

## ***Haka***

Here are the words and a translation of the haka performed by the New Zealand All Blacks before matches, as well as a short blurb on what its all about.

*Ka mate*                      *Ka mate*  
It is death                      It is death

*Ka ora*                      *Ka ora*  
It is life   It is life

*Ka mate*                      *Ka mate*  
It is death                      It is death

*Ka ora*                      *Ka ora*  
It is life   It is life

*Tenei Te Tangata Puhuruhuru*  
This is the hairy man

*Nana i tiki mai whakawhiti te ra*  
Who caused the sun to shine again for me

*Upane*                      *Upane*  
Up the ladder                      Up the ladder

*Upane Kaupane*  
Up to the top

*Whiti te ra*  
The sun shines!

The haka is a war dance. The words are chanted loudly (shouted) in a menacing way accompanied by arm actions and foot stamping. A haka was traditionally performed before charging into battle. The Maori pronunciation is basically one vowel per syllable, with the vowels having the European rather than English sound. The `wh' is aspirated almost like an `f' (f is good enough for most people). As for what it all means, about 140 years ago, a particularly notorious warlike chief named Te Rauparaha of the Ngati Toa tribe (based just North of present day Wellington), was being chased by his enemies. He hid in a kumara pit (the local sweet potato, only much better) and waited in the dark for his pursuers to find him. He heard sounds above and thought he was done for when the top of the pit was opened up and sunshine flooded in. He was blinded and struggled to see those about to slay him, when his sight cleared and he instead saw the hairy legs of the local chief (reputed to have been exceptionally hirsute) who had hid him. Te Rauparaha is said to have jumped from the pit and performed this haka on the spot, so happy was he to have escaped. Undoubtedly, he also had in his mind to do a little pursuing of his own --- Te Rauparaha being that way inclined was he.

***Oh Hitler has only got one ball***

Sung to the famous brass band tune, Colonel Bogey's March (River Kwai theme).

Oh Hitler has only got one ball,  
Goering has two but very small,  
Himmler, has something similar,  
But poor old Goebels  
Has no balls at all.

## ***Jonestown***

A favorite of upstate new york rugby.

Sung to the tune of "Downtown."

When your down and your broke, and your religion's a joke

Why don't you go and see

Jim Jones

When your life's incomplete, there's only one man to meet

Why don't you go and see

Jim Jones

Refrain    Watch him mix the Cool aid in the vat so lethal

Listen to the anguished cries of all the dying people

Everyone dies.

The rev's the most gracious host

So, lift up your glasses, the ultimate toast

(So, lift up you glasses, the durge of the masses)

Your in Jonestown

Drink with the reverend Jim

Jonestown

Chances are mighty slim

Jonestown

People are dropping like flies.

Congressman Ryan, on a mission of spyin'

Would not drink with

Jim Jones

Such a public disgrace, they had to blow off his face

'Cause he would not drink with

Jim Jones

Refrain

First you cough and you wheeze, then you drop to your kness

From drinking Cool aid with

Jim Jones

You arrive back in the States, decomposed in your crates

From drinking Cool aid with

Jim Jones

Refrain

Jonestown, Jonestown (repeat in diminuendo)

***If I were the Marrying Kind***

if i were a marrying kind  
i thank the lord i'm not sir  
the kind of man that i would be  
would be a rugby ++++++++

prop sir  
prop sir?

'cause i'd support a hooker  
and you'd support a hooker  
we'd all support a hooker together

we'd be alright in the middle of the night  
supporting hookers together

(the next verses change "prop" with the first line and "support a hooker" with the second line)

2nd row  
sniff butt

scrum half  
put it in

halftime orange  
get sucked

spectator on a rainy day  
come in rubbers

spectator on a sunny day  
come again

goal post  
stand erect

grounds keeper #1  
trim bush

grounds keeper #2  
do lines

boot  
come in boxes

cleat  
get screwed

ball  
pumped

whistle  
blown

## ***Mary Ann Barnes***

Mary Ann Barnes is the queen of all the acrobats;  
she can do tricks that will give a man the shits.  
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice,  
do a double somersault and catch 'em on her tits.  
She's a great big fat shit, twice the size of me,  
hair on her ass like the branches in a tree.  
She can swim, fight, shoot, fuck,  
climb a tree or drive a truck.  
She's the kind of girl that's gonna marry me!  
'Drive a truck' is replaced by 'form a ruck' in some renditions.

