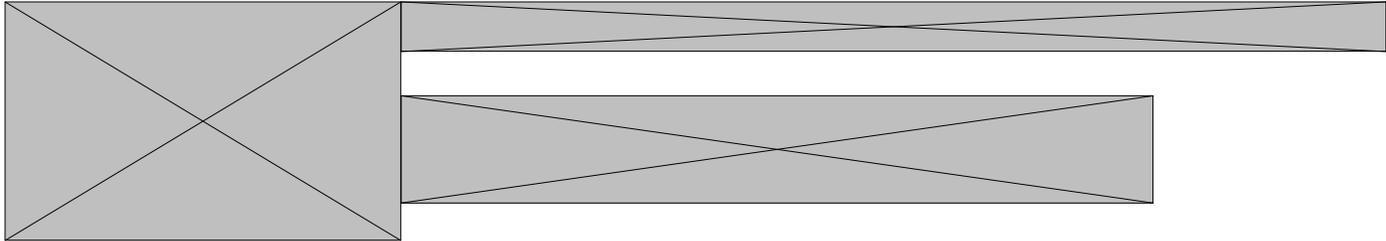


Jack and Jill



(recited)

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.
Jill came down with half a crown,
But not for fetching water.



A Few of My Favorite Hash Things

(To: My Favorite Things)

Short cuts that leave all the front bastards trailing,
Misleading directions leaving short cutters wailing,
Slippery slopes where hounds flounder in shit,
These are some things that appeal to my wit.

Chorus: When the pox stings, and my balls ache,
And my cock is sore,
I cheer myself up with my favorite things,
And revive the old cock once more.

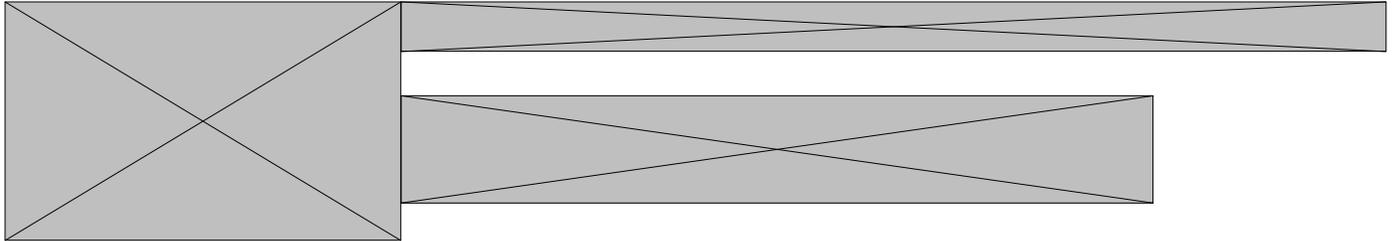
Quims soft and puckered and minge short and curly,
Tight little cunts fringed with spunk white and pearly,
Red painted nipples, an ice cube blow job,
These are the things that will make my cock throb.

Limbs brown and supple, with buttocks gyrating,
Positions amazing, damp cunt lips pulsating,
Cheerful young bodies all eager to screw,
Of my favorite things these are only a few.

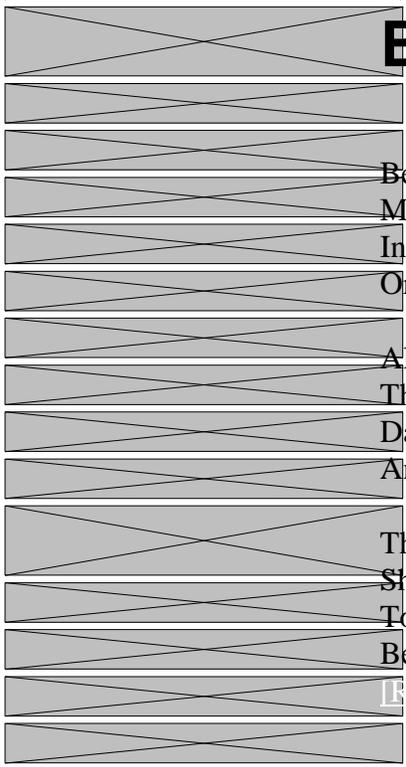
The rugby mob buggers all bloated with beer,
The sight of them's foul, it's no wonder, they're queer,
The dear old mismanagement, oh, what a farce,
These are some of the things you can stick up your arse.

A run that was set by those mad hares the Dutch,

A ride in old trucks that you all loved so much,
Some piss that was different with a beer glass
thrown in,
Surely a fucking good hash, no hash sin.



Bengali One So Long

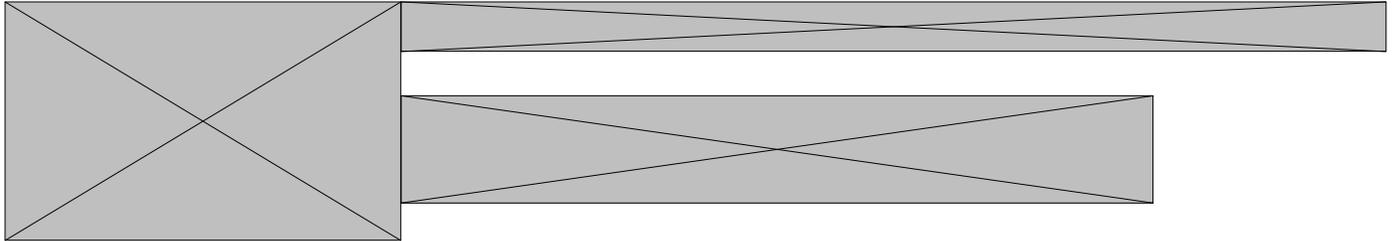


Bengali one so long,
Melayu one potong,
Indian one so dark and strong,
Orang Puteh just like sotong.

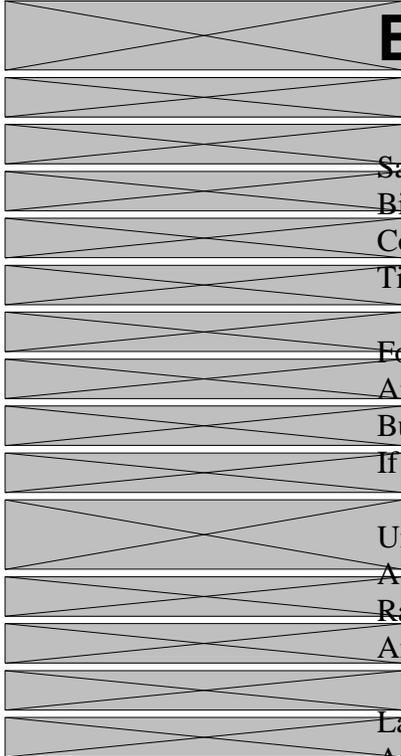
All Hash Mens' hard and strong,
They can go for ten furlong,
Darling, please don't ask for tolong,
And we will carry on and on.

There is a lady in sarong,
She prefers it done on a palong,
To her surprise we can stand so long,
Because one fails the rest will carry on.

18



Bike Week



Salmon swimming up a stream,
Bikers having Harley dreams,
Co-eds rubbing on sun creams,
Time for Bike Week fun it seems.

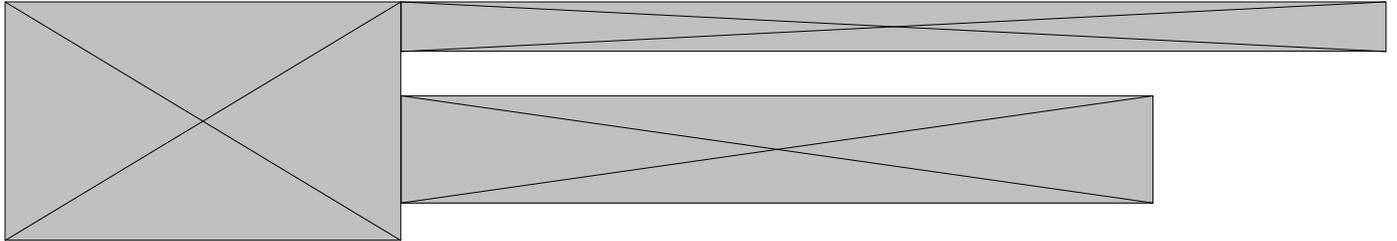
For once Jammies is gone,
And toes will be spit free,
But now one has to watch Mullet,
If you don't want a shoe full of pee.

Unending beer once again,
A 72-hour pub crawl,
Random acts of debauchery,
And hounds passed out in halls.

Late night eating with harriets,
And also maybe some food,
The constant rumble of engines,
And "Enforcers" with attitude.

The ridiculous "no public drinking",
Though chug contests abound,
Winning every last one of them,
By entering a ringer hound.

Bike Week,
Time to Drink,
Bike Week,
Time to Drink,
Bike Week.



Daylight Come

(To: Daylight Come and I Want To Go Home)

Chorus

Day-oh, Day-a-a-oh,
Daylight come and I want to go home,
Day-oh, Day-a-a-oh,
Daylight come and I want to go home.

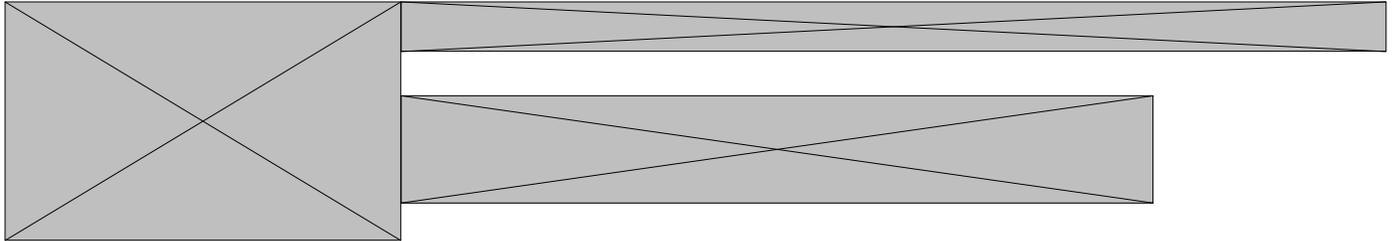
Frozen ballocks and frozen cock,
Daylight come and I want to go home,
Had a piss and froze to the block,
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Drew me a katoey from the hat,
Daylight come and I want to go home,
Didn't have a rubber now I've got the clap,
Daylight come and I want to go home.

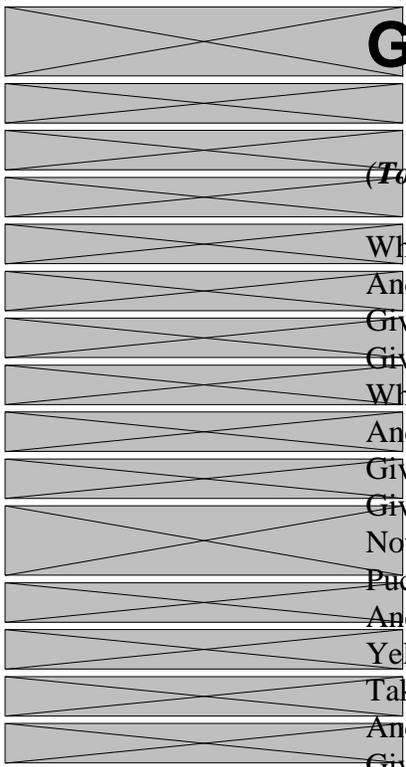
Drank a dozen down-downs before I puked,
Daylight come and I want to go home,
Spewed on the GM and got rebuked,
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Ended up in the Rock Hard 'round about dawn,
Daylight come and I want to go home,
Got my pocket picked by a girl called Porn,
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Now I've got to find cheap room and board,
Daylight come and I want to go home,
There I'll stay till the next maraud,
Daylight come and I want to go home.

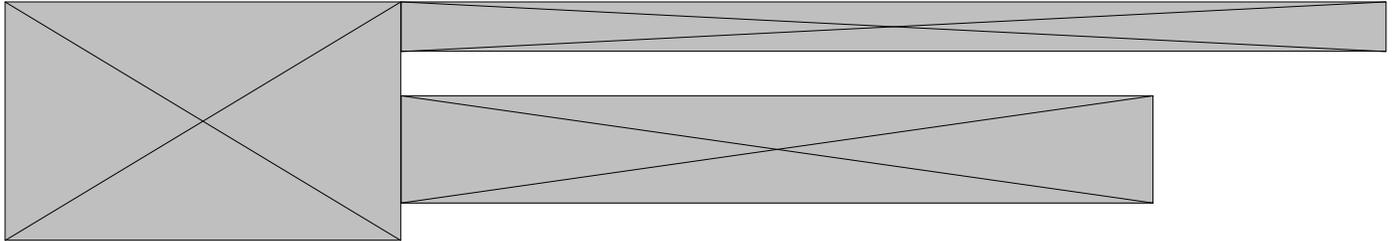


Give a Little Whistle

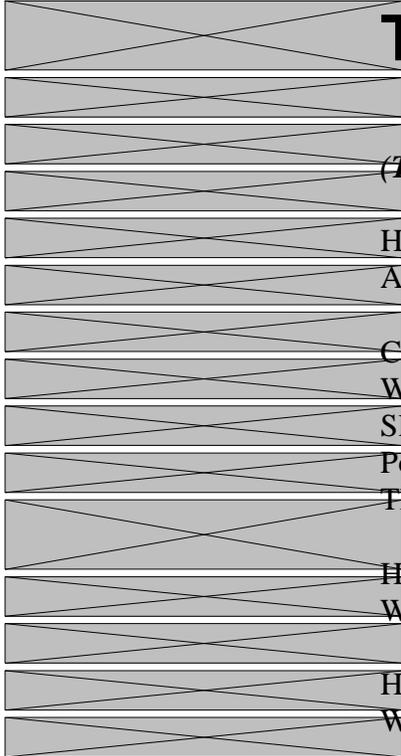


(To: Give a Little Whistle)

When you find the true trail,
And you want some com-pan-y,
Give a little whis-tle (whistle),
Give a little whis-tle (whistle).
When you meet temp-ta-tion,
And the urge to short-cut's strong,
Give a little whis-tle (whistle),
Give a little whis-tle (whistle).
Not just an "On-Onnn!"
Puck-er up and Blow!
And if their whistle's gone,
Yell, "Give 'em a down-down!"
Take the path that's laid with hash,
And if you see Beer Near,
Give a little whis-tle (whistle),
Give a little whis-tle (whistle),
And always let the hash marks be your guide.



The Harriettes



(To: This Old Man)

Harriettes, they play one,
All they want to do is cum,

Chorus
With a knick knack,
Slap her ass,
Poke her with my bone,
This drunk hare will stumble home.

Harriettes, they play two,
We just want to speckle you,

Harriettes, they play three,
Won't you swallow my cum for me,

Harriettes, they play four,
We like to see you on all fours,

Harriettes, they play five,
If you don't swallow you'll get hives,

Harriettes, they play six,
We just want to slap you with our dicks,

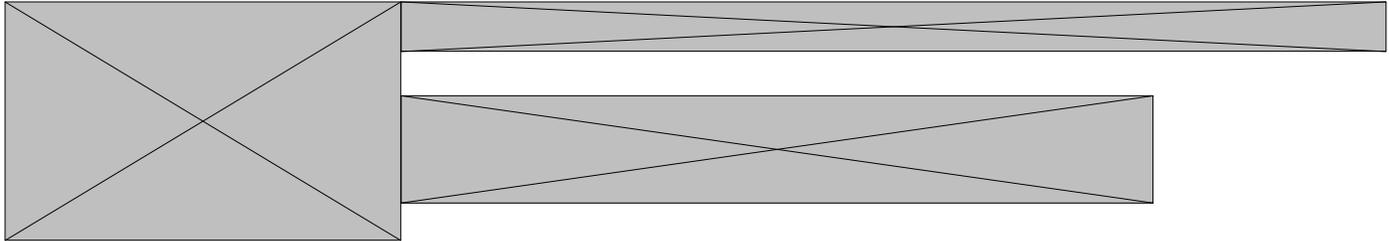
Harriettes, they play seven,
But they all just wish it was eleven,

Harriettes, they play eight,
We all know you masturbate,

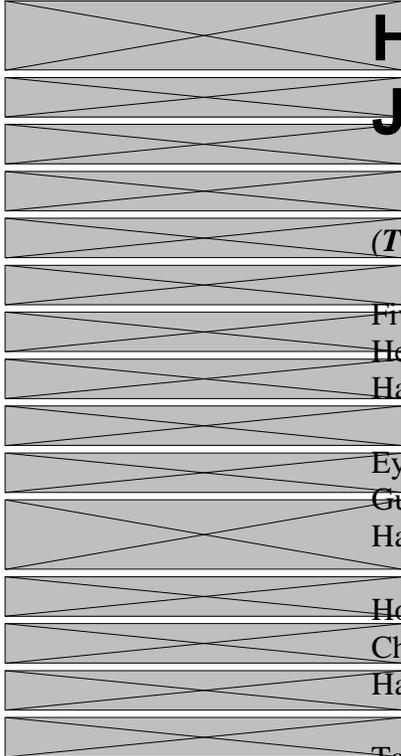
Harriettes, they play nine,
All they do is whinge and whine,

Harriettes, they play ten,
We're not boys, we're harrier men,

Harriettes, they play eleven,
But all they can handle is only seven.



Has Anybody Seen R J?



(To: Has Anybody Seen My Gal?)

Five foot two, eyes of blue,
He'll always be more drunk than you.
Has anybody seen R J?

Eyes of ralmost dead,
Gutters are his favorite bed.
Has anybody seen R J?

Holy Ghost, he's the most,
Cheese and crackers when he's the host.
Has anybody seen R J?

Talk to him, he's no fool,
He'll end up floating in your swimming pool.
Has anybody seen R J?

He has written a sacred book,
A record of every drink he took,
Has anybody seen R J?

Whiskey, beer, gin, or rye,
He will come and drink you dry.
Has anybody seen R J?

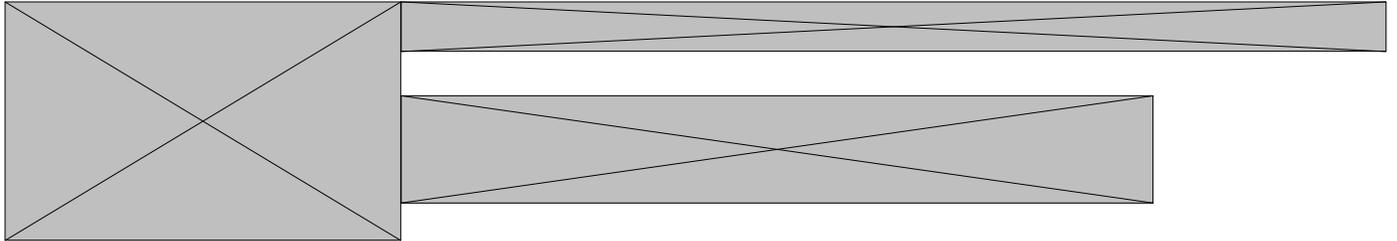
He wears thorns for a crown,
Women scream when he goes down,
Has anybody seen R J?

If they nailed him to a cross,
It would be every barman's loss.
Has anybody seen R J?

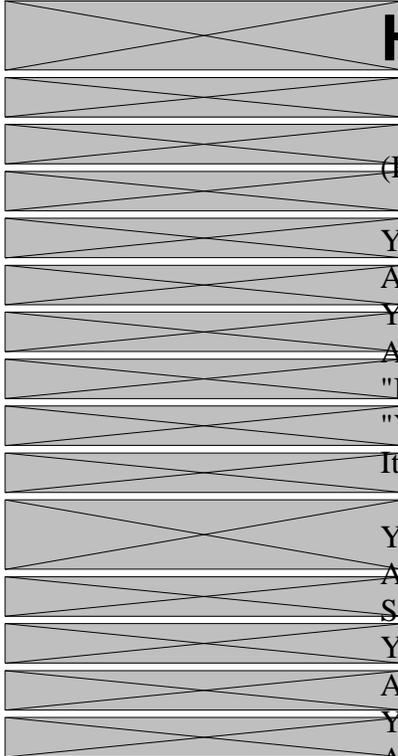
Viking horn on his head,
Don't help much when he's in bed.
Has anybody seen R J?

In Cyprus Pecker Picker picked his pecker,
Didn't know it was a double decker.
Has anybody seen R J?

East or West, North or South,
No woman has a sorer mouth.
Has anybody seen R J?



Hasher's Lament



(Recite)

You wakey inner mornny,
All snuggle in yore bed,
You rubby eyes an yorney,
A poundin in yore 'ead,
"It's someday," someone seddy,
"You musket up, get reddy,
It snearly arfpasten."

You up then jolly quicky,
An almose innner flash,
Still feelin somewot sicky
You off to join to join the Hash.
An very sooney arfter,
You very somewhere else,
Amid the shoutsen larfter
Outside a pubic howse.

Awl roun are many bodies,
All jobby upan down,
While some with big beer poddies,
Are lyin' on the groun.
Then on that dredful ower,
Mid lots of mild dismay,
There cums a serge of power:
The hash is onit sway.

The Hornet soun so cheery,
And on the packet run,
An sum, already weerie,
Are wish they did not cum.
A Czech pint givey breaver,
For dose who laggey hind,
While some fit eager beaver,

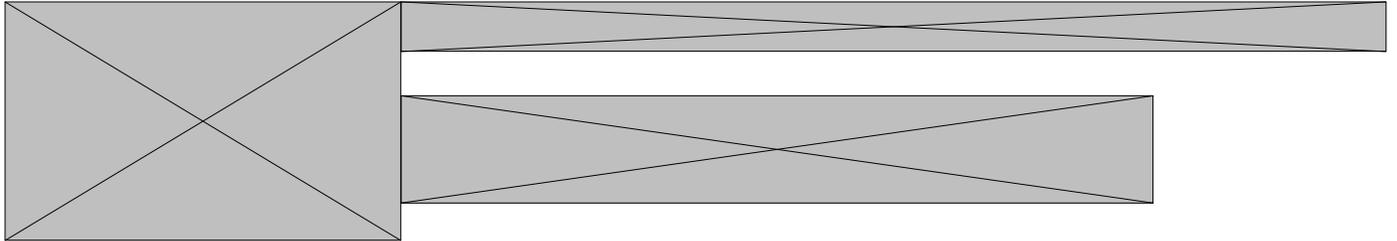
Will see wot ecan find.

Jus den a cawl came floaty,
"I'm on won," swotit sed,
An somewhere someone gloatey,
Cry "I'm on two," instead.
The pack once more togevver,
Dare win and strength all gon,
But are dey finish? Never!
Cos Isaac Hunt cries, "ON!"

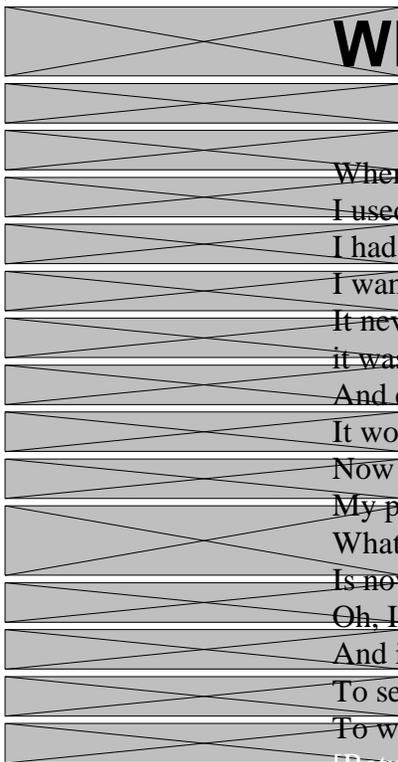
Our fartin, pantin army,
Are strewn both wide and far.
They say we must be barmy!
They blubby right, we are!
We run thru payne an sorrow,
An sometime mud a swell,
An no in that tomorrow,
Our legs swill ert like ell!

When arskt "Wot maysheudoit?"
The answer is quite clear:
The thort of cummin threw it,
To a nice cool pinty beer.
BUT for "pint" read "gallon"
The timey go so farst:
You thort the pubby closeat too,
But nowitsix 'arfpast!

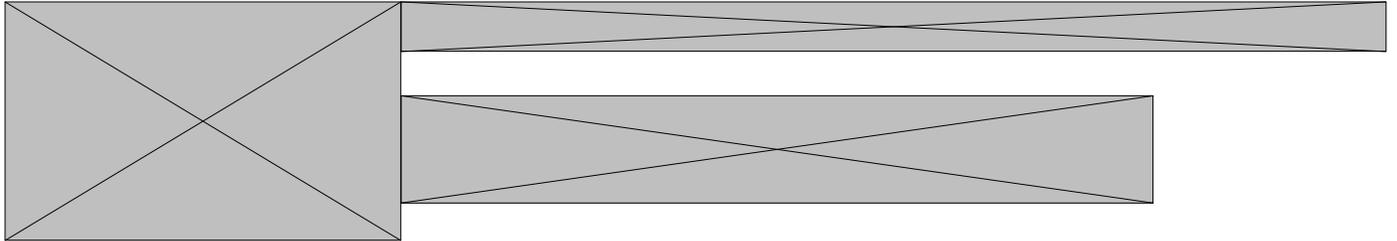
An so you weavy homeward,
All fuzzy in de hed,
Your dinner's in the dustbin,
An you just want your bed.
Your wifey look most unamused:
Er teeth are out and nashin'.
Why can't she seem to unnerstan'
How fit you get from hashin'.



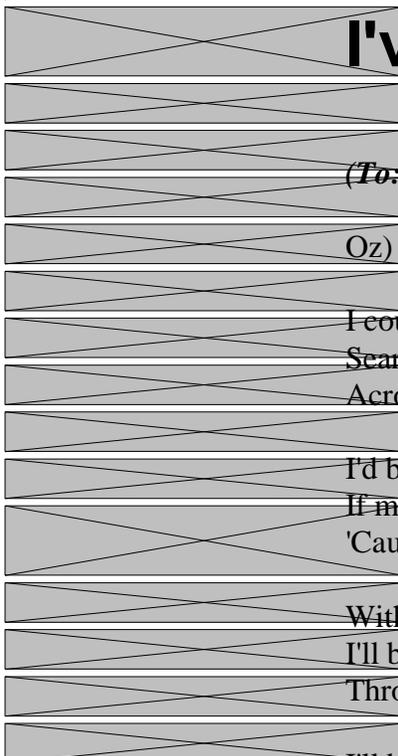
When I Was a Young Man



When I was a young man,
I used to be so proud,
I had a cock so mighty,
I wanted to shout out loud.
It never took a day off;
it was always there,
And every morning when I shaved,
It would stand and stare.
Now I'm old and weary,
My pilot light's gone out,
What used to be my sex appeal
Is now my water spout,
Oh, I'm gray and wrinkled,
And it sure gives me the blues,
To see the thing hang down my leg
To watch me shine my shoes.



I've Only Half a Brain



(To: If I Only Had a Brain, from the Wizard of Oz)

I could wile away the hours,
Searchin' hills for flour,
Across a wide terrain.

I'd be chipper, and I'd be cheerful,
If my stomach had a beerful,
'Cause I've only half a brain.

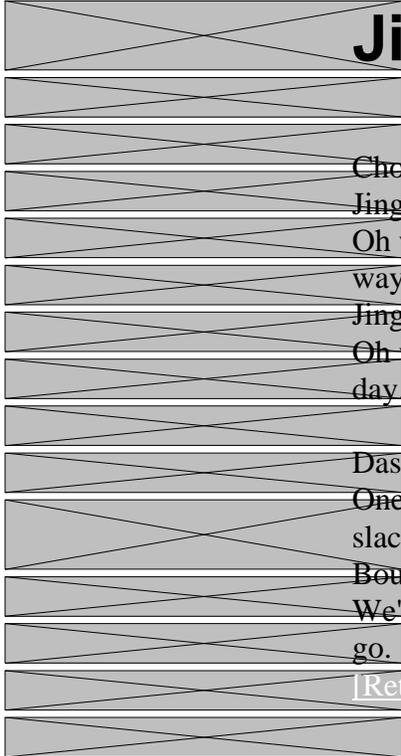
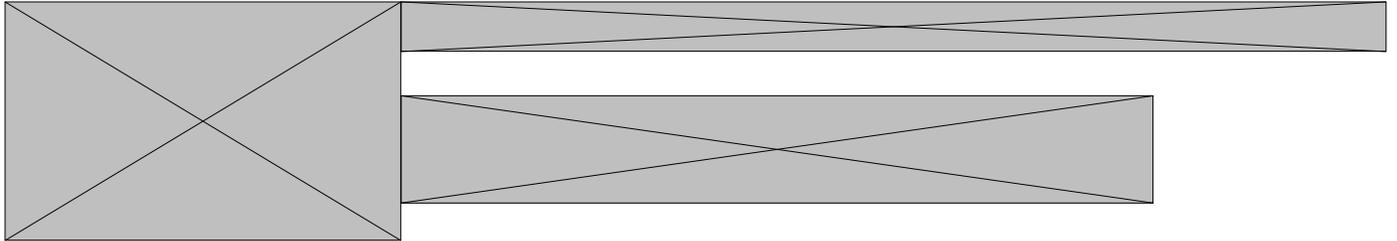
With my arms and legs akimbo,
I'll be chasing after bimbo,
Through mud, thorns, and rain.

I'll be making lots of passes,
As I fondle all their asses,
'Cause I've only half a brain.

Chorus:
I'll do down-downs till the keg begins to spit,
Then I'll fire one up and take a little hit,
I'll impress the women with my charming wit,
As I shout out, "Show us your tits!"

Then my beer I will be sharing,
With them as their breast they're baring,
Our urges unrestrained

Oh, our language will be rude as,
We exchange bod-i-ly fluids,
'Cause we've only half a brain.



Jingle Balls

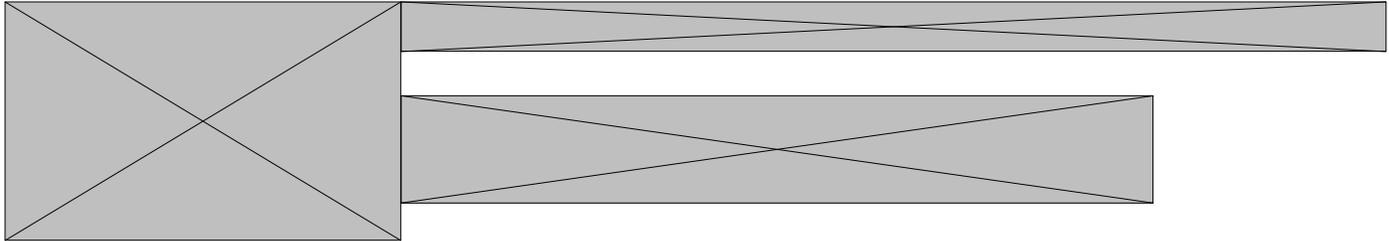
Chorus

Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun, it is to run, round naked in this
way,

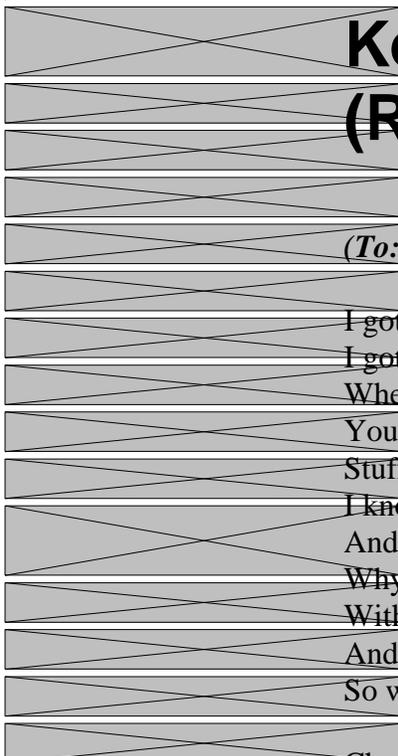
Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun, it is to run, round naked Christmas
day

Dashing round the block, not wearing any dacks,
One hand on your cock, to give your balls more
slack,
Bouncing up and down, as we run to and fro,
We'll jingle with our gen-i-tals wherever we may
go.

[Ret



Keep On Hashing (Regardless of 1997)



(To: I Don't Want to Join the Army)

I got the shits with Mainland China,
I got the shits with them old boys you see,
When your on the PADS you know,
You shouldn't screw the lads,
Stuffing up the earnings of our gweilo package.
I know how to cope with these frustrations,
And it could be called a Carlsberg jamboree,
Why can't we stay with England?
With merry merry England,
And get a lease for one more century.
So we go...

Chorus
Monday hashing with the he-men,
Tuesday hashing with the girls,
By Wednesday I'm a mess, Little Sai Wan, I
confess,
Drinking all the earnings of my gweilo package;
Thursday--the Gentlemen of the SouthSide,
And to The Wanch for some more therapy,
Why can't we stay with England?
With merry merry England,
And get a lease one more century.

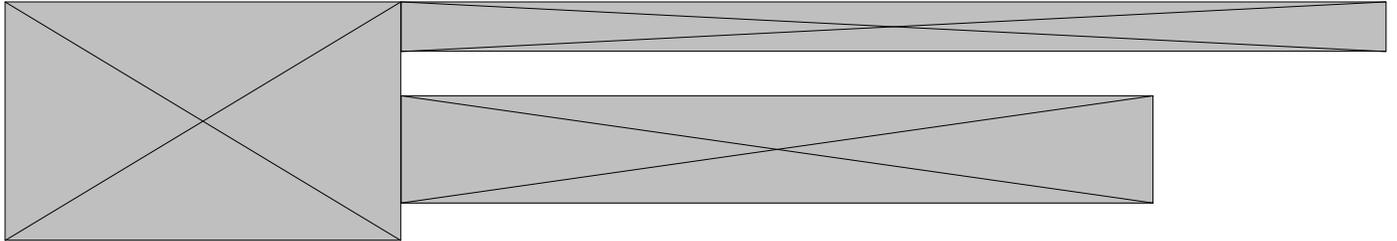
We don't want to be in China,
We don't want to work for yuan,
We'd rather hang around,
Hong Kong dollar or the Pound,
Living off the earnings of our gweilo package;
Won't spend our days on a two-weeler,
Won't spend our evenings drinking tea!

We'd rather stay with England,
With merry merry England,
And get a lease for one more century.
So we go...

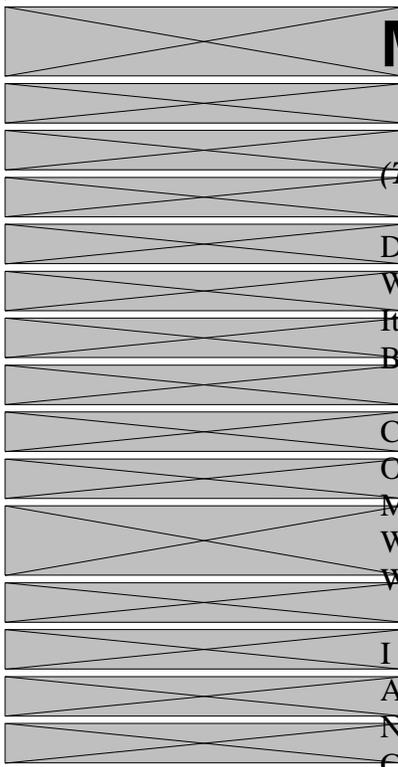
They say it is a doomed territory,
They say they'll push us Brits into the sea,
I called up my Mother, my sister, and my brother,
They said, "You can't live with me!"
I don't want to join the party,
I don't want to be a man called Wong!
I just want to go down, to old Wanchai,
Spend up all the earnings of my Gweilo package;
I don't want no mainland women,
'Cause Hong Kong's full of girls I haven't had,
I just want to stay with England,
With merry merry England,
And colonize the place, just like my Dad.
And he went...

We don't want to call the army,
We don't want to go to war,
We'd rather hang around,
Build an airport, on our ground,
Building up the earnings of our Gweilo package;
There's a lot some people take for granted,
There's a lot of politicking yet to come,
But with Maggie and with Taiwan,
We could push the border back to Canton,
But with their "A" bomb,
I 'spose that's kind of dumb.
Cause there'd be,
No more hashing with the he-men,
No more hashing with the girls,
By Wednesday, what a mess,
All that fall-out, I confess,
The living would be frying,
In that thermal package;
No more gents, no more South-side,
So everybody get down on your knees,
Be careful will ya England,
Real careful careful England,
And ask 'em nicely for an airport please!
(Glossary for this song:)
PADS - the Port and Airport Development Strategy,
which China has resisted to prevent Hong Kong

spending its stored billions in reserves.
Gweilo - a derogatory Chinese expression for
Westerner meaning 'white ghost.'



Morgan's Pies



(To: Jingle Bells)

Dashing down the road,
With a cooler full of pies,
It's a heavy load,
But it's for us guys.

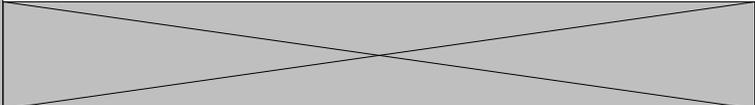
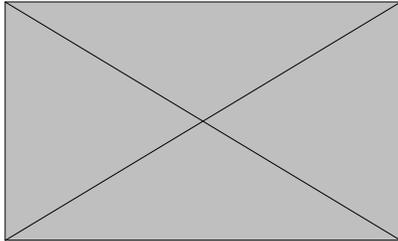
Chorus

Oh, Morgan's pies, Morgan's pies,
Morgan, you're a dick.
When we eat your fucking pies,
We gety fucking sick.

I ate a Morgan pie,
A down-down I did do,
Now I've got that fucking pie,
Caked upon my shoe.

His moped has arrived,
Fiesta time is right,
What fun it is to eat and puke,
Some Morgan's putrid pies.

We sing this little song,
We sing it just for you,
Now we think it's only right,
That you should eat one too.



My Big Banana

(To: Daylight Come and I Want to Go Home)

(Get the pack to do the line:

"Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.")

I said to my girl, "What are ya' doin' tomorrow?"

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Would you like to go on the Hash in _____?

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

So, I picked her up in my little auto.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

She sure looked pretty, I said "Oh mama."

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Chorus

Day-oh, Da-a-a-ay-oh,

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Day-oh, Da-ay-oh-Da-a-oh-Da-a-oh,

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

But this is where my troubles began-ah.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

That's when she spotted my big banana.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

She leaned over and grabbed my banana.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Peeled back the skin--eyes like a piranha.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

I said, "Oh no, not my prize banana!"

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

But she bit off the top in a violent manner.

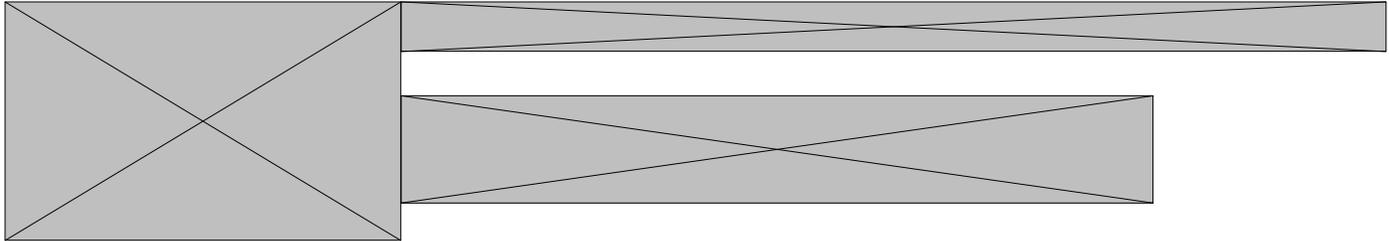
Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Now, I've got just a little banana.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.
And that's the end of my family planner.
Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

(All slowly)

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.



Southside Parade

(Subtitle: Only Real Men Run the SouthSide)
(To: Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland)

Lacy things, have gone missing,
Didn't ask her permission,
They're wearing her clothes,
Her silk panty-hose,
And running 'round in womens' underwear.

Chorus
Okay guys, if you wanna,
You can dress like Madonna,
Put on some eyeshade,
Make a SouthSide parade,
Go running 'round in womens' underwear.

On ET, there is a teddy,
Little straps, like spaghetti,
It hugs him real tight,
Like Primo's handcuffs at night,
He's running 'round in womens' underwear.

The SouthSide GM, he's a fancy fella,
He likes to put them onto auto-pay,
About blokes in dresses,
He says "No way!
"But running in your high heels, that's Okay."

