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Muff the Tragic Wagon

(words by Jerry Blacklow, 1985)

(Sung to the tune of Puff the Magic Dragon)

Muff the Tragic Wagon, lived by the street
And rolled along the boulevard, through rain and snow and sleet.
Little Tommy Pumpkin loved that wagon Muff,
And rolled him home and filled him up,
With toys and other stuff.

(1)

Together they would travel along the avenue
Tommy hanging out his leg would scuff his Sunday shoe.
Taxi cabs and buses would honk as they went past,
Tragic wagons never seem to need to stop for gas (chorus)

(2)

Children live forever, but not so children's toys,
Wagons can't forever be a friend to little boys.
And one gray day it happened while Tommy took his nap,
A garbage truck ran over Muff and turned him into scrap. (chorus)

(3)

Little Tommy Pumpkin said just off the cuff,
There will never be another tragic wagon Muff (end or sing chorus)

-- Thanks to Jim Perlberg, EMT N2WKB, Webelos Den Leader, Pack 271,
Mahopac Falls

He Jumped from 40,000 Feet *(Sung to the tune of Battle Hymn of the Republic)*

He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,
He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,
He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..
He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..
He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus

He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus

They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.

And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus

They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus

His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus

Suggested hand motions:

1. last to leave (flap arms like bird) the cockpit..
 2. first to (slap hands) hit the..
 3. He (slap hands) landed on..
 4. They (make scooping motion) scraped him..
 5. in a little (make small box with hands) box.
 6. so she sent (make overhand throwing motion) him back to us.
- Thanks to Jim Speirs

And here is another version:

He jumped from 40,000 feet and never pulled the cord,
He jumped from 40,000 feet and never pulled the cord,
He jumped from 40,000 feet and never pulled the cord,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus:

Gory, gory, what a heck of a mess he made
Gory, gory, what a heck of a mess he made
Gory, gory, what a heck of a mess he made
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

He landed on the highway like a hunk of strawberry jam.
He landed on the highway like a hunk of strawberry jam.
He landed on the highway like a hunk of strawberry jam.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

They sent him home to mother on a slice of moldy bread.

They sent him home to mother on a slice of moldy bread.
They sent him home to mother on a slice of moldy bread.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

-- Thanks to Scott King Walker

Let's try that one again ...

He jumped without a parachute from 40,000 feet.
He jumped without a parachute from 40,000 feet.
He jumped without a parachute from 40,000 feet.
And he aint gonna jump no more

Chorus:

Glory glory what a terrible way to die
When ya wearing your suspenders and you don't know how to fly,
Glory glory what a terrible way to die
And he aint gonna jump no more.

He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam.
He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam.
He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam.
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

They sent him home to mum in a white envelope.
They sent him home to mum in a white envelope.
They sent him home to mum in a white envelope.
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

His mum put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see.
His mum put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see.
His mum put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see.
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

She put him on the table when the vicar came to tea.
She put him on the table when the vicar came to tea.
She put him on the table when the vicar came to tea.
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The vicar put him on his toast and eat him up for tea.
The vicar put him on his toast and eat him up for tea.
The vicar put him on his toast and eat him up for tea.
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

Ooops ... One More Time ...

The Paratrooper Song

[Note: These are the original words. Appropriate substitutions should be made for scouting.]

"Is everybody happy", cried the Sargeant looking up.
Our hero, feebly answered "Yes!", and then they stood him up.
He jumped right out the open door, his static line forgot,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus: Gory, gory, what a Helluva Way to Die!
Gory, gory, what a Helluva Way to Die!
Gory, gory, what a Helluva Way to Die!
He ain't gonna jump no more.