### ***Cockles and Mussels***

In Dublin's fair city,  
where the girls are so pretty  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
As she wheel'd her wheel barrow  
Thro' streets broad and narrow

(Chorus)

Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!"  
Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O  
Crying Cockles and Mussels Alive, alive O!

She was a fishmonger,  
But sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before,  
And they each wheel'd their barrow  
Thro' streets broad and narrow,  
(Repeat Chorus)

She died of a fever  
And no one could save her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;  
But her ghost wheels her barrow  
Thro' streets broad and narrow  
(Repeat Chorus)

[Written and composed by James Yorkston]

***My old man's an All Black***

Oh, my old man's an All Black,  
He wears the silver fern,  
His mates just couldn't take him  
So he's out now for a turn.

Da ditditda daditditda daditditdadada

Well, Dad's played rugby all his life  
And it's very plain to see  
He's trying hard to make  
An All Black out of me:  
"Son don't you worry if you get  
Punched when down in a scrum,  
Just wait 'til there's a ruck  
And you can fix the guilty one!"

Oh, my old man's an All Black,  
He wears the silver fern,  
His mates just couldn't take him  
So he's out now for a turn.

Da ditditda daditditda daditditdadada

So he's out now for a turn.



### ***There was an Old Lady ...***

There was an old lady who lived in the street,  
Her passage was blocked up from too much to eat,  
She took stomach pills without reading the box,  
Before she could think turds were flying for blocks.

Chorus:

Too-ra-li, too-ra-li, too-ra-lay, too-ra-lay,  
A rolling stone gathers no moss so they say,  
Sing along, sing along, with the birds, with the birds,  
It's a wonderful song but it's all about turds.

Well she ran to the window and stuck out her arse,  
Just at that moment a p'liceman came past,  
That poor old p'liceman was eating his pie,  
Whena steaming hot turd hit him right in the eye,

[Chorus]

Well he ran to the East and he ran to the West,  
When a further consignment hit him right in the chest,  
Well he fled to the North and he fled to the South,  
When a bloody great turd hit him right in the mouth.

[Chorus]

The next time you walk over Waterloo bridge,  
Look out for a p'liceman asleep on the ridge,  
His chest bears a plackard, around it these words,  
"Be kind to this cop who's been blinded by turds"

[Chorus twice]

## ***On the Ball***

Chorus:

On the ball, on the ball, on the ball,  
Through scrummage, three quarters and all,  
By sticking together we keep on the leather  
And shout as we go on the ball

Well some talk of soccer  
And some talk of league,  
Some mickle (?) the huntsman's lap call,  
But fighting together, we keep on the leather  
And shout as we go on the ball

Chorus

Remember my lads, as we journey through life,  
There's a goal to be reached by us all,  
By fighting together, we keep on the leather  
And shout as we go on the ball

Chorus

And shout as we go on the ball.

### ***I Met a Whore in the Park***

Sung to the tune When Jonny Comes Marching Home.

(This is a rugby variation of a popular song about a "young man".)

I met a whore in the park one day  
ya ho, ya ho  
I met a whore in the park one day  
ya ho, ya ho  
I met a whore in the park one day  
She said hey rugger, you wanna lay

Refrain: Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about  
ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my hand upon her toe  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put my hand upon her toe  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put my hand upon her toe,  
she said hey rugger you're way to low.