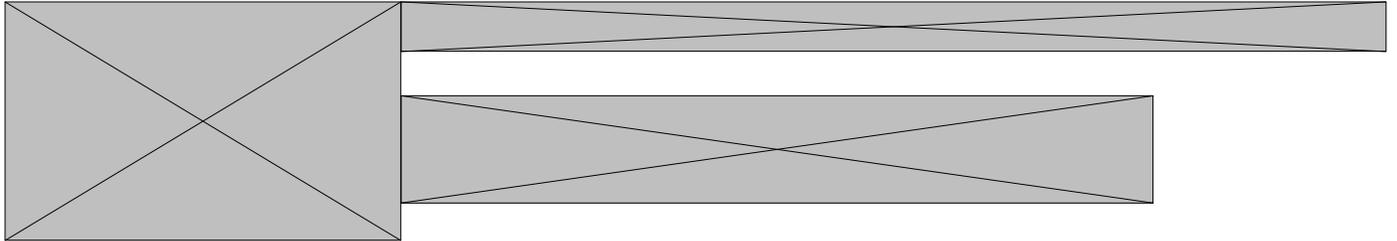
Over the hills, see them coming,
SouthSide Hashers are running,
Dressed up like Bo-Peep,
'Cause they're all into sheep,
And running 'round in womens' underwear.

On SouthSide Hash, there's a guy called Panda,

He likes to pretend that he's not gay,
He says, "Are you ready?"
We say, "No way!"
Well--do you think these shoes will be okay?"

Come and join SouthSide Hashers,
They don't mind if you're flashers,
They'll dress you all up,
Put on a "B" cup,
And run around in womens' underwear.

(Slower)
For they're not adverse,
To dressing reverse,
And running 'round in womens' underwear.



Our GM

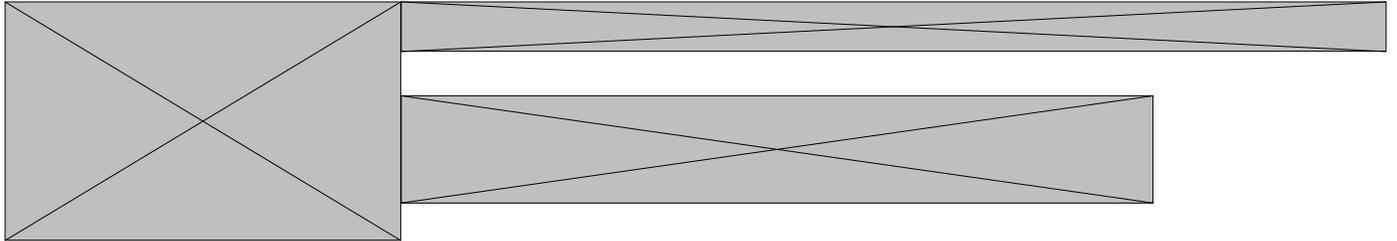
(To: From the Halls of Montezuma)

There's a man we call our GM,
Who's brave & fine & mad,
And we'll follow him forever,
Though his mental state is bad.

We'll run for him in sunshine,
We'll run for him in rain,
Though we know he's got a swelling,
On the front part of his brain.

Oh, he may have little black-outs,
But they're only fairly slight,
He has moments of depression,
When the Hares don't get it right.

He's got all the classic symptoms,
Of advanced mental decay,
Still we'll kill ourselves for GM,
Despite all the doctors say.



The Out of Towner

(To: The Battle of New Orleans)

We jumped into our auto,
And we headed out of town,
Why were you born so beautiful,
You better drink it down.
We pulled into the parking lot,
It didn't take us long,
To jump out of our autos,
And sing this bloody song.

Chorus

We found cold beer,
So we all began a'drinkin',
The beer was pretty tasty,
So we thought we'd have some more.
The hours passed by,
And we kept on bloody drinkin',
We're not leavin' till we're heavin',
And we've passed out on the floor.

We met up with the hashers,
Who invited us to here,
To fornicate and copulate,
And drink their bloody beer.
We kissed and hugged the hashers,
Who had come from near and far,
We heard the cries of "On On",
Coming from a distant bar.

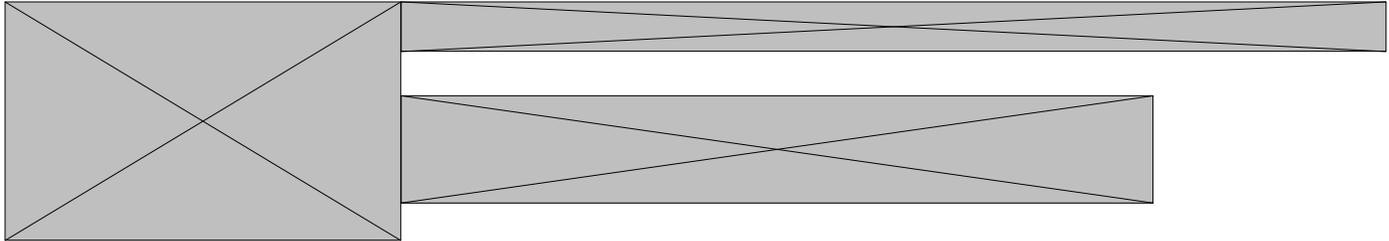
The hares had just departed,
And had started laying trail,
When the cops surrounded us,
And said we all are goin' to jail.
We climbed into the paddy wagon,

Locked inside the cavern,
But when the doors flew open,
We were at another tavern.
(And the hares laughed so!)

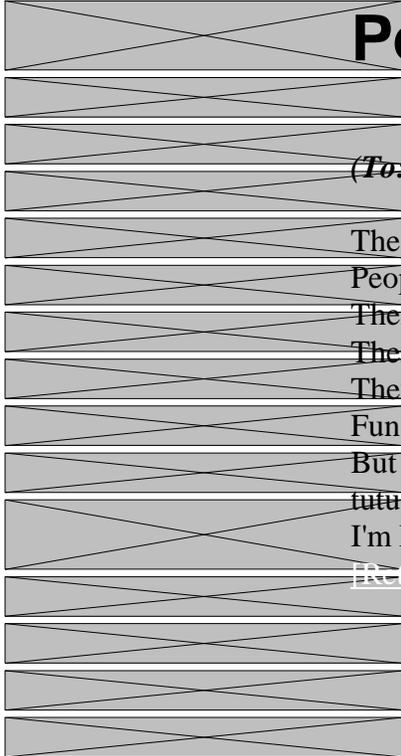
We circled up for Down Downs,
And to sing another song,
When something started telling us,
There must be something wrong.
Our bellies started growling,
They they needed liquid grub,
So we put away the food,
And went to chug inside the pub.

We went on to the On On On,
To have a rowdy time,
But all that we could gather,
From our pockets was a dime.
We put our heads together,
And thought that we could scrounge,
The money it would take,
To get a beer inside the lounge.

We packed our bags and loaded up,
To get away from there,
When someone in the crowd yelled out,
"We found some more cold beer!"
We couldn't leave the ice cold beer,
'Cause it would be a sin,
We downed our beer and started home,
But wound up at an inn.



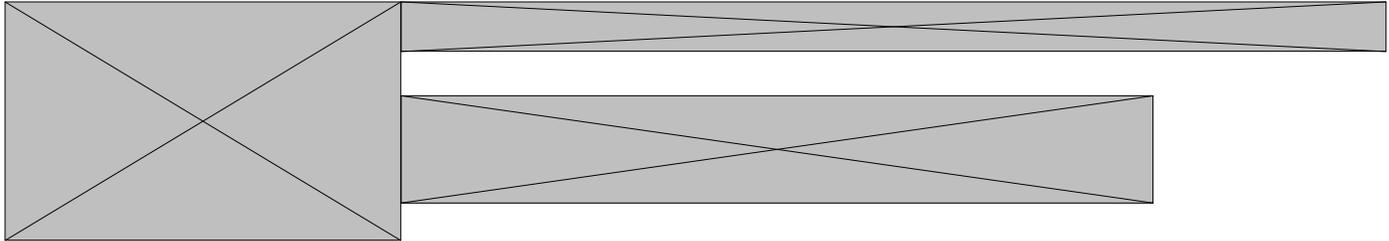
People in Pink Tutus



(To: The Wonderful Thing About Tiggers)

The wonderful thing about people in pink tutus,
People in pink tutus are a wonderful thing,
Their dicks are sheathed in rubber,
Their tampons have wonderful strings.
They're bouncy, wouncy, trouncy, flouncy,
Fun, fun, fun, fun, fun!
But the most wonderful thing about people in pink
tutus is,
I'm NOT the only one!

Re-



Rap It Up!

(Rap)

The name of the 'hood is Rolling Hills
Here come the Hastas looking for,
(Cheap) sheep thrills.
EZ was early, tryin' to pay his dough,
Dirty something had his rugrat in tow.
Pile Driver said he ran here from home,
Chum tried to get her husband to cum.
Riff Raff and Boobs were early this time,
Said "If Tuna's the hare, gimme back my dime."
Tuna Taco announc"A to A run,"
There he goes, spoilin' Walkin' Small's fun.
Tuna was off at 6:32,
His tights were rbut his shirt was blue.
LA/LB, whose turf was he in?
Either way he'd fit right in.

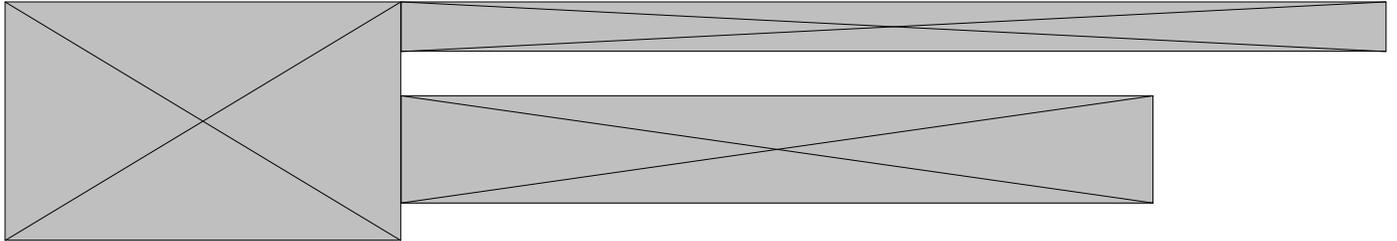
Chorus

Our turf is wide--LAX to Beach,
No alley or valley is beyond our reach.
This hash ain't dope, this hash is good,
Each Thursday night we trash a different hood.
So Tuna is off and taggin' the street,
Just follow the chalk marks at our feet.
To quote Shortstrokes, the concept is clear,
Follow the graffiti to the beer.
The run headed west thru some fancy hood,
Passing Wind passed me, movin' real good.
I gossiped with Luftswine 'bout C.Q. weddin'
illin',
Then we came to a check and some down-hillin'.
Off trail we followed Scooter and Lipo down,
Wished I had some bread crumbs to throw on the
ground.

Then up the streets and Via Pavo,
(Hey--is that Spanish for "paved road?")
Found some trail, then shortcut again,
To a scenic viewpoint just 'round the bend.
No flour, no whistles, no runners in sight,
We might be in for a long, lost night.
At the corner where Newton and Hawthorne meet,
There we found arrows at our feet.
We tagged the ground, 7:23,
PH, LS, BH--the SCBs.
Hey, that's short-cuttin' bimbos to you,
When you're slow and sneaky, what else can you do?
Turned a corner--whoop--there it is!
We don't wanna mess with this chicken biz.
(Long Beach H3 drinks Down Downs from a rubber
chicken--F.B.)
So we hid 'hind a Beemer till Spanks came through,
She thinks she's the wiener, but we know the
truth!
And while we're at it, let's get something
straight,
These girls in the hood all beat their mates.
At the end there was plenty to hear and to see,
Fruit said "We don't circle jerk here in LBH3."
I asked someone what we had missed,
He said the good stuff went like this--
True trail ran by the Begonia Garden,
Where the fertilizer smelled like someone fartin'.
Is Begonia related to Petunia Taco?
She might be his sister, but we don't know.
At the rocket ship beer check, there was nothin'
to fear,
Helter Skelter and EZ were guardin' the beer.
AT&T passes out some greasy fries,
From In 'n' Out Burger to all of the guys.
She hears that A. Tourist owned eight cars,
"Gosh, is he married?"--her eyes were like stars.

Back at the finish we were all chillin',
It's Down Down time and the hashers were willin'.
The usual crowd of returners was big,
Is new boot Mike a Marine in a wig?
Luftswine drank for her 500th mile,
and Mongo won't do it Doggie Style.
She said, "Our sex life has become really phony."
He said, "Don't complain, I bought you a pony."

The Hashit is Chum's, but wait, have you heard?
Lipo and So. Baptits just did the M word.
And now that's over, it's On On time,
That's the story, all told in rhyme.
So say what you will about this rap,
You might think it's nothin' but crap.
All in all the trail was nothin' to dis,
And I'm just a bitch with PMS.



The Short Cutter

(To: The Wild Rover)

I've been a short-cutter for many a year,
And I've spent all my money,
Down the Wanch, for the beer.
But now I'm reforming,
My name to restore,
And I never will be the short-cutter, no more.

Chorus: So it's no nay never,
No nay never, no more,
Will I be, a short-cutter,
No never, no more.

Well it's off to a Firehouse I'm known to frequent,
Mumersun knows,
My money was spent.
Ask her for credit,
She answered me, "Yeah!"
So just like the SouthSide - I'm on autopay.

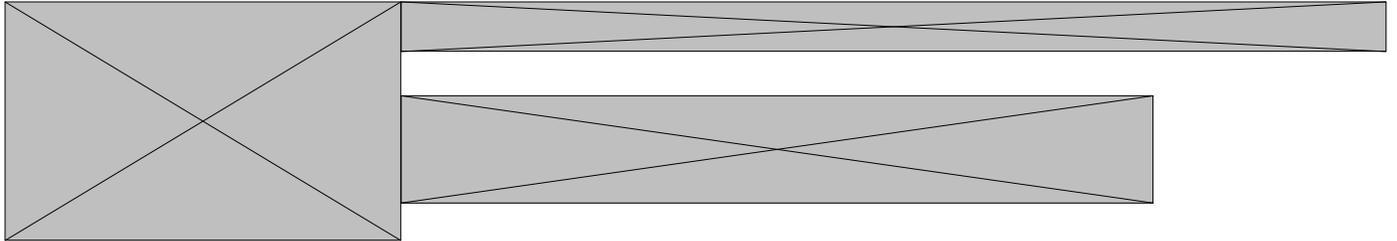
When you ask for a screw, in my belief,
You should tell the good lady,
You'll put on a sheath.
But being a short-cutter,
I forgot what I say,
And now she tells me, I've got twins on the way.

A short-cut to the Wanch gave me nothing but strife,
When I said I'll go sober,
To my darling wife.
I short-cut the shower,
When I'd been with them whores,
Wasn't she with Lip-stick in my drawers.

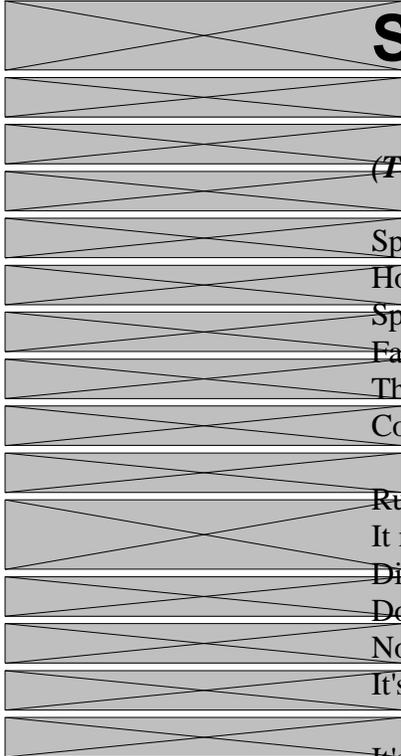
Now dating a German is cheap for the price,
They bonk before dinner,
And earn it but thrice.
So you can short-cut the Fraulein,
Don't take her out,
Just let her go hungry while you eat Sauerkraut.

"You must marry the girl, for what you have done,"
Said her dad with a smile,
As he pointed his gun.
But being a short-cutter,
That wasn't for me,
You don't buy the store when you want some Candy.

But the times they are nigh for me to repent,
And watch what I do,
And the money I spent.
No more a short-cutter,
"Oh is it my turn to shout?"
"Well fuck-off you lot, I was on my way out!"



Spiders In My Hair



(To: Strangers in the Night)

Spiders in my hair,
How fucking frightful,
Spiders in my hair,
Far from delightful,
This humongous bug,
Could be poisonous.

Running down my back,
It makes my skin crawl,
Disappears into my crack,
Down by my left ball,
Now I'm fucking sick,
It's headed for my dick.

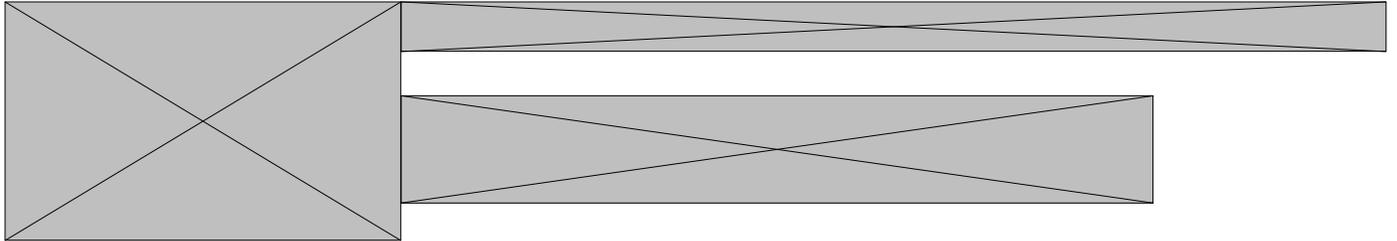
It's way past time to drop,
My pants and leap,
Around in crazy dance...

Fuck this jungle shit,
Give me some urban,
My hair is full of webs,
A sticky turban,
I may soon be dead,
Before this hash is through.

Now I'm back on trail,
Then just like always,
Without fucking fail,
I see the "On Back,"
Webs hanging from my face,
I turn back in disgrace.

I've risked my life for little gain,

I'll have to run the hash again, and
Then I see the tracks in jungle clearing,
With you crazy fucks, all sweat and beering,
You just don't fucking care,
About spiders in my hair.



John Brown's Penis

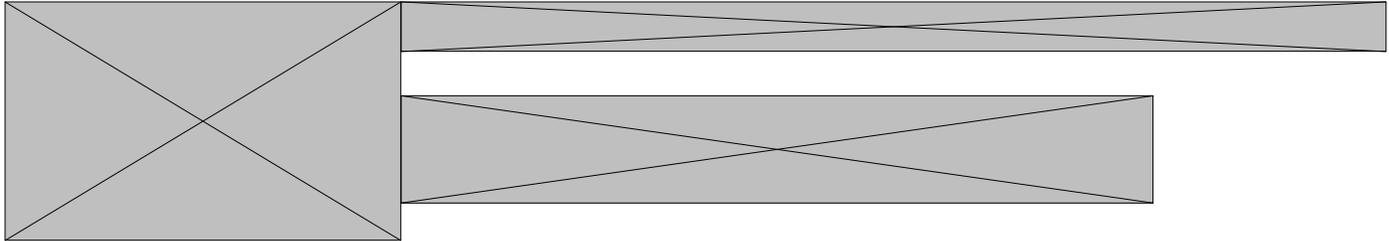
(To "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

John Brown's penis was a bloody awful sight,
Mucked about with gonorrhoea and bugged up with
shite,
The agonies of syphilis kept him awake all night,
But he still went rogering along.

Chorus
Oh, the hoary old seducer,
Oh, the hoary old seducer,
Oh, the hoary old seducer,
He still went rogering along!

The color of his water was sort of orange-ale,
Little gonorrhoea germs within his scrotum played,
In spite of these inconveniences, he went on
undismayed.
Yes he still went rogering along.

Girls would come from miles around to his Baronial
Hall,
To see his giant penis and his one remaining ball,
And see the rows of maiden heads all hung around
the wall, But
he still went rogering along.



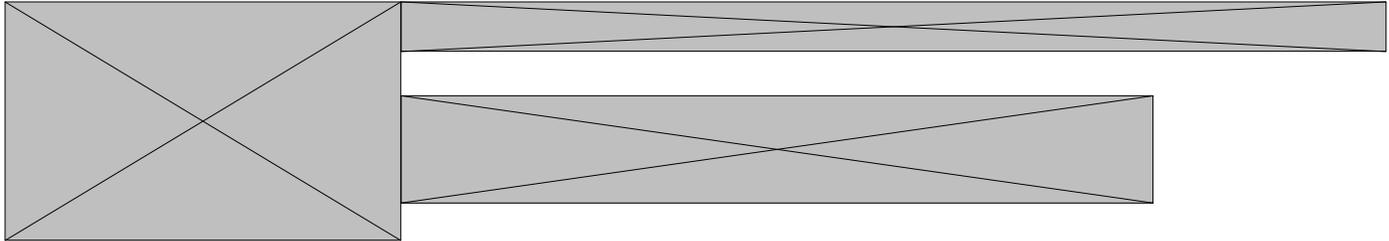
The Twelve Days of Interhash

(To: Twelve Days of Christmas)

(See "Twelve Days of Christmas")

On the first day of Interhash,
My true love gave to me,
A lube job in her fur tree.

Two shit house doors,
Three French whores,
Four calling girls,
Five public hairs!
Six sixty-niners,
Seven sucking sisters,
Eight aching assholes,
Nine gnawed off nipples,
Ten torn testicles,
Eleven leaping lesbians,
Twelve twats a'twitching,



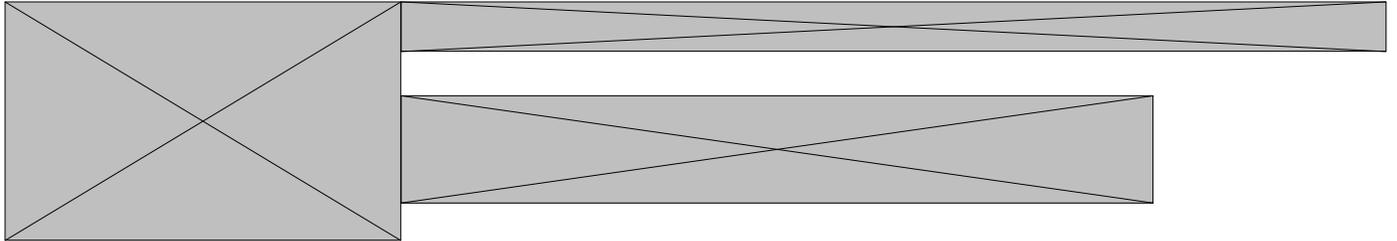
The Twelve Days of Interhashing

(To: Twelve Days of Christmas)

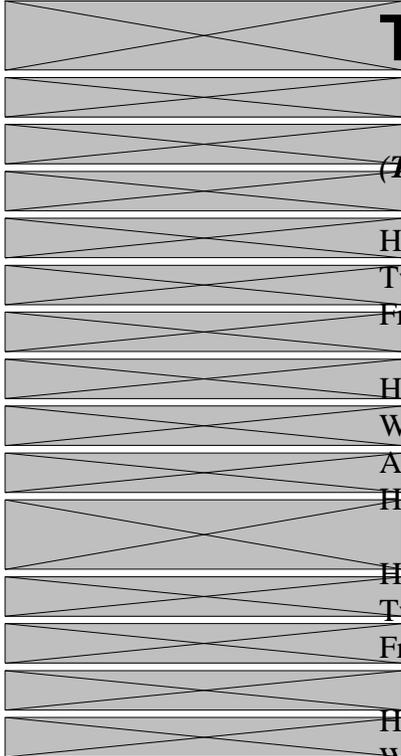
(See "Twelve Days of Christmas")

On the first day I interhashed,
This is what I found,
A trail with a lot of shiggy.

Two D. O. T.'s,
Three hares a-laying,
Four bimbos walking,
Five frosty beers!
Six puffs of flour,
Seven long B. T.'s,
Eight whistles blowing,
Nine S. C. B.'s swimming,
Ten tits a-swinging,
Eleven hashers drinking,
Twelve heinous sins.



Two Hashers



(To: This Old Man)

Hashers:

Two hashers, drove for miles,
From the Emerald Coast to Tybee Isle.

Harrier Chorus

With a couple of cunts,
And a cooler full of beer,
How the fuck did we get here?

Harriettes:

Two harriettes, drove for miles,
From the Emerald Coast to Tybee Isle.

Harriette Chorus

With a couple of cocks,
And a cooler full of beer,
How the fuck did we get here?

Hashers:

Two hashers, in a truck,
One got blown and one got sucked.
to harrier chorus

Harriettes:

Two harriettes, in a truck,
One got banged and the other got fucked.
to harriette chorus

Hashers:

Two hashers, on the road,
While they drove they lost their load.
to harrier chorus

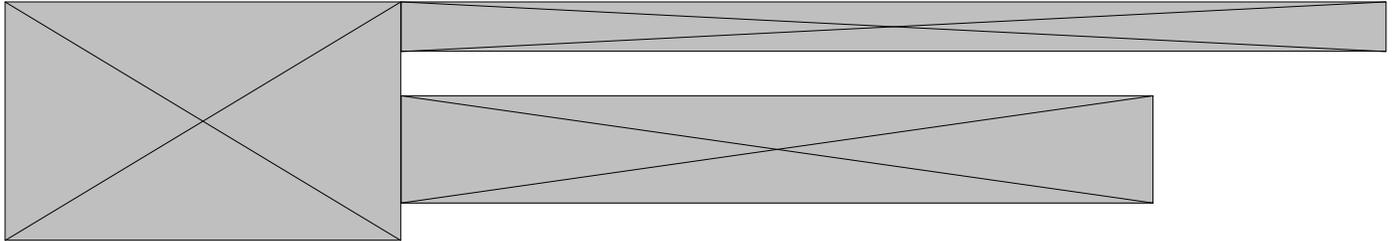
Harriettes:
Two harriettes, on the road,
While they drove their tits they showed.
to harriette chorus

All:
Four hashers, stopped to dine,
At mile marker sixty-nine.

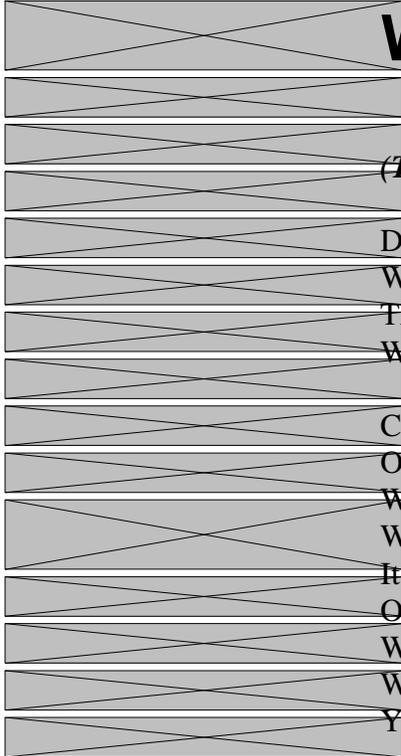
Combined Chorus
With cunts and cocks,
And a cooler full of beer,
We fucked and sucked our way to here.

Four hashers, they came late,
Nabob stopped to masturbate.
to combined chorus

All you hashers in the crowd,
Hear us now and hear us loud,
When you cum to Intercourse,
You'd better bring a date,
So you won't have to masturbate!



Wanky's Beers



(To: Jingle Bells)

Dashing down the trail,
With a cooler full of brew,
This beer tastes like hell,
What can we hashers do?

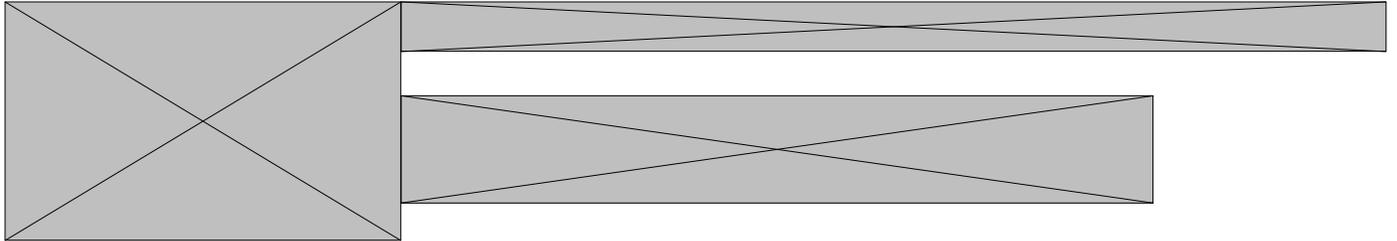
Chorus

Oh, Wanky's beers, Wanky's beers,
Wanky, you're a dick.
When we drink your fucking piss,
It makes us fucking sick.
Oh, Wanky's beers, Wanky's beers,
We told you fucking twice,
When you pack those fucking beers,
You can't forget the ice!

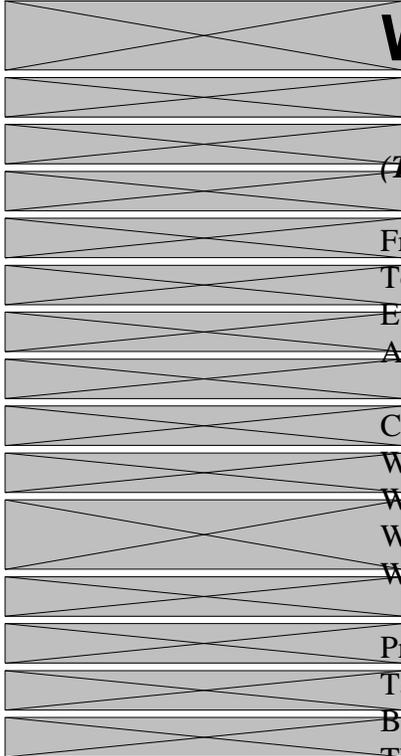
I drank a Wanky brew,
A down-down I did do,
Now I've got that fucking brew
Caked upon my shoe.

The biermobile's arrived,
On-In time is here,
What fun it is to chug and puke,
Our Wanky's putrid beer.

We sing this little song,
We sing it just for you,
Now we think it's only right,
That you should drink one too.



We Go Hashing



(To: Oh, My Darlin' Clementine)

From the distant dawn of mankind,
To the present state of bliss,
Evolution has refined us,
And the proof is simply this:

Chorus:

We go hashing, we go hashing,
We go hashing once a week,
With the _____ hashers,
We go bonkers once a week.

Prehistoric treetop monkeys,
Taught us how to jump and fuck,
But they had no hashing spirit,
That we have is our good luck.

Cro-Magnon and other cavemen,
Did not live for very long,
They were just as wild as we are,
But they got the hashing wrong.

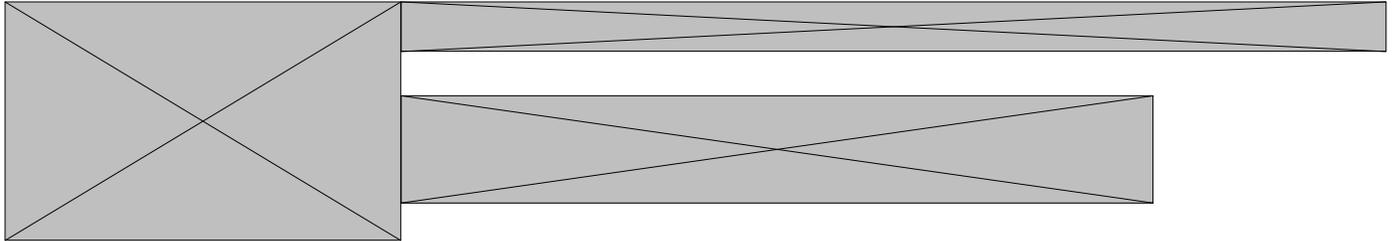
In the early Middle Ages,
Nuns and monks had little fun,
They had wine and fornication,
But they lacked a decent run.

Billy Shakespeare wrote a sonnet,
More than twenty pages long,
All about the joys of hashing,
We can do it in a song.

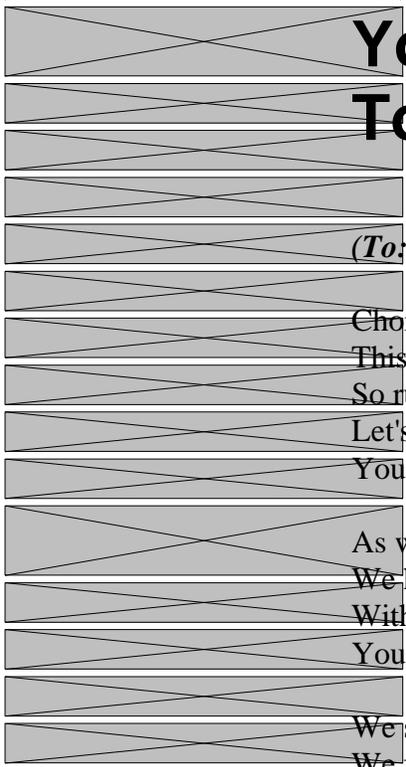
Recent surveys of the country,
Show that only magic will,

Save the nation from perdition,
And we have the saving skill.

Girls and boys and other sexes,
Stand up tall and sing out clear:
We shall never be athletic,
We just do it for the beer.



Your Hand Was Made To Stroke My Gland



(To: This Land is Your Land)

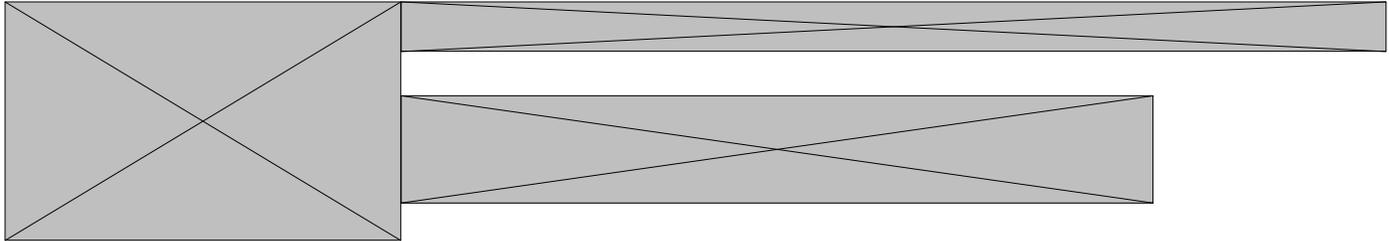
Chorus
This hand is your hand, this gland is my gland,
So rub it slowly, to make my thing stand.
Let's play forever, we'll cum together,
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.

As we were driving, on separate highways,
We heard the faint cries of "On On my way."
With whistles blowing, the beer was flowing,
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.

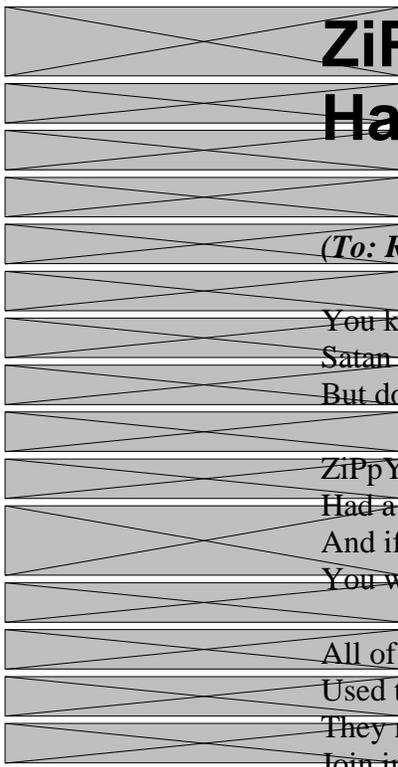
We showed up Friday and partied hardy,
We fucked till morning, and then we partied.
Played with eachother, and soon discovered,
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.

As we got closer, there was an odor,
It was your pussy, upon my boner.
Your tits were shaking, my balls were breaking,
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.

In Jacksonville we all came together,
Showed tits and asses, despite the weather.
From the Emerald Coasters, to those with odors,
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.



ZiPpY The Red-Nosed Hasher



(To: Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer)

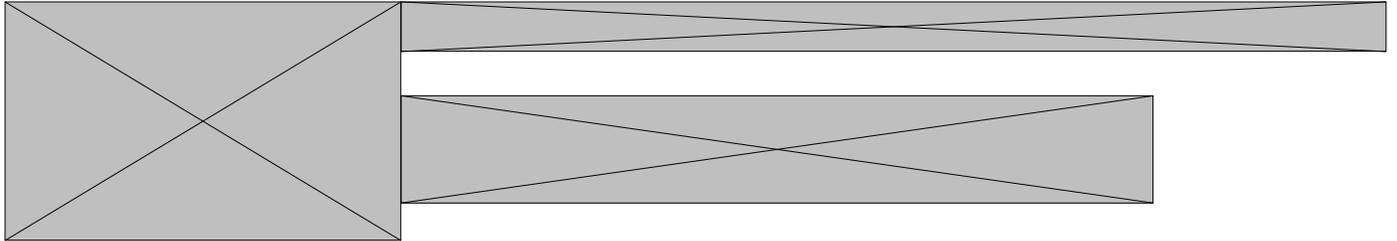
You know Magic and Mullet and Rambo and Mr Spock
Satan and Stray Dog and Mu-Sick and Shuttle Cock,
But do you re-call the most famous Hasher of all,

ZiPpY the red-nosed Hasher,
Had a bit too much to drink,
And if you ever saw him,
You would even say he stinks.

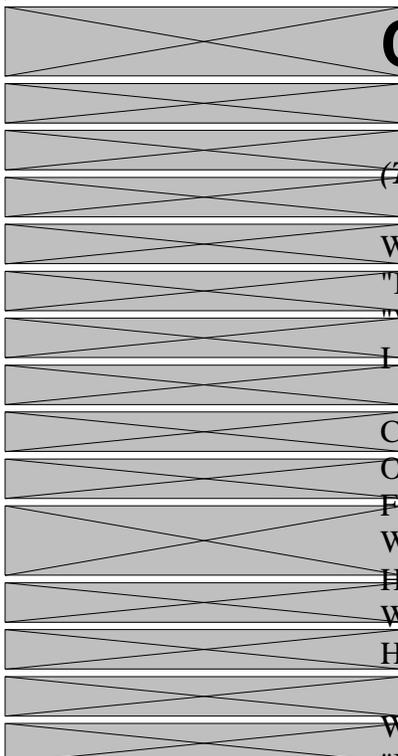
All of the other Hashers,
Used to laugh and call him names,
They never let poor ZiPpY,
Join in any orgy games.

Then one night at the InterHash,
The GM came to say,
ZiPpY with your ass so tight,
Won't you let me ride you tonight?

Then all the Hashers loved him,
And they shouted out with glee,
ZiPpY the red-nosed Hasher
You better get checked for HIV!



Cock Robin



(To: Who Killed Cock Robin)

Who killed cock robin?

"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed cock robin."

Chorus (with gestures)

Oh, the birds of the air said,
Fuck it! Let's chuck it!
When they heard cock robin,
Had kicked the fucking bucket!
When they heard, cock robin,
Had kicked the fucking bucket!

Who saw him die?

"I," said the fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

Who'll take his blood?

"I," said the mole,
"With my little bowl,
I'll take his blood."

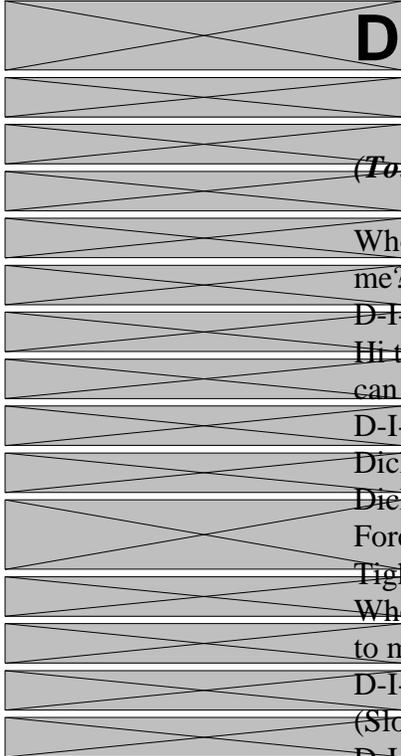
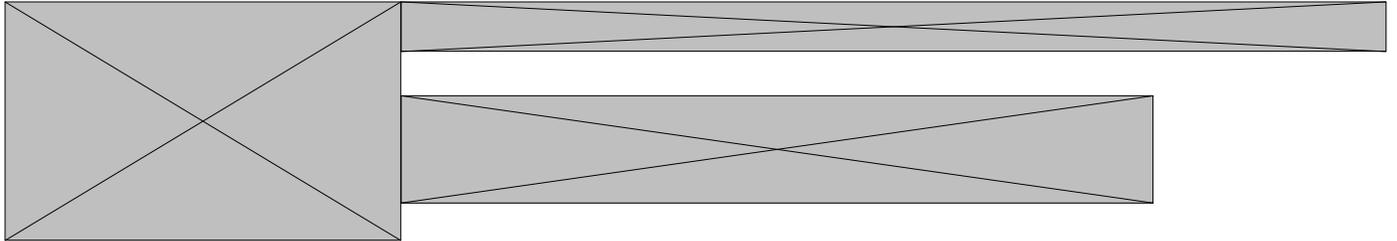
Who'll dig his grave?