He counted loud, he counted long, he waited for the shock.
He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop.
He jerked his cord, the silk spilled out, but wrapped around his legs,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome.
The lines were snarled and tied in knots around his skinny bones.
The canopy became his shroud, as he hurtled to his death.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The days he lived, and loved and laughed, kept running through his mind,
He thought about the girl back home, the one he left behind.
He thought about the medics and he wondered what they'd find.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The ambulances were on the spot, the jeeps were running wild.
The medics jumped and screamed with glee. They rolled their sleeves and
smiled.
For it had been a week or more since last a chute had failed,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

He hit the ground, the sound was "SPLAT". His blood went spurting high.
His comrades then were heard to say, "A helluva way to die".
He lay there rolling round in the welter of his gore,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

There was blood upon the risers, there was brains upon the chute.
Intestines were a dangling from the paratroopers boots.
They picked him up, still in his chute and poured him from his boots.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

Ain't Gonna Rain No More

Chorus:

Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more
It ain't gonna rain no more
How in heck can I wash my neck
if it ain't gonna rain no more

[Verses:]

A bum sat by the sewer
And by the sewer he died
And at the coroners inquist
They call it sewer side

[Chorus]

A peanut sat on the railroad track
It's heart was all a-flutter
Along came the 4:15
Toot toot, peanut butter

[Chorus]

My father is a butcher
My mother is a cook
And I'm the little hot-dog
That runs around the brook

[Chorus]

My father built a chimney
He built it up so high
He had to take it down each night
To let the moon go by

[Chorus]

My daddy is a doctor,
My mommy is a nurse,
And I'm the little needle
That gets you where it hurts...

[Chorus]

**Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead
And now she takes it to school
Between two slices of bread...**

-- Thanks to Stephen Mohr, Dennis J. Wilkinson, and Brad Porter

My Leader

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

**My leader fell into a pothole
In a glacier while climbing an Alp.
He's still there after 50 long winters,
And all you can see is his scalp.**

Chorus:

**Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my leader to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my leader to me, to me.**

**My leader was proud of his whiskers,
To shave them would give him the blues.
They hung all the way to his ankles,
And he used them for shining his shoes.**

Chorus:

**My leader had faith in a sailboat
He had built from an old hollow tree.
My leader set sail for Australia,
Now my leader lies under the sea.**

Chorus:

**My leader made friends with hyenas,
He gave them a ride on his raft.
When a crocodile reached up and grabbed him,
The hyenas just sat there and laughed.**

Chorus:

My leader annoyed his dear parents

**They tossed him right out of the bus.
And if we don't mend our behavior,
Why that's what will happen to us.**

Chorus:

Do Your Ears Hang Low

**Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder
Like a continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?**

**Do your ears flip-flop?
Can you use them for a mop?
Are they stringy at the bottom?
Are they curly at the top?
Can you use them for a swatter?
Can you use them for a blotter?
Do your ears flip-flop?**

**Do your ears hang high?
Do they reach up to the sky?
Do they droop when they're wet?
Do they stiffen when they're dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbor
With a minimum of labor?
Do your ears hang high?**

**Do your ears hang wide?
Do they flap from side to side?
Do they wave in the breeze
From the slightest little sneeze?
Can you soar above the nation
With a feeling of elation?
Do your ears hang wide?**

**Do your ears fall off
When you give a great big cough?
Do they lie there on the ground
Or bounce around at every sound?
Can you stick them in your pocket,
Just like little Davey Crocket?
Do your ears fall off**

-- Thanks to NASHGOHUMEWAGANAK

Jaws

(Tune: Do Re Mi)

JAWS A mouth, a great big mouth

TEETH The things that kinda crunch

BITE The friendly sharks "hello"

US His favorite juicy lunch

BLOOD That turns the ocean red

CHOMP That means the sharks been fed

GULP That will bring us back to

JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!

-- Thanks to Randy Woo

Gopher Guts

Great green globs of greasy grimy gopher guts,

Mutilated monkey meat,

Little birdies dirty feet,

Great green globs of greasy grimy gopher guts,

And I forgot my spoon!

Great green gobs of greasy grimy gopher guts,

Mutilated monkey meat,

Itsy bitsy birdie feet,

French fried eye-balls,

Rolling down a muddy street,

And I forgot my spoon.

(pause) But I got my straw!

Great green gobs of greasy grimey gopher guts,

Mutilated monkey meat,

Saturated birdy feet,

All wrapped up in

All purpose porpoise pus.