Refrain

I put my hand upon her knee  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put my hand upon her knee  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put my hand upon her knee,  
she said hey rugger you're kiddin' me

Refrain

I put my hand upon her thigh  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put my hand upon her thigh  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put my hand upon her thigh,  
she said hey rugger you're way to shy

Refrain

I put my hand upon her tit  
ya ho ya  
I put my hand upon her tit  
ya ho ya  
I put my hand upon her tit  
she said, "hey rugger, you're getting it"

Refrain

I put my hand upon her twat  
ya ho, ya ho

I put my hand upon her twat  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put my hand upon her twat,  
she said hey rugger you hit the spot

Refrain

I put my dick into her mouth  
yo ho, yo ho,  
I put my dick into her mouth  
yo ho, yo ho,  
I put my dick into her mouth,  
She said mmm, mhmh, mhmhm...

Refrain

I put her in a wooden box  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put her in a wooden box  
ya ho, ya ho  
I put her in a wooden box,  
from havin' too many rugger's cocks

Refrain

I dig her up every now and then  
ya ho, ya ho  
I dig her up every now and then  
ya ho, ya ho  
I dig her up every now and then,  
she did me before she'll do me again

Refrain

Now these few ruggers they went to hell  
ya ho, ya ho  
Now these few ruggers they went to hell  
ya ho, ya ho  
Now these few ruggers they went to hell,  
the fucked the devil his wives as well

ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

### ***Rugby, Racing and Beer***

Rugby, Racing and, Rugby, Racing and, Rugby, Racing and Beer.

When I was just a little kid,  
Knee high to a keg,  
My Daddy took me on his knee.  
He drained his glass and closed his eyes  
And gave me very sound advice  
On how to be a good kiwi.

"Get to know your football sides  
And learn to spell from More (?) race guides  
And don't forget down under over here  
Because of your great furitage (?)  
You have a national heritage  
Of Rugby, Racing and Beer.

Rugby, Racing and Beer,  
Rugby, Racing and Beer,  
Down under they're mad over their  
Rugby, Racing and Beer.

Old Uncle Charlie went to see  
The Doctor yesterday  
He cried, "You've got to help me Doc and quick,  
I'm seeing spots before my eyes,  
My head feels twice its normal size,  
And every Sunday morning I feel sick."

The Doctor took one look at him  
And said, "Well Charlie things look grim,  
I hate to have to tell ya but I fear,  
You'd better write your will tonight,  
'Coz you've got kiwi-itis,  
That's Rugby, Racing and Beer."

Rugby, Racing and Beer,  
Rugby, Racing and Beer,  
Down under they're mad over their  
Rugby, Racing and, Rugby, Racing and, Rugby, Racing and Beer.

***Oh, I don't want to be a Soldier ...***

Oh, I don't want to be a soldier  
I don't want to join the fightin' class  
I just want to go  
Down to old Soho  
Pinchin' all the girlies in the shoulder blades  
Oh, I don't want to see the Queen's dominions  
Why -London's- full o' girls I've never 'ad  
I just want to stay in England  
Jolly jolly England  
And follow in the footsteps of me dad

So call out the members of the Queen's Marines  
Call out the King's Artillery  
Call out me mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for Chrissake don't call me

Monday night me 'and was on her ankle  
Tuesday night me 'and was on her knees  
Wednesday night, success!  
I lifted up her dress  
Thursday night I lifted up her silk chemise  
Well, Friday night I got me 'and upon it  
Saturday night I gave it just a tweak  
Sunday after supper  
I finally got in up her  
And now I'm payin' thirty bob a week (Gorblimey...)