"I," said the owl,
"With my little trowel,
I'll dig the grave."

Who'll ring the bell?

"I," said the bull,
"With my mighty tool,
I'll ring the bell."

Who'll say the prayer?
"I," said the rook,
"With my little book,
I'll say the prayer."



Dickey Louse

(To: Mickey Mouse Theme)

Who's the little blood sucker that's after you and me?

D-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!

Hi there, hey there, ho there, he's as hungry as can be,

D-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!

Dickey Louse (scratchy muff!)

Dickey Louse (scratchy muff!)

Forever may he hold your hairy crotch, Tight, Tight, Tight!

When you join up at the hips he'll jump from you to me!

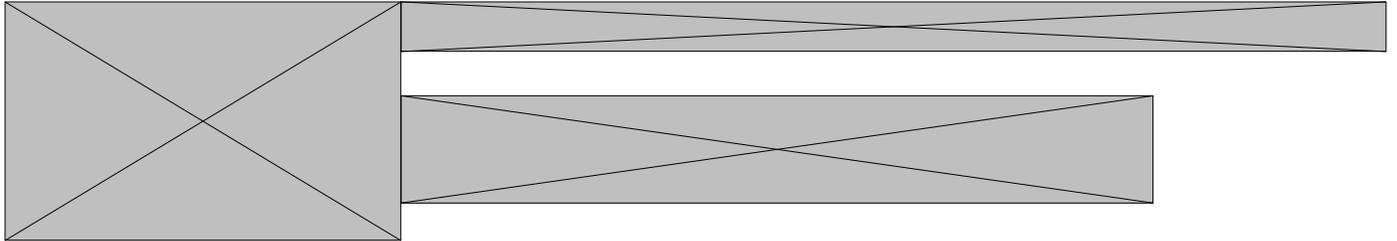
D-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!

(Slowly)

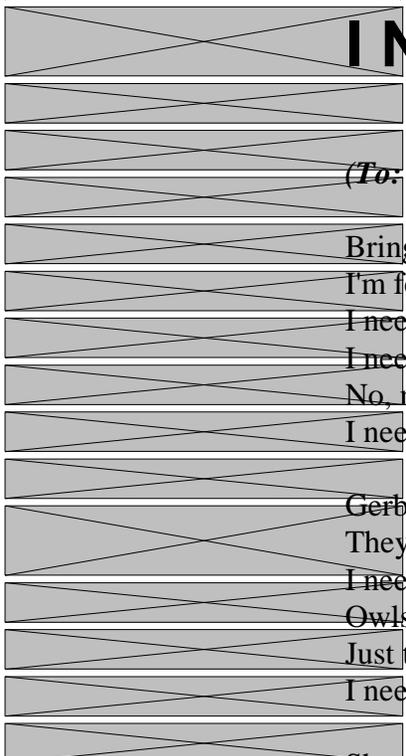
D-I-C, Eat you real soon!

K-E-Y, Why? Because I like you! (pointing)

L-O-U-S-Eeee!



I Need A Sheep

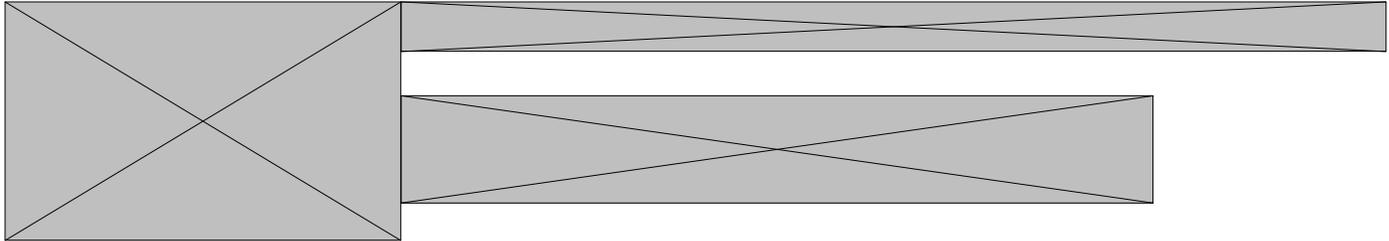


(To: Scotland the Brave)

Bring me some whiskey, mother,
I'm feeling frisky, mother.
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!
I need a lover, mother,
No, not my brother, mother.
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

Gerbils don't make it, mother,
They just can't take it, mother.
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!
Owls, bats and other critters,
Just tend to give me jitters.
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

Sheep never talk about it,
They never ever doubt it.
Always so placid, affectionate and nice!
Give me that lanolin,
Better than flannel-in.
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!



Jonestown

(To "Downtown")

When you are broke and your religion's a joke,
You can always go to - Jonestown.
When life's incomplete there's only one man to
meet,
So won't you come and see - Jim Jones.
Watch him as he stirs the vat of koolaid that's so
lethal.
Listen to the anguished crys of all his dying
people-

No one survives!

The Rev's a most gracious host,
So let's lift up our glass to the ultimate toast.
We're at - Jonestown.

Drink up with Reverend Jim - Jonestown,
The chances are mighty slim - Jonestown,
The people are dropping like flies in,
Jonestown, Jonestown, Jonestown, Jonestown.

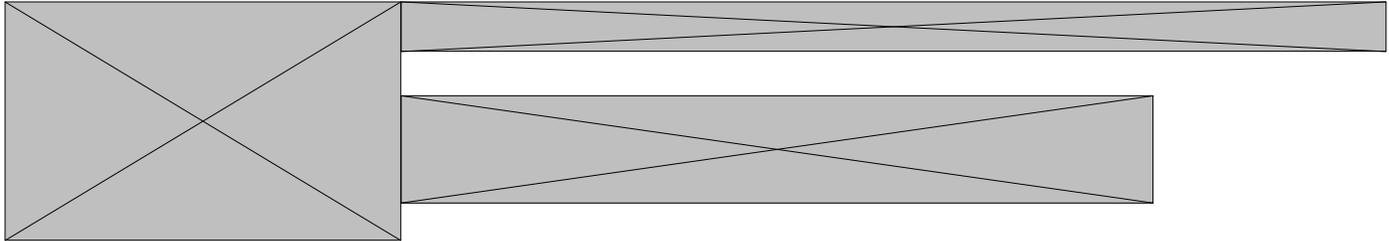
There was Congressman Ryan on his mission of
spying

But he would not drink with - Jim Jones.
For such a disgrace they had to blow off his face,
Now tell me who's to blame - Jim Jones.
But it forced the Rev to put his final plan into
action.

He drank the brew and when it's through,
he saw with satisfaction,
Everyone died!

The deaths were both painful and slow,
But to live or to die, it's a great way to go.

We're at - Jonestown.
Drink up with Reverend Jim - Jonestown
The chances are mighty slim - Jonestown
The people are dropping like flies in,
Jonestown, Jonestown, Jonestown, Jonestown.



Skippy The Squirrel

(To: Frosty the Snowman)

Skippy the Squirrel is a jolly happy soul,
With his smashed out brains and his broken nose,
And some gravel up his hole.

Skippy the Squirrel is a hasher's tale they say,
He was just too slow and the hashers know,
He was squished to death one day.

There must have been some magic,
In that old dead squirrel they found,
For when they tied him to the bus he began to fly
around.

Oh, Skippy the Squirrel is as dead as he can be,
But the hashers say he can hash and play,
Just the same as you and me.

(whistle interlude)

Skippy the Squirrel knew the sun was hot that day,
So he said, "Lets run,
And we'll have some fun, before I rot away."

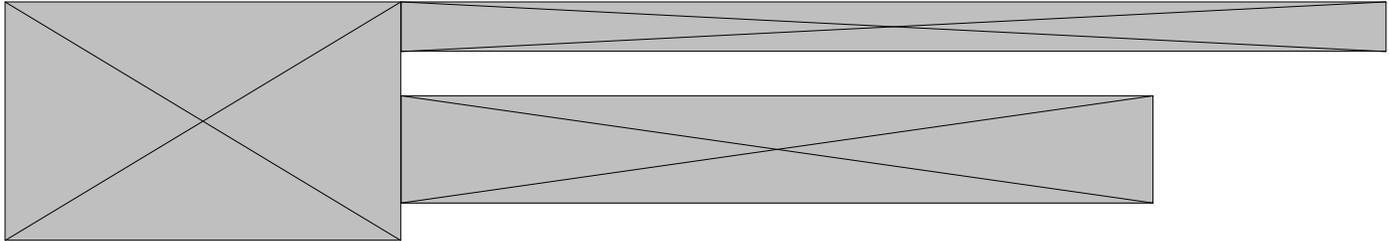
Down to the Apres, with a rope tied to his tail,
Flying here and there, all around the square,
Saying , "You'll go straight to hell."

He led them down the trail that day,
Right to a parking lot,
Where Monster Bator licked a girl,
Whose father called a cop.

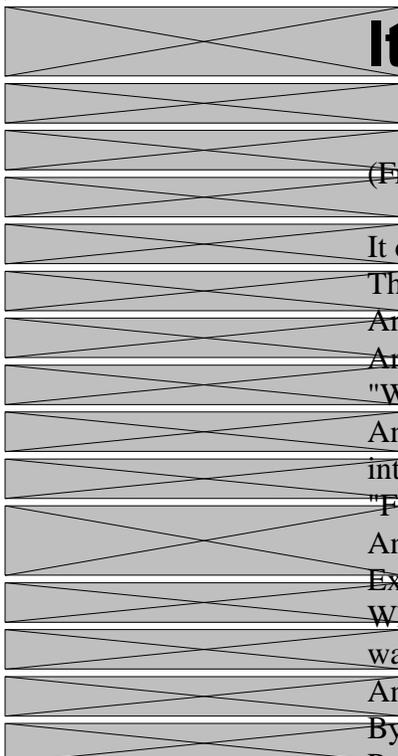
Monster and Skippy had to hurry out of there,

But they waved good-bye,
Sayin', "Don't you cry, we'll be back again next
year."

Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump,
Hear those squirrellies die,
Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump,
Look at Skippy fly.

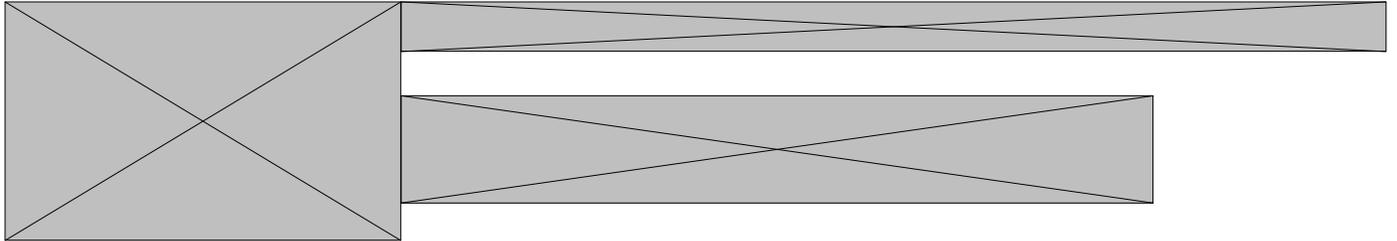


It Came To Pass

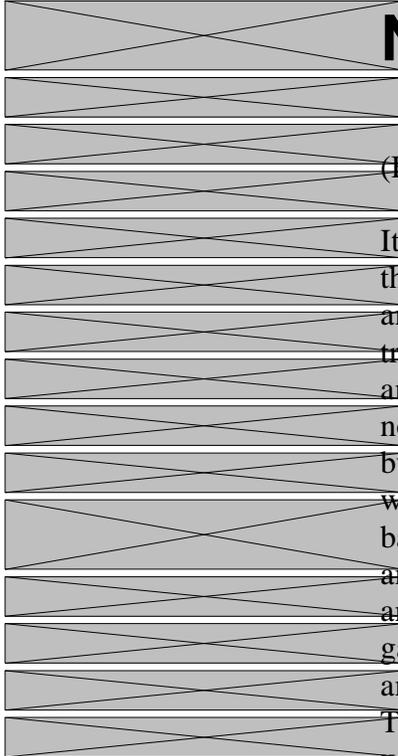


(From Jacksing)

It came to pass, there was no ass,
There was a famine in the land.
And Daniel came unto the King,
And Daniel sayeth unto the King,
"Why is the Queen not a prostitute?"
And the King casteth Daniel,
into the lions' den.
"Fuck me," said the Queen,
And no one moved,
Except a decrepit old courtier,
Who'd sat in a corner,
wanking for nigh on fifty years,
And grabbing hold of her,
By the lapels of her cunt,
Pulled her on like a well-worn seaboot.
"Fuck me," said the Princess,
And the Knight rolled on.
On the first day the King came unto Daniel,
And Daniel spying the King from afar,
Picked up a lump of crystallized camel shit,
(Bullshit not being available in those days),
And let fly, hitting the King between the eyes.
"Shit," said the King,
And the King's word being law in the land,
50,000 asses turned toward the East,
And splattered the midday sun.
"Stop," said the Queen,
And the Queen's word,
Also being law in those days,
20,000 turds were nipped in the bud.



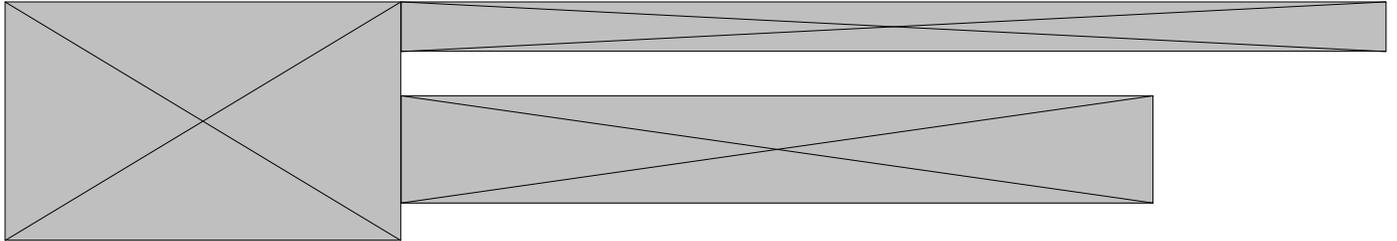
Nabob The Paybob



(From Jacksing)

It came to pass,
there was no ass,
and NABOB, son of PAYBOB,
traveled the road from Pompey to Guzz
and he was set upon by bandits,
not ordinary bandits,
but ass bandits,
who ragged him,
bagged him,
and shagged him
and left him on the roadside
gasping for a tickler
and they drew lots for his burberry.
The first person to walk past
was not a tall man,
he was not a short man,
he was not a fat man,
he was not a thin man,
but a fucking great JOSSMAN
who spat on him
and crossed by on the other side.
The next person to walk by was JENNY
who came unto NABOB and sayeth,
"What doest thou here?"
and NABOB sayeth
"I was traveling along the road
from Pompey to Guzz
and I was set upon by bandits,
not ordinary bandits,
but ass bandits
who ragged me,
bagged me,
and shagged me,

and left me on the roadside
gasping for a tickler,
and they drew lots for my burberry."
And JENNY sayeth unto NABOB,
"Dwell with me," and he dwelt.
After forty days and forty nights
he came unto the bay of sickness
and JENNY sayeth unto him,
"I am pregnant
and what steps wilt thou take?"
and NABOB sayeth "Bloody big ones!"
and disappeareth into the wilderness.
Here endeth the lesson.



One Hen Tongue Twister

(The songmaster shouts the first line and the pack shouts it back, the songmaster shouts the first and second lines and the pack shouts them back, accumulating lines to the end. Down downs to the screw ups, or it can be a drinking contest for each line.)

One hen,

Two ducks,

Three squawking geese,

Four Limerick oysters,

Five corpulent porpoises,

Six pairs of Don Alveezer's tweezers,

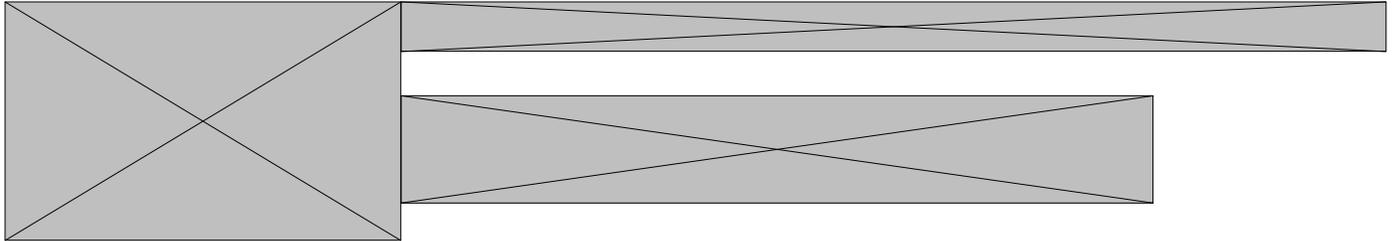
Seven thousand Macedonian warriors
charging in full battle armor,

Eight brass monkeys from the ancient
sacred crypts of Egypt,

Nine apathetic, syphilitic, diabetic
old men on roller skates with a marked
propensity toward procrastination and sloth,

Ten lyrical, spherical, diabolical denizens
of the deep who quoth quay through the quivy
of the quarry constantly and at the same time

Right?



All My Jism

(To: All My Lovin')

Harriers:

Close your eyes, spread your legs,
Let me fertilize your eggs,
Remember, I'll always be true.
And then while I'm away,
I'll beat off every day,
And send all my jism to you.

Harriettes:

He'll pretend to be kissing,
The lips used for pissing,
While fondling his balls so blue.
And then while I'm not home,
He'll be stroking his bone,
And sending his jism to me.

Harriers:

All my jism, I will send to you.
All my jism, you can have my spew.
All my jism, all my jism,
All my jism, I will send to you.

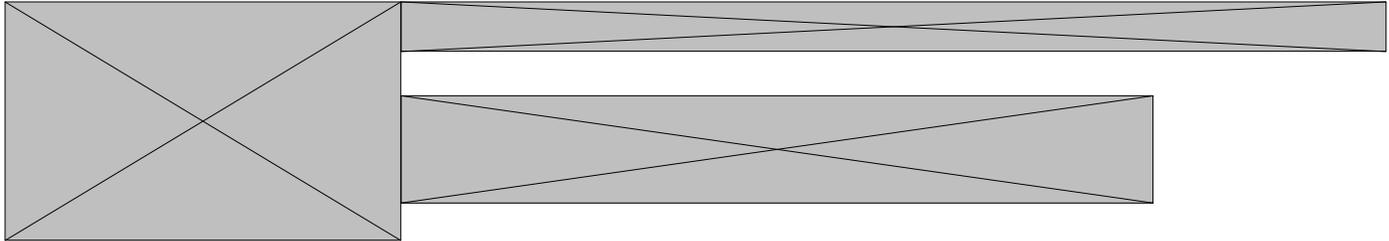
Harriettes:

I will sing this bright chorus,
While I rub my clitoris,
With my dildo so tried and true.
And then while you're away,
I will vibrate away,
And send all my jism to you.

Harriers:

All my jism, I will send to you.
All my jism, you can have my spew.

All my jism, all my jism,
All my jism, I will send to you.



Be My Guest

(To: Be Our Guest)

Be my guest,
Be my guest,
Put my service to the test,
Wrap your legs around my waist cherie,
And I will do the rest.
Menage a trois, 69,
Without your clothes you look just fine.
Try the white stuff, it's delicious,
Don't believe me? Ask da bitches.
They can scream, they can moan,
When I give them all the bone,
Cuz a screwing here is never 2nd best!
Come on unzip my pants,
Then take a look, a glance,
Be my guest!
I'm the best!
Be my guest!

Be my love,
Be my slave,
Let's kick back and watch some Dave.
I'll prepare,
Extraordinaire,
And then I'll spelunk in your cave.

We're alone and you're scared,
But the bedroom's all prepared,
No one's ever been complaining,
Cuz I'm always entertaining.
I sell smokes, you turn trix,
I'm the dick to end all Dicks!
Lick me, bite me, suck me, blow me, give me head.
You're such a nice young lass,

Come on and shake your ass.

Be my guest,
If you're stressed,
It's my love spear I suggest,
Be my guest,
I'm the best,
Be my guest!

Life is disconcerting,
To a flirter who's not flirting,
He's not whole without a soul,
To jump upon.

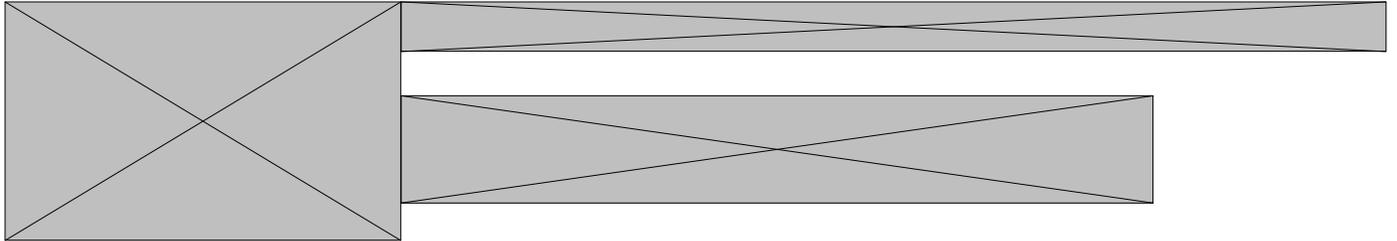
Ah those good old days when I was fruitful,
Tonight we'll be fruitful until dawn,
Three weeks it's been missing,
Needing so much more than kissing,
Needing exercise, a chance to use its skill,
Most days I just jerk off in the bathroom,
Flabby, fat and lazy,
You walk in and I go crazy.

It's a guest!
It's a guest!
Sakes alive she's got a chest,
Wine's been poured,
And I've been bored,
Gosh I'd love to stroke her breast,
With dessert she'll want me,
With some luck we'll make it three,
While the bed starts in a-squeaking,
I'll be coming, I'll be peaking.

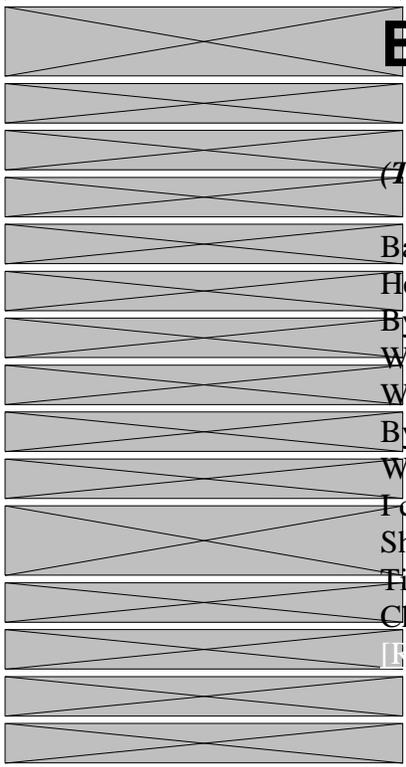
You'll get warm, piping hot,
Heaven's sakes, is that a spot?
Clean it up, we want the company impressed.
I've got you to do,
Was that one fuck or two?
For you my guest,
She's my guest.

My command is your request,
It's been three weeks since,
I've seen anybody's peaks,
And I'm obsessed.

You're a treat, you're a tease,
Yes indeed I aim to please,
Through the night we'll keep a-going,
Pretty soon you'll be a glowing,
Thrust by thrust,
One by one,
Till you shout "Enough, I've come",
Then I'll whisk you off to bed for oral sex,
Tonight you'll prop your feet up,
And I'll start to eat up,
Be my guest,
I'm the best!
Be my guest!



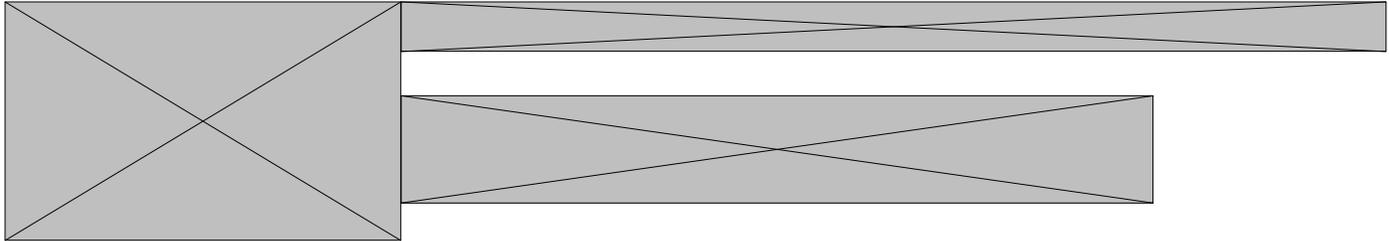
Bye Bye Cherry



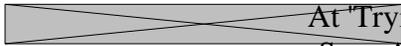
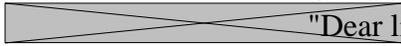
(To: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Back your ass against the wall,
Here I come, balls and all,
Bye, bye, cherry!
Won't your mother be disgusted,
When she finds your cherry's busted,
Bye, bye, cherry!
Wrap your legs around a little tighter,
I can feel my load is getting lighter,
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits,
Till my little pecker spits,
Cherry, bye bye!

E



Christopher And Alice



Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace,
Christopher Robin went down on Alice.
"Dear little Christopher knows his stuff,
At 'Trying the Beard' and 'Noshing the Muff.'"
-Says Alice

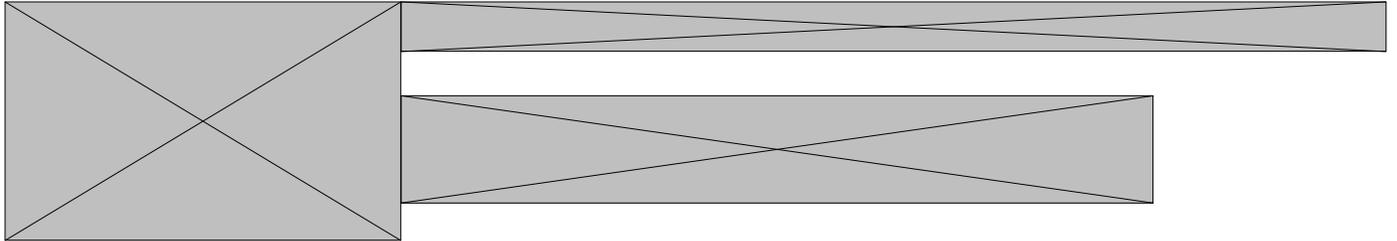


Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace,
Christopher Robin's still gobblin' Alice.
"One more time, then after lunch,
I'll reciprocate and 'Munch the Trunch.'"
-Says Alice



Christopher Robin is getting his knob in,
Alice is down and gobblin' Robin.
She won't say a word while 'Tonguing the Tool,'
"Cos it's rude to talk when your mouth is full."
-Says Alice

They're plating away at Buckingham Palace,
Alice plates Robin and Robin plates Alice.
They're laying down upon the turf,
"Nothing compares with a Soixante Neuf."
-Says Alice



Come Sit On My Face

(To: Red River Valley)

Come sit on my face, if you love me,
Come sit on my face, if you care,
And I'll drink from your Red River Valley,
And munch on your curly pubic hairs.

Oh, if I had the wings of an eagle,
And the balls of a hairy baboon,
I would fly to the ends of creation,
And I'd butt-fuck the Man in the Moon.

Oh, take it in the hand, Mrs Murphy,
It feels just like a rolling pin.
But if you roll it between your hands,
It'll take some time to be useful again.

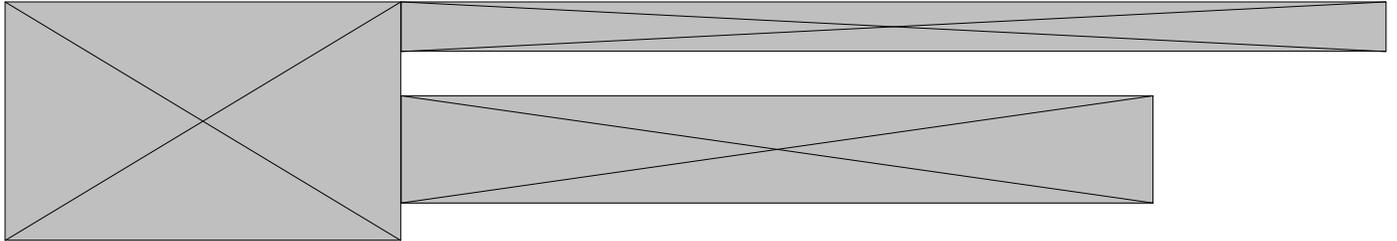
Oh, take it in the mouth, Mrs Murphy,
It only weighs a quarter of a pound.
It's got hairs round its neck like a turkey,
And it spits when you shake it up and down.

Oh, take it between the breasts, Mrs Murphy,
And look it straight in its one eye.
It will lie at peace between your bosom,
Until finally milk-tears you cry.

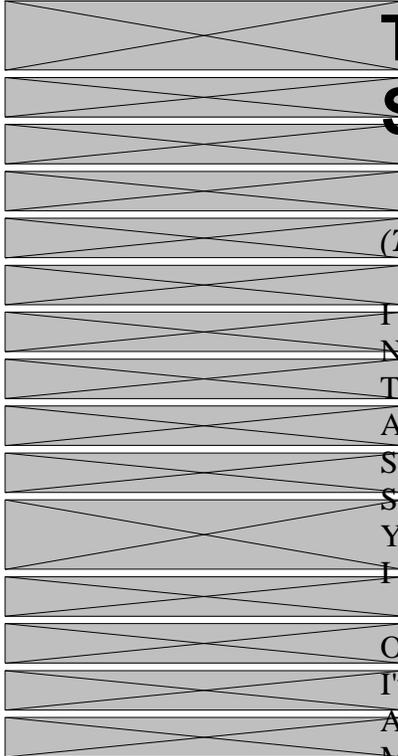
Oh, place it between your legs, Mrs Murphy,
It is just aching to crawl inside.
It has a helmet on its head like a soldier,
And it will shoot all its ammo, then die.

Oh, but never touch,
(insert hasher's name)'s,
Mrs. Murphy,

It seems his is covered with scabs.
His's has warts all over like a horny toad,
And is protected by an army of crabs.



The Gender Bender Song



(To: "I will Survive")

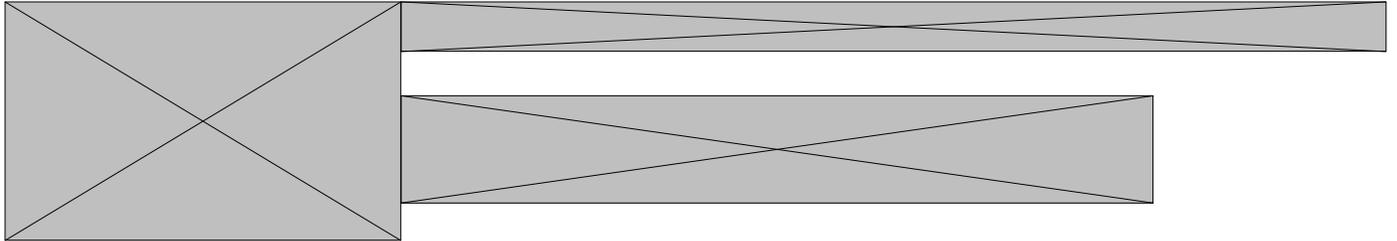
I used to be a man,
Now I'm sterilized.
Thinking why do I need a woman,
Always by my side?
So now I spend so much time,
Simply playin' with myself,
You know I cum so well alone,
I don't need nobody else.

Oh no not I, I will survive,
I've had my HIV tested,
And I think I'll stay alive.
Maybe I gotta a month,
Or perhaps even two,
Who gives a shit anyway,
If I didn't fuck you

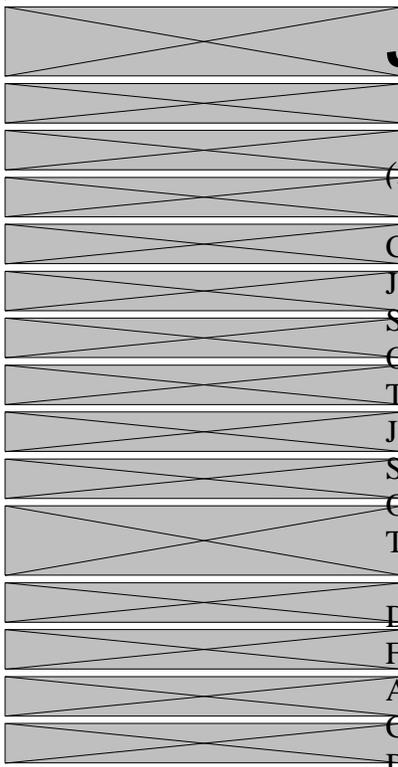
So turn your back,
Grease out your rear.
Stick out your arse now,
And I'll fuck you right here.
It don't really matter,
If you're a guy or a girl
I am a Gender Bender,
I make the meek & humble hurl.

Oh, no not I, I will survive,
If you like forget the rubbers,
And we'll let this virus thrive.
I really don't give a shit,
'Cause it can't affect me,

Spread your cheeks now bitch,
I'll give you this one for free.



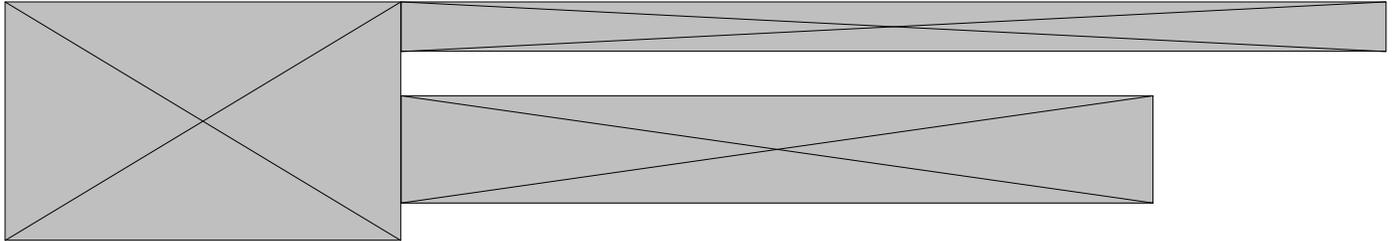
Jungle Smell



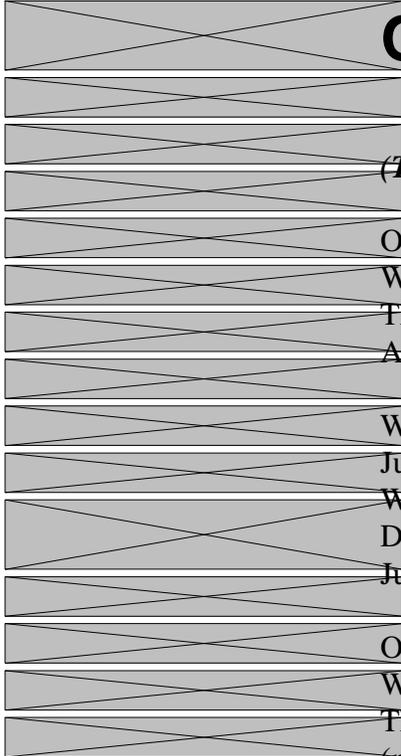
(To "Jingle Bells")

Chorus
Jungle smell, jungle smell,
Shig-gy all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to run,
Through a swamp on Sun-un-day, hey!
Jungle smell, jungle smell,
Shig-gy all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to run,
Through a swamp on Sun-un-daay.

Dashing through the jungle,
Following hash all the way.
All those SCB's,
Cursing all the way.
Dashing through the jungle,
Following hash all the way.
All those drunkard SCB's,
Cursing all the way.
(to chorus)



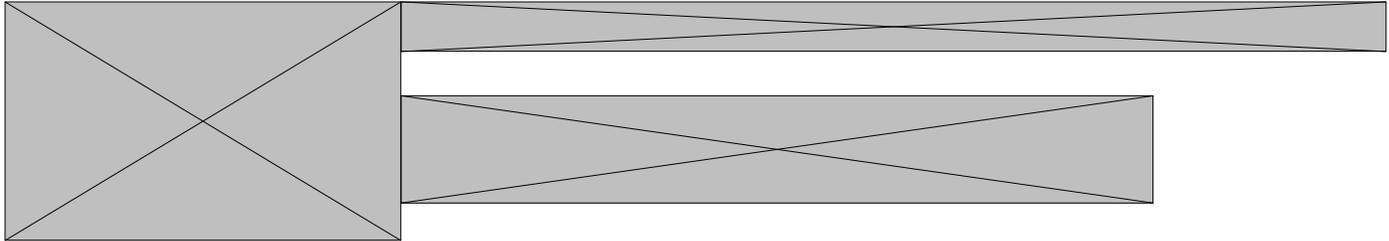
One Twat



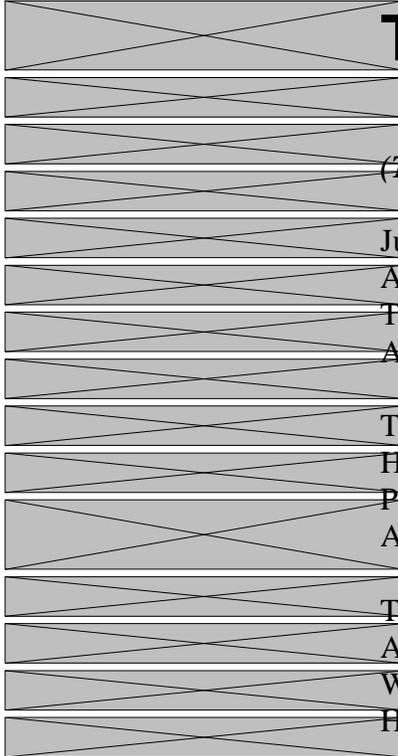
(To: Guantanamera)

One twat'll nail ya,
We tell ya one twat'll nail ya,
The other twats'll jail ya,
Again we have to explain ya,
We don' wan' your old nachos,
Just give us cock, muchas gracias,
We wan' your hot jalapeno,
Don' wan' your thoughts from the beano,
Just wan' your hot jalapeno.

One twat'll nail ya,
We tell ya one twat'll nail ya,
The other twats'll jail ya,
(masturbation gesture)
We tell ya one twat won' fail ya,
One twat won' fail ya,
One twat won' fail ya.



The Gilligan's Island



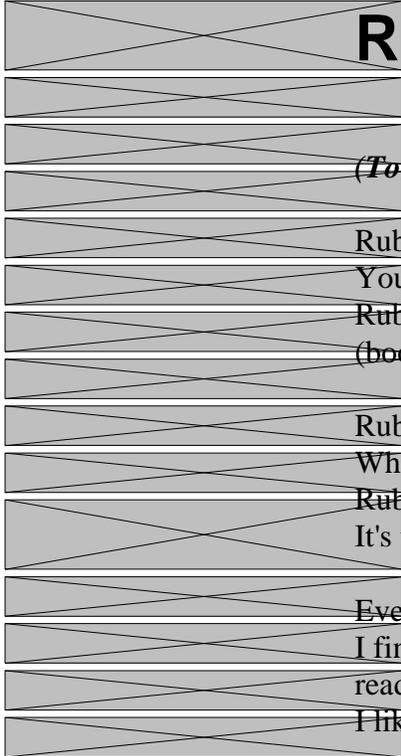
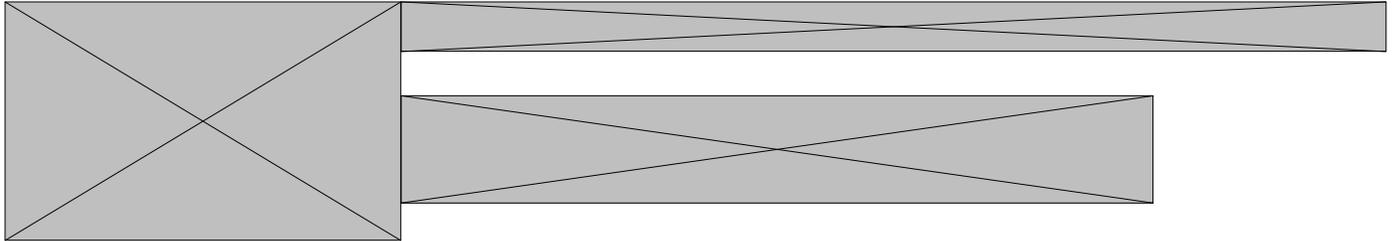
(To: Gilligan's Island Theme)

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale,
A tale of a fateful trip,
That started with a drippy dick,
And a cold sore on my lip.