And me without a spoon!

Gee whiz! (but I've got a straw)

Great green gobs of greasy grimy gopher guts

Mutilated monkey meat

Chopped up dirty birdy feet.

A one pound jar of all purpose porpoise pus

Swimming in pink lemonade.

Scab sandwich, spit on top

Monkey vomit, camel snot

Eagle eye and cookie goo
Made a sandwich just for you.
-- Thanks to Randy Woo, Kathi Parker, Evette Ogden and Laura Has

Turkey Day

(Tune: Bring Back my Bonnie to Me)

My turkey went walking one morning
The November weather to see.
A man with a hatchet approached her.
Oh, bring back my turkey to me.

Chorus:
Bring back, bring back
Oh, bring back my turkey to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back
Oh, bring back my turkey to me.

I went down the sidewalk a shoppin'
The sights in shop windows to see.
And everywhere hung great fat gobblers.
Oh, bring back my turkey to me.

(Chorus)
I went out to dinner and ordered
The best things they had I could see.
They brought it all roasted and sizzling;
They brought back my turkey to me.

Brought back, brought back,
They brought back my turkey to me, to me.
Brought back, brought back,
They brought back my turkey to me.
-- Thanks to Randy Woo

Worms

Nobody likes me,
Everybody hates me!
I'm gonna eat some worms.

Chorus (Repeat after each verse)
Long, slim slimey ones,
Short, fat juicy ones,

Itsy, bitsy, fuzzy, wuzzy worms.

**First you get a bucket,
Then you get a shovel,
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.**

**First you pull the heads off,
Then you suck th guts out.
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.**

**Down goes the first one,
Down goes the second one,
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.**

**Up comes the first one,
Up comes the second one,
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.**

**Everybody likes me,
Nobody hates me!
Why did I eat those worms?**

**Chop up their heads and
Squeeze out their juice,
And throw their tails away.
Nobody knows how I survive
On worms three times a day!
-- Thanks to Randy Woo**

Commercial Mixup **(Tune: Farmer in the Dell)**

**Last night I watched TV.
I saw my favorite show
I heard this strange commercial
I can't believe it's so.**

**Feed your dog Chiffon,
Comet cures a cold
Use SOS pads on your face
To keep from looking old.**

**Mop your floor with Crest.
Use Crisco on your tile.
Clean your teeth with Borateem,**

It leaves a shining smile.

For headaches take some Certs,
Use Tide to clean your face.
And do shampoo with Elmer's Glue
It holds your hair in place.

Perhaps I am confused.
I might not have it right.
But one thing that I'm certain of. . .
I'll watch TV. tonight!
-- Thanks to Randy Woo

On Top of Spaghetti

(Sung to the tune of On Top of Old Smokey)

*Actions: make appropriate finger and body actions for the words,
and don't leave out a real, live sneeze.*

On top of spaghetti,
All covered with cheese.
I lost my poor meatball,
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table,
And onto the floor.
And then my poor meatball,
Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,
And under a bush.
And then my poor meatball,
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty
As tasty could be,
And early next summer
It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered
With beautiful moss,
It grew lovely meatballs
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,

Hold on to your meatballs
And don't ever sneeze.

Sam, Sam, the Lavatory Man

The motions are a must when singing this song.

Sam, Sam, the lavatory man,
Chief inspector of the out house clan (*stand straight like soldier & salute*)
He issues the tissues, the paper, and the towels (*pass out 'items'*)
He listens to the sounds of the rumbling bowels (*hold hand to ear*)
Down, down, down below the ground (*point down on down*)
Where all the little poopies are swimming around (*swimming motion*)
There sits Sam, the lavatory man,
Scooping up the poopies,
Scooping up the poopies,
Scooping up the poopies in his little tin can! (*scoop 3x times and proudly hold up 'tin can'*)
-- Thanks to Caroline Pipkins and the Girl Scout Council of Coastal Carolina.