Call out the members of the Queen's Marines  
Call out the King's Artillery  
Call out me mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for Chrissake don't call me

Oh, I don't want to join the Navy  
And I don't want to go to war  
I just want to 'ang around  
Piccadilly underground  
Livin' off the earnings of an 'igh-class lady  
I don't want a bullet up me backside  
An' I don't want me knockers shot away  
I just want to stay in England  
Jolly jolly England  
And fornicate me bloomin' life away

So call out the members of the Queen's Marines  
Call out the King's Artillery  
Call out me mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for Chrissake don't call me



### ***Swing Low Sweet Chariot***

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Comin' for to carry me home;  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and  
What did I see,  
Comin' for to carry me home?  
A band of angels comin' after me,  
Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Comin' for to carry me home

If you get there before I do  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too  
Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Comin' for to carry me home;  
Sometimes I'm up,  
Sometimes I'm down,  
Comin' for to carry me home;

Yet still my soul feels heavn'ly bound,  
Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Comin' for to carry me home



## ***Titanic***

Oh they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue  
and they thought they had a ship that the water'd never go through  
But the good Lord raised his hand, said that ship will never land  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they were not far from England, not very far from shore  
When the rich refused to associate with the poor  
So they put them down below where they'd be the first to go  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The ship was filled with sin and the sides about to burst  
When the captain shouted "Women and children first!"  
For help they tried to wire but the lines were all on fire  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

They threw the life boats out on to the raging sea  
As the band struck up with "Nearer my God to Thee."  
Little children wept and cried as we threw them over the side  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

We were down below trying to make that damn ship go  
When the chief shouted out, "Boys she's gonna blow."  
We heard a mighty crash and we knew our ass was grassed  
It was said when the great ship went down.

The ship began to pitch and the lights began to flicker  
and the captain shouted "Me gosh where's me liquor?"  
He got completely ripped and went down with the ship  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Lady Astor looked around as she watched her husband drown  
And the great Titanic made a gurgling sound  
So she wrapped herself in mink as she watched that damn ship sink  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The Banshees and \_\_\_\_\_ were scrumming on the deck  
When the scrum half shouted "Boys she's gonna wreck!"  
So we shouted out with fear, "GIMME ANOTHER BEER!"  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

So they built another ship Titanic Number Two  
And they thought they had a ship that the water'd never go through  
But they christened it with beer and it sank right off the pier  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The moral of the story is very plain to see  
Always wear your life preserver when you go out to sea  
The Titanic never made it and never more shall be  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Intermix these....

Husbands and wives  
little children lost their lives

Uncles and aunts  
little children lost their pants

Sisters and brothers  
everybody fucked each other

Brothers and sisters  
Fucked until they all had blisters

### ***A Toast To Beer***

If I had a dog that could piss this stuff  
And I was sure that dog could piss enough  
I'd tie his head to the foot of my bed  
And such his dick 'til we both dropped dead.

## ***A Toast To the Ladies***

Here's to the breezes that blow through the treeses  
That lifts the girls' chemises above their kneeses  
To show us what pleases, and teases, and squeezes  
And gives us venereal diseases, By Jesus!

## ***A Toast To Madge***

("Madge" is replaced by the name of the woman you want to honor.)

Here's to Madge, that filthy bitch  
Whose cunt is lined with seven year itch  
Green matter oozes between her toes  
Filthy corruption flows through her nose.

Yet before I climb those scaly thighs  
And suck those crusty tits  
I'd rather drink a quart of buzzard's piss  
And swim the River Shits.

Oh cunt, oh cunt, thy deep and bottomless ]it  
All matted with hair and covered with shit  
Like a pole cat's ass that smellest so bad  
Oh cunt, oh cunt, thou must be had.

## ***Song about Turds***

CHORUS: Toorala, Tooralay,  
A rolling stone gathers no moss so they say;  
Sing along with the birds  
It's a beautiful song but it's all about turds.

There was an old lady who lived on West Street,  
And she was all stopped up from too much to eat,  
So she swallowed some pills without reading the box,  
And the first thing she knew turds came flying like rocks.

She ran to the window and stuck out her ass,  
Just as she did a young cowboy did pass,  
He turned to the sound that he heard up on high,  
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye.

He ran to the east and he ran to the west,  
A bloody great turd hit him right in the chest.  
He ran to the north and he ran to the south,  
Another great turd hit him right in the mouth.