The skipper started getting rough,
He grabbed my scrotum sack,
Pulled it back between my legs,
And shoved it up my crack.

The professor sucked off Mary Anne,
And Thurston Howell the 3rd,
Was nuzzlin' Gilligan's asshole,
Hopin' for a turd.

Mrs Howell and Ginger were doin' 69,
Ginger thought her period was late,
But it was right on time!



Rubber Dickie

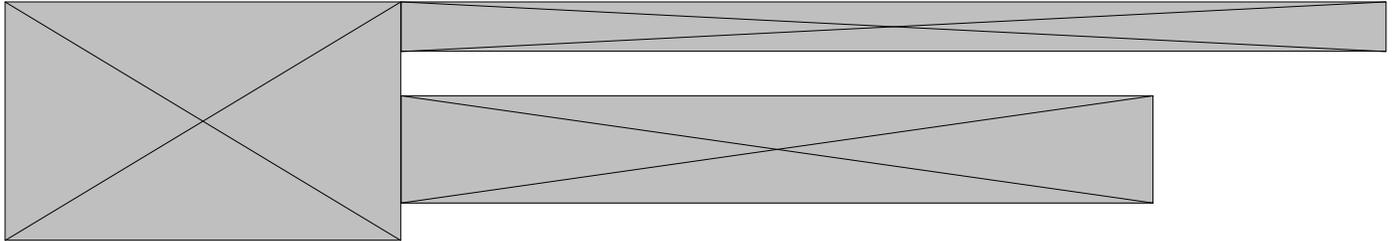
(To: Rubber Ducky)

Rubber dickie, you're the one,
You make bedtime so much fun,
Rubber dickie, I'm awfully fond of you,
(boop boop a doo).

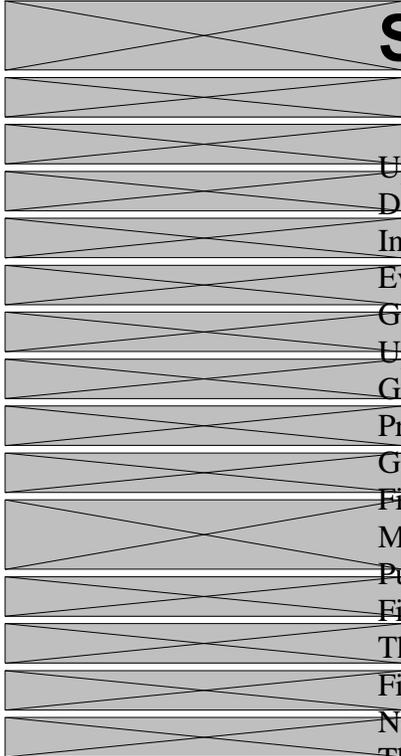
Rubber dickie, toy of toys,
When you're in me I make noise,
Rubber dickie, you're my very best friend,
It's true.

Every day when I make my way to my beddie,
I find my rubber dickie is always charged up and
ready,
I like to wear my teddy.

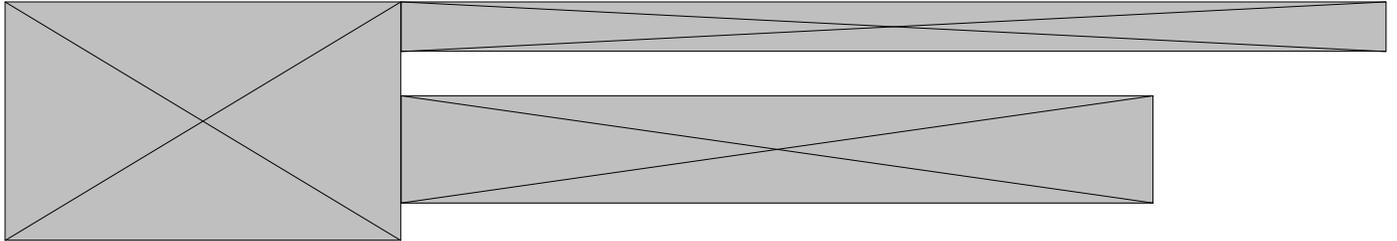
Rubber dickie, you're so fine,
And I'm happy that you are mine,
Rubber dickie, I'm awfully fond of,
Rubber dickie, you're the magical wand of,
Rubber dickie, you're the one that I love in me.



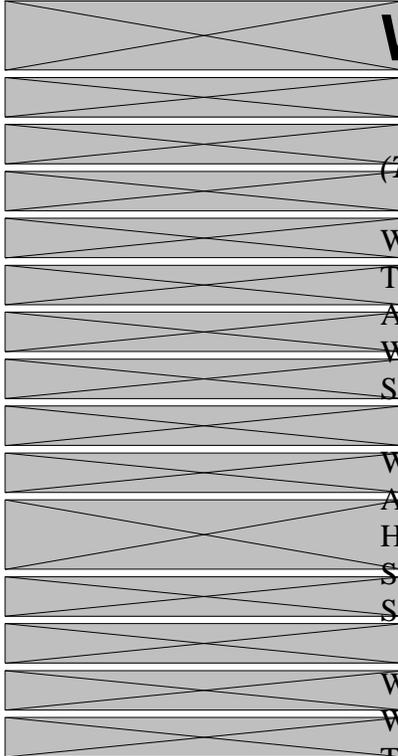
Square Dance



Up with the petticoat,
Down with the pants,
In with the pecker,
Everyone dance.
Girls with the rags on,
Up against the wall.
Guys with hardons,
Promenade the hall.
Gals grab your partners,
Firmly by the balls.
Make him holler, make him shout,
Put your pretty ass, up against his snout.
First lady go, second lady pass,
Third lady's finger up the fourth man's ass.
Finger out, promenade the hall,
Now release the poor gent's balls.
Then down with the petticoat,
Up with the pants,
For this is the end of the,
Old Square Dance.



Wedding Song



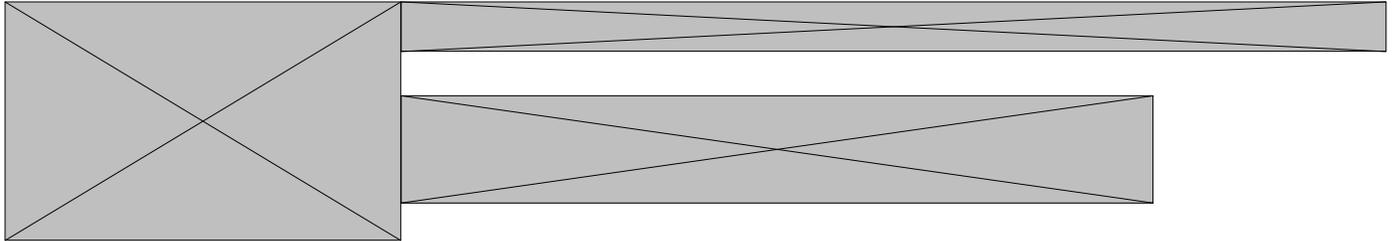
(To: Side by Side)

We got married on Sunday,
The party didn't finish till Monday,
And when the guests had gone home,
We were alone,
Side by side.

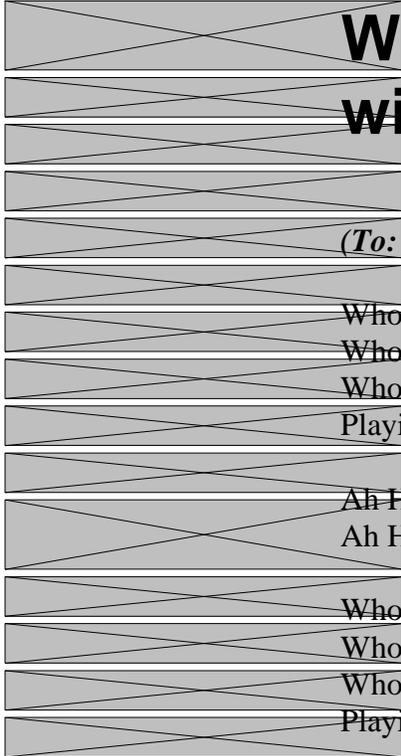
Well we got ready for bed then,
And I very nearly dropped dead when,
Her teeth and her hair,
She placed on the chair,
Side by side.

Well the shock did very near kill me,
When her glass eye did fall,
Then her leg and her arm,
She placed by the chair,
Side by side.

Well this left me broken hearted,
For most of my wife had departed,
So I slept on the chair,
There was more of her there,
Side by side.



Who Is in the Kitchen with Ah Hin?



(To: Who is in the Kitchen With Dinah?)

Who is in the kitchen with Ah Hin?
Who is in the kitchen with Ah-Ah Hin?
Who is in the kitchen with Ah Hin?
Playing with his tiny thing?

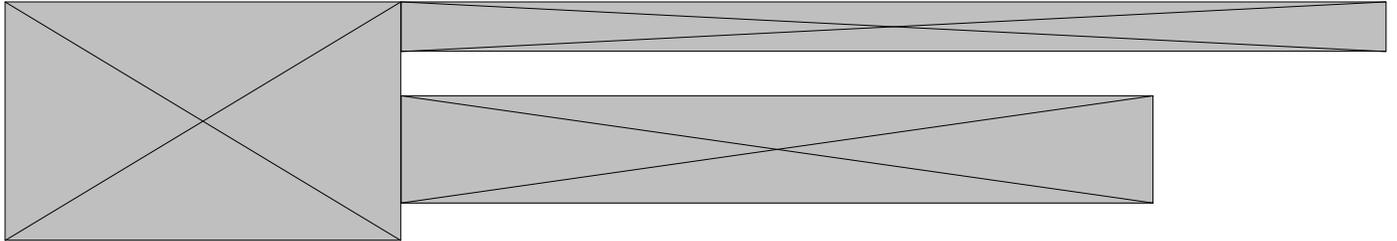
Ah Hin, tiny thing, Ah Hin, tiny thing.
Ah Hin, tiny thing, playing with his tiny thing.

Who is in the toilet with Ah Sai?
Who is in the toilet with Ah-Ah Sai?
Who is in the toilet with Ah Sai?
Playing with her twa-cheebye?

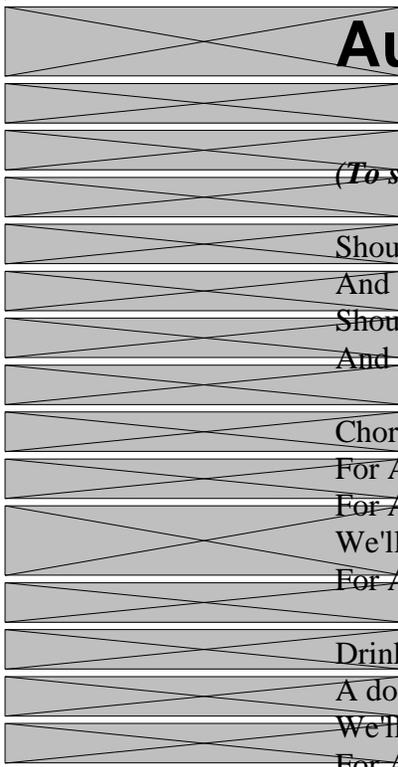
Ah Sai, twa-cheebye, Ah Sai, twa-cheebye.
Ah Sai, twa-cheebye, playing with her twa-cheebye.

Who is in the bedroom with Ah Leng?
Who is in the bedroom with Ah-Ah Leng?
Who is in the bedroom with Ah Leng?
Playing with her twa-liap leng?

Ah Leng, twa-liap leng, Ah Leng, twa-liap leng.
Ah Leng, twa-liap leng, playing with her twa-liap
leng.



Auld Lang Syne



(To same tune)

Should auld beer drinkers be forgot,
And never brot' to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne.

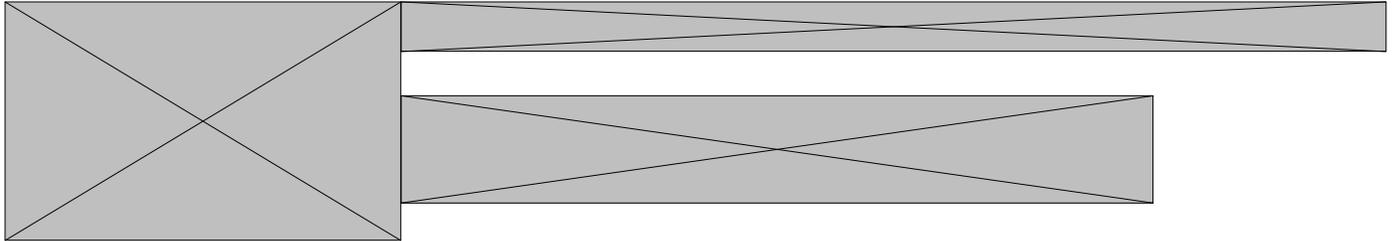
Chorus

For Auld hasher friends, we cheer,
For Auld Lang Syne.
We'll drink, "To Hash!", a mug of beer,
For Auld Lang Syne.

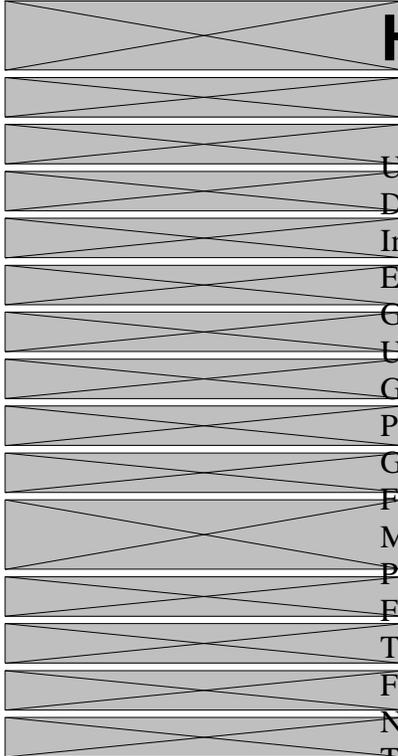
Drink down your beers for all the years,
A down down for all time.
We'll drink, "To Hash!", a mug of beer,
For Auld Lang Syne.

Optional Finale

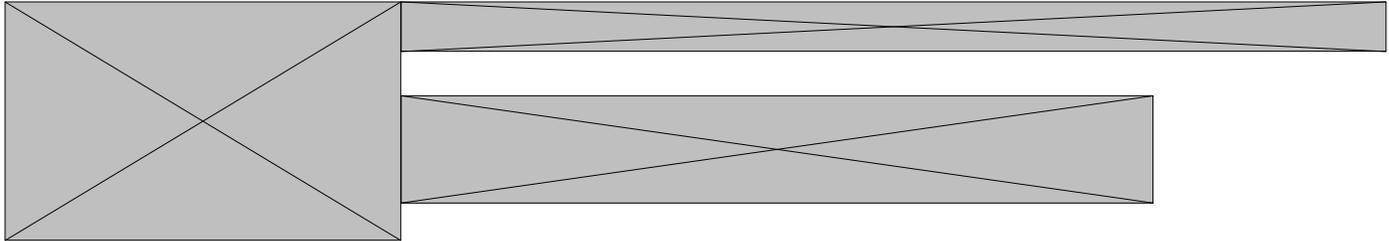
Drink! Down down down down, down down down.
Drink! Down down down down down.
Drink! Down down down down, down down down.
Drink! Down down down down down.
(continue finale until last mug is empty)



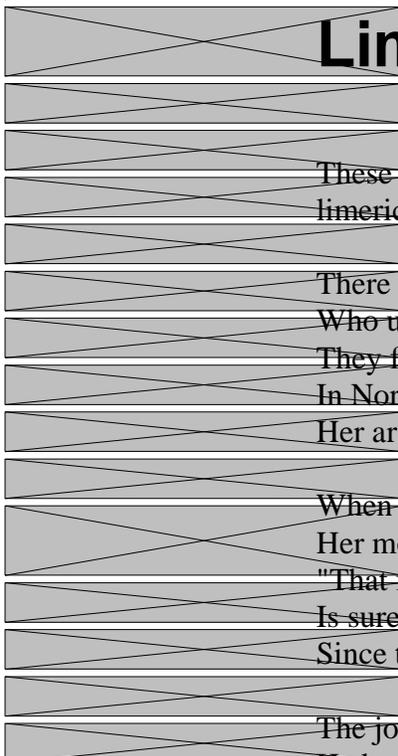
Hash Square Dance



Up with the petticoat,
Down with the pants,
In with the pecker,
Everyone Dance.
Girls with the rags on,
Up against the wall.
Guys with hard ons,
Promenade the hall.
Girls grab your partners,
Firmly by the balls,
Make him holler, make him shout,
Put your pretty ass up against his snout.
First lady go, second lady pass,
Third lady's finger up the fourth man's ass
Finger out, promenade the hall,
Now release the poor gents balls,
Then down with the petticoat,
up with the pants,
for this is the end of,
the Hash Square Dance.



Limerick Selection



These can be done as recitations or with
limerick type choruses, see Limerick Songs.

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who used dynamite for a phallus,
They found her vagina,
In North Carolina,
Her arsehole in Buckingham Palace.

When her daughter got married in Bicester,
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,
"That fellow you've won,
Is sure to be fun,
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

The jolly old Bishop of Birmingham,
He buggered three maids while confirming 'em,
As they knelt seeking God,
He excited his rod,
And pumped his Episcopal Sperm in 'em.

There once was a young man from Brighton,
Who said to a young lass, "You're a tight'un!"
She said, "Listen, Hon,
You're in the wrong one.
There's plenty of room in the right one."

A fisherman off of Cape Cod,
Who attempted to bugger a cod,
When up came some scallops,
That nibbled his bullocks,
And now he's eunuch, by God.

There was a young harlot of Crete,
Who was hawking her meat in the street,

Ambling out one fine day,
In a casual way,
She clapped up the whole British fleet.

A lady while dining at Crewe,
Found an elephant's dong in her stew,
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
Or wave it about,
Or the others will all want one too.!"

There was a young woman of Croft,
Who played with herself in a loft,
Having reasoned that candles,
Could never cause scandals,
Besides which they did not go soft.

There was a young man named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,
She was missing a tit,
And smelled quite a bit,
But think of the money he saves.

There once was a girl from Decator,
Who was laid by a big alligator,
Now nobody knew,
The results of that screw,
Cuz after he laid her he ate her.

There was a young lady from Dee,
Whose hymen was split into three,
And when she was diddled,
The middle string fiddled,
"Nearer, My God, To Thee."

There was a young lady of Dexter,
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,
For whenever they'd start,
He'd unfailingly fart,
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

There once was a young lady named Dot,
Who lived on pigshit and snot,
When she could not get these,
She ate the green cheese,
That she scraped off the sides of her twat.

There was a strong man of Drumrig,
Who one day did seven times frig,
He buggered three sailors,
Four butchers, two tailors,
And ended by fucking a pig.

There was an old man of Duluth,
Whose cock was shot off in his youth,
He fucked with his nose,
And with fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was an old man of Dundee,
Who came home as drunk as could be.
He wound up the clock,
With the end of his cock,
And buggered his wife with the key.

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty that men craned their necks at her.
One went so far,
As to wave from his car,
The distinguishing mark of this sex at her.

There was a young lady from France,
Who decided to take just one chance.
For an hour or so,
She just let herself go,
And now all her sisters are aunts.

A young man with passions quite gingery,
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie.
He slapped her behind,
And made up his mind,
To add incest to insult and injury.

A TV anchor named Hughes,
Had a ratings trick that couldn't lose,
When an item was hot,
It's taped to her twat,
And she's on the air spreading the news.

A fellow whose surname was Hunt,
Trained his cock to perform a slick stunt.
This versatile spout,
Could be turned inside out,

Like a glove that he used as a cunt.

There once was a girl from Jayling,
Who said she had no sexual feeling.
Until a cynic named Boris,
Touched her clitoris,
And they're still scraping her off the ceiling.

There was a young fellow named Keith,
Who liked to be fondled beneath.
It was fun, he decided,
But only provided
The girl used her lips, not her teeth.

There was a young couple named Kelly,
Who once got stuck belly to belly,
Because in their haste,
They used library paste,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose prick was so long that it bent,
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
And instead of cumming he went.

There was a young lady from Kew,
Who filled her vagina with glue.
She said with a grin,
"If they pay to get in,
They'll pay to get out of it too."

There was a young lady of Kew,
Who said as the Curate withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you."

There was a young fellow named Kimble,
Whose dick was exceedingly nimble,
But fragile and slender,
And dainty and tender,
So he kept it encased in a thimble.

There was a young plumber of Lea,
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.

She said, "Stop your plumbing,
There's somebody coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me!"

There was a young fellow from Leeds,
Who swallowed a package of seeds.
Great tufts of grass,
Sprouted out of his ass,
And his balls were all covered with weeds.

There was a young man from Lynn,
Whose prick was the size of a pin.
Said his girl with a laugh,
As she fondled his staff,
"This won't be much of a sin."

There was a young lady from Maine,
Who enjoyed copulating on a train.
Not once, I maintain,
But again and again,
And again and again and again.

I once knew a girl named Maureen
Her cunt was a mass of gangrene
But health nuts she found
Would still eat her mound
'Cause maggots are high in protein

There was a young girl named McCall,
Whose Cunt was exceedingly small,
But the size of her anus,
Was something quite heinous-
It could hold seven dicks and one ball.

A disgusting young man named McGill,
Made his neighbors exceedingly ill,
When they learned of his habits,
Involving white rabbits,
And a bird with a flexible bill.

There once was a man named McNamiter,
With a tool of prodigious diameter,
But it wasn't the size,
That opened girls eyes,
'Twas his beat iambic pentameter.

There once was a fellow named McSweeney,
Who spilled some gin on his weenie,
Now just to be couth,
He added vermouth,
And slipped his girl a martini.

There was a young woman named Melanie,
Who was asked by a man, "Do you sell any?"
She repli "No siree,
I give it away for free.
To sell it, dear sir, is a felony.

There once was a young man from Missouri,
Who fucked with a terrible fury,
Till hauled into court,
For his bestial sport,
And condemned by a poorly hung jury.

There was a young maid from Mobile,
Whose pussy was made of blue steel.
She got her thrills,
From pneumatic drills,
And off-centered emery wheels.

There was a young man of Nantucket,
Whose prick was so long he could suck it,
He said, with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were I cunt, I'd fuck it."

An elderly pervert in Nice,
Who was long past wanting a piece,
Would jack-off his hogs,
His cows and his dogs,
Till his parrot called in the police.

A hermit who had an oasis,
Thought it the best of all places.
He could pray and be calm,
'Neath a pleasant date palm,
While the lice on his penis ran races.

There was a young man from Paree,
Who buggered an ape in a tree,
The result was quite horrid,
All ass and no forehead,

Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young man from Rancine,
Who invented a fucking machine,
Concave or convex,
It could fit either sex,
And jerk itself off in between.

Rosalina, a pretty young lass,
Had a truly magnificent ass,
Not rounded and pink,
As you possibly think-
It was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

A Scotsman who lived by the Loch,
Had holes down the length of his cock,
When he got an erection,
He would play a selection,
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young nun from Siberia,
Endowed with a virgin interior,
Until an old monk,
Jumped into her bunk,
And now she's the Mother Superior.

There was a young lady from Sidney,
Who took it right up to the kidney,
One fellow by heck,
Went right up to his neck,
He had a big one now, didn't he?

There was a young man of St. James,
Who indulged in the jolliest of games.
He lighted the rim,
Of his grandmother's glim,
And laughed as she pissed through the flames.

There was a young man of St. Johns,
Who wanted to bugger the swans.
"Oh no," said the porter,
"You bugger my daughter,
Them swans is reserved for the Dons."

There was a young lady of Trent,
Who said that she knew what it meant,

When he asked her to dine,
Private room, lots of wine,
She knew, oh she knew, but she went!

There was a young student of Trinity,
Who shattered his sister's virginity.
He buggered his brother,
Had twins by his mother,
And took double honour in Divinity.

A broken down harlot named Tupps,
Was heard to confess in her cups:
"The height of my folly,
Was fucking a collie-
But I got a nice price for the pups."

At the orgy I fucked twenty-two,
And man, was I glad to get through,
A whole night of sexing,
Turns boring and vexing,
But at orgies, what else can you do?

There was a young lady of Twickenham,
Who regretted that men had no prick in them,
On her knees every day,
To her God she would pray,
To lengthen and strengthen, and thicken 'em.

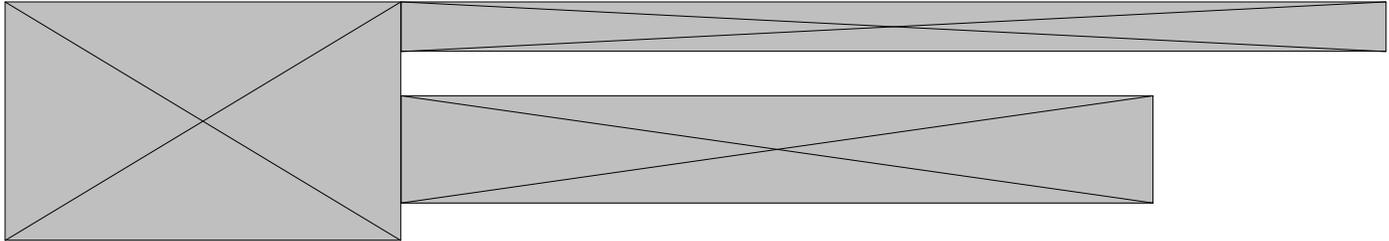
A lady astrologist in Vancouver,
Once captured a man by maneuver.
Influenced by Venus,
She jumped on his penis,
And nothing on Earth could remove her.

A maiden who lived in Virginny,
Had a cunt that could bark, neigh and whinny.
The hunting set chased her,
Fuckbuggerthen dropped her,
For the pitch of her organ went tinny.

There once was a lady from Wheeling,
Who protested she lacked sexual feeling,
til a cynic named Boris,
Touched her Clitoris,
And the scraped her off the ceiling.

There once was a whore on the dock,
From dusk until dawn she sucked cock,
'Til one day it's said,
She gave so much head,
She exploded and whitewashed the block.

A organist playing in York,
Had a prick that could hold a small fork.
And between obligatos,
He'd much at tomatoes,
And keep up his strength while at work.



Beastiality's Best - More Verses

(To the tune of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down",

Continued from the Hash Favorites Section.)

Chorus

Beastiality's best, boys, beastiality's best...

(Echo) Fuck a wallaby!

Beastiality's best, boys, beastiality's best!

35

Nibble the twat of a rat, boys,

Nibble the twat of a rat.

(Echo) Fuck a wallaby!

(You've gotta) Nibble the twat of a rat,

boys,

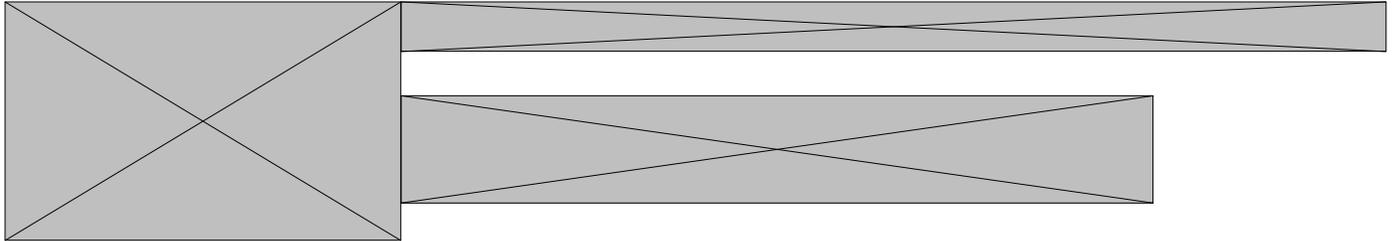
Nibble the twat of a rat...

(Songmaster:) All together now!

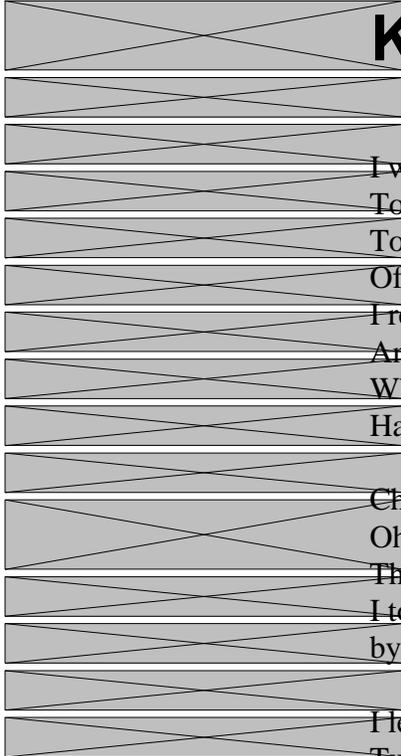
- 36 In the dark with a shark...
- 37 Ejaculate in a skate...
- 38 Part the hare of a mare...
- 39 Have a screw with a shrew...
- 40 On top of the easel with a weasel...
- 41 Lick the clit of a nit...
- 42 Drink the pee of a bee...
- 43 Give a half to a giraffe...
- 44 Give a lickin' to a chicken...
- 45 Go a rounder with a flounder...
- 46 Make it wonky with a donkey...
- 47 In the sack with yak....
- 48 Get a suck from a duck...
- 49 Get under the tail of a snail...
- 50 Up the fanny of a nanny...
- 51 Get it out for a trout...
- 52 Up the hole of a sole...

- 53 On the lawn with a prawn...
- 54 Be a queer with a deer...
- 55 Have a shaggin' with a dragon...
- 56 Up the anus of a platypus...
- 57 Get the pox off a fox...
- 58 Any which way with a jay...
- 59 Have a hug with a bug...
- 60 Make some porn with a unicorn...
- 61 Put it through a gnu...
- 62 Have a goose with a moose...
- 63 Up the cunt of a runt...
- 64 Get frisky with a pixie...
- 65 In the Bahamas with some llamas...
- 66 Up the flue of a shrew...
- 67 Have a filler with a gorilla...
- 68 In the lake with a drake...
- 69 Get your release in a fleece...
- 70 Put it in the mid of a squid...
- 71 Make it course with a horse...
- 72 Help old Watson with a dachshund...
- 73 Soixante-neuf with a smurf...
- 74 Put it in the mouth of a sloth...
- 75 Get your oats with some stoats...
- 76 In the lake with a drake...
- 77 A dirty weekend in Wirral with a squirrel...
- 78 In the lug of a slug...
- 79 Have a squirm with a worm...
- 80 Have a cracker with a quacker...
- 81 Go and defile a crocodile...
- 82 In a bag with a stag...
- 83 Have a lark with an aardvark...
- 84 In a heap with a sheep...
- 85 Have a deer from the rear...
- 86 Go the whole way with a moray...
- 87 Have a toss with a hoss...
- 88 Put your thang in an orangoutang...
- 89 In the ear of a deer...
- 90 Make it limp in a chimp...
- 91 Beat you wick with a stick...
- 92 Up the toot-toot of a coot...
- 93 Be a rotter with an otter...
- 94 Put your cock in a peacock...
- 95 In the bog with a dog...
- 96 Have a chimp with an imp...
- 97 Come from behind with a hind...
- 98 Up the back of a yak...

99 On a train with a crane...
100 Anyway you can with a pelican...
101 On a honeymoon with a raccoon...
(And it never ends, make up your own!)



Keyhole Song



I was invited for the weekend,
To a ball at Cholondely Hall,
To celebrate the wedding,
Of Sue Vere and Cousin Paul.
I read the guest list over,
And imagine my delight,
When I found Sweet Fanny Adams,
Had come to spend the night.

Chorus

Oh, the keyhole in the door,
The keyhole in the door.
I took up my position,
by the keyhole in the door.

I left the ballroom early,
Twas only half past nine,
And as I hoped to find it,
Her room lay next to mine.
So taking off my trousers,
I started to explore,
I took up my position,
By the keyhole in the door.

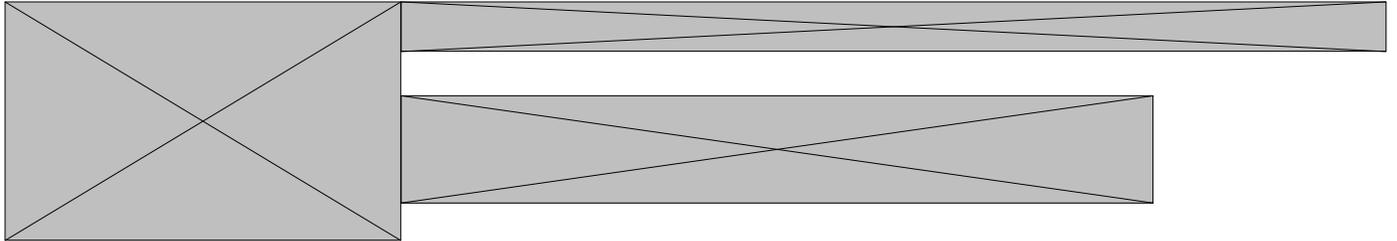
I hadn't long to wait there,
Wrapped in my dressing gown,
When I saw Fanny on the staircase,
Retiring all alone.
She didn't lock her bedroom door,
I couldn't ask for more,
And crept out of the shadows,
By the keyhole in the door.

She sat down by the fireside,
Her lily white tits to warm,

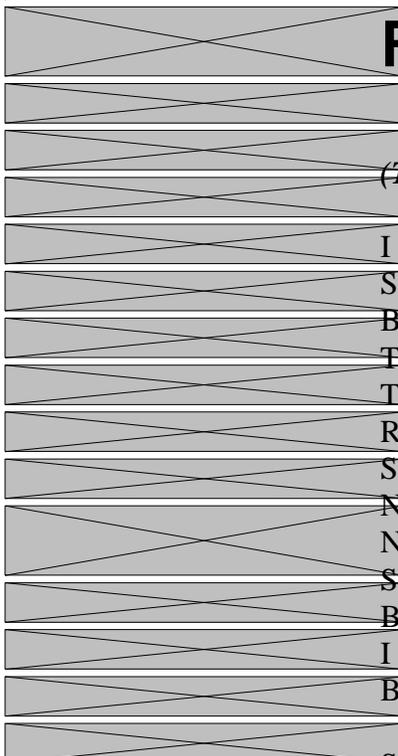
With only a nylon chemise on,
To hide her naked form.
If only she would take it off,
What man could ask for more?
By God, I saw her take it off,
Through the keyhole in the door.

With soft and trembling fingers,
I opened up the door,
With soft and trembling footsteps,
I crossed the bedroom floor.
And so that no other man could,
See what I'd seen before,
I stuffed that nylon chemise up,
The keyhole in the door.

That night I rode in glory,
As I plumbed the girl's insides,
And on her heaving belly
Had many splendid rides.
That morning when I woke up,
My prick was red and sore,
I felt that I'd been screwing,
Through the keyhole in the door.



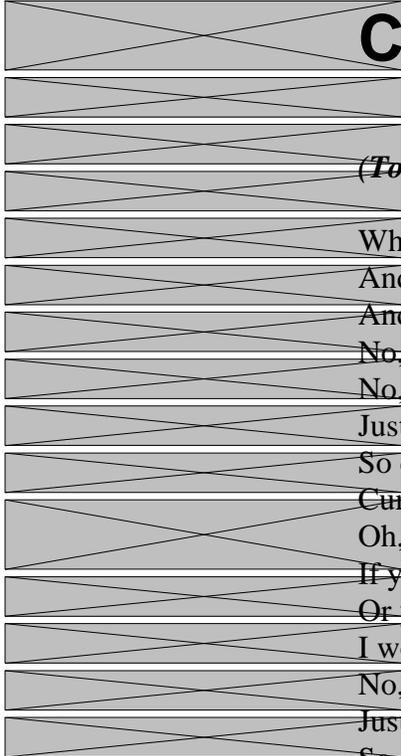
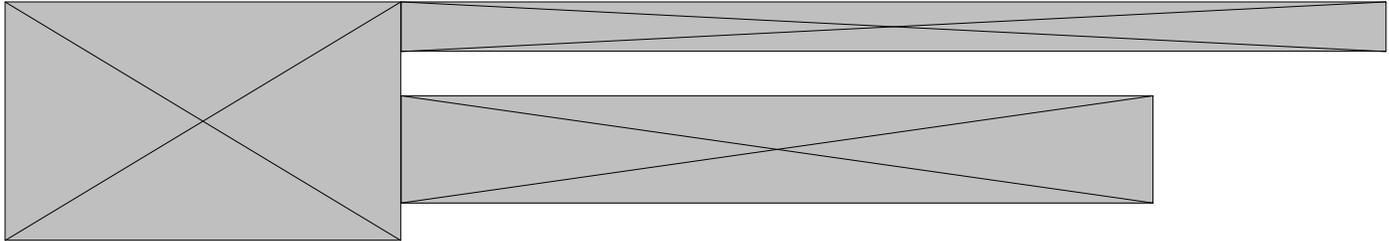
Return To Sender



(To: Return to Sender [Elvis])

I gave my cum to the sperm bank,
Some semen in a sack.
Bright and early next morning,
They brought my semen back.
They wrote upon it:
Return to sender,
Species unknown.
No such donor,
No more bone.
She wanted a baby,
Begged me for my sack.
I gave her my-seed,
But my seed keeps cumming back.

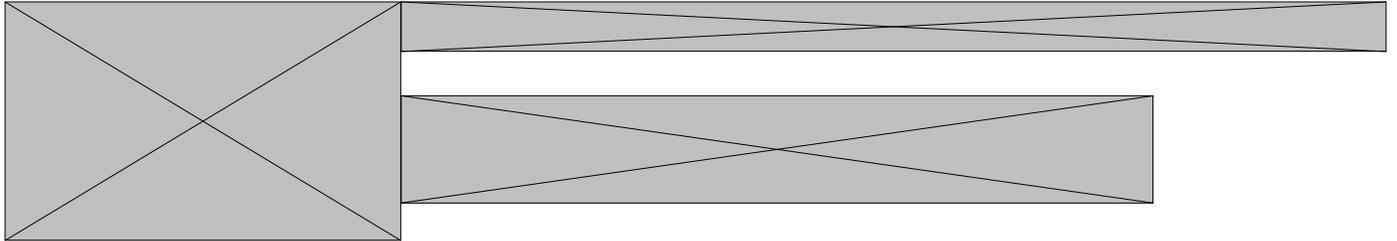
So then I cummed into the mailbox,
And sent it Special D,
Bright and early next morning,
If came right back to me.
She wrote upon it:
Return to sender,
Species unknown.
No such donor,
No more bone.
This time I'm gonna cum on her,
And put it right in her hand.
And if it cums back the very next day,
Then I'll understand.
The writing on it:
Return to sender,
Species unknown.
No such donor,
No more bone.



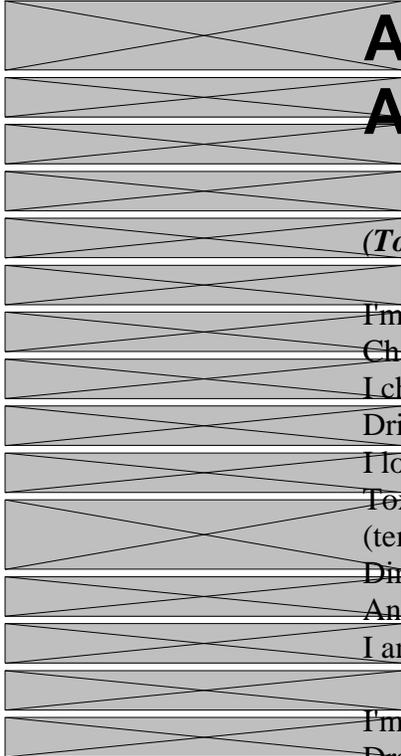
Cum On Me

(To: Stand by Me)

When the night has come,
And your dick is hard.
And your moon is the only light I'll see.
No, I won't be afraid,
No, I won't be afraid,
Just as long as you cum in me.
So darling, darling,
Cum in me, oh, cum in me,
Oh, cum, cum in me, cum in me.
If your dick I look upon, should shrivel and die,
Or your blood should stain your pee.
I won't cry, I won't cry,
No, I won't shed a tear,
Just as long as you came, came in me,
So dar-ling, dar-ling,
Cum in me, oohhh, cum in me,
Oh, cum, cum in me, cum in me.