The Titanic

1. Oh, they built the ship Titanic,
To sail the ocean blue,
And they built her so
The water wouldn't go through.
But the good Lord raised his hand,
Said the ship would never land,
It was sad when the great ship went down.
Chorus:
It was sad (so sad)
It was sad (mighty sad)
It was sad when the great ship went down
To the bottom of the sea....
(husbands and wives, little children lost their lives)
It was sad when the great ship went down.

2. They were sailing close to England
Not forty miles from shore
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they sent them down below,
Where they'd be the first to go.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
Chorus

3. Twas the 14th of April
The fourth month of the year
The Titanic hit an iceberg
That everyone could hear
They suffered and they cried
"Good Lord don't let us die"
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

4. They lowered all the lifeboats
To the dark and stormy sea,
As the band was playing
"God Be Close To Me."
The captain tried to wire
But the wires were on fire
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

5. Oh the moral of this story,
As you can plainly see,
Is to wear a life preserver
When you go out to sea.
The Titanic once was
But never more shall be,
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

-- Thanks to Sara Crawley, Leader, Junior Troop 500, Service Unit Manager,
Western Mass GS Council

Willies Underwear

(sung like the old fashioned barber shop quartet would sing it...)

On the night that Willie died...hum
He called me to his side.....hum
And he gave me his dirty underwear...dirty underwear.

They were baggy at the knees.....hum
And they smelled like liver cheese...hum
Oh the dirty underwear that Willie wore...that Willie wore.

Oh I threw them in the sky.....hum
And the birds refused to fly...hum
Oh the dirty underwear that Willie wore...that Willie wore.

Oh I threw them in the well...hum
And the rats they ran like....heck...hum
Oh the dirty underwear that Willie wore...that Willie wore.

Now Willie's dead and gone...hum
But his underwear live on....hum
And they're hangin' on the line for all to see...for all to see.

Now remember and remember well...hum
For you can't avoid the smell....hum
Of the underwear that's Willie's memory...Willie's memory!

-- Thanks to Ted Marconi Allegheny Highlands Council, BSA, Smethport,
PA

My Dead Dog Rover

Tune: "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 one is scattered all over the lawn.
No need explaining the one remaining
It's splattered on the kitchen door.
I'm looking over my dead dog rover,
that I over-ran with the mower.
Another verse --
I'm looking over
My dead dog Rover
That I overlooked before

One leg is broken, the other is maimed,
The third I ran over with my CoCo Puff train.
No use explaining,
The parts remaining,
They're mangled beyond repair.
I'm looking over
My dead Dog Rover
That I overlooked, (Big finish)
That I overlooked,
That I overlooked before.

My Bonnie

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,
The height of its contents to see.

I lit up a match to assist her,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

(Chorus)

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
I stuck my feet out of the window,
Next morning my neighbors were dead.
(chorus with bring back my neighbors to me)

My Bonnie has tuberculosis,
My Bonnie has only one lung,
My Bonnie can cough up raw oysters'
And roll them around on her tongue.
(chorus: Roll them, roll them, roll them around on her tongue, her tongue...)

My luncheon lies over the ocean,
My breakfast lies over the rail.
My supper lies in great commotion,
Won't someone please bring me a pail.
(chorus: Clams & ice cream don't agree with me, with me..")

Who knows what I had for breakfast?
Who knows what I had for tea?
Who knows what I had for supper?
Just look out the window and see!

Mom, Wash My Underware

Tune: "God Bless America"

Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
We can find them, and move them,
From the heap by the side of the chair.
To the washer, to the clothesline,
To my backpack, to my rear.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
-- Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand
Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az.

Underware

Tune: "Over There"

Underware, Underware,
How I itch in my woolen underwear.

How I wish I'd gotten a pair of cotton,
So I wouldn't itch everywhere.

BVDs make me sneeze.

When the breeze from the trees
Hits my knees.

Coming over, I'm coming over,
In my gosh darned, itchy, woolen underwear.

-- Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand
Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az.