If ever you pass o'er the Flat River Bridge,  
And see a young cowboy asleep on the ridge,  
Just stop by the roadside and pray for a bit,  
Drop a tear for a cowboy who is buried in shit.

## **Yogi**

*Soloist volunteer for each verse during the previous by raising their hand, and are chosen by a chairman (or the concensus) pointing at them. Everyone sings words in capital letters.*

I know a bear that you all know,  
Yogi, YOGI,  
I know a bear that you all know,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

YOGI, YOGI BEAR,  
YOGI, YOGI BEAR,  
I KNOW A BEAR THAT YOU ALL KNOW,  
YOGI, YOGI BEAR.

Yogi's got a little friend,  
Booboo, BOOBOO,  
Yogi's got a little friend,  
Booboo, Booboo Bear.  
BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR,  
BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR,  
YOGI'S GOT A LITTLE FRIEND,  
BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR.

*And similarly:*

Yogi's got a girlfriend, Suzi,  
Suzi, Suzi Bear.

Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger  
Ranger, Ranger Smith

Yogi's got a cheesy knob, cammum,  
Cammum, Camembert.

Suzi likes it on the fridge, polar,  
Polar, polar bear.

Booboo likes it up the arse, brown,  
Brown, brown bear.

Suzi hates it up the arse, something,  
Something she cant bear.

Yogi's dick is long and green, cucum,  
Cucum, cucumber.

Suzi likes to shave her pubes, grizzly,  
Grizzly, grizzly bare.

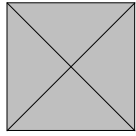
.  
.  
.

Ad infinitum



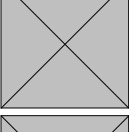


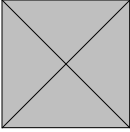
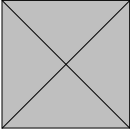
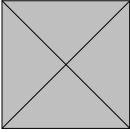
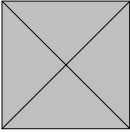
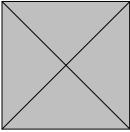
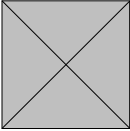
# Index of /documents



	<a href="#">Name</a>	<a href="#">Last modified</a>	<a href="#">Size</a>	<a href="#">Description</a>
	<a href="#">Parent Directory</a>	12-Jul-2004 08:59	-	
	<a href="#">M03162002.doc</a>	29-Apr-2002 14:01	21k	
	<a href="#">M05052001.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	255k	
	<a href="#">M07012000.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	252k	
	<a href="#">M09162000.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	21k	
	<a href="#">M09232000.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	22k	
	<a href="#">M09282002.doc</a>	04-Oct-2002 07:46	21k	
	<a href="#">M09302000.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	23k	
	<a href="#">M10072000.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	216k	

	<a href="#">M10142000.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">M20030315.gif</a>	25-Mar-2003 14:40	50k
	<a href="#">M20030322.gif</a>	25-Mar-2003 14:40	53k
	<a href="#">newsletter_tour2003_..&gt;</a>	02-Jan-2003 07:21	100k
	<a href="#">newsletters/</a>	30-Jun-2004 06:56	-
	<a href="#">songs_alouette.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_beautiful.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_bread.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_camel.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_chicago.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_flower.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_haka.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	21k

	<a href="#">songs_hitler.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_jonestown.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_marryingkind.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_maryannbarnes.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_marymalone.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_oldblack.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_oldlady.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_ontheball.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_park.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	22k
	<a href="#">songs_rugbyracingbee..&gt;</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_soldier.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	21k
	<a href="#">songs_swinglow.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k

	<a href="#">songs_titanic.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	21k
	<a href="#">songs_toastbeer.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_toastladies.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_toastmadge.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	19k
	<a href="#">songs_turds.doc</a>	24-Jul-2001 07:45	20k
	<a href="#">songs_yogi.doc</a>	30-Mar-2001 08:01	20k

---

## **Alouette**

(Sung to the tune of "Alouette")

CHORUS:     Alouette, gentille Alouette.  
              Alouette, gentille plumerai.