Another Hasher Anthem



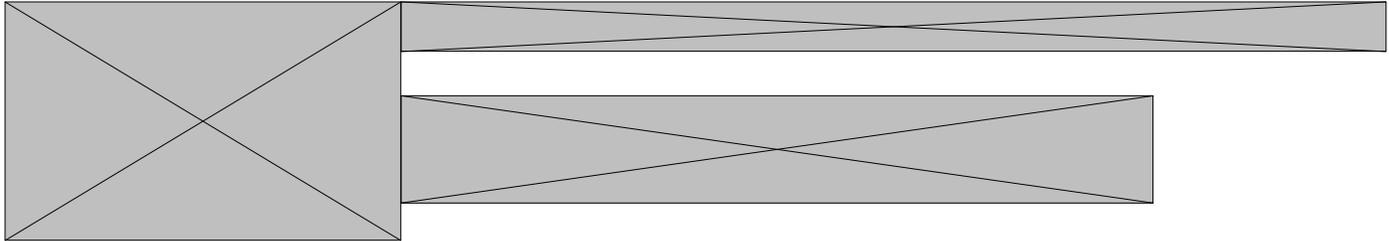
(To: Yankee Doodle Dandy)

I'm a dirty smelly hasher.
Chasing hares is what I do.
I check down trails in the afternoon,
Drink by the light of the moon.
I love mud and blood and brambles,
Toxic waste and smelly goo.
(tempo change)
Dirty shoes and bloody knees,
And a real bad case of scabbies,
I am a hasher how 'bout you.

I'm a drunken beer soaked hasher.
Draining kegs is what I do.
For breakfast I must have some oatmeal stout,
For lunch it's a Guinness or two.
For dinner, I must do some thinking,
Sam's or Pete's or maybe microbrew.
(tempo change)
But when I'm hashing give me Shafer's,
Give me Busch or Miller,
'Cause I am a drunken hasher.
Are you a drunken hasher?
I am a drunken hasher too.

I'm a horny sex staved hasher.
Chasing tail is what I do.
I came to _____ just to get a lay,
Ended up screwing _____,
I love kinky sex and spankings,
Naval shots and butt chugs too.
(tempo change)

Give me dildos, give me butt plugs,
Give me whips and bondage,
'Cause I am a horny hasher.
Are you a horny hasher?
I am a horny hasher too.



My Big Banana

(To: Banana Boat Song)

I said to this girl, "What are ya' doin'
tomorrow?"
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.
Would you like to see a Hash at the Tankuban
Perahu?
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.

So, I picked her up in my antique auto.
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.
She sure looked pretty, I said "Oh mama."
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.

Chorus:
Aaaaaaaeeeoh, aaaaaaaeeeoh,
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.

But this is where my troubles began-ah.
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.
That's when she spotted my big banana.
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.

She leaned over and grabbed my banana.
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.
Peeled back the skin--eyes like a piranha.
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.

Chorus

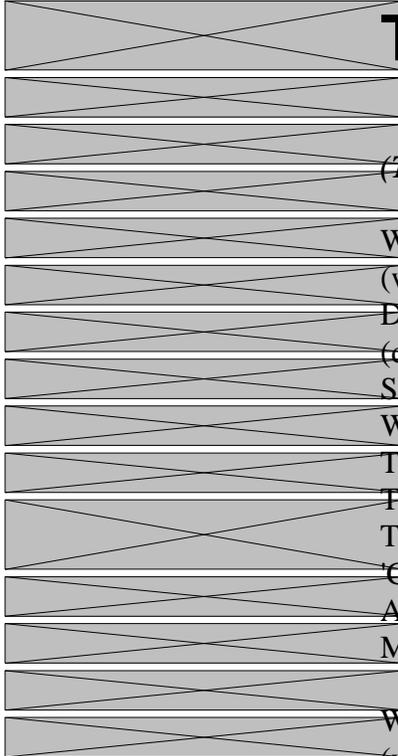
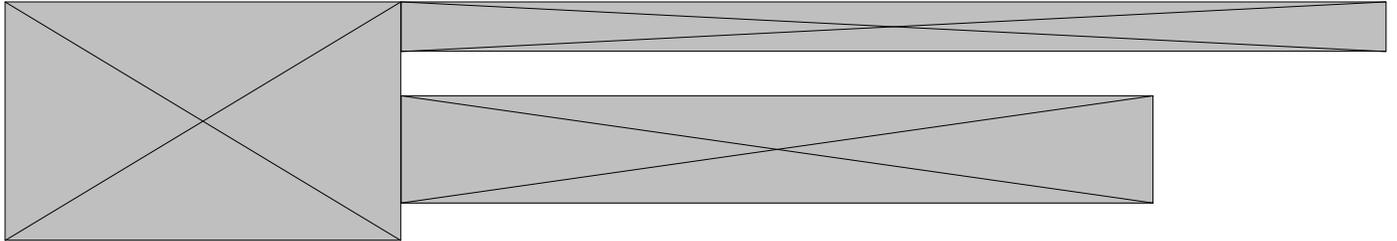
I said, "Oh no, not my prize banana!"
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.
But she bit off the top in a violent manner.
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.

Now, I've got just a little banana.
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.
And that's the end of my family planner.
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.

Chorus

I say six inch, seven inch, eight inch, CHOMP!
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.
I say six inch, seven inch, Mike Tyson, CHOMP!
I pergi Hash now I wanna go home.

Chorus



The E-Coli Man

(To: The Candy Man)

Who works in a meat plant,
(who works in a meat plant)
Doesn't wash his hands,
(doesn't wash his hands)
Sticks 'em in the burger,
When he comes back from the can.

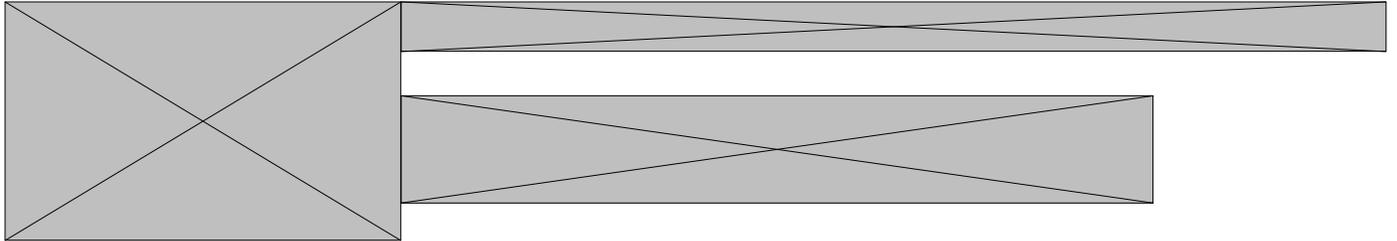
The E-Coli man,
The E-Coli man,
The E-Coli man,
Cause he mixes it with sauce,
And makes the germs taste good,
Makes the germs taste good.

Who takes pepperoni,
(who takes pepperoni)
Rubs it on his butt,
(rubs it on his butt)
Slices it and sells it,
To the local Pizza Hut.
The E-Coli man...

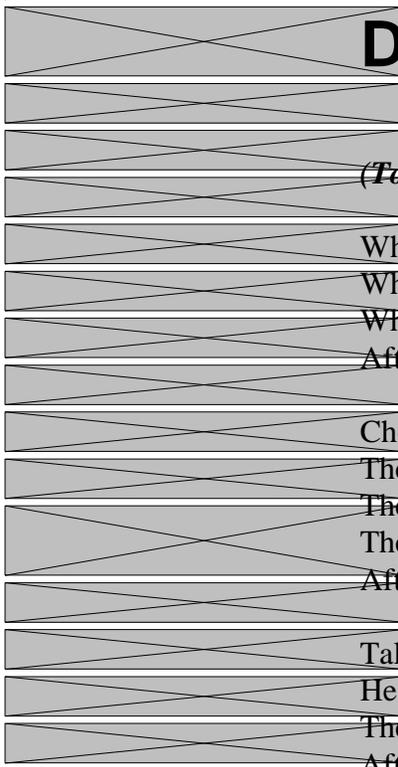
Who can take a ribeye,
(who can take a ribeye)
Feed it to his dog,
(feed it to his dog)
Cut the sucker open,
And make a shish-kabob.
The E-Coli man...

Who can take a t-bone,
(who can take a t-bone)
Put it on a shelf,
(put it on a shelf)

Pull it out next Christmas,
And feed it to an elf.
The E-Coli man...



Drunken Hasher



(To: Drunken Sailor)

What shall we do with the drunken hasher,
What shall we do with the drunken hasher,
What shall we do with the drunken hasher,
After all the down-downs?

Chorus:
There he goes again--pukin' in the bushes,
There he goes again--pukin' in the bushes,
There he goes again--pukin' in the bushes,
After all the down-downs.

Take away his whistle and send him on a BT,
He'll take a wizz behind the old oak tree,
Then he'll blow his nose on his old shirty,
After all the down-downs.

Then we'll shave his ass with a rusty razor,
Shave his crotch with a new fangled lazer,
Zap him in the ass with a copper's tazer,
After all the down-downs.

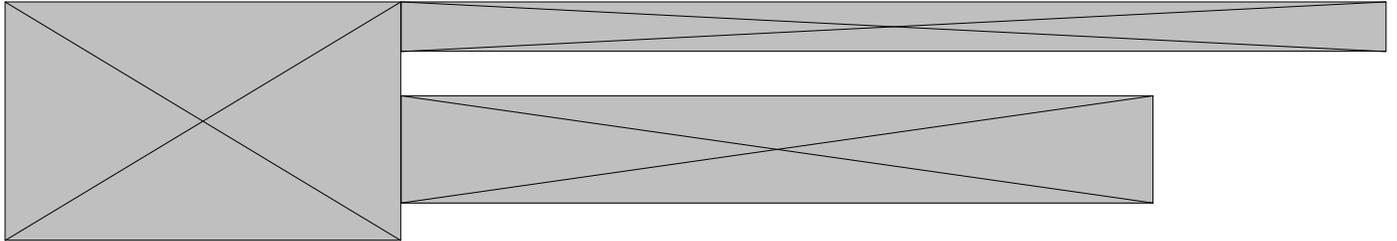
Shove a bag of flour up his asshole,
Soak it up with beer and add a piece of coal,
Then stand back boys he's gonna blow,
After all the down-downs.

Put him in the back of the old hash wagon,
Drag him by a rope from the old hash wagon,
Kick him in the ass behind the old hash wagon,
After all the down-downs.

Send him home with the old hashit,
He won't know--how he got it,

'next weeks hash and throw a fit,
After all the down-downs.

That's what we'll do with the drunken hasher,
That's what we'll do with the drunken hasher,
That's what we'll do with the drunken hasher,
After all the down-downs.



More Beer

(To: Amazing Grace)

Chorus:

A nice cold beer, How sweet it sounds.

To save a drunk like me.

(stop, drink a beer, catch your breath and resume)

I finished 1, but I'm not done,

More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my wife, I love my beer.

But if I had to choose.

My dear old wife, who I love with my life,

Would most undoubtedly lose.

I finished off 2, but I'm not through,

More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my truck, I love my beer

But if I had to choose,

I'd sell my 4X4, Of which I do adore.

For beer I'd walk to the store.

I finished off 3, now I have to pee

More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love to fuck, I love my beer

but If I had to choose

It's beer for me, unless her pussy,

tastes like more beer, more beer.

I finished off 4, but still want more,

More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my dog, I love my beer,

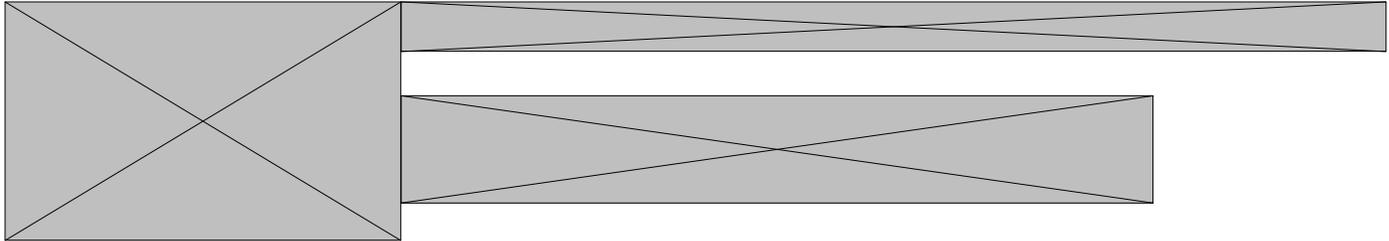
but if I had to choose,

I sell my pet, to the vet,

A dog for beer more beer.

I finished off 5, I'm still alive,
More beer, More beer, More beer.
I love my MOM, I love my beer
but If I had to choose,
That drunken whore, It's me she bore,
Still I choose more beer more beer.

I finished off 6, I've had my fix,
Now you all must drink more beer.



Do, Re, Mi, Drink

(Do, Re, Mi [Sound of Music], from The Simpsons)

(warmup)

Ahem, La la la la, *ahem* LAAAAAAAAA!

(sing)

Dough, the stuff that buys me beer,

Ray, the guy who sells me beer,

Me, the guy who drinks the beer,

Far, a long way to get beer,

So, I'll have another beer,

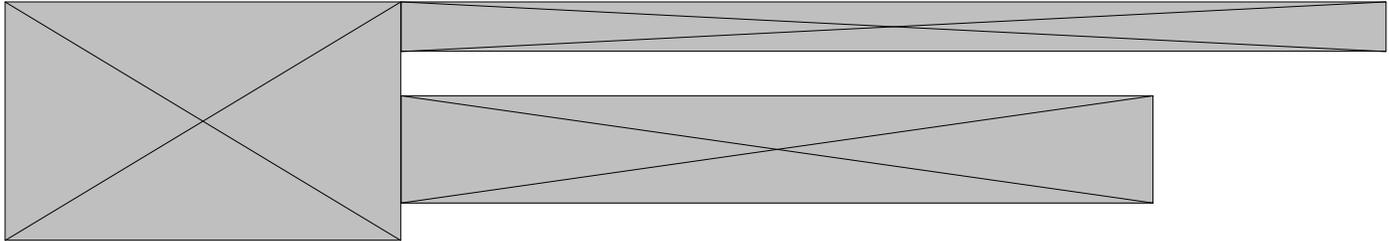
La, I'll have another beer,

Tea, no thanks, I'm drinking beer,

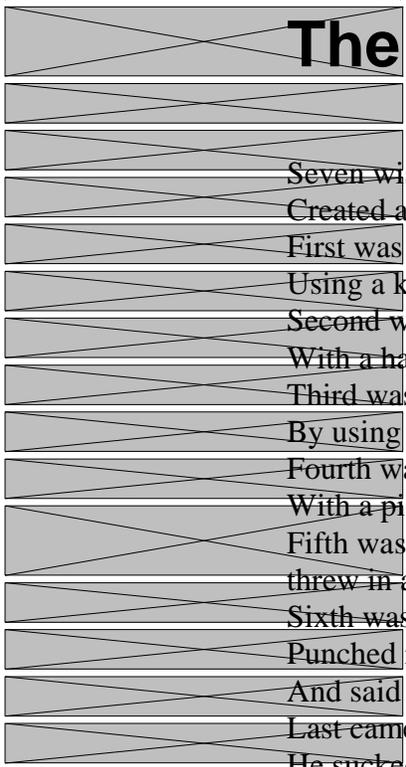
That will bring us back to,

(Look into an empty glass)

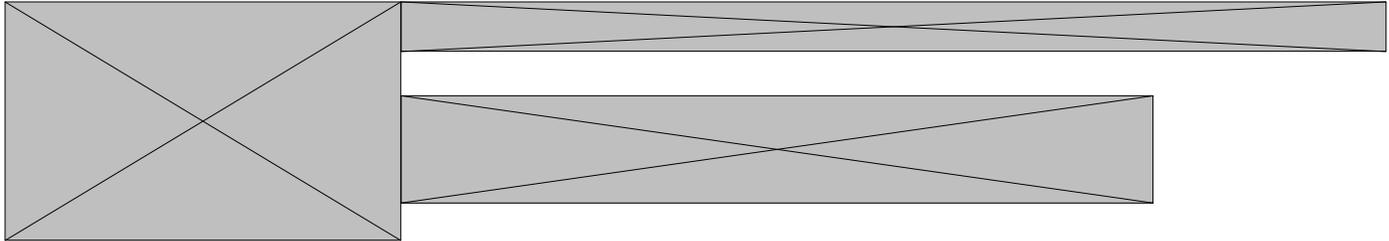
Duhoooooh!



The Creation Of A Pussy



Seven wise men with knowledge so fine,
Created a pussy to their design.
First was a butcher, smart with wit,
Using a knife he gave it a slit.
Second was a carpenter, strong and bold,
With a hammer and chisel, he gave it a hole.
Third was a tailor, tall and thin,
By using red velvet, he lined it within.
Fourth was a hunter, short and stout,
With a piece of fox fur, he lined it without.
Fifth was a fisherman, nasty as hell,
threw in a fish and gave it a smell.
Sixth was a preacher whose name was Mc Gee,
Punched it and blessed it
And said it could pee.
Last came a sailor, dirty little runt,
He sucked it and fucked it and called it a
cunt.



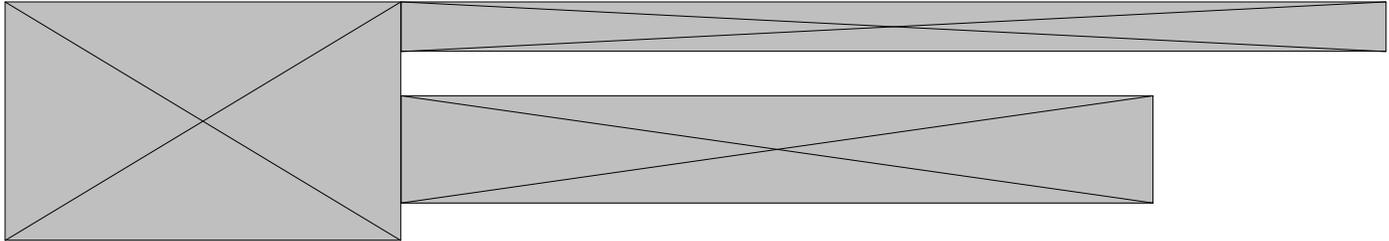
Lady Hardonna

(To: Lady Madonna)

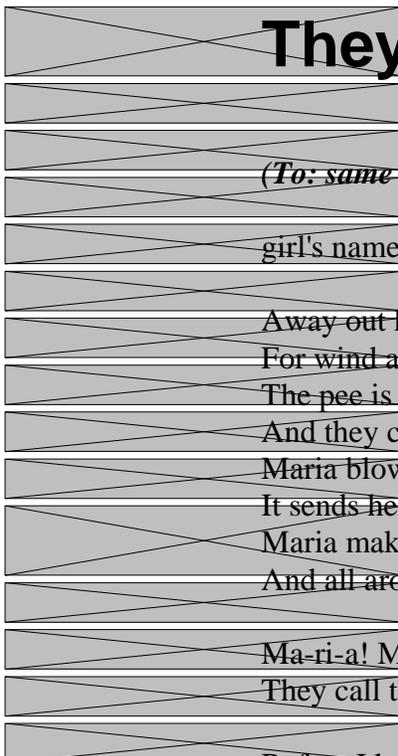
Lady Hardonna, men at your feet,
Wonder how you manage to beat their meat.
You find the money, when you need to pay the rent,
You know that money isn't heaven sent.
Friday's guy arrives without a suitcase,
Sunday's Hasher creeps in like a bum,
Monday's likes to be tied with his boot lace,
See how they'll cummmm!

Lady Hardonna, Hasher at your breast,
Wonder how you manage to please the rest?
Lady Hardonna, lying on the bed,
No worry a-bout losing your maid-en-head.
Tuesday's love is never ending,
Wednesday morning milkman didn't cum,
Thursday night your diaphragm needed mending,
See how they'll cummmm!

Lady Hardonna, Hashers at your feet,
Wonder how you manage to beat their mee-eat?



They Call The Wind Maria



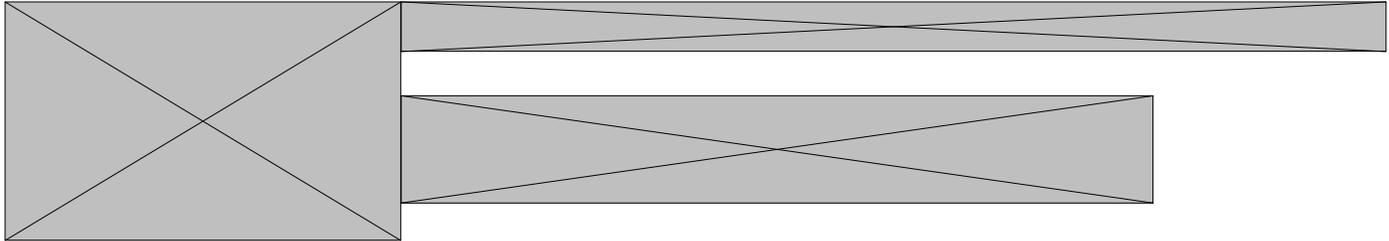
(To: same name, Maria is pronounced like the girl's name in this version.)

Away out here they got a name,
For wind and shit and pee-a.
The pee is one, the shit is two,
And they call the wind Ma-ri-a.
Maria blows your dick so hard,
It sends her farts a flyin'.
Maria makes an awful sound,
And all around her's dyin'.

Ma-ri-a! Ma-ri-a!
They call the wind Maria!

Before I knew Maria's name,
And felt her lips a suckin'.
I had a girl and she had me,
And we were always fuckin'.
But then one day I left my girl,
Because Maria felt me.
And now I'm dying in that wind,
Not even God can help me.

Ma-ri-a! Ma-ri-a!
They call the wind Maria!
Ma-ri-a! Ma-ri-a!
Blow no wind to me!



Somebody Puked On Me

(To: "*Somebody Snitched On Me*" [children's Xmas song])

Songmaster:

Spoken- When I point to you, answer,
"Somebody puked on me!"

I grabbed a beer for my Down Down,
(Songmeister points to pack each time this line appears.)

Somebody puked on me.

I drank it up and turned around,

Somebody puked on me.

I spilled some beer upon the rug,

With op-en mouth I ate a bug,

Got a shot from good ole Doug,

Oh,

Somebody puked on me.

Chorus:

Songmeister:

Spoken- Join in when you learn it.

Oh, I'm gettin' shitfaced and sick-er.

My damn ole lady (ma-an) is mad.

I'm gettin' shitfaced and sick-er,

'Cause I ain't been nothin' but bad.

SM: Screwed a bimbo in the chair,

Somebody puked on me.

Spilled some beer all in her hair,

Somebody puked on me.

Screwed her once and screwed her twice,

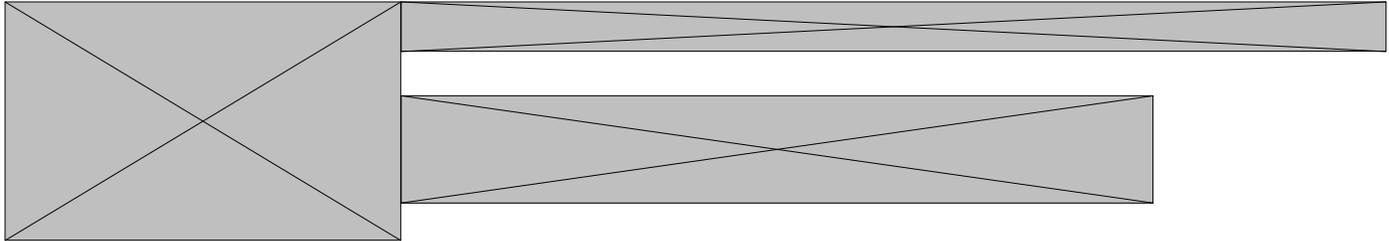
Although head was filled with lice,

Grabbed her hair and screwed her thrice,

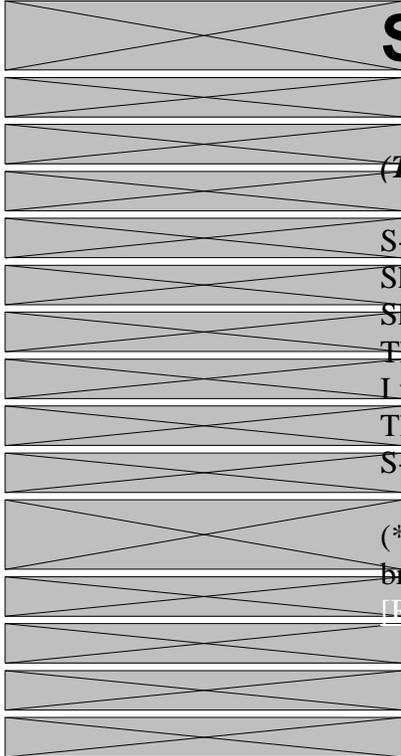
Oh,
Somebody puked on me.

Songmaster:
Now for the third verse, when I point to you,
answer,
"I'm gonna puke on you!"

My woman walked in-to the room,
I'm gonna puke on you!
I won't be getting married soon,
I'm gonna puke on you!
She left me for a guy name Rick,
But took the time to kick my dick,
And now I'm getting really sick,
Oh, I'm gonna puke on you!



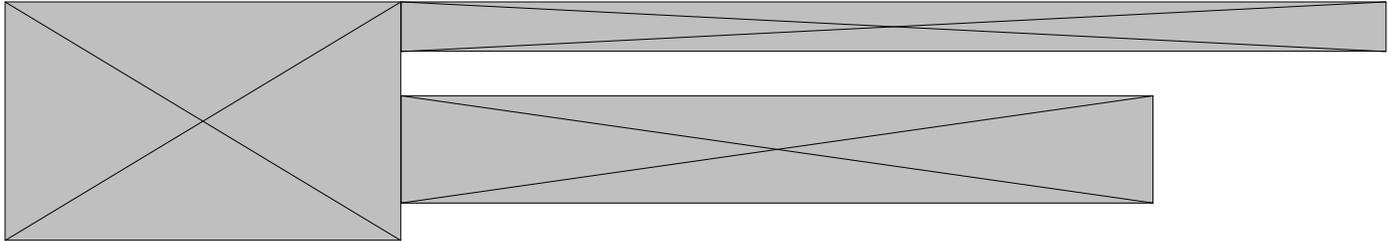
Shitty Trail



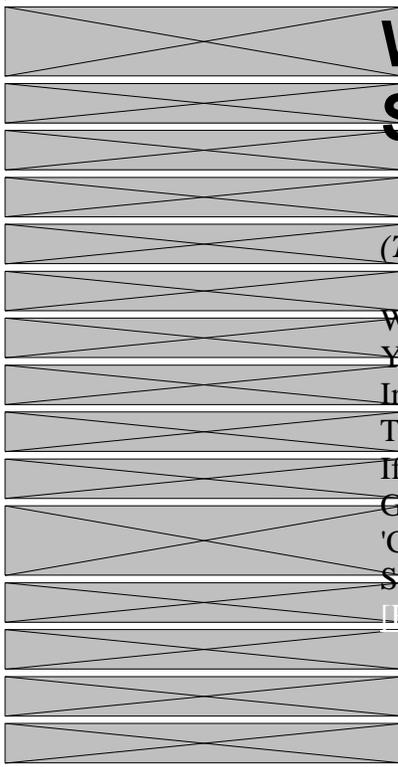
(To: Mickey Mouse Club Song)

S-H-I, T-T-Y, T-R-A-I-L
Shitty trail, (Shitty trail!)
Shitty trail, (Shitty trail!)
The *mother fucker(s) gave us shitty trail!
I would rather drink some beer,
Than hash your shitty trail,
S-H-I, T-T-Y, T-R-A-I-L

(*If female hare, you may substitute 'dizzy broad' or 'squating pissier'.)

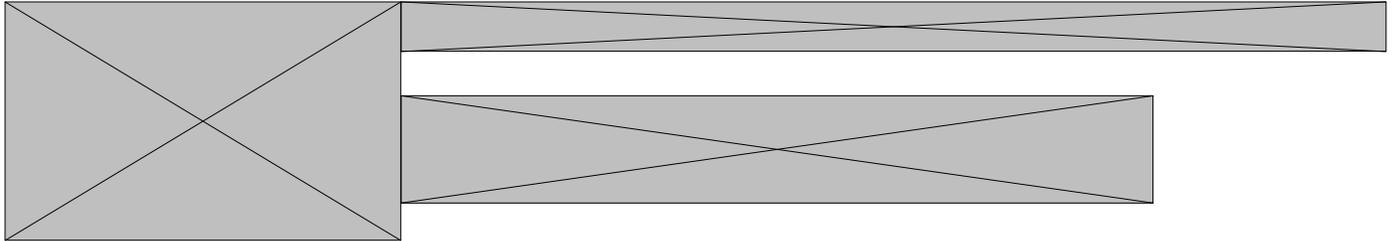


When Irish Guys Start Smiling

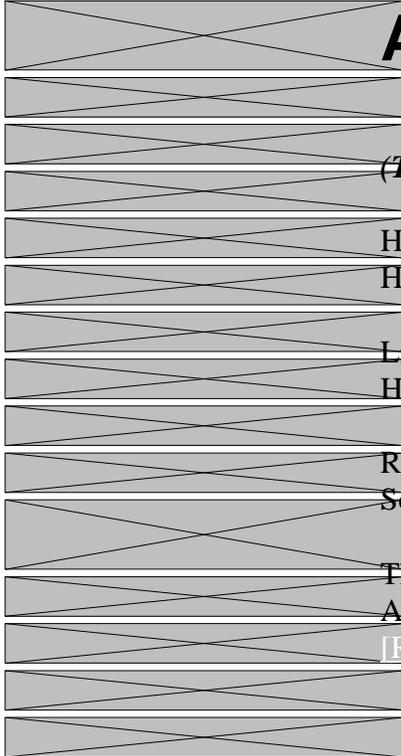


(To: When Irish Eyes are Smiling)

When Irish guys start smiling,
You could be in trouble big.
Irish eyes don't hide a child inside,
They hide an inner pig.
If he's laughing and he's leering,
Get your Rosary out and pray,
'Cause when Irish guys are horny,
Sure they'll peel your pants away.



A Virgin



(To: Swanee River)

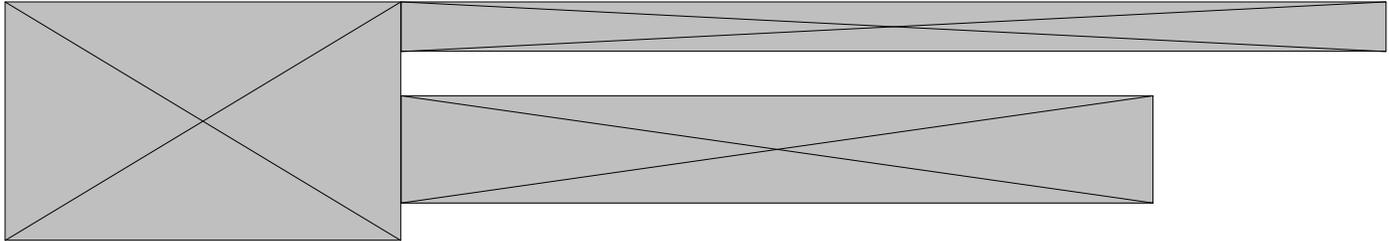
High above the virgin's garter
High above her knee,

Lies the secret of her honor,
Her virginity.

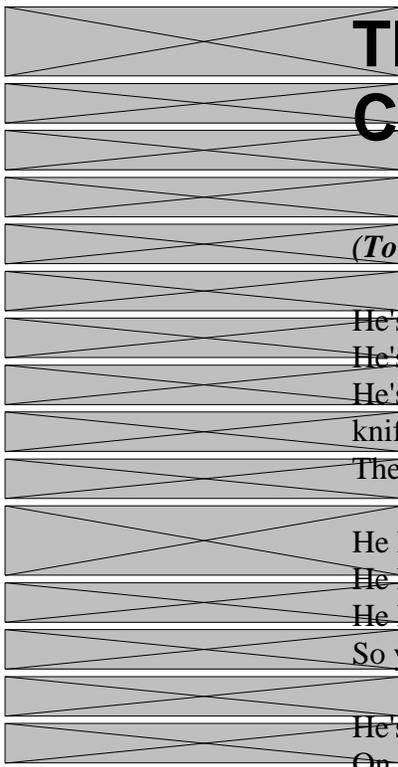
Roll her over, oh so slowly,
Softly in the grass.

That is what we live and die for,
A piece of virgin ass.

E



The S&m&m&m Man Is Cumming To Town



(To: Santa Clause is Coming to Town)

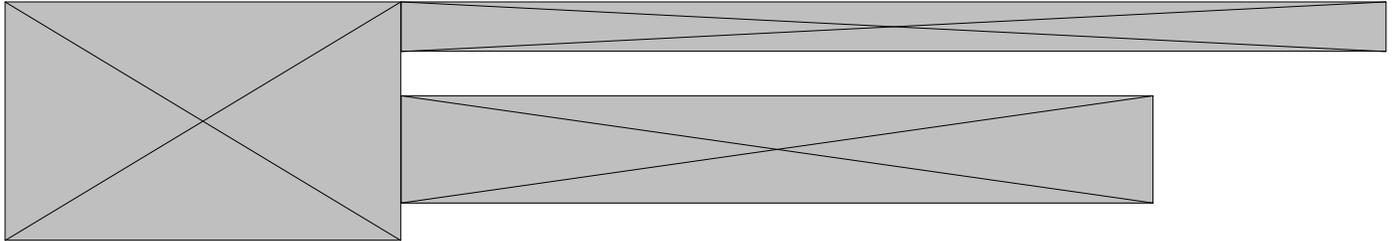
He's biting her tits.
He's fucking her twice.
He's cutting her cunt with a great big bowie
knife.
The S&M&M&M Man is cumming to town.
He knows who you are fucking.
He knows if your orgasms are fake.
He knows if you've been bad or good,
So you better be bad for your own sake!
He's tying her up,
On the tower of power.
And then he's going to give her a golden shower.
The S&M&M&M Man is cumming to town.

He's fucking her ass,
He's pissing in her eye.
He's doing things to her that would make Mengle
cry.
The S&M&M&M Man is cumming to town.

He knows when you've been naughty.
He knows when you've been in pain.
He even knows if your're straight or gay.
You better be straight for your own sake!

You better watch out.
He's makin' her cry!
He shoving a pole up her ass the width of a pizza
pie.

The S&M&M&M Man is cumming to town!



Leprosy

(To "Yesterday")

Birth control, is the only way to save my soul.
Since I put it in my girl friend's hole,
Now I believe in birth control.

Chorus 1

Why I had to cum,
I don't know she wouldn't blow.
I did something wrong,
Now I long for birth control.

Pregnancy, there's a shotgun hanging over me.

Why has this bulge got to be?
I should have used one silly me.

Chorus 1

Syphilis, feels like razors everytime I piss.
Who the hell's to blame for this?
It's agony this syphilis.

Chorus 2

How I got that sore,
I didn't know, she was a whore.
I was indiscreet,
Now I've got infected meat, eat, eat, eat.

Syphilis,
Chancre sores and spots upon my skin,
I never should have stuck it in,
Now I will die of syphilis.

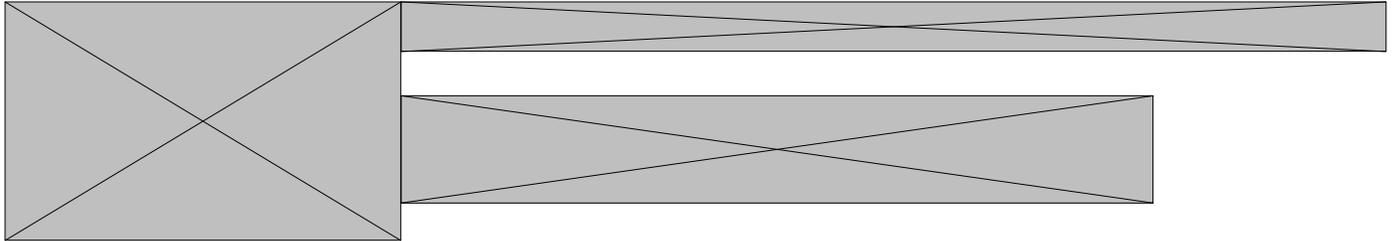
Chorus 2

Leprosy, bits and pieces falling off of me.
I'm not half the man I used to be,

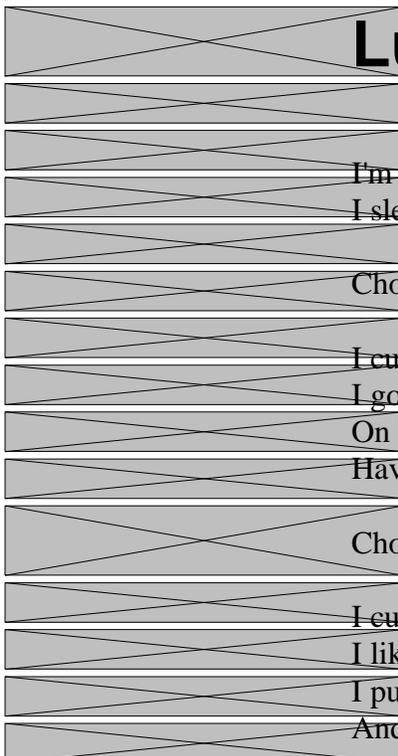
Since I acquired leprosy.
Chorus 2

Chorus 2
Why things fall away,
I don't know, no one will say.
When I solve hash trail,
It's my parts that point the way, ay, ay, ay.

Leprosy,
Stumps for toes and fingers, woe is me,
There goes my dick, how will I pee?
Quite messily, with leprosy.
Chorus 2



Lumberjack Song



I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK,
I sleep all night and I work all day.

Chorus- repeat 1 in third person

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,
I go to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays I go shopping,
Have buttered scone for tea.

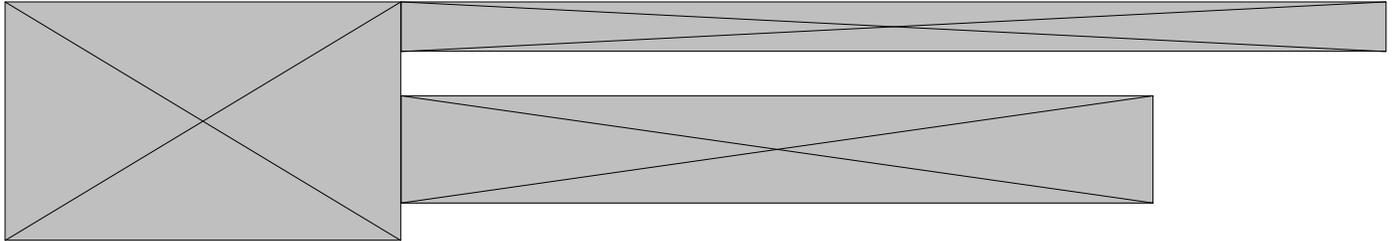
Chorus- repeat 2 and 1 in third person

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,
I like to press wild flowers,
I put on women's clothing,
And hang around in bars.

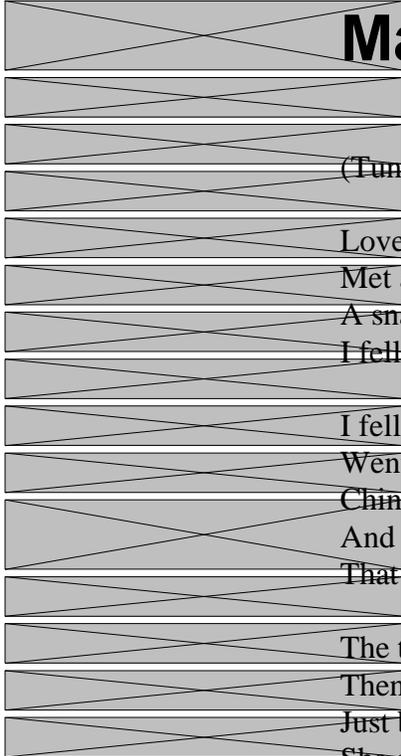
Chorus- repeat 3 and 1 in third person

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,
Suspenders and a bra,
I wish I were a girlie,
Just like my old papa.

Chorus- repeat 4 and 1 in third person



Man Trap



(Tune: Ring of Fire)

Love is a burning thing,
Met a girl who could make me sing,
A snatch was never wider,
I fell into her huge vagina.

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,
Went down, down, down, almost the whole way to
China.