Underware, Underware

Send a pair, send a pair I can wear

For I left mine lyin' outside a dryin'

And I can't find them anywhere

Underware, Underware

Send a pair, send a pair I can wear

Assembly's blowing, I must be going

And I'll get there if I have to get there bare

-- Thanks to Nathan Roller, a scout from Marin Council, CA

He Ain't Gonna Climb No More

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Chorus:

Gory, gory, what a heck of a way to die.
Gory, gory what a heck of a way to die.
Gory, gory what a heck of a way to die.
And he ain't gonna climb no more!

Verse 1:

"Will it go around the chockstone?" called the belayer, looking up.
Our hero feebly answered, "Yes," and slowly inched on up.
He was trying to drive a piton when his foothold crumbled out.
Oh he ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus:

Verse 2:

He slid on down the chimney and he quickly gathered speed.
He shot past the belayer, who's forgot the climber's creed.
An anchor to a piton would've been all he'd ever need.
Oh he ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

Verse 3:

The belayer felt the rope pull taught and tried to let it run.
But it jerked him from position and he knew his time had come.
He left the ledge behind him and it shot up toward the sun.
Oh he ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

Verse 4:

They sped on down the chimney and they passed the Southern Col.
They had such good exposure that it made a glorious fall.
They slithered o'er a friction pitch and sped on down the wall.
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more.

Chorus

Verse 5:

The medic in the valley watched them through his telescope.
And as they neared the bottom, his eyes grew bright with hope.
For it had been a week or more since the parting of the rope.
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

Verse 6:

One had a rope around his neck and a piton through his spleen.
An ice-axe in the rucksack had split the other's bean.
The trails of red marked their descent as they neared the slopes of green.
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more.

Chorus

Verse 7:

They hit the ground the sound was "SPLAT" the blood went spurting high.
Their comrades were heard to say, "What a colorful way to die!"
And as they lay there rolling in the welter of their gore.
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

Verse 8:

There was blood upon the rucksacks, there were brains upon the rope.
Intestines were entwined across the green and grassy slope.

We picked them up in a lunch pail after salvaging the rope.
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

-- Thanks to Stephen R. Frisby

Baby Bumble Bee

I'm bringing home a baby bumble bee
Won't my Mommie* be so proud of me?
I'm bringing home a baby bumble bee...
Ouch! It stung me!

I'm squashing up my baby bumble bee
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?
I'm squashing up my baby bumble bee...
Ew! What a mess!

I'm licking up my baby bumble bee
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?
I'm licking up my baby bumble bee...
Ugh! I feel sick!

I'm barfing up my baby bumble bee
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?
I'm barfing up my baby bumble bee...
Oh! Another mess!

I'm mopping up my baby bumble bee
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?
I'm mopping up my baby bumble bee...
Mommie, aren't you proud of me?

** Can be substituted with many other words: Mother, Mama, Daddy, Father, Papa, Grandma, Grammie, Grandpa, Pappy, Auntie, Uncle, etc....*

The motions: Usually it is sung in a circle, so you can see everyone doing the motions - a big part of the fun! It is best if everyone is standing, but not necessary.

Verse 1: Hands are cupped together as if carrying a captured bee. You walk in place and swings hands back and forth as you sing, in time to the music, until you get to the exclamation (Ouch!). Here you stop all movement to emphasize the statement, with an appropriate "unfair of the bee" face. Movement begins again with...

Verse 2: Hands are mashed together, back and forth in time to the music, as if squashing the bee. Again movement stops with exclamation (Ew!) as hands are looked at with "icky" faces on...Then

Verse 3: While singing (tricky!) hands are pretended to be licked - keeping the hands flat and moving them with a sweeping motion down in front of the mouth, in time to the music. Movement stops with "Ugh!" as "sick" faces are shown and stomachs are held.

Verse 4: While still holding stomachs, "bob" up and down from the waist, in time to the music, to simulate barfing. (Oooo, this is fun!) When the "Oh" sounds, "more work" faces are worn.

Verse 5: With "mops" in hand, scrub the floor in time to the music. When the "Mommie" is reached, "mops" are held upright and to the side (like the pitchfork in the famous painting :) with the other hand on the hip and the head turned a little on its side.

