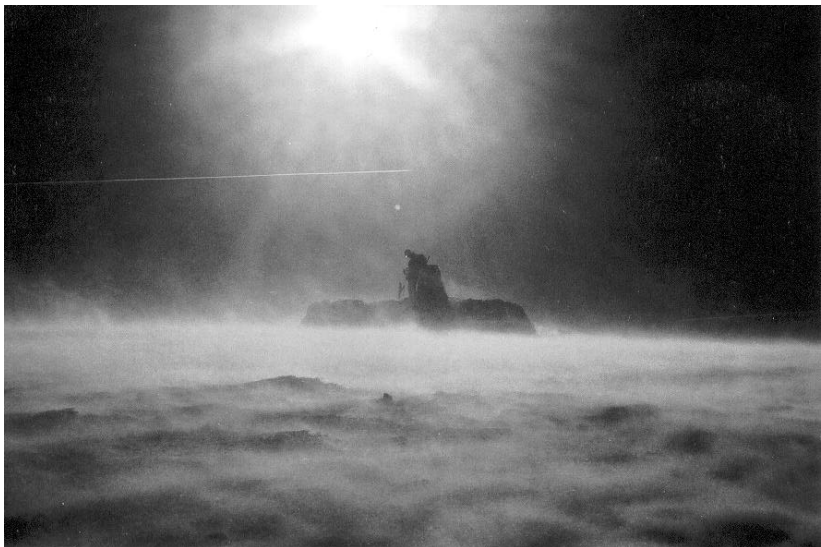


Well welcome to a new and, hopefully, improved edition of the DURC songbook. It's provided me with much amusement finding some new verses, a few song alterations and there were a few songs, even with my perverted mind, I couldn't quite include – just get me drunk enough and I'm bound to regale you with them!!

The thank-you's; cheers to Grumpy for a sterling effort providing me with most of the songs on file. Thanks also to Will and Megan for writing two original songs for consecutive Burn's nights. Alison has added to the list of green frog translations with a German version. I must also thank the charity webtrust (www.webtrust.org.uk) for allowing us the use of their binder and thus keeping the costs down. And lastly Will for allowing me the use of the pics off his website.

So read on, enjoy, explore, change the words as you please, and sing as best you can.

Cheers
Andy Pat



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DURC SONGS

DURC Anthem

(He Ain't Gonna Climb No More)

Are you ready cried his second as he took his comfy seat
Our hero feebly answered as he clambered to his feet
The rock was wet and slippery, the climb was long and steep
And he ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus

Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die
With an ice axe up your arsehole and a crampon in your eye
Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die
And he ain't going to climb no more.

He reached the final overhang before he fell I'm told
The rope was weak and rotten it was ten or twelve years old
It was frayed and tattered, it would never ever hold
And he ain't going to climb no more

Chorus

His face turned grey, his face turned green, he felt the sudden drop
He scraped his fingers to the bone as he vainly clutched at rock
I think he bounced just once or twice before the final shock!
And he ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus

There was blood upon the hillside, there were brains upon the slope
Intestines were entwined amongst the pitons and the rope
He was squashed into his EBs like he was a telescope
And he ain't going to climb no more

Chorus

They scraped him from the corrie like a pound of strawberry jam
And telescoped his vertebrae into a billiecan
They packed him in his rucksack and then sent him home to mum
And he ain't going to climb no mo-o-ore!

The Gear Sec's Store

Chorus

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

There were Fleas, Fleas
Doing a striptease in the stores, in the stores
There were Fleas, Fleas
Doing a striptease in the Gear Sec-re-tary's Store

There were beans, beans
Wearing wrangler jeans

There was gravy, gravy
Enough to float the Navy

There was beer, beer
The colour of diarrhoea

There was cheese, cheese
With awful knobbly knees
Etc..

Seven DURC Nights (Drunken)

As I went home on a Monday night
As drunk as drunk can be
I saw a horse outside the door
Where my old horse should be
So I called my wife and I said to her
Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door
Where my old horse should be?

"Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool
And still you cannot see
That's a lovely cow
That my mother sent to me".

Well there's many a night I travelled
A hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a cow
Sure I never seen before

Tuesday - coat - blanket – buttons
Wednesday - pipe - tin whistle – tobacco
Thursday - boots - geranium plants – laces
Friday - head - baby boy – whiskers
Saturday -
Sunday-

Ski Club Hate Song

On top of old Cairnwell, all covered in snow
Stood two lonely climbers who downward did go
They struggled and panted, to get down alive
But the ski bus departed quite promptly at five

They ran to the Spittal, that pub in Glen Shee
No sign of a skier, no sign of a ski
They'd gone to the Pictures way down in St. A's
And left our two climbers to hitch hike and pray

There thumbs held aloft with frost bite not far
When a Shepherd came past them on route to Braemar
Two lonely ice axes were left there to rust
There's ne'er been a skier a climber can trust

Twelve Days of Christmas

On the nth day of Christmas, Steve's true love sent to him...
a fat slag in Oscar's lavatory
Two red GoreTex jackets
Three trashed Transits
Four broken cameras
Five pineapple rings
Six vowels extended
,Seven queens-a-dancing
Eight years in Dundee
Nine 21st birthdays
Ten coke and vodkas
Eleven faffers fol1owing
277 Munros bagged

The Bastards that went to Barrisdale

The bus came thundering out of the east, one wild and stormy day
It was red, sleek and diesel, with a trailer led astray
The bus was filled with people who were rapidly turning green
As the Copping was taking corners as fast as Barry Sheen

Chorus
He'd rum ho, he'd rum hey
The bastards that went to Barrisdale

I'll tell you about the Ceili, we had the other night
It was pitch black outside, head torches provided the light
The dance was 'Strip the Willow', Softie and Cathrine the perfect
team
Until big Steve tripped up and knocked them in the stream

There were a few new people the rest were fairly old
Danny and Matthew were due to arrive, or so we had been told
Andy is drinking heavily and acting very mellow
But Alex destroyed the furniture, while thrusting in his fellow

The food was there in quantity, all in good supply
Everyone had been cooking, or having a damn good try
Except for Pete's tortillinin, a good meal on the brink
Until he tipped the canister and tipped the lot in the sink

But I'd rather be in Barrisdale than any other place
Not like the others, the so called human race
Who sit in all night at Hogmanay, transfixed to the telly
While we sit here in wonderment at the size of Garry's belly

Let's drink to Climbing!

(Will and Jamie's Song)

Tune; Robbie Williams "Angels"

We like to go
On the mountains, From the Ben to Glen Coe.
But freshers don't, so they've all left the club
And we can climb.....
Let's drive to Dunkeld
But there's midges, and there's not enough bolts.
So we'll only climb indoors,
But the broom cupboard is dead
And the pink bolts look like red!
We'll take up drinking instead.

With Foot and Mouth
We can't go on the mountains.
The munros we've stopped counting
Have pity on Danine!
No snow or ice around
It's going to rain all year
I'll bin my winter gear
And stay in mennie's bar.
We can't go climbing....
We'll take up drinking instead.

We like to dance,
At a ceilidh, or a union night.
An ironing board, Surf the Beach boys and
The cops get called.
But a doughnut does the trick
Now we drink until we're sick
Dodgy liqueur hurts my head....
We'll take up climbing instead.

Festering Home

Festering home with a smell in the air
Someone has farted in this manky lair
That one was bad and hope there's nae mair
Over in Glas Alt Shiel bothy

Tell us oh lads of the Lochnagar grey
Why are we in this smell hole today (@\$3--)?
Aye but it's grand to be climbing all day
An find yourself nearer to Gelder

Why are we climbing this freezing ridge
Mae fingers are numb and as for me feet
Blast it that hail blowin straight in me face
But it's better than being in Dundee

The Hard Drinker

(Malcolm's Song)

I've been a hard drinker for many a year,
And I always fall over on ten pints of beer,
So now when I drink, I sit on the floor,