And it turns, squirms, churns,
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

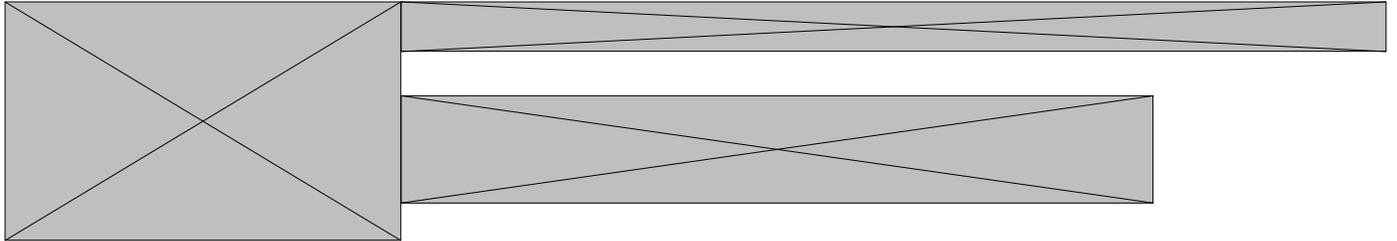
The taste, it was so sweet,
Then I slid in my meat,
Just before I was done,
She ask "Are you in yet hon?"

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,
Went down, down, down, almost the whole way to
China.
And it turns, squirms, churns,
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.
(Let it squirm!)

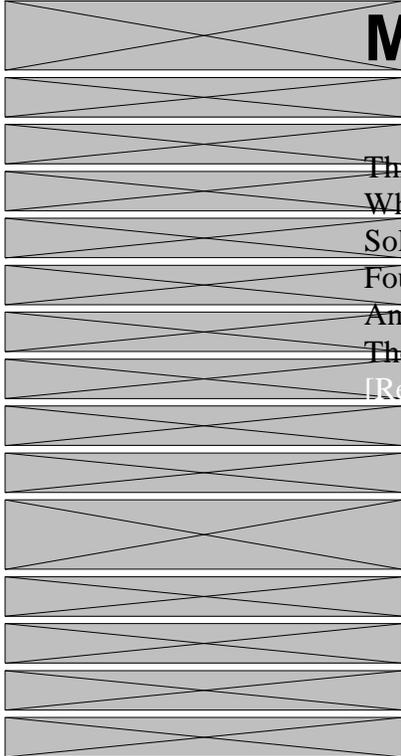
I fell into her steamy wet vagina,
Went down, down, down, but she wouldn't let me
ride her,
And it turns, squirms, churns,
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

I tasted her and then,
I had to try again,
She said, with all her charm,
"Don't use your cock again, try your arm."

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,
With arms and legs both, I couldn't satisfy her.
And it turns, squirms, churns,
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

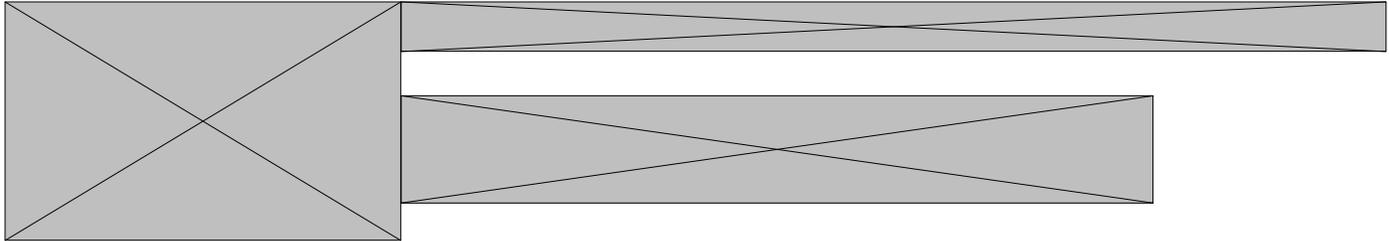


Mary Box



This is the tale of Mary Box,
Who gave a thousand men the pox,
Soldiers and sailors and men of honor,
Fought like fiends to climb upon her,
And now that she's dead, she's not forgotten,
They dig her up and fuck her rotten.

Re



The Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter

(To: The Ash Grove)

(The Songmaster [or a different hasher
from the circle takes a verse each time]
and the Pack responds during the chorus.)

The Mayor of Bayswater,
He had a pretty daughter.

Chorus

And the hairs of her dinky-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees.
And the hairs... (Pack echoes:) And the hairs!
And the hairs... (Pack echoes:) And the hairs!
(together)

*And the hairs of her dinky-di-doo,
*Hang down to her knees.

She lived on a mountain,
And pissed like a bloody fountain.

I've smelt it, I've felt it,
It's just like a piece of velvet.

She's not a great looker,
But everyone took 'er.

She slept with a demon,
Who washed her with semen.

When she was at the Hash House,
They sheltered my trouser mouse.

If she were my daughter,
I'd have them cut shorter.

She fished at the bass hole,
While I poled her asshole.

She married a Japanese,
And blew him every time he sneezed.

She came from Glamorgan,
With a cunt like a barrel organ.

She lived in a lighthouse,
Which stank like a bloody shithouse.

I've seen it, I've seen it,
I've lain right in between it.

You need a coal miner,
To find her vagina.

She went with a Hash House Harrier,
Who fucked her but wouldn't marry her.

I've stroked them, I've poked them,
I've even rolled them up and smoked them.

She married a preacher,
To find out what he could teach her.

If she were my daughter,
I'd have them cut shorter.

She says she's not a whore,
But she bangs like a shit-house door.

I could not believe my eyes,
When I peed between her thighs.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,
And came like a bloody avalanche.

She lived on a malted milkshake,
And rooted like a bloody rattlesnake.

She married an Italian,

With balls like a fucking stallion.

She divorced the Italian,
And married a stallion.

It was always hit-or-miss,
Whether I could find her clitoris.

Her cat's name was Boris,
And it played with her clitoris.

She went to Arabia,
And got camel drool on her labia.

She stayed in Seattle,
And went down on cattle.

She married a Spaniard,
With a prick like a bloody lanyard.

She sits on the waterfront,
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt.

I've licked it, I've kissed it,
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

You can drive a mini minor,
Right up her vagina.

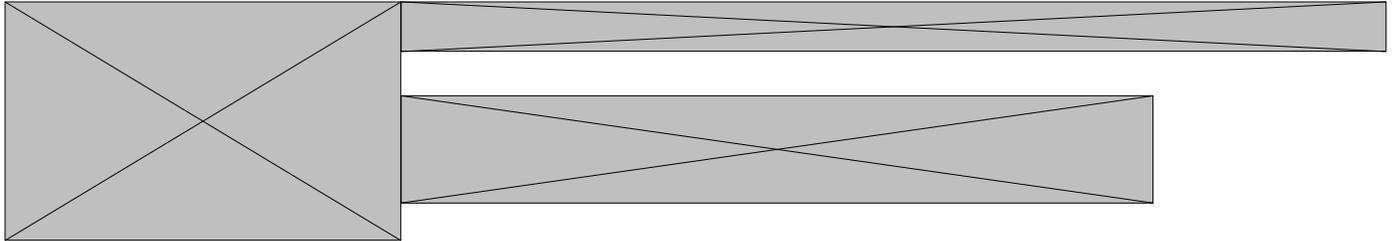
The light is so glitorous,
When it shines off her clitoris.

Her vagina was squishy,
And smelled a bit fishy.

The aroma it lingers,
It smells like fish fingers.

* Variations for the last two chorus lines
And one forty pound strength one,
Hangs down to her knees.
And one I caught a trout on...
And one I found on a bar of soap...
And one that blocked the storm drain...
And one she used as dental floss...
And one she uses for macrame...

And one dripping in olive oil...
And one that smelt of clitty litter...
And one to start the lawn mower with...
And one covered in algae...
And one I found in my mug of beer...
And one the crabs are stuck on...



Mooning in the Sun

(To "Seasons in the Sun")

I went down South to get some sun,
To the Bike Week Hash to have some fun,
I just joined the hash to run.
I didn't know they'd really care,
If I mooned them over there.

Chorus

We had joy, we had fun,
We went mooning in the sun.
But the cops, they had guns,
And they shot us in the buns.

The cops they came from down the street,
I couldn't get my pants up from my feet,
Grabbing cloth from my back seat.
They were gaining on me quick,
I was feeling kind of sick.

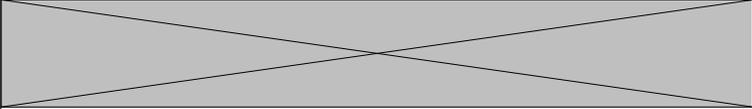
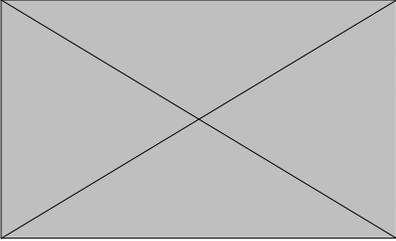
The bikers hollered to me "Stop!",
I felt a sting and heard a big loud "Pop!",
And then I knew it was the cop.
In the ass he hit my pride,
Down I went I thought I'd died.

The hashers came to give me cheer,
To my bed they brought a keg of beer,
I grabbed a cup and held it dear.
The cop outside began to shout,
"Leave my prisoner and get out!"

I was moved though still quite pale,
The judge said "Give him thirty days in jail!",
I was put into a cell.

When bikers saw my bun,
I was safe from all their fun.

The moral of this story's clear,
Stick to hashing and to drinking beer,
I'll never moon again, don't fear.
For when you get shot in the ass,
Your mooning days are over fast.



The Moose Song

(may be sung to: "Sweet Betsy of Pike")

(to be sung while making moose antlers on head
your with hands and fingers pointing upward.)

Moose, Moose, I love a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose,
My pleasure's been plenty,
My women (men have) been loose,
But nothing compares to the love of a Moose,

Harriers:

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,
I open the window and spread it around,
Because Moose will come running when hay's on the ground,

When I was much younger I read dirty books,
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
Like the feeling I get jacking off to Bullwinkle,

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,
I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,
I never got treated that way by a Moose,

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,
I spend all my money on them in the bars,
But a Moose is content to be tied to a tree,
While I find other Mooses to satisfy me,

My girlfriend's a prude, she only likes it one way,
It's Missionary style day after day,

That's why I sneak off with Margie the Moose,
Whenever I want to ride the caboose,

The _____ hash just isn't quite right,
The women up here are much too tight,
But give them an hour out back with a moose,
And they will return hot, horny and loose,

Now I've made it with all kinds of beasties with hair,
I'd make it with snakes if their fangs were not there,
I've made it with walrus, two ducks and a goose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,
And lions and tigers, they puts up a fight,
But it just ain't the same when you slams your caboose,
As the feeling you gets when you humps with a moose.

Now that I'm older and on in my years,
I'll have you know that I shed me no tears,
While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateuse,
Playing hide the salami with Mary the Moose.

Harriettes:

You spend all your money on women in bars,
I spend all my time wondering where you are,
But a moose is happy to stay home with me,
That's why from now on it's only mooses for me,

I figured it all out one day by myself,
When my man went off and left me on the shelf,
He'd found him a new love, a nubile moose-ess,
Which gave me a bad case of rampant distress.

"What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose,"
Said I as I set out to find me a moose,
But I ran into problems that men do not mind,
For male moose are seasonal creatures, you'll find.

When I was much younger I read dirty books,
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
Then getting it off with that stud Bullwinkle.

I hunted in winter, I hunted in spring,

I hunted all summer and found not a thing,
But I found my moose when leaves started to fall,
And, oh brother! did I have a ball.

With my arms 'round his barrel, my feet by his tail,
I hanged and we banged and we really did flail,
Bouncing and jouncing I came with a roar,
I never had had such a great lay before.

The first night I met him it was like a dream
We fucked all night long and he did make me scream
His antlers were hard and my panties were cream
I've never had any man quite so supreme!

And on the second night that we went out,
He lasted much longer, without a doubt,
When he finally came 'twas like Moby Dick's spout,
We did it and did it until he passed out!

Now for our third date I didn't wait long,
I was Fay Wray, he was King Kong,
He was big, too, and hairy and strong,
And he had dong that was longer than Kong's!

But autumn soon passed and so I said goodbye,
I'll be here next year when the leaves start to fly,
Yes I will return when the leaves start to fall,
And we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball.

All my past lovers did brag about size,
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,
But a Moose is the size that a man ought to be,
That's why from now on its only Mooses for me,

All the men Hashers they lie and lie,
They can't get it up no matter how hard they try,
But a moose is stiff for hours on end,
That's why a Moose is my only boyfriend,

Tears came to my eyes when mating season came 'round,
He found a girl moose with whom to settle down,
A home in the woods and three calves have they now,
But he thinks of me when he's humping that cow!

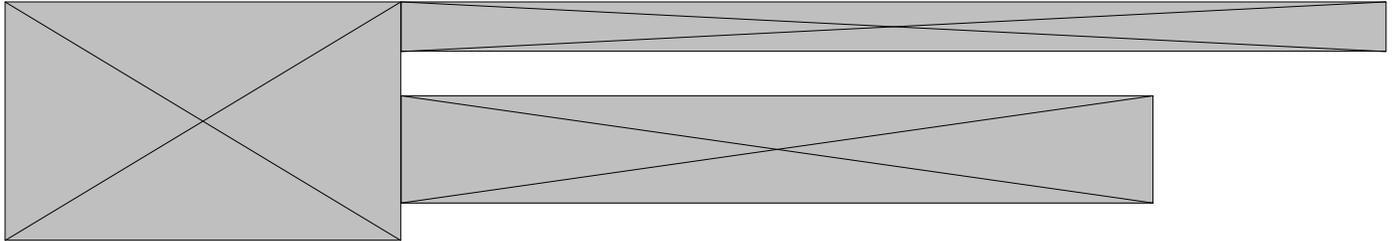
And so, my dear sisters, I have to confess,
Being balled by a moose, it is really the best,

But you'll make out with others for most of the year,
For male moose are seasonal creatures, I fear.

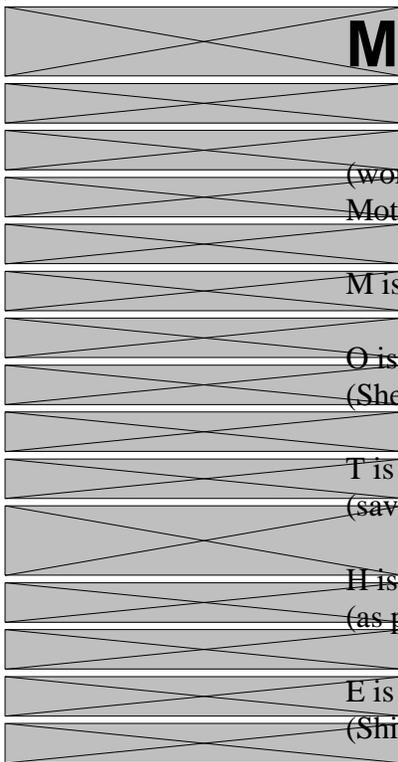
A bear in the winter is furry and warm,
And if you don't tickle, he'll do you no harm.
In spring try an eagle, his feathers are light,
That is if you are not afraid of great height.

In summer, I fear, you must make do with men,
But, not to worry, soon fall comes again.
Then you can return to your own faithful moose,
And revel in supremely scrumptious screws.

Now that I'm older and on in my years,
I'll have you know that I shed me no tears,
While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateuse,
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose.



Mother



(words in parentheses are echoed by pack)

Mother

M is for the many things she gave me

O is only that she's growing old

(She's growing old)

T is for the tears she shed to save me

(save me)

H is for her heart as pure as gold

(as pure of gold)

E is for her eyes with lovelight shining

(Shining)

R is right and she'll always be

(she'll always be)

Put them all together, they spell MOTHER.

The one that means the world to me,

I don't mean maybe,

The one who means the world to me,

(the world to me)

Hasher interrupts:

"Wait a minute, you've got that all wrong!"

Mother

M is for the many times you made me.

O is for the other times you tried.

(you really tried)

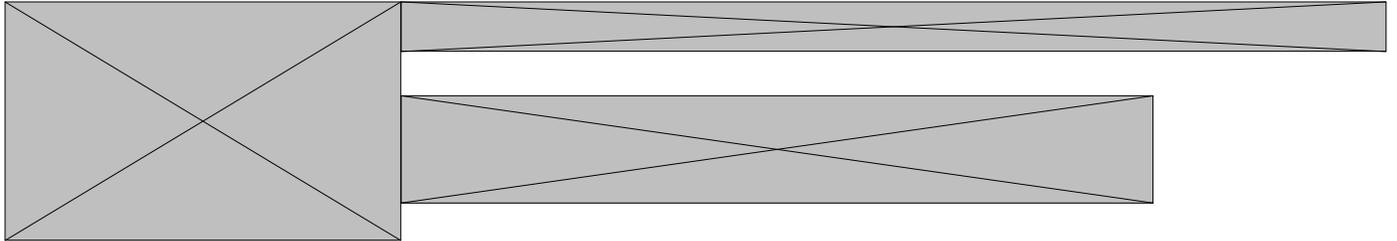
T is for those tortuous long lost weekends.
(damn weekends)

H is for the hell that's in your eye's.
(those bloodshot eyes)

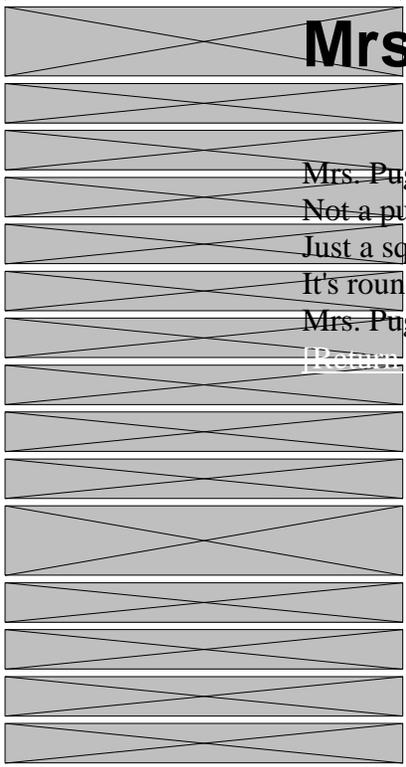
E is for the everlasting passion.
(you horny bitch)

R is for the ruin you made of me.
(a fairy)

Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,
And that is what I think I'm going to be.
I don't mean maybe,
And that is what I think I'm going to be.
(I'm going to be.)

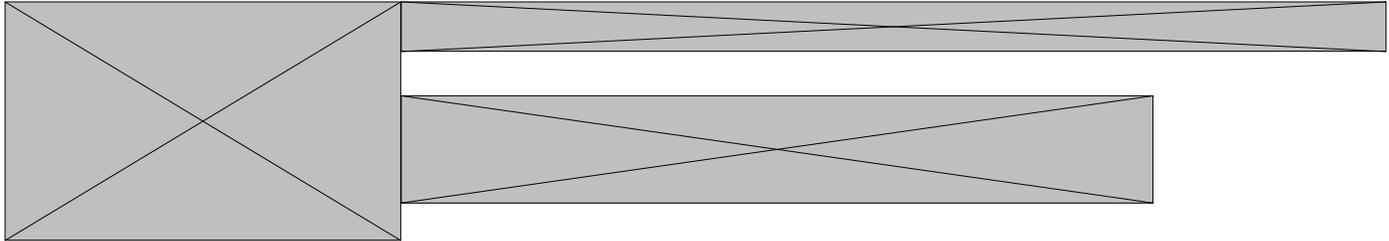


Mrs. Puggy Wuggy



Mrs. Puggy Wuggy has a square cut punt.
Not a punt cut square,
Just a square cut cunt.
It's round in the stern and blunt in the front,
Mrs. Puggy Wuggy has a square cut punt.

Return



My God How the Money Rolls In

(To the tune of "My Bonnie Lies over the

Ocean". Usually performed with hashers taking turns solo on the verses, then the pack joining together on the chorus. The lower voices should sing the echos in parentheses.)

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin.
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus
Rolls in (rolls in), rolls in (rolls in),
My God how the money rolls in (rolls in).
Rolls in, rolls in, rolls innn-in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,
Every night when the evening grows dim.
She hangs out a little red lantern,
My God how the money rolls in.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin.
She's stripping from morning to midnight,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother-in-law is a Hasher,
Who wanders around the hash bar,
He's picking up business for sister,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin.

He'll save you a blonde for a guinea,
My God how the money rolls in.

My sister-in-law is a Hasher,
She lays trails year out and year in,
But when she lays hounds in the bushes,
My God how the money rolls in.

My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
And punctures the teats with a pin.
For Grandma gets rich from abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
His business in holes and in tin.
He'll plug up your hole for a tanner,
My God how the money rolls in.

Aunt Mary makes deals with the milkman,
The mailman and newsboy named Ben.
For a piece of pie and Aunt Mary,
My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Tommy was once in a prison,
Where he was a joy to the men,
Now he bends over for business,
My God how the money rolls in.

Aunt Joan keeps a girl's seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin.
She doesn't say where they will finish,
My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Harry is carving out candles,
From wax that is surgically soft.
He hopes it'll fill up the gap,
If ever his business is off.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp and thin.
He only does one operation,
My God how the money rolls in.

I've lost all me cash on the horses,
I'm sick from the illicit gin.
I'm falling in love with me sister,

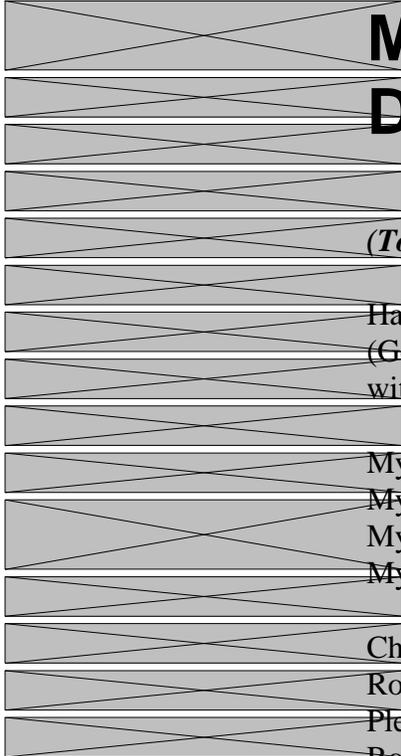
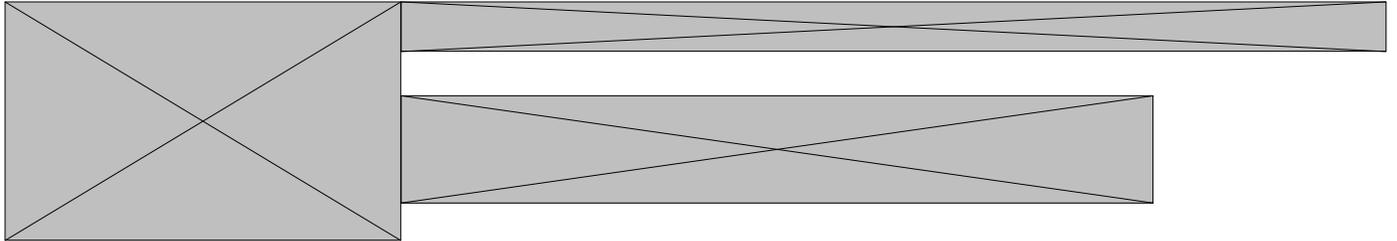
My God what a mess I am in.

I've lost my way off of the hash trail,

I can't find the beer at the end.

I've got to spot flour by nightfall,

My God will you please let this end!



My One Skin Hangs Down to My Two Skin

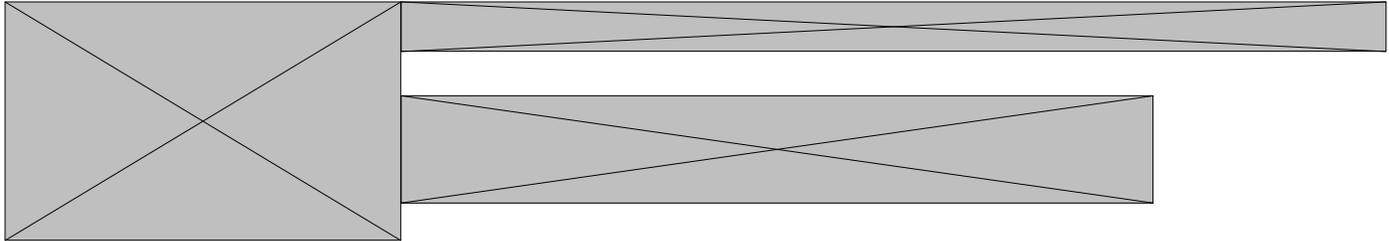
(To: "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean")

Harriers:
(Gesture as if holding a penis,
with the gesture getting lower each line)

My one skin hangs down to my two skin,
My two skin hangs down to my three,
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin,
My foreskin hangs down to my knee.

Chorus
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me, for me.
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me.

My body lies over the ocean,
My body lies over the sea.
My father lies over my mother,
And that's how they created me.



My Grandfather's Cock

(To "My Grandfather's Clock")

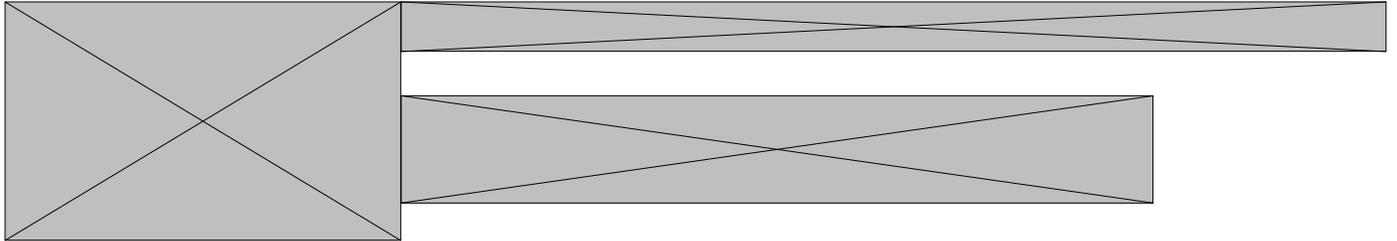
My Grandfather's cock was too long for his pants,
And it dragged several feet on the floor,
It was longer by half than the old man himself,
And it weighed near a hundredweight more.
He's a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

Chorus

Ninety years without cracking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
He spent his life whacking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
But it droppshrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his
strides,
So he lent it to the woman next door,
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of
joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it any more.

He's a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.



No Balls at All

Come you old drunkards give ear to my tale.

This short little story will make you turn pale.
It's about a young lady, so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

Chorus

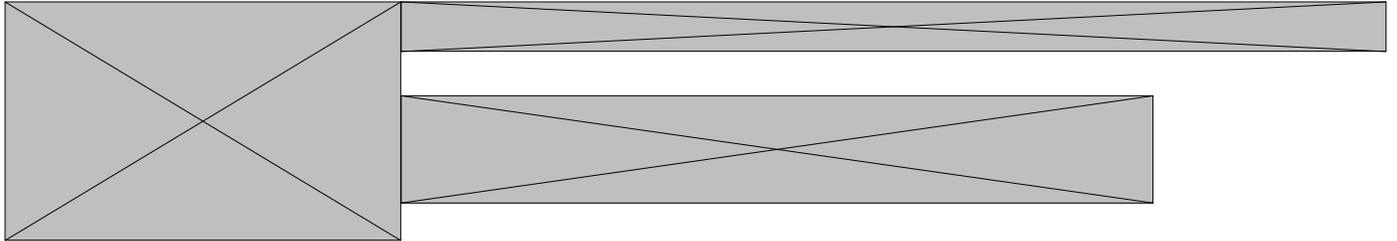
Balls, balls, no balls at all
She married a man, who had no balls at all.

How well she remember the night they were wed.
She rolled back the sheet and crept into bed.
She felt for his penis, how strange it was small.
She fondled his sac, he had no balls at all.

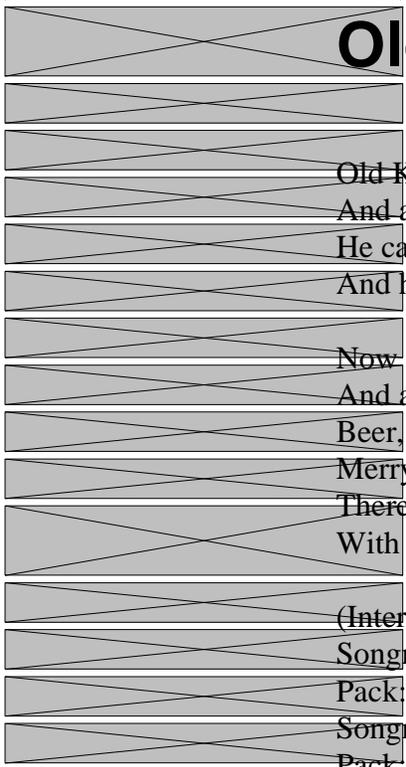
"Mommy, oh Mommy, oh pity my luck.
I've married a man who's unable to fuck.
His tool bag is empty, his screwdriver's small.
The impotent wretch, has got no balls at all."

"Daughter, my Daughter, now don't be a sap.
I had the same trouble with your dear old Pap.
There's many a man who'll come to the call.
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice.
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice.
An eleven pound baby was born in the fall.
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.



Old King Cole



Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife and he called for his pipe,
And he called for his hashers three.

Now every hasher had a very large thirst,
And a very large thirst had he.
Beer, beer, beer said the hashers,
Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair that can compare,
With the hashers of H three.

(Interruption between each verse.)
Songmaster: How's your father?
Pack: ALL RIGHT!
Songmaster: How's your mother?
Pack: SHE'S TIGHT!
Songmaster: How's your sister?
Pack: SHE MIGHT!
Songmaster: When was the last time?
Pack: LAST NIGHT!
Songmaster: When is the next time?
Pack: TONIGHT!
Songmaster: How's your asshole?
Pack: FULL OF SHITE!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife and he called for his pipe,
And he called for his hares three,

Now every hare had a very fine trail,
And a very fine trail had he.
Let me take you in the bushes said the hares,
Beer, beer, beer said the hashers,

Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair that can compare,
With the hashers of H three.

(accumulating lines and awarding down downs to
the songmaster that screws it up afterwards)

Fiddlers three...
A very fine fiddle...
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,

Tailors three...
A very fine needle...
Stick it in and out, in and out said the tailors,

Jugglers three...
Two very fine balls...
Throw your balls in the air said the jugglers...

Butchers three...
A very fine choppe...
Put it on the block, chop it off said the
butchers.

Barmaids three...
A very fine cand...
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out said the
barmaids.

Cyclists three...
Two very fine pedal...
Round and round, round and round said the
cyclists.

Flautist three...
A very fine flut...
Root diddly-oot, root diddly-oot said the
flautist.

Painters three...
A very fine brush...
Wop it up and down, up and down said the painters.

Horsemen three...
A very find saddle...
Ride it up and down, up and down said the

horsemen.

Carpenters three...

A very fine hammer...

Bang away, bang away, bang away said the
carpenters.

Surgeons three...

A very fine scalpel...

Cut it round the knob, make it throb said the
surgeons.

Fishermen three...

A very fine rod...

Mine is two feet long said the fishermen,

Huntsmen three...

A very fine horn...

Wake up in the morn with a horn said the huntsmen.

Coalmen three...

A very fine sack-

Want it in the front or the back said the coalmen.

Drummers three...

A very fine drum...

Thump it right up to the stump said the drummers.

Axemen three...

A very fine axe...

Chop it right back to the stump said the axemen.

Parsons three...

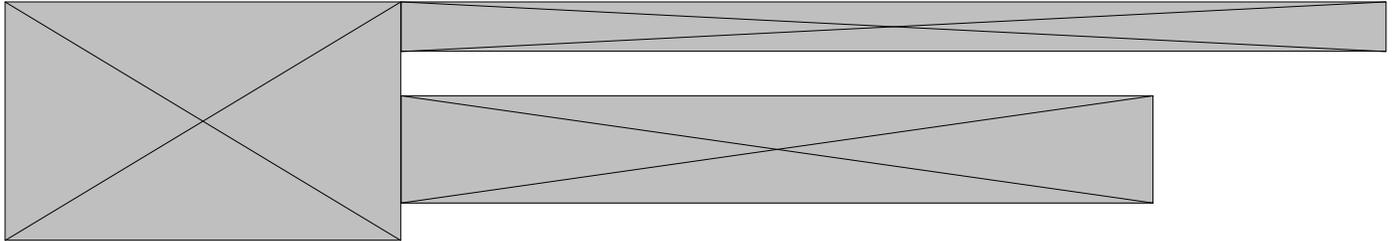
A very fine book...

Goodness, gracious me said the parsons.

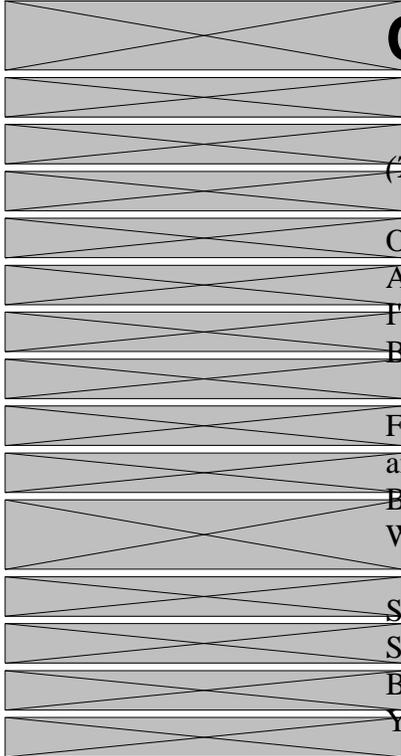
Ladies three...

A very fine cat...

Come and pet my pussy said the ladies.



On Top of Old Sophie

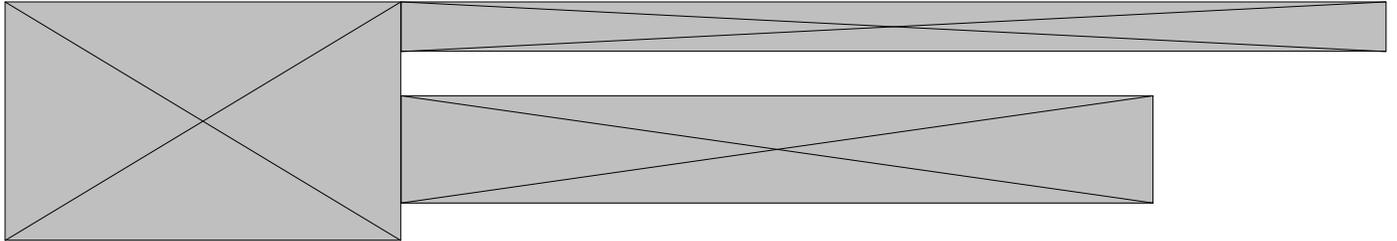


(Tune: On Top of Old Smokie)

On top of Old Sophie,
All covered with sweat.
I've used fourteen rubbers,
But she hasn't come yet.
For fucking's a pleasure,
and farting's relief.
But a long-winded lover,
Will bring nothing but grief.
She'll kiss you and hug you,
Say it won't take long.
But two hours later,
You're still going strong.

So come all you lovers,
And listen to me.
Don't waste your erection,
On a long winded she.

For your root will just wither,
And your passion will die.
And she will forsake you,
And you'll never know why.



Once a Bloody Hasher

(The SCB anthem. To "Waltzing Matilda")

Once a bloody hasher,
Jumped into a shiggy-pit,
Under the smell of a durian tree.
And he hummed and he stank,
As he swallowed all that shiggy pit.
I'll never see the beer said he.

Chorus

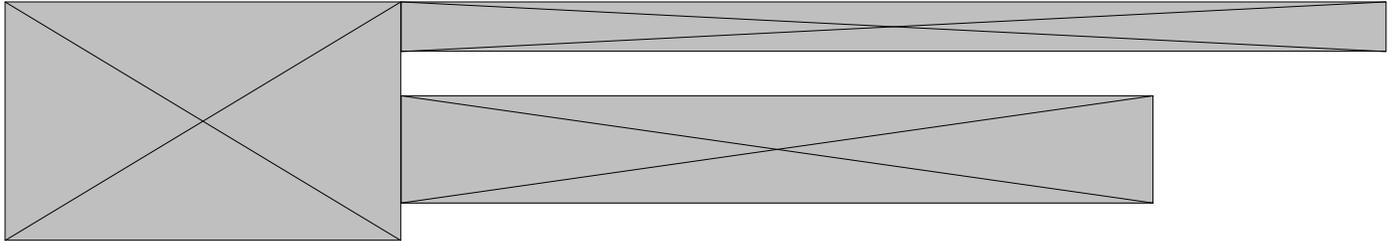
Short-cutting bastards,
Short-cutting bastards,
I'll never short-cut again said he,
And he stank as he sank,
And wallowed in that shiggy pit,
Who'll come a wallowing,
In hash with me.

Up jumped a kampung man,
Screaming most hysterically.
You can't swim there, Tuan said he.
That's my jolly shiggy-pit,
You've got in your underpants.
That will cost you ringits,
One, two, three.

Out climbed the hasher,
Dripping very smellily,
You'll never get your kitty from me.
And he squelched and he oozed,
Over to a billabong.
Who'll come a wallowing,
In hash with me.

(Quietly)

Now his voice may be heard,
As he runs the trail so lone-i-ly.
Please, please, please come a running with me.
But the pack far ahead,
Was hiding very craftily.
"Back to your shiggy pit and let us be!"



Poor Little Angeline

She was sweet sixteen and the village queen,
Pure and innocent was Angeline.
A virgin still, never known a thrill,
Poor little Angeline.

At the village fair, the Squire was there,
Masturbating in the middle of the square,
When he chanced to see the dainty knee,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village Squire had a low desire,
To be the biggest bastard in the whole damn shire.
He had set his heart on the feral part,
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt,
She slipped in the puddle of the Squires last
squirt,
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw,
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said, "Miss, your cat,
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat.
But my car is in the square and I'll take you
there,
Oh Dear little Angeline."

Now the filthy old turd should have got the bird,
Instead she followed him without a word,
And as they drove away, you could hear them say,
Poor little Angeline.

They had not gone far when he stopped his car,
And took little Angeline into a bar,
Where he filled her with gin, just to make her

sin,
Poor little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well, he took her to a dell,
And there he gave her merry fucking hell,
And he tried his luck with a low down fuck,
On poor little Angeline.

With a cry of "Rape," he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape.
Now it's time someone came to save the name,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the story is told of a blacksmith bold,
Who'd loved little Angeline for years untold.
He was handsome too and he'd promised to be true,
To poor little Angeline.

But sad to say, that very same day,
The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay,
For coming in his pants at the local dance,
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of his cell overlooked the dell,
Where the Squire was giving poor Angeline hell,
As she lay on the grass, he recognized the ass,
Of poor little Angeline.

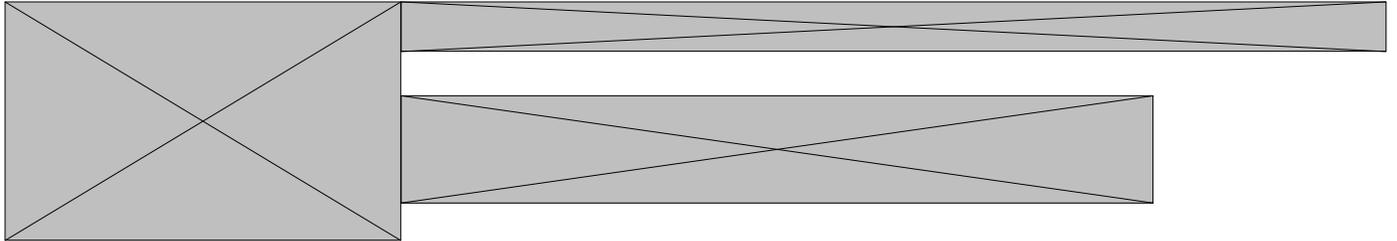
Now he got such a start that he let out a fart,
Which blew the prison bars wide apart.
And he ran like shit lest the Squire should split,
His poor little Angeline.

When he got the spot and saw what was what,
He tied the villain's penis in a granny knot.
As the Squire lay on his guts he was kicked in the
nuts,
By poor little Angeline.

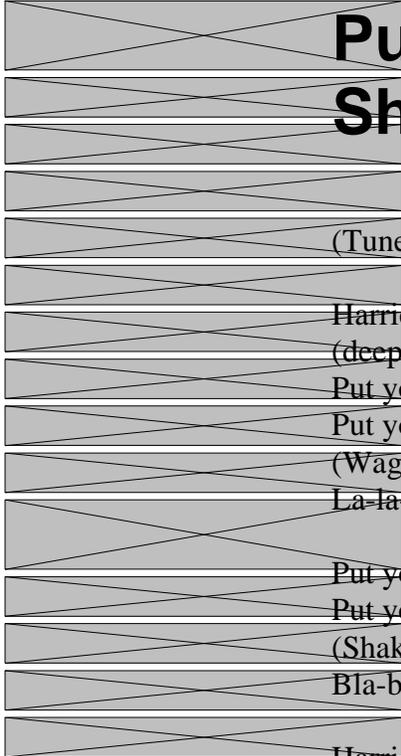
"Oh blacksmith true, I love you, I do,
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me
too,
Here I am undresscome and do your best,"
Cried poor little Angeline.