--Thanks to Heather Clemens

Baby Funnel Webb

An additional verse to Baby Bumble Bee

"Oooh ahhhh, What's This"

I'm picking up my baby Funnel Webb

Won't my Mommie kick me in the head?

I'm picking up my baby Funnel Webb

Oooh ahhhh, It bit me. I'm Dead.

-- Last verse thanks to Phil Gardner, Cub Scout Leader, 1st Koorana Scout Group, Wattagans Division, Hunter and Coastal Region, New South Wales Branch, Australia

Chicken Lips and Lizard Hips

Tune: Old Dunderbeck Scout variation:

Oh, when I was a camper, I never liked to eat;
the cook'd put things upon my plate, I'd dump them on his feet;
but then one day he made this soup, I ate it all in bed;
I asked him what he'd put in it, and this is what he said. *Chorus.

* Chorus: Oh, chicken lips and lizard hips and alligator eyes;
monkey legs and buzzard eggs and salamander thighs;
rabbit ears and camel rears and tasty toenail pies;
stir them all together, it's called the cook's surprise.

I went into the bathroom and stood beside the sink;
I said I'm feeling slightly ill, I think I'd like a drink;

The cook he said, "I've just the thing, I'll get it in a wink;
it's full of lots of protein, and vitamins I think." *Chorus.
-- Thanks to George Hay Kain, III

Where Will You Be

If you ever see a hearse go by,
Do you ever think you're going to die.
Chorus.

OOH OOH OOH OOH where will you be in a hundred years from now.
They wrap you up in a crisp white sheet,
And tuck in the corners all nice and neat.
They put you into a wooden box,
And cover you over with earth and rocks.
The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out,
They crawl in thin and they crawl out stout.
Your teeth fall in and your eyes pop out,
Your brains come trickling down your snout
Chorus.

OOH OOH OOH OOH where will you be in a hundred years from now.
(PAUSE)
DEAD!!!!!!!!!!

The song is best song in a low pitched soft voice to give the required effect. The OOH descend in a scale like fashion and make the DEAD!!! sound really unpleasant for maximum effect. -- Thanks to James Harrison

Happy Birthday

Tune: Volga Boat Men

Chorus:
Happy Birthday, Ugh.
Happy Birthday, Ugh.
Ha-a-a-a, Happy Birthday, Ugh.

Verses:

Pain and sorrow in the air,
Death around us everywhere.
But...?
chorus

One year closer to the grave,
Think of all the food we'll save
But...?
chorus

Easter Bunny broke his leg,
Bled all over the Easter Eggs,
But...?
chorus

Santa Claus wrecked his sleigh,
No more presents on Christmas day.
but...?
chorus

-- Thanks to John Kasper, Scoutmaster T-415, Chickasaw Council -
Memphis, TN USA

Adamms Family Grace

Tune: Addams Family Theme (TV) by Vic Muzzy, 1964

Chorus:
Da da da dum (snap snap)
Da da da dum (snap snap)
Da da da dum
Da da da dum
Da da da dum (snap snap)

We thank you Lord for giving,
The things we need for living
The food, the fun, the friendship,
The Scouting Fam-i-ly.

We thank you for the food Lord,
For Mom and Dad and you Lord,
We thank you for the food Lord,
The Scouting Fam-i-ly.

We thank You Lord for giving
The food we need for living
Be with us while we eat it,
Because we really need it.

Be present at our table LORD,
Be here and every where adored.
These mercies bless and grant that we,
May love serve and obey Thee.

We thank you for this day, Lord
For friends and family, Lord.
We thank you for this food, Lord
For friends and family.
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)*
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)*
Ah-ah-amen, Ah-ah-amen,
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)*

***Note: Cross arms when snapping fingers**

Too late for this year, but you could also substitute "Ghoul Scout Family" around Halloween.

-- Thanks to Sue Moore in Las Vegas, NV, (where we have two seasons... "definitely summer", and "kinda winter"), Lisa Varner, Marguerite Gibson