(Start with chorus first and insert it between each verse.)

Leader:     Does she have the scraggly hair?  
Group:     Yes, she has the scraggly hair.  
Leader:     Scraggly hair.  
Group:     Scraggly hair.  
Leader:     Alouette.  
Group:     Alouette.  
Leader:     OH!

Leader:     Does she have the furrowed brow?  
Group:     Yes, she has the furrowed brow.  
Leader:     Furrowed brow.  
Group:     Furrowed brow.  
Leader:     Scraggly hair.  
group:     Scraggly hair.  
Leader:     Alouette.  
Group:     Alouette.  
Leader:     OH!

(Continue in this fashion, adding the current descriptive phrase and then repeating all previous descriptive phrases.)

Two glass eyes?  
Broken nose?  
Two capped teeth?  
Double chin?  
Swinging tits?  
Pot belly?  
Clammy thighs?  
Furry thing?

***Why was he born so Beautiful***

Sung to the tune of some hymn. Dunno which one.

Why was he born so beautiful  
Why was he born at all  
He's no fucking use to anyone  
He's no fucking use at all

He should be publicly pissed on,  
He should be publicly shot (bang, bang),  
He should be tied to a urinal,  
And left there to fester and rot.

So, DRINK chug-a-lug  
Drink chug-a-lug  
Drink chug-a-lug  
DRINK!

### ***Bread of Heaven***

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou are mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
let the fire and cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fear subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction.  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

[Welsh William Williams 1717-91 TR  
Peter Williams 1727-96]

### ***The Sexual Life of the Camel***

The sexual life of the camel  
Is stranger than anyone thinks  
At the height of the mating season  
He tries to bugger the Sphinx  
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice  
Is filled with the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.  
(There are other verses.)



## ***I Used to Work in Chicago***

*Soloist volunteer for each verse during the previous by raising their hand, and are chosen by a chairman (or the concensus) pointing at them. Everyone sings words in capital letters.*

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO AT AN OLD DEPARTMENT STORE,  
I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE

A LADY CAME IN for some paper  
SOME PAPER FROM THE STORE?  
Paper she wanted, a ream she got  
I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE!

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO AT AN OLD DEPARTMENT STORE,  
I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE

A LADY CAME IN for some jewelry  
SOME JEWELRY FROM THE STORE?  
Jewelry she wanted, a pearl necklace she got  
I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE!

*And similarly:*

Carpet she wanted, shag she got  
Nail she wanted, screw she got  
Fishing rod she wanted, my pole she got  
Meat she wanted, sausage she got  
Beef she wanted, pork she got  
Helicopter she wanted, my chopper she got  
Camel she wanted, hump she got  
Translator she wanted, cunning linguist she got  
KitKat she wanted, four fingers she got  
Pencil Newton-Raphson she wanted, pen iteration she got  
Fuck she wanted, fuck she got

.  
. .  
.

Ad infinitum

### ***Flower of Scotland***

O Flower of Scotland  
When will we see  
Your like again,  
That fought and died for  
Your wee bit Hill and Glen  
And stood against him  
Proud Edward's Army,  
And sent him homeward  
Tae think again.

The Hills are bare now  
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still  
O'er land that is lost now  
Which those so dearly held  
That stood against him  
Proud Edward's Army  
And sent him homeward  
Tae think again.

Those days are past now  
And in the past they must remain  
But we can still rise now  
And be the nation again  
That stood against him  
Proud Edward's Army  
And sent him homeward,  
Tae think again.

O Flower of Scotland  
When will we see  
Your like again,  
That fought and died for  
Your wee bit Hill and Glen  
And stood against him  
Proud Edward's Army,  
And sent him homeward  
Tae think again.

[written and composed by Roy MB Williamson 1936-1990  
The Corries (Music) Ltd]