No it won't take long to finish this song,

For the blacksmith had a penis over one foot long,
And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm.
Happy little Angeline.



Put Your Leg Over My Shoulder



(Tune: Side by Side)

Harrier verse

(deep voice if sung by a harriettes)

Put your left leg over my shoulder,

Put your right leg over my shoulder,

(Wag tongue)

La-la-la-la-laa, la-la-la-laa, la-la-laa.

Put your left tit over my shoulder,

Put your right tit over my shoulder,

(Shake head side to side)

Bla-bla-bla-bla-blaa, bla-bla-blaa, bla-bla-blaa.

Harriette verse

(falsetto if sung by a harrier)

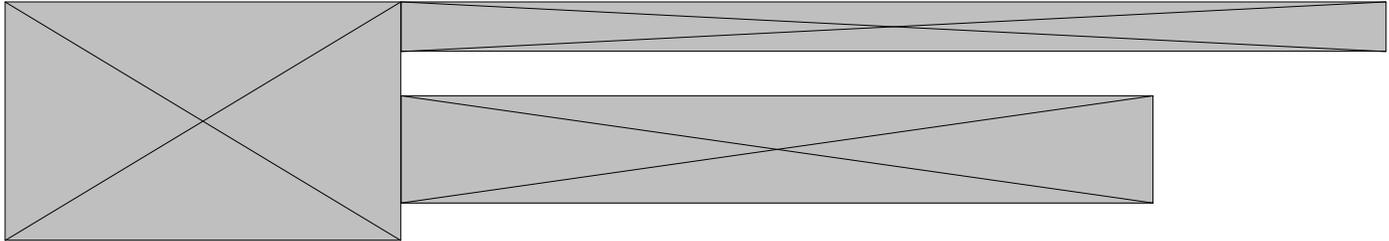
Put your left nut over my shoulder,

Put your right nut over my shoulder,

(Move head in and out)

Humma-humma-hum-hummm, humma-hum-hummm,

hum-hum-hummm



Roedean School

(To "We Shall Not Be Moved")

We are from Roedean, good girls are we,
We take great pride in our virginity,
We take precautions,
And avoid abortions,
For we are from Roedean School.

Chorus

Up school, up school up school, right up school!
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah,lah,lah,lah,
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah,lah,lah,lah.

Our school porter, he is a fool,
He's only got a teeny-weeny tool,
All right for keyholes,
And little girlies' pee-holes,
But not for girls at Roedean School.

When we go out to the Vicar's for tea,
He likes to bounce us up and down on his knee,
We feed him brandy,
Which makes him feel randy,
For we are from Roedean School.

When we go down to the beach for a swim,
The people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar,
It's big as a horse's collar,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head perfect, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
And again, and again,
And again, and again,

For she is from Roedean School.

Our house mistress, she can't be beat,
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for,
Three-penny bitties,
Right outside of Roedean School.

Our sports mistress, she is the best,
She teaches us how to develop our chest,
We wear tight sweaters,
And carry French Letters,
For we are from Roedean School.

Each week at Roedean we have a dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give, All the fellows a chance,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head gardener, he makes us drool,
He's got a great big dirty whoppin' tool,
All right for tunnels,
And Queen Mary's funnels,
And great for the girls at Roedean School.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she would have a go,
But she surprised the Vicar,
By raising him quicker,
That any other girl at Roedean School.

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we,
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry,
It's lights out at seven,
Candles out at eleven,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our school doctor, she is a beaut,
Teaches us to swerve when our boy friends shoot,
It saves many marriages,
And forced miscarriages,
For we are from Roedean School.

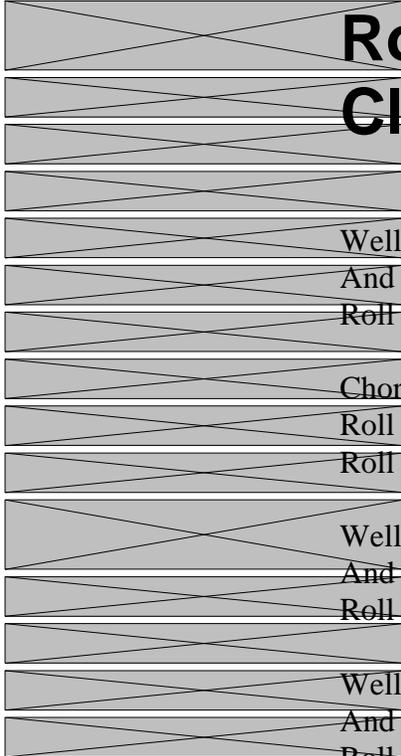
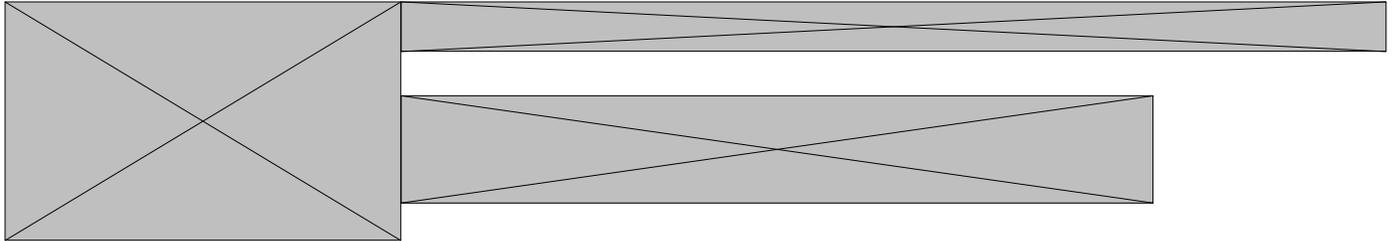
We go to Roedean, don't we have fun,
We know exactly how it is done,
When we lie down

We hole it in one,
For we are from Roedean School.

Those girls from Cheltenham, they are just
sissies,
The get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles,
And long broom handles,
To rouse the girls at Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, we can be had,
Don't take our word, boy ask your old dad,
He brings his friends,
For breath-taking trends,
For we are from Roedean School.

In our winter we wear our J.D.'s,
Long combinations well below our knees,
It's all right for dragging,
But no good for shagging,
For we are from Roedean School.



Roll Me Over in the Clover

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

Chorus
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number two,
And my hand is on her shoe,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number three,
And my hand is on her knee,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number four,
And we're rolling on the floor,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number five,
And the bee is in the hive,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number six,
And she said she liked my tricks,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number seven,
And we're in our seventh heaven,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number eight,

And the nurse is at the gate,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number nine,
And the twins are doing fine,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number ten,
And we're at it once again,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

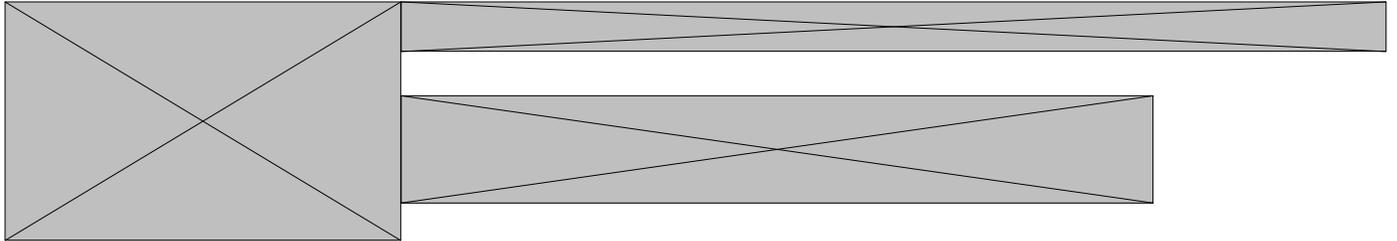
Well, this is number eleven,
And we start again from seven,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number twelve,
And she said "You can fuck yourself",
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

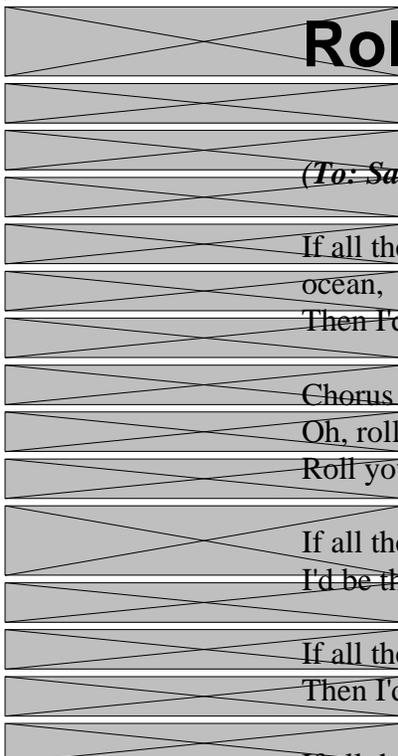
Well, this is number twenty,
And she said that was plenty,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number thirty,
And she said that was dirty,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number forty,
And she said "Now that was naughty",
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.



Roll Your Leg Over



(To: Sailor's Hornpipe)

If all the young girls were like fish in the
ocean,
Then I'd be a whale and I'd show them the motion.

Chorus

Oh, roll your leg o-ver, oh, roll your leg over,
Roll your leg o-ver the man in the moon.

If all the young girls were like hashers on trail,
I'd be the hare and I'd get me some tail.

If all the young girls were like bricks in a pile,
Then I'd be a mason and lay them in style.

If all the young girls were like pies on the
shelf,
Then I'd be the baker and eat them myself.

If all the young girls were like fish in the sea,
Then I'd be the King fish and have them for me.

If all the young girls were like diamonds and
rubies,
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

If all the young girls were like bells in a tower,
I'd be a clapper and bang them each hour.

If all the young girls were like bats in the
steeple,
Then there'd be many more bats than people.

If all the young girls were like telephone poles,

I'd grab my red pecker to stick in their holes.

If all the young girls were like coals in a
stoker,
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker.

If all the young girls were like winds on the sea,
I'd be a sail and I'd have them blow me.

If all the young girls were like statues of Venus,
I'd be equipped with a petrified penis.

If all the young girls were like little white
rabbits
I'd be a hare and I'd teach them bad habits.

If all the young girls were like little red foxes,
I'd be a hunter and shoot up their boxes.

If all the young girls were like snakes in the
grass,
I'd grab my king snake and to shove up their ass.

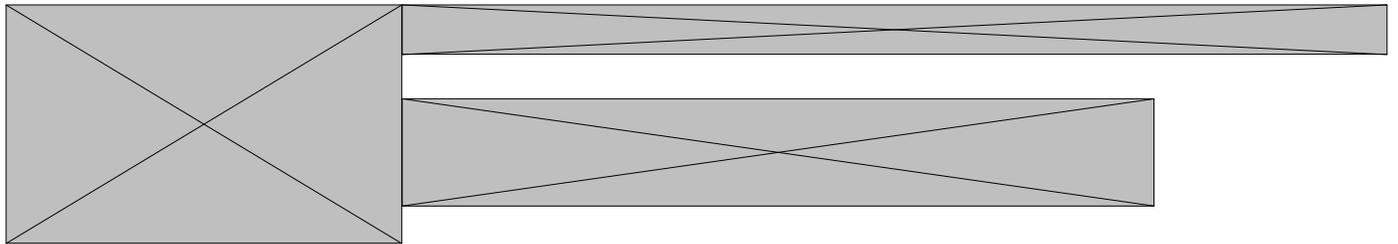
If all the young girls were like trees in the
forest,
I'd be a lumberjack and split their clitoris.

If all the young girls were like mares in a
stable,
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able.

If all the young girls were like long-tall hash
mugs,
I'd do a down down from their lovely jugs.

If all the young girls were like fish in the
brookie,
I'd be a trout and I'd get me some nookie.

If all the young girls were like round cherry pie,
I'd pluck me a cherry from right where they lie.



The S & M Man

(To "The Candy-Man")

Songmaster: Who can take a bicycle,

Pack: Who can take a bicycle,

Songmaster: Tear off the leather seat.

Pack: Tear off the leather seat.

Songmaster: Impale a virgin on it, push her down a bumpy street.

Chorus

Songmaster: The S & M Man...

Pack: The S & M Man...

Songmaster: The S & M Man.

Pack: The S & M Man...

Together:

The S & M Man,

'Cause he mixes it with love,

And makes the hurt feel good.

Makes the hurt feel good.

Who can take a dildo,
Ram it up your rear.
Then fuck ya all night long,
Until the shit comes out your ears.

Who can take a cat-o-nine,
Tie you to the floor.
Whip you 'til you bleed,
And you're begging for some more.

Who can take a wood saw,
Rustdully cuts,
Saw it back and forth,
Til he cuts off both your nuts?

Who can take a chainsaw,

Rev it up real high,
Shove it up your arse,
Just to hear you scream and sigh?

Who can take some sandpaper,
With very course grit,
Rub it back and forth,
Until you have a bleeding clit?

Who can take a chainsaw,
Cut the bitch in two,
Fuck the bottom half,
And toss the other half to you?

Who take some jumper cables,
Clamp one to each tit,
Slap them on the batt'ry,
Then ride the shaking bitch?

Who can take a sander,
Made by Black and Decker,
Rub it up and down,
Until you've got a bleedin' pecker?

Who can take a riding crop,
Beat you 'cross the chest.
Ride you like a pony,
'Til you think that you're the best.

Who can take a hammer,
And pound it on your dick,
And hit it even harder,
'Til you cum until you're sick?

Who can take a candle,
Melt it on your skin.
Watch it blister up,
Then stick it with a pin.

Who can take your penis,
Put it in a door,
Slam it really hard,
Until you're screaming- MORE MORE!?

Who can take a tire iron,
Stick up your hole,

Screw a jack way up your ass,
Until you rock 'n roll.

Who can find some newlyweds,
Sneak into their room,
Fuck the bride in bed,
And sodomize the groom?

Who can take a transient,
Rip out one of his eyes,
Skull fuck the bastard,
Until the cum he cries?

Who can take a little girl,
Before she's on the rag,
Fuck her till she's dead,
And then toss her in a bag?

Who can take a pussy,
Suck out all the yeast,
Spit it out into some dough,
And bake it for a feast?

Who can take a hair curler,
Turn it up on high,
Stick it in her cunt,
And listen to her fry?

Who can take two ice picks,
Stick one in each ear,
And ride you like a Harley,
While he fucks you up the rear?

Who can take a light bulb,
Shove it up your arse,
Fuck you up the rear,
Til you're shitting chunks of glass?

Who can shave your pussy,
Without the shaving cream,
Slap some on some Aqua Velva,
Just to hear you scream?

Who can take a vibrator,
Give it to ya hard.
Fuck ya all night long,

Like the nympho that ya are.

Who can take a glass rod,
Shove it up your prick,
Put it on the table,
And smash it with a brick?

Who can take a Coke bottle,
Shove it up her ass,
Kidney punch the bitch,
Until she's shitting blood and glass?

Who can take a vice clamp,
Clamp it on a tit,
Squeeze the sucker down,
Until it pops just like a zit?

Who can take a cheese grater,
Strap it to his arm,
Fist fuck the bitch,
And make vagina parmesian?

Who can take a baby,
Throw it on a pile,
And fuck it up its ass,
Sish-ka-bob style?

Who can take some fiberglass,
Wrap it round his pud,
Shove it up your arse,
Until you're shitting chunks of blood?

Who can take a Grandma,
Out into the yard,
Then grandpa comes out on the porch,
And hollers, "Fuck 'er hard!"

Who can cut your dick off,
And feed it to the cat,
'Cause we all know hungry pussies,
Need more and more of that.

Who wears pants with zippers,
And no underwear,
Then pulls them up and down,
Until he has no pubic hair?

Who can take a pregnant woman,
Fuck her til she's dead,
Fuck her even harder,
Til the fetus gives him head?

Who can take a hangman's noose,
Slip it 'round your head,
Climb a box and pull the rope,
And fuck you till you're dead.

Who can take a branding iron,
Fire it 'til its hot.
Ram it up your ass,
When your wad is almost shot.

Who can take a baby,
Lay it on a bed,
Turn the bugger over,
Fuck the soft spot in its head?

Who can work abortions,
Wrap them in a sack,
Save them all for later,
When he wants a tasty snack?

Who can take your scrotum,
Stick it with a pin,
Hang on a bunch of weights,
Till it drags down to your shins?

Who can take just two bricks,
Take one in each hand,
Bang them on his balls,
Like the cymbals in the band?

Who can take your penis,
Tie it all in knots,
Wipe it all with shiggy,
Until the fucker rots?

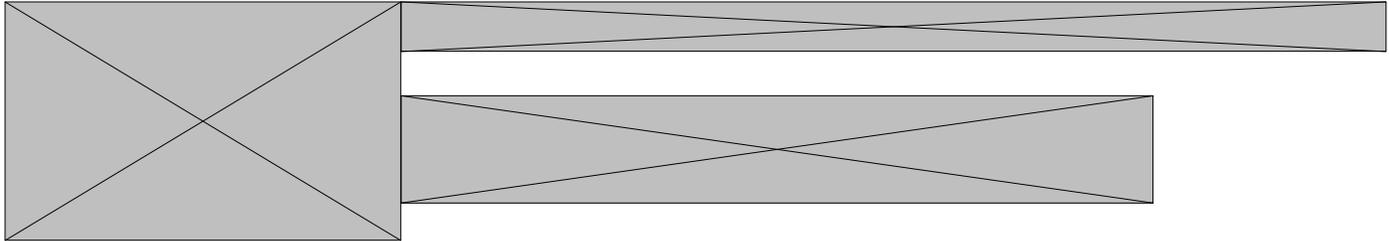
Who can take a Pit Bull,
Let him eat your dick,
Let him fuck your girlfriend,
While you lie there very sick?

Who can take some handcuffs,
Tie you to the bed,
Whip you on the bottom,
'Til your ass is bloody red.

Who can take a puppy,
Hold it by the ears,
Fuck it in the ass,
Until it sheds those puppy tears?

Who can drive an ambulance,
To a totalled cadillac,
Fuck the injured woman,
And her daughters in the back.

Who will run through briars,
Ripping up his flesh,
And like a crazy hasher,
Repeat the bloody mess?
(See "The S & M Girl")



Sexual Life of the Camel

(To: "Eaton Boating Song")

The sexual life of the camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season,
It tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice,
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Chorus

Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty,
titty-bum.

Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, aye.

Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty,
titty-bum.

Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, aye.

The sexual life of the ostrich, is hard to
understand,
At the height of the mating season,
It buries its head in the sand.
And if another ostrich finds it,
Standing there with its ass in the air,
Does it have the urge to grind,
Or doesn't it bloody-well care?

In the process of civilization,
From anthropoid ape down to man,
It is generally held that the navy,
Has buggered whatever it can.
Yet recent extensive researches,
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Have conclusively proven that the hedgehog,

Cannot be buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion,
Is incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety on shipboard,
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone,
Why haven't they done it a Spithead,
As they have at Harvard and Yale,
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,
By shaving the spines off the tail?

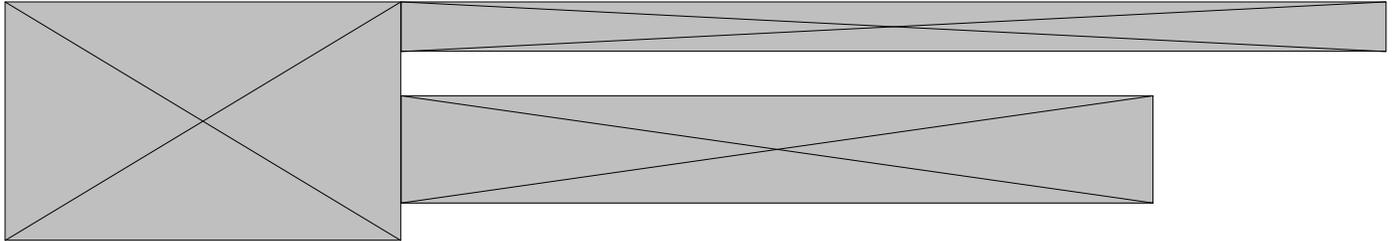
So cum all you hashers,
And to the occasion rise,
Grab yourself a hedgehog,
And give a real surprise,
The following instructions,
Will ensure that you do not fail,
Simply ream out its ass with a hose pipe,
And shave the spines off his tail.

My name is Cecil,
I cum from Liecster Square,
I go all around the place,
With flowers in my hair,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go around in pairs,
For we're all queers together,
Now excuse us while we go upstarrs.

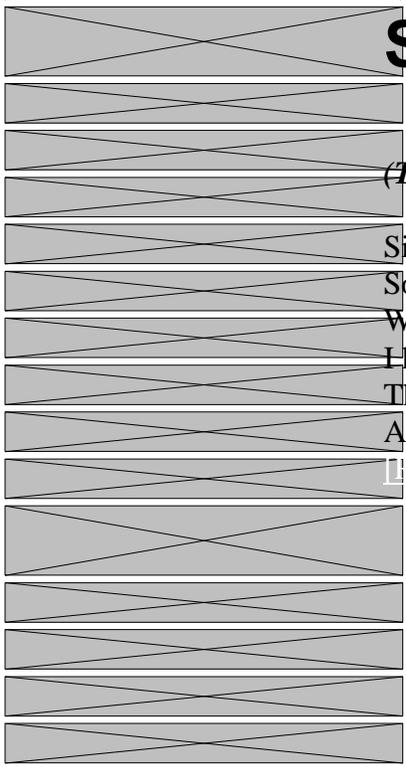
I went for a ride on a choo-choo,
And found I had to stand,
A little boy offered me his seat,
So I went for it with my hand,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go around in pairs,
For we're all queers together,
Now excuse us while we go upstairs.

It was Christmas Eve in the harem
The eunuchs all standing there,
A hundred dusky maidens,
Combing their pubic hair.
When along came Father Christmas,
Striding down the marble halls,
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,
The eunuchs all answer "Balls!"

Oh, the old men were having a birthday,
Standing at the bar,
Thinking about the old times,
Thinking back so far.
When along came a dusky maiden,
By Christ, she was so fair,
When she asked what they'd like for their
birthday,
The old men all shout "Hair!"



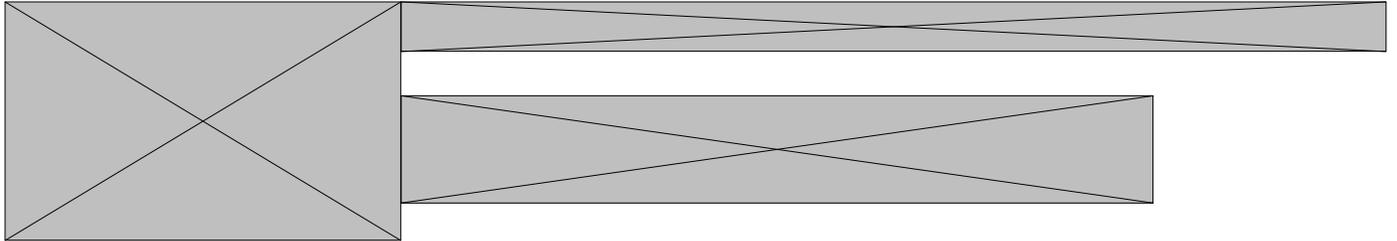
Silent Night



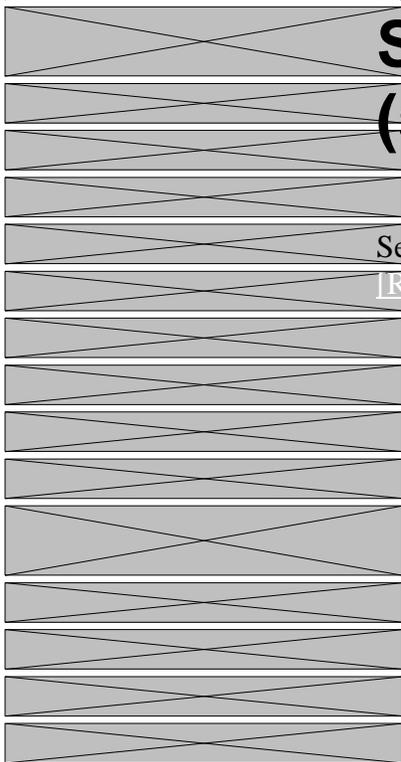
(To: same)

Silent night, foggy night,
Somebody pfffffft!, smells like shite,
Who's the bastard that dropped his guts,
I hope it blew a hole in his nuts,
That will make him sing high-er,
And bring a tear to his eye.

||

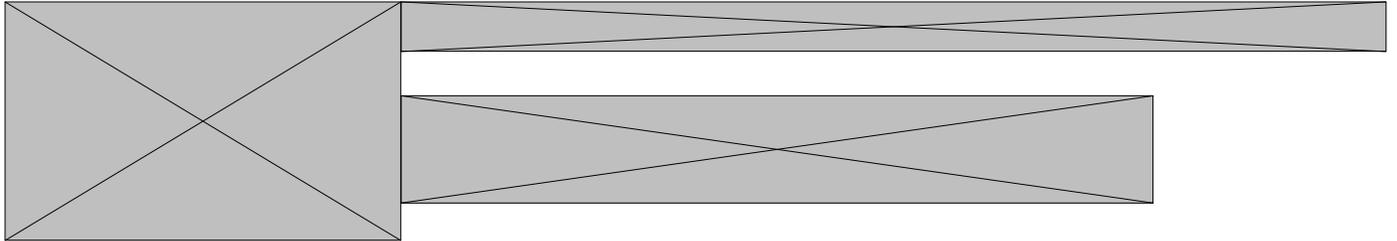


Singing in the Rain (see Zupata)

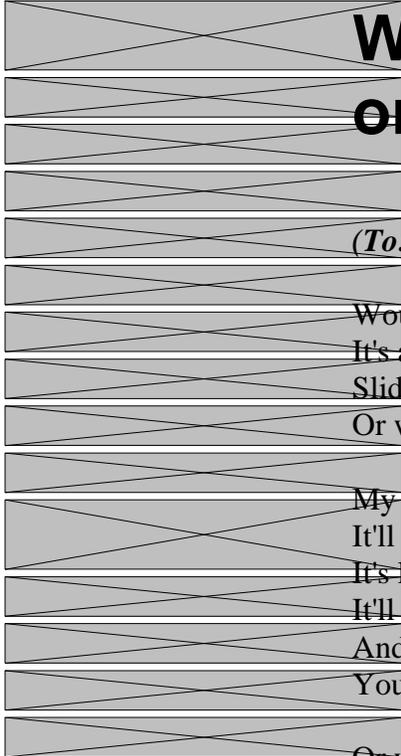


See Zupata

[R]



Would You Like to Sit on My Face?



(To: Swinging on a Star)

Would you like to sit on my face?
It's a very comfort'ble place.
Slide your hole up over my nose,
Or would you rather suck my hose?

My hose is an animal that lives in my pants,
It'll cum out if you give it a chance.
It's long and brawny and its head is red,
It'll get very hard if you rub its head.
And by the way, if you go without your clothes,
You may grow up and suck my hose.

Or would you rather fuck in my car?
Carry sperm juice home in a jar,
Take a my dick way up in your moon,
And eat my sperm juice with a spoon.

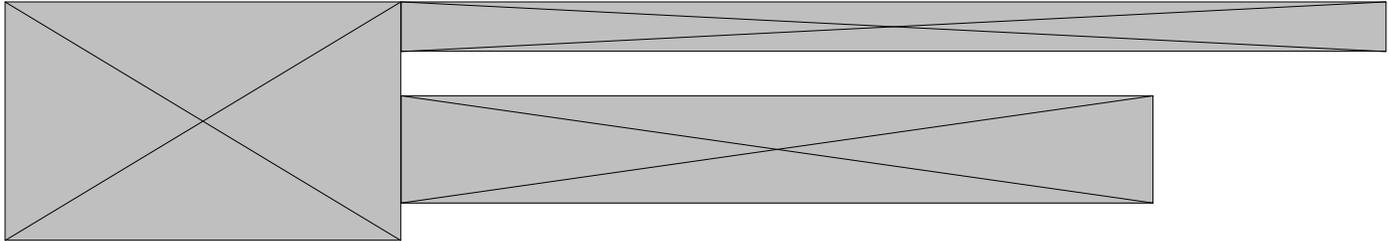
My sperm are little animals that swim in my cum,
They die very quickly and they're dumb.
They swim and they wiggle like a little worm,
And jump from my hose when it's very firm.
You may grow up to eat my sperm.

Or would you rather come to my house?
And pretend that you are my spouse,
Or fuck my brains out on the golf course,
Or would you rather mount my horse.

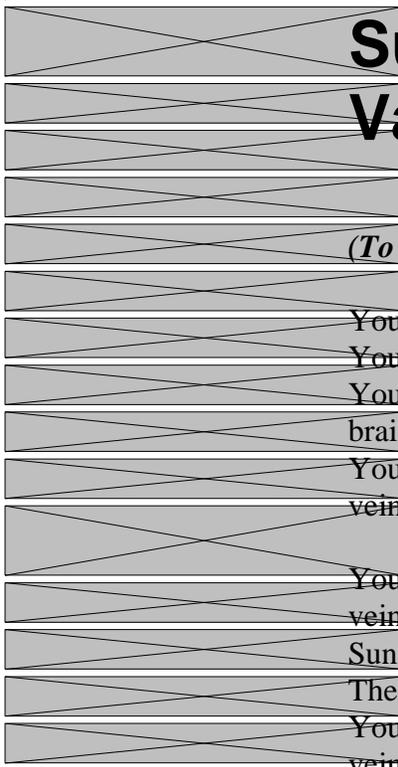
My horse is an animal who lives on a farm,
His two foot dick can do real harm.
Its size is more than you can bare,

You should work up to it or you're cunt will tear.
With just a little bit of force,
You may grow up to mount my horse.

And all the virgins aren't in the school,
Many women lust for my tool.
So you see it's all up to you,
You can be better than you are.
You can fuck me in my car.



Sunstroke, Syphilis, and Varicose Veins



(To "Calypso")

You wake up in the morning in a terrible rage,
Your mouth, it fees like an unswept cage,
You got lead in pants, you've got fluff in your
brains.

You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose
veins.

You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose
veins.

Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

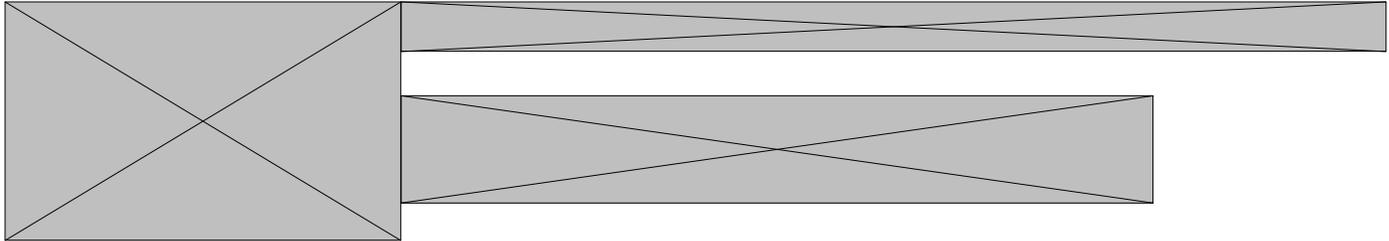
The agony goes, but the order remains,
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose
veins.

Your legs, you realize are far from limber,
Your teeth, they chatter like a baby marimba,
You call the doctor, and he explains,
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose
veins.

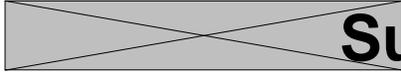
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose
veins.
Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
You're full of genital and vascular pains,
You got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

We call in the specialists from all the nations,
They say you got the usual complications,
The sunstroke loses, and the syphilis gains,
And for the rest of your life you got varicose
veins.

Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
You feel like your water's cut off at the mains,
When you've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose
veins.



Super Hasher



(To "Battle Hymn of the Republic")



He started off at five, as the GM cried "On-On,"
Loping o'er the hedges to the blowin' of the horn,
But the run it was a righty, and the poor bloke
went straight on, Oh,
he ain't gonna Hash no more.



Chorus



Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.



He ran through the bushes to the cheering of the
throng,
Following their happy cries, he felt he wasn't
wrong,
But the cunning little bastards were just
stringing him along,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.



He ran on through the forests as the daylight
turned to gray,
Searching for the flour, but it was far away,
And he knew he had to find it so he could run
another day,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

It was approaching darkness, and many hills he'd
crossed,
He'd traversed mighty rivers, as he dreamt of
getting sauced,
But now he began to realize that he was just
fucking lost,

Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on past small shacks lit with dim and
flickering tapers,
He damned the hare and co-hare for not laying much
more paper,
And also the "Pervert," the bleeding fornicator,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He thought of all the hounds drinking Shiner at
the truck,
And the bastards who left early so that they could
have a fuck,
But our poor bloke was miles away, and he was out
of luck,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

Oh, in the gathering darkness, he ran o'er the
fields,
Trampling the new rice crops he could neither see
nor feel,
But the farmer he was watching, and he began to
squeal,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He thought that he might make it now, so gleefully
he sang,
But then he glanced behind him, and the farmer
bared his fangs,
And reached into his waistband for his trusty
sharp parang,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

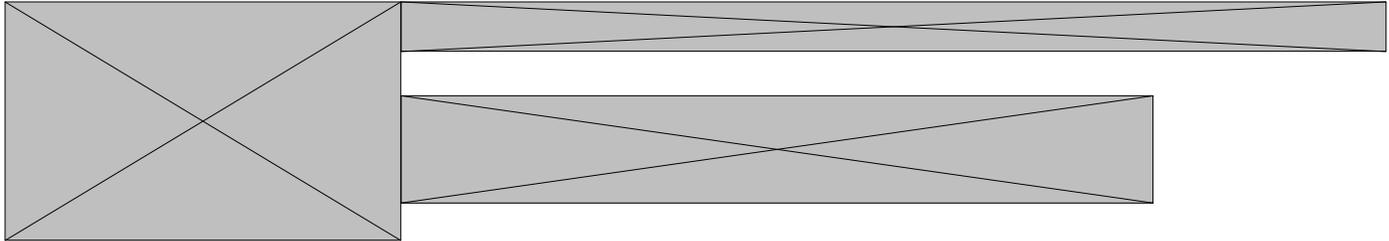
The farmer leapt out after him, his doorway still
unshut,
For the only thing he'd wanted in all his life was
but,
Some Hasher's balls adorning the mantel of his
hut,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

In a blazing burst of speed our hound took off
across the fields,
The farmer he was losing ground, but now his fate
was sealed,
For ahead there was a shiggy-pit with no bloody

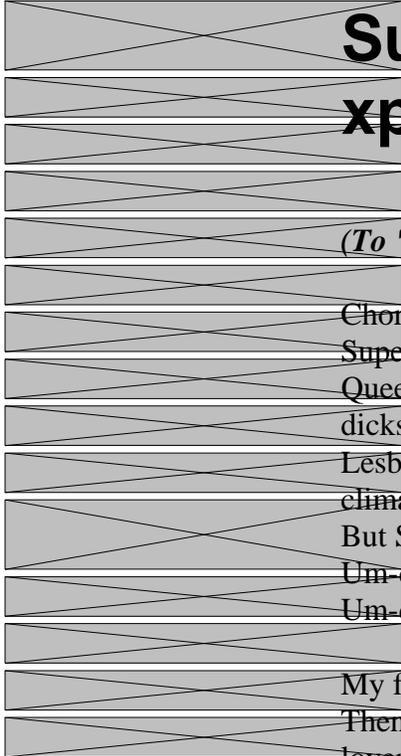
way to yield,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He teetered on the edge of that dark and dismal
pit,
And then, in desperation, he jumped into its
midst,
And as he sank from sight he cri"What a
fucking crock of shit!"
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

So, if you go a'runnin' upon a Sunday night,
And come across a shiggy-pit upon the left or
right,
Remember our poor Hasher and his shit-i-i-ful
plight,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.



Supercallousflagellistic expectcunnilingus



(To "Supercallifragilisticexpialidocious")

Chorus

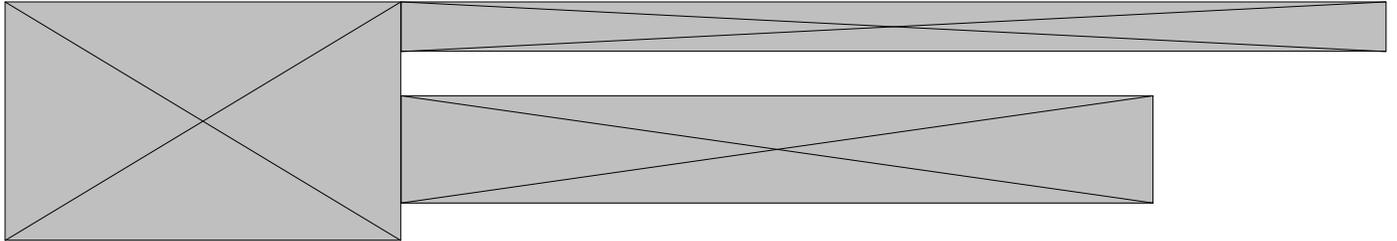
Supercallousflagellisticexpectcunnilingus,
Queers like to take it up the bum from dildoes,
dicks, or fingers,
Lesbians like their tonguing slow to make the
climax linger,
But Supercallousflagellisticexpectcunnilingus,
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye,
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye.

My fat Auntie Ethel was into suits of rubber,
Then she met the Michelin Man and took him as a
lover,
But they used a diesel tube for enemas on each
other,
The explosion rocked the city hall and covered it
in blubber.
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye,
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye.

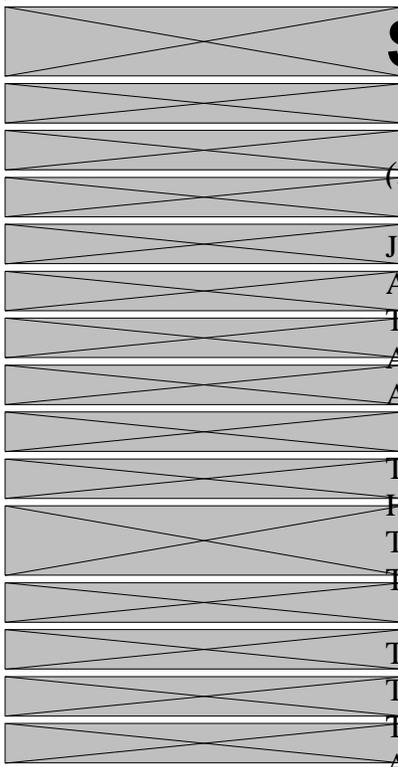
Uncle John likes whips and knives and ladies to
disfigure,
Auntie Kath likes to be tied and whipped with
bamboo canes or wicker,
She said, "Whip me, whip me, and make me writhe
and slither,"
He said, "No, I'll tickle you, that will make my
dick get stiffer."
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye,
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye.

Uncle Cyril, we always knew, was into brown
hattery,
He stuck a dildo up his boyfriend's bum with lots
of beer and flattery,
"Take it out and I'll give you dick," he said
quite matter of factly,
"Oh no, please don't take it out but kindly change
the battery!"
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye,
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye.

Mary Jane looks like a man but on little girls
she's keener,
Thought she'd take a virgin home and try to get
between her,
The virgin said, "Oh no please sir, I don't know
where it's been, sir,"
Mary Jane said, "It's factory fresh," and
introduced a wiener.
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye,
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye.



Swilligan's Island



(To "Gilligan's Island Theme")

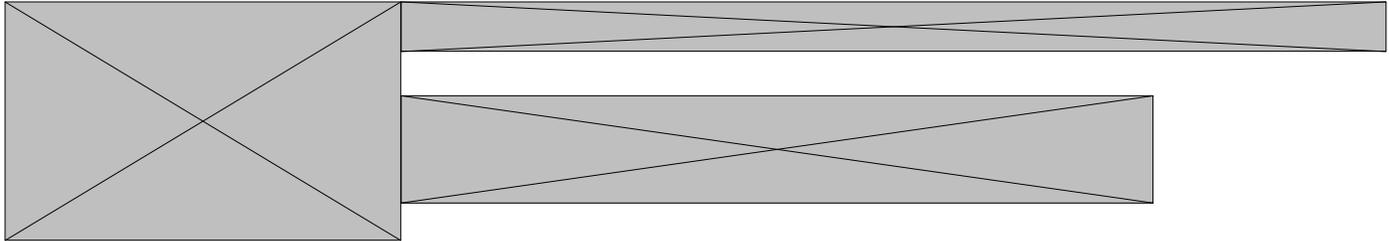
Just sip yer brew and you'll hear a tale,
A tale of a drunken hash.
That started with a keg of beer,
And everyone got trashed,
And everyone got trashed.

The first hare was a brainless cooch,
His co-hare was half as smart.
Two hundred some odd half-minds,
Took off in a cloud of farts. (Repeat)

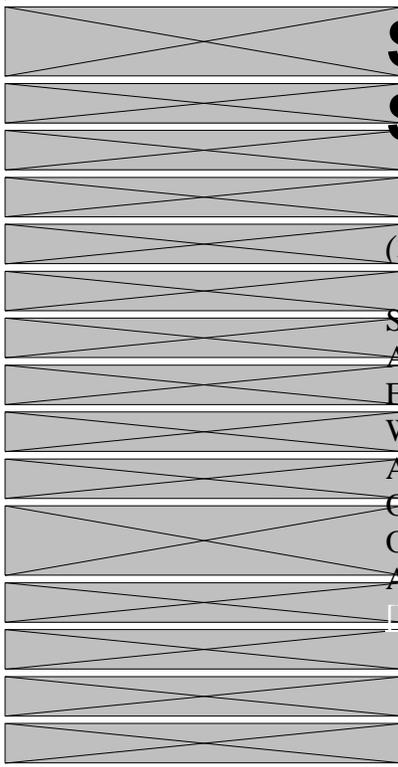
The hills got steep, the shiggy deep,
The back checks had them fooled.
Then someone found the beer stop,
And everybody drooled. (Repeat)

The mud had sucked their sneakers off,
Their legs were ripped a lot.
But once they had their nectar,
The trail they soon forgot. (Repeat)

The moral is no matter how,
Much shiggy's on your trail,
A hashin' twit don't give a shit,
While he's swilling his ale.

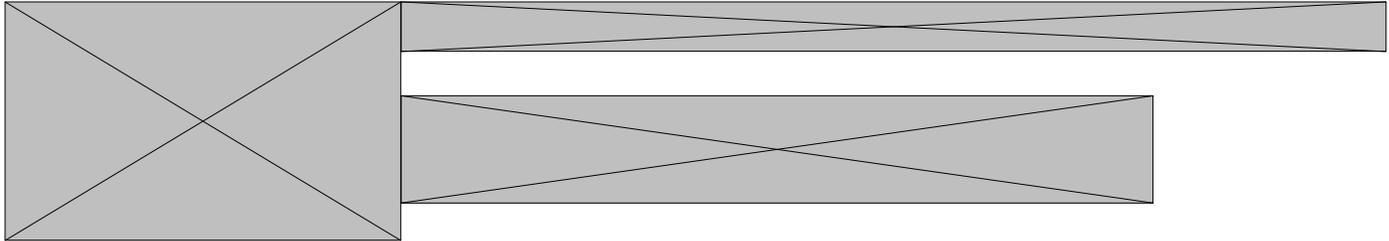


Sing a Song of Syphilis

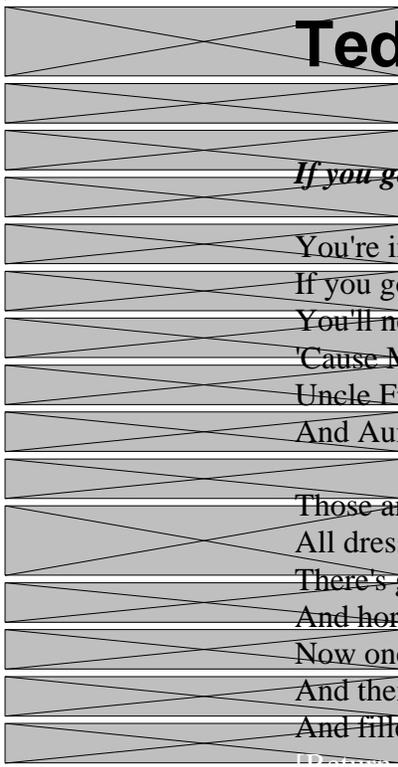


(To " Four and Twenty Blackbirds")

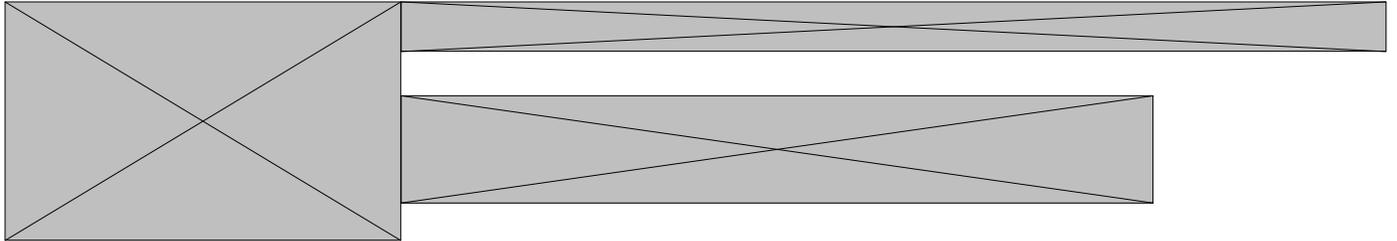
Sing a song of syphilis.
A penis full of pus.
For and twenty pox scabs,
Waiting to be bust.
And when her legs were opened,
Oh what a sight to see:
Oozy gray-green matter,
All running with the pee.



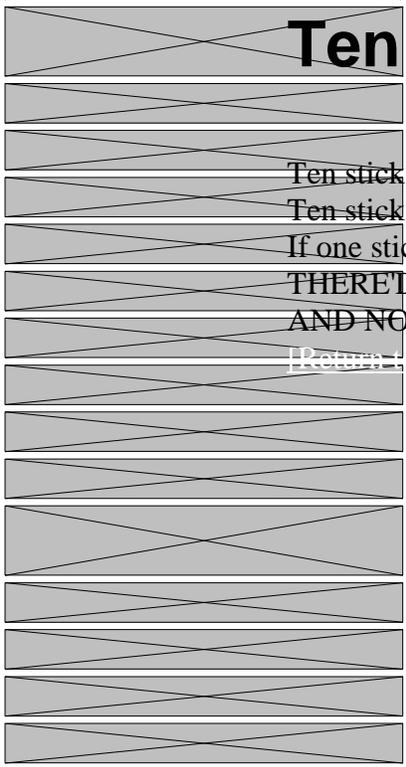
Teddy Bears' Picnic



If you go down to the woods today,
You're in for a big surprize.
If you go down to the woods today,
You'll never believe your eyes.
'Cause Mum and Dad are having a screw,
Uncle Frank is having a wank,
And Auntie D is having it off with Granddad.
Those angel bears have come on their bikes,
All dressed in their leather gear.
There's gallons of scrumps all green with lumps,
And horrible Watney's beer.
Now one of 'em downed a pint of it quick,
And then was promptly horribly sick,
And filled up Paddington Bear's new wellies.

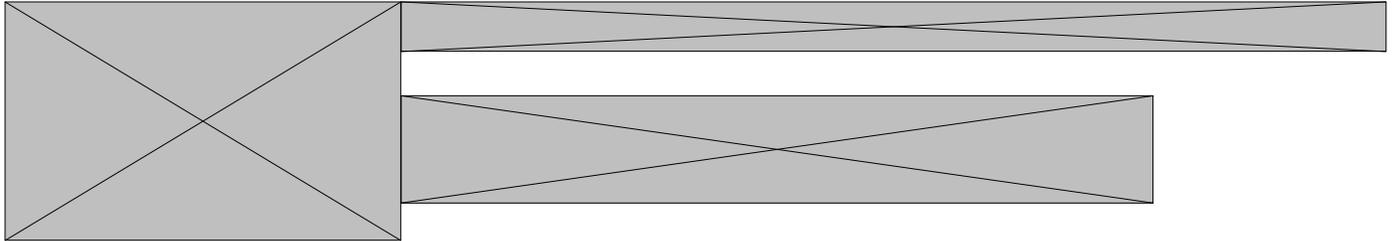


Ten Sticks of Dynamite

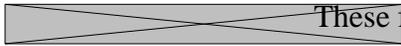
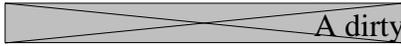
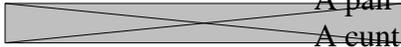


Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,
Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,
If one stick of dynamite should happen to fall,
**THERE'D BE NO FUCKING DYNAMITE,
AND NO FUCKING WALL!**

Return



These Foolish Things



A pair of boobies in a loose brassiere,
A cunt that twitches like a moose's ear,
A dirty rubber in my glass of beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.



To get it in you need some Vaseline,
To get it out you need a towing machine,
A douche bag filled with gasoline,
These foolish things remind me of you.



A naked photograph of Liberace,
The smile you show when I say, "Such a hotche,"
Syphilitic scars that make your face so blotchy,
These foolish things remind me of you.



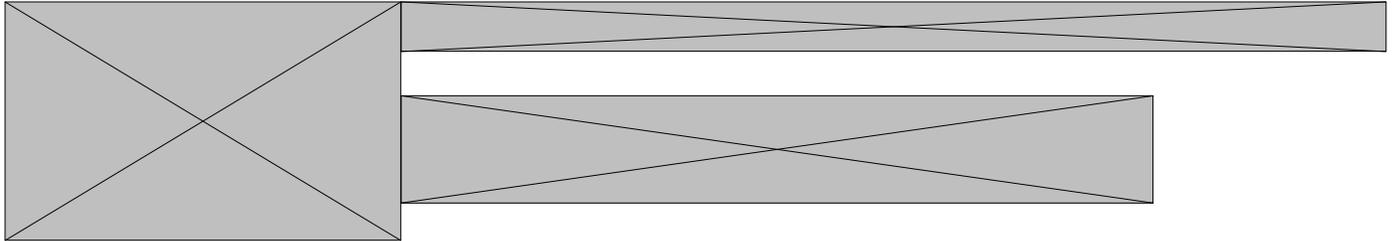
A running sore beside an open hole,
A Kotex floating in my toilet bowl,
A pubic hair on my breakfast roll,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Lipstick traces on an old French letter,
A dose of 'you-know-what' that won't get better,
And when I piss it stings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

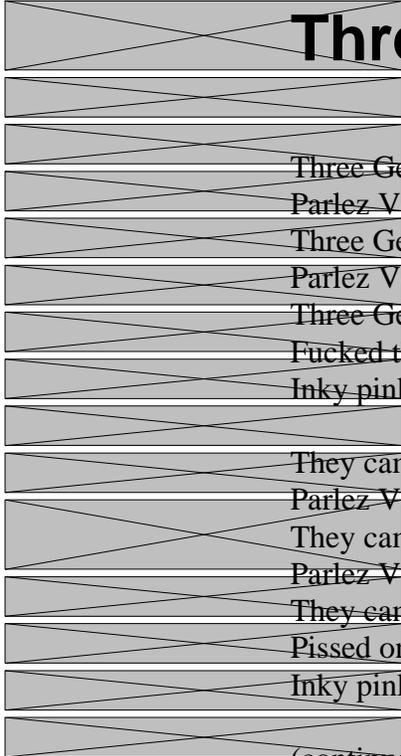
The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin,
The broken jerry that I washed my face in,
The bed with creaking springs,
These foolish things remind me of you.

When I awoke upon the morning after,
I saw your tits and pissed myself with laughter,
Oh, how the left one swings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The birth control book with its well worn pages,
The contraceptive which comes off in stages,
Oh, how my foreskin stings,
These foolish things remind me of you.



Three German Officers



Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
~~Parlez Vous?~~

Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
~~Parlez Vous?~~

Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
Fucked the women and drank the wine,
Inky pinky parlez vous.

They came upon a wayside inn,
~~Parlez Vous?~~

They came upon a wayside inn,
~~Parlez Vous?~~

They came upon a wayside inn,
Pissed on the mat and walked right in,
Inky pinky parlez vous.

(continue as above with following lines)

"Oh, landlord have you a daughter fair," etc.

"With lily-white tits and golden hair," etc.

"Oh, yes I have but she's too young"

"To sleep with a German stinking hun."

"Oh father dear I'm not too young,"

"To sleep with a German stinking hun."

Up the rickety stairs they went,
Threw her down upon the bed,

They tied her to the leg of the bed,
Fucked her till she was nearly dead,

They took her down a shady lane,
Fucked her back to life again,

The fucked her up the fucked her down,
They fucked her right around the town,

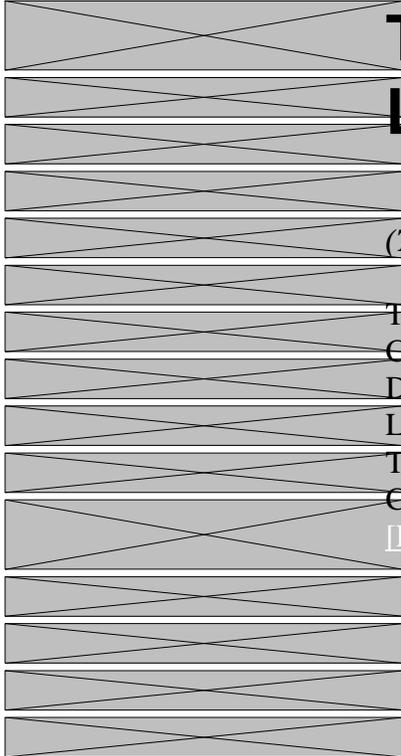
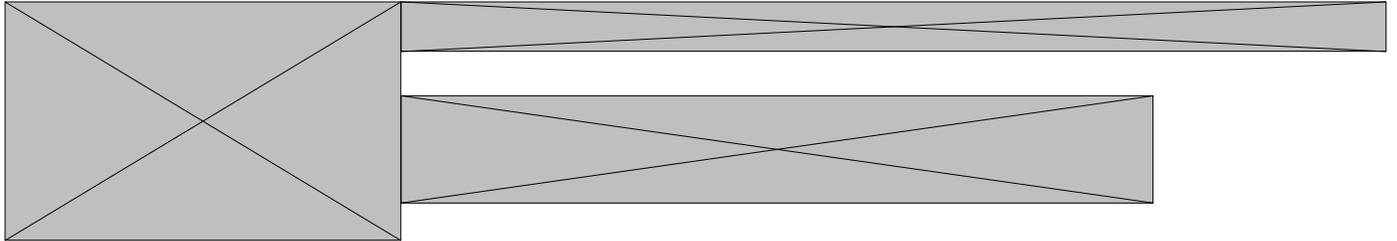
They fucked her in the fucked her out,
They fucked her up the water-spout,

Seven months went and all was well,
Eight months went and she started to swell,

Nine months later she gave a grunt,
And a little white bastard popped out of her cunt,

The little white bastard grew and grew,
He fucked his mother and his sister, too,

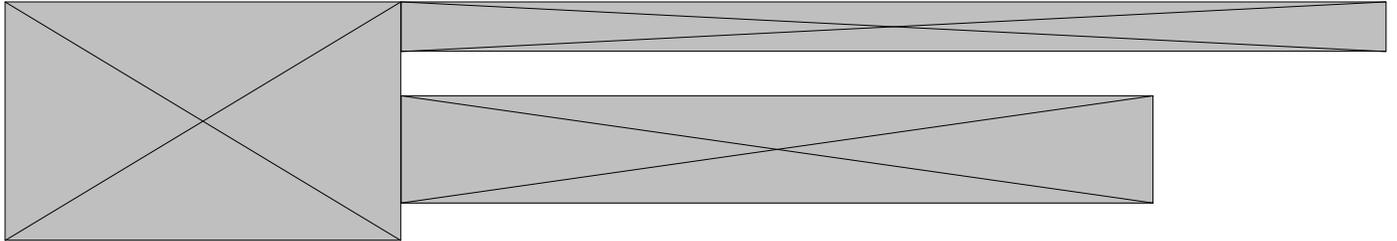
The little white bugger he went to Hell,
He fucked the Devil and his wife as well.



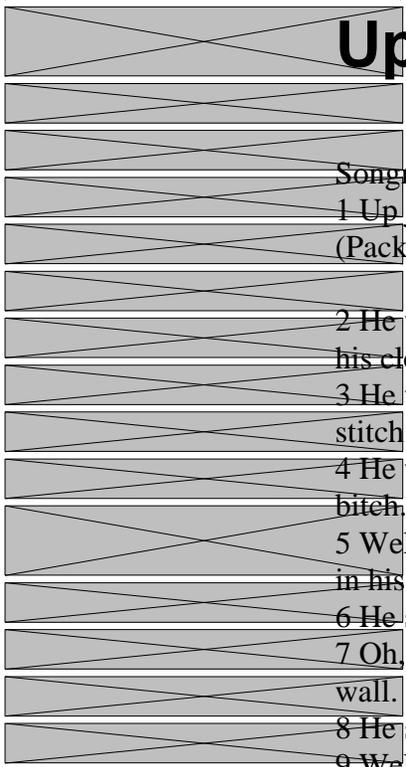
Twinkie, Twinkie, Little Hasher

(To "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star")

Twinkie, twinkie, little Hasher,
Can't you suck a little faster?
Down upon my meat so slow,
Like a whale about to blow,
Twinkie, twinkie, little Hasher,
Can't you suck a little faster?

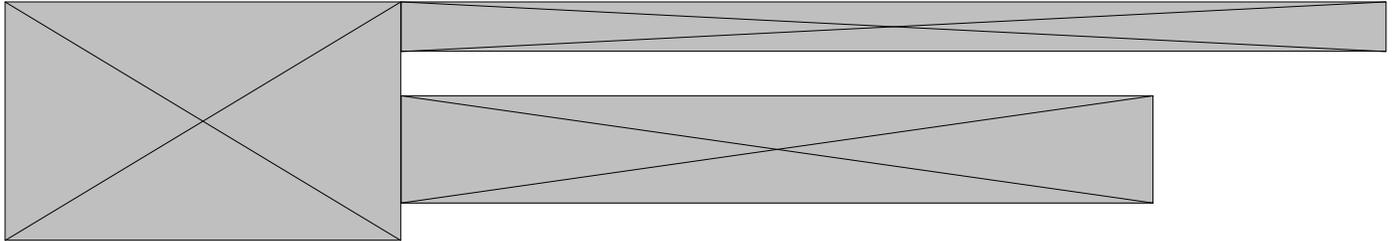


Up Jumped the Monkey

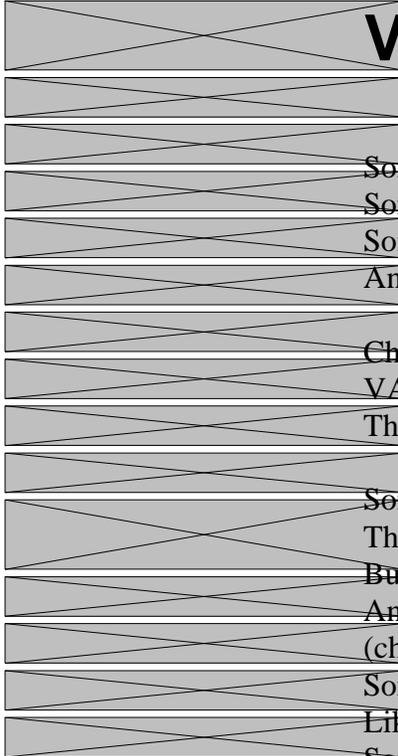


Songmaster:
1 Up jumped the monkey from the coconut grove
(Pack repeats each line as with cadence.)
2 He was a cool mother fucker you could tell from
his clothes.
3 He wore a two button Nanny with a six button
stitch.
4 He was a hot fuckin' cock suckin' son of a
bitch.
5 Well he strode through the jungle with his prick
in his hand.
6 He said: "Look out women, I'm your bebop man!"
7 Oh, he lined a hundred women up against the
wall.
8 He said: "Look out women, gonna fuck you all!"
9 Well he fucked ninety-eight till his balls
turned blue.
10 Backed off, jacked off, and fucked the other
two.

Songmaster: Have you got a hard on?
Pack: Not yet!
Songmaster: Are you gonna get one?
Pack: You Bet! It's rising no-o-ow.



Vagina



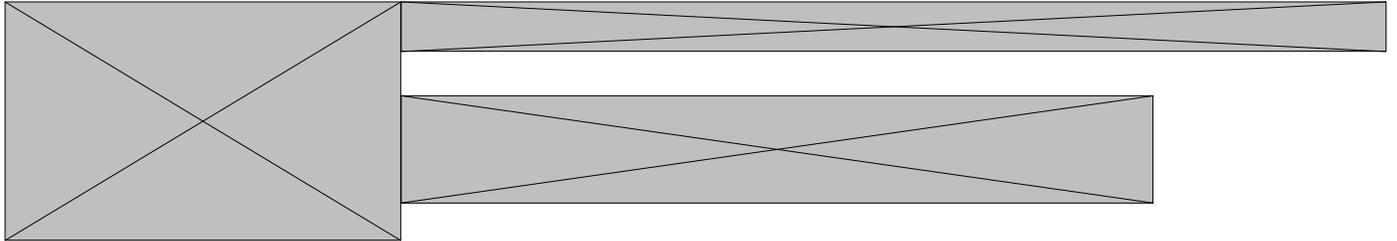
Some of them are hairy,
Some of them are bald,
Some are kinda scary,
And this is what they're called,

Chorus
VAGINA!, VAGINA!
They call that thing VAGINA!

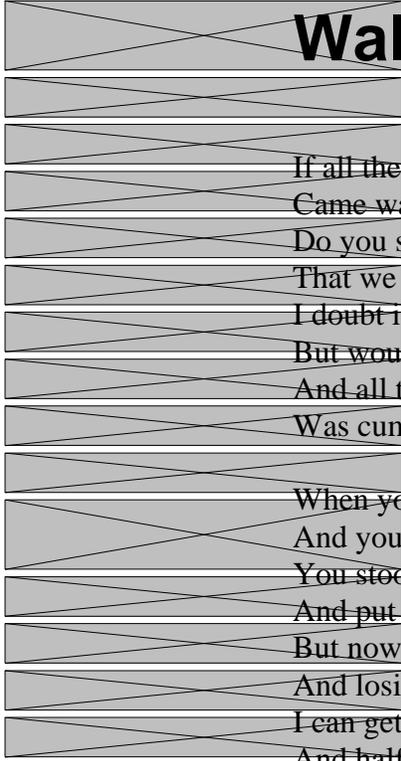
Some belong to virgins,
They're really tight and strong,
But big or small, I love 'em all,
And that's why I sing my song,
(chorus)

Some are kinda smelly,
Like clams and fish and such,
Some smell like a summer's eve,
'Cause they've been douched too much.
(chorus)

(chorus)
Nothing could be finer than to be in a vagina in
the morning.

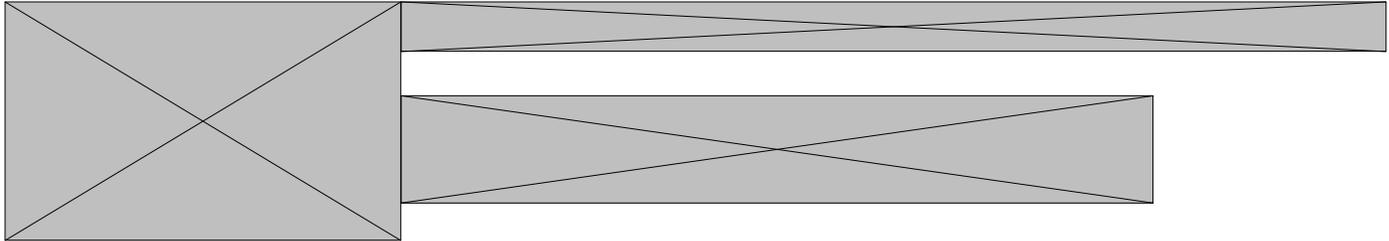


Walrus and the Carpenter

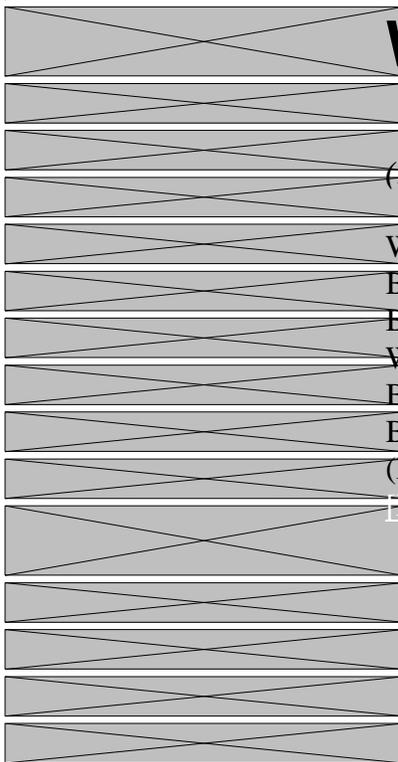


If all the whores with crimson drawers,
Came walking down the strand,
Do you suppose, the Walrus said,
That we could raise a stand?
I doubt it, said the Carpenter,
But wouldn't it be grand,
And all the while the dirty sod,
Was cumming in his hand.

When you were only sweet sixteen,
And you had a little quim,
You stood before the looking-glass,
And put one finger in.
But now that you are old and gray,
And losing all your charm,
I can get five fingers in,
And half my fucking arm.



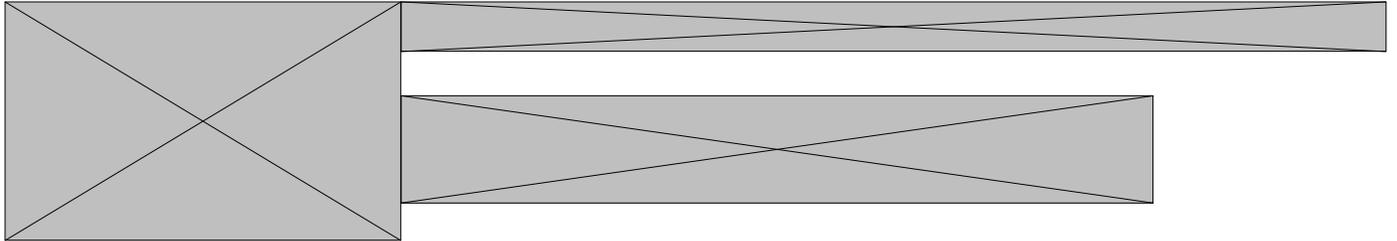
We're Here Because



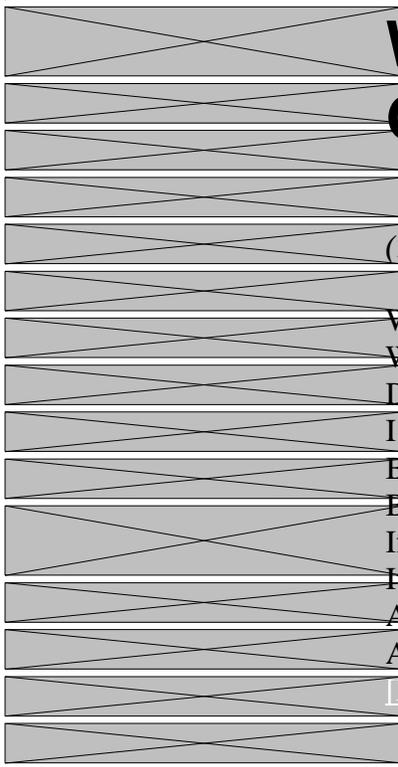
(To "Auld Land Syne")

We're here because we're here,
Because we're here,
Because we're here,
We're here because we're here,
Because we're here,
Because we're here.

(Repeat until interest wanes.)

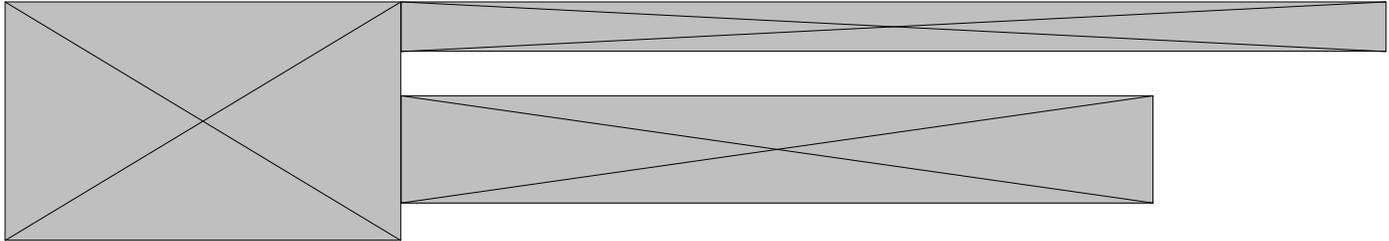


Whip It Out at the Ball Game

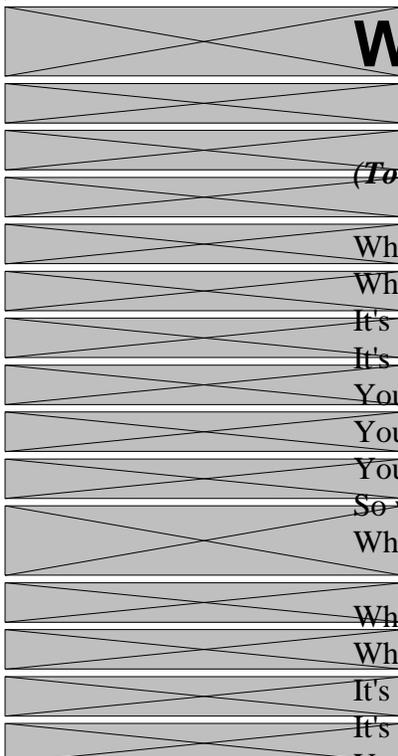


(To "Take Me Out to the Ball Game")

Whip it out at the ball game,
Wave it round at the crowd.
Dip it jello and crackerjack,
I don't care if you give it a whack,
Because it's,
Beat your meat at the ball game,
If you don't come it's a shame.
It's one, two,
And you're covered in goo,
At the old ball game.



Who Needs Sex?

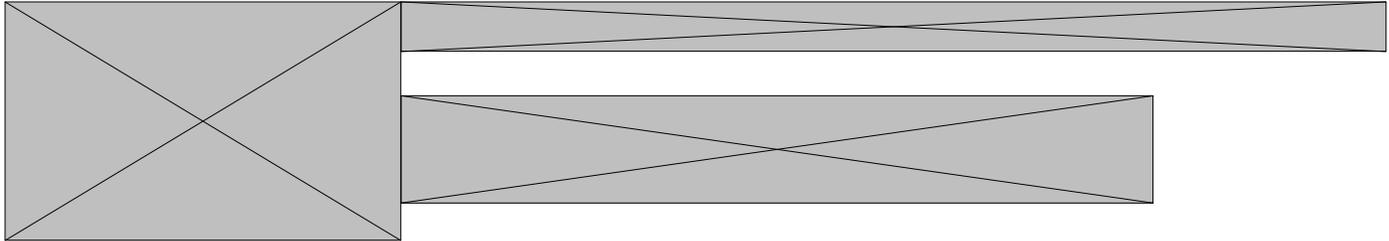


(To "Three Blind Mice")

Who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun,
It's no fun,
You chase after women and what do you get?
You grumble and fumble and break out in sweat,
You wake up at daylight just deeper in debt,
So who needs sex?
Who needs sex?

Who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun,
It's no fun,
You meet a new women and go on a date,
You hug and you kiss and you think that it's
great,
She gives you blue balls and you masturbate,
So, who needs sex?
Who needs sex?

Who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun,
It's no fun,
He grunts and he gasps like he's on a long run,
He's in for a minute then he squirts on your bum,
Then he falls asleep as soon as he's done,
So who needs sex?
Who needs sex?



The Wild Hasher

(To: The Wild Rover)

I've been a wild Hasher for many a year,
And spent some time chasing the women and beer.
But now I'm returning with an itch and a sore,
I swear I will never be wanking no more.

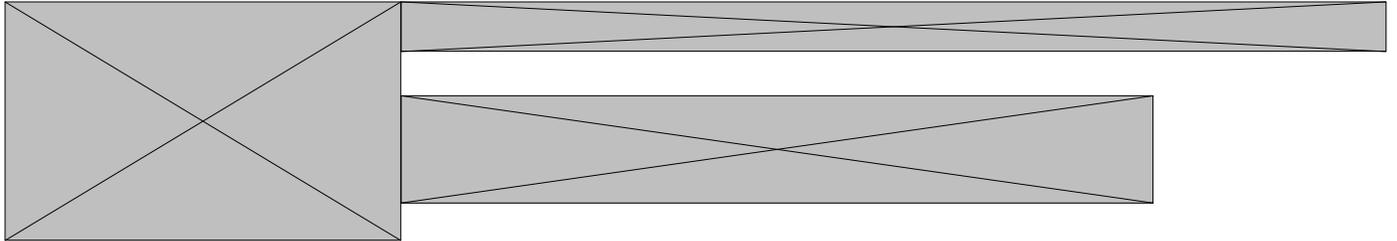
Chorus

And it's no nay never (pause, then clap, clap, clap)
No never no more,
Will I plaaay the wild Hasher,
No neveer no more.

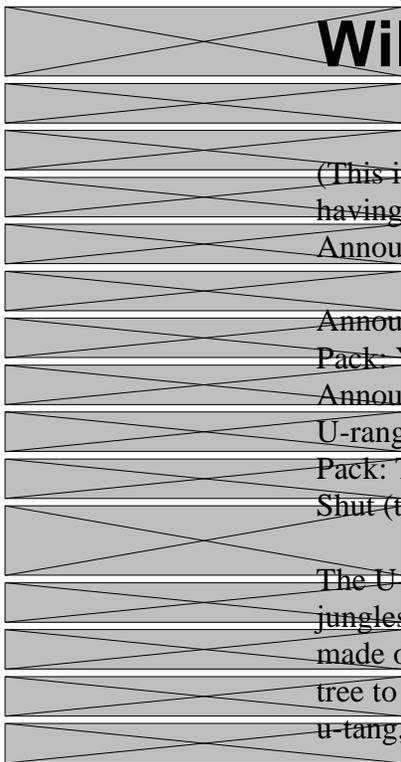
I went to a whorehouse where I'd often been,
And told to the madame what plight I was in.
She said she was sorry, but what could she say,
In that state of health, I could get me no lay.

I took out my pecker, such source of delight,
For many a girl during many a night.
But the landlady said, "You've just run out of luck,
I won't let you have any girl for a fuck.

I'll return to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their lost Hashing son.
And if they forgive me, as oft times before,
I swear I will never be wanking no more.



Wild West Show



(This is best done by forming a circle and having hashers taking turns being the Announcer.)

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen!

Pack: Yes?

Announcer: In this cage we have the U-rang-u-tang.

Pack: The U-rang-u-tang. Fantastic! Incredible! Shut (the fuck) up and tell us about it!

The U-rang-u-tang is an animal that lives in the jungles of North Borneo and it has balls that are made of brass, so that when it goes swinging from tree to tree, it's balls go u-tang, u-tang, u-tang, u-tang.

Chorus
Ohhhh, we're off to see the Wild West Show-o-oo,
The elephants and kang-a-roo-ooos,
Never mind the weather,
As long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show-o-oo!

The next hasher becomes the announcer as above substituting the name of the next attraction in place of the U-rang-u-tang.

2 The Wild Man of Borneo lives in the mountains and once a year he comes down to eat. Once every two years he comes down to shit and once every three years he comes down for sex.

Member of Pack: No wonder they call him the fucking wild man

of Borneo!

3 The Ooaah bird is a bird that lives in the rocky desert of North Africa. It has balls this long and legs this short so that each time it comes in for a landing it goes, "Oo-aah, Oo-aah, Oo-aah!"

4 The Asstrich lives in the deserts of Africa and whenever it sees its enemies, it buries its head in the sand and offers its ass.

5 The Porcupine is the only animal in the world that has a thousand and one pricks.

6 The Elephant has a ginormous appetite. In one day it easts two tons of sugar cane, one dozen bundles of bananas and twenty buckets or rice. Miss, don't stand too near the elephant's backside. Miss! Miss! Too late! Harry, dig her out.

7 The Winky Wanky bird, by some strange fate of nature, has the nervous system of its sexual organs connected to that of its eyelids, so everytime it wanks it winks. Hey lady! Stop throwing sand into that bird's eyes.

8 The Fuckawee tribe is found in the grasslands of Africa. They are this short and the grass is this tall, so that everytime they get lost, they will shout, "Where the fuck-ah-wee, where the fuck-ah-wee?"

9 The Gee-raffe is the only animal in the world that can walk into a bar and say, "The high-balls are on me!"

10 The Le-o-pard is the only animal in the world that has one spot for each day of the year.

Member of Pack: What about leapyear?
Announcer: Stupid, you just lift up its tail.

11 The Rhinosauras is reputed to be the richest animal in the world. It's name is derived from

the Latin- rhino, meaning money; and sore-ass, meaning piles... hence piles of money.

12 The Baiyee is like a long playing record. First you play it on this side (points to crotch of opposite member of sex), then you flip it over (turns demonstrator around) and play the other side (points to the demonstrator's ass).

13 The Brr-Brr bird is a distant relative of the Oohaah bird and lives in the Antarctic. When it lands, it drags its balls and says, "Brr, brr!"

14 The Sabertooth Tiger is a thousand pound pussy that can eat you!

15 The Khetat-Khetat bird is also a distant relative of the Oohaah bird. It has one ball made of brass and the other made of lead, so that when it lands, its balls make the sound, "Khe-tat, Khe-tat, Khe-tat, Khe-tat!"

16 The Tattooed Lady has "FIRE" tattooed on one thigh and "BRIMSTONE" on the other and every once in a while she makes some poor soul go down to hell.

17 The Gazelle farts as it leaps from place to place and scientists are still trying to discover whether it farts because it leaps or leaps because it farts.

18 (In this tank...) The Oct-i-pussy can suck you all over.

19 The Homosexual Sparrow will fly backwards for a lark.

20 The Tom Cat is the only pussy with a dick.

21 The Little White Rabbit keeps jumping from hole to hole to hole.

22 The Hare follows the little white rabbit and plugs his hole.

23 The Hash Hound follows the hare and the little white rabbit and tags them both.

24 The Go-rilla a big monkey who can fuck anything it wants.

Member of Pack: Hey, mister, I thought Go-rillas were apes?

Announcer: Step inside here, Sonny, and see if he can make a monkey out of you.

25 (The Fight between the Snake and the Asstrich - long announcement to entertain or bore the pack. The following is just an example which may be expanded or diminished to impress or relieve the pack.)

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, in this corner we have the World Champion - Snake. Dressed in the black trunks this messenger of Satan hailing from the Pits of Hell is eight feet long, weighs in at twenty-two pounds and is hissin' ready to go this evening. He's had thirty-five bouts - thirty-three knockouts and two wins by demonic intervention.

In the other corner, we have the Ass-trich. Dressed in the white trunks this flightless bird hails from plains of Africa, reaches eight feet tall and weighs in at one hundred and twenty- four pounds. He's had twenty-six bouts, all wins by knockout.

Commentator 1: (Name of Commentator 2), as you know, the Snake killed the Mongoose in his last fight, gaining the WBC title- Wild Beast Championship.

Commentator 2- But you know, (name of Commentator 1), the Asstrich has vowed to take him down to revenge the death of his friend and this is going to be a grudge match to the finish.

Commentator 1- Well, it won't be long now, they're joining the referee in the center of the ring - Look Out! The Snake's already trying to

get in the first bite. OK, the ref has them apart and they're heading back to their corners now.

Commentator 2- This promises to be an exciting evening if it keeps up.

Commentator 1- And there's the bell for the first round and the snake's losing no time. He's striking at the head of the Asstrich- Ach-Oohhh, the Asstrich has grabbed the snake with his beak and is slinging him about, but- What's this? The Snake is crawling right into the Asstriches mouth, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Commentator 2- You know, (name of com 1), the Snake did this same manuever two years ago against the Lion... Watch... There he goes, right out of the Asstrich's asshole.

(Continue the round, embellishing as needed)

Commentator 1- Well, there's goes the bell ending round one. The fighters are going to their corners and... What the hell? I mean, (com 2 name), what are they doing in the Asstrich's corner?

Commentator 2- It looks like... yeah... they're giving him an enema. My guess is that the Snake's manuever has taken quite a toll on the fighting bird.

(Again, embellish with further rounds going to the snake, until the pack becomes borthen in the final round...)

Commentator 1- Look the snake is going in again, but... Wait!... The Asstrich is reaching back between his legs and is saying something to his asshole. Did we catch that on the telemike... Uh-Huh, he said - Can we say that? - he said, "Now loop-de loop you bastard!" The referee is coming closer... he's counting... That's it folks, it's all over now for the Snake, who's digested for the count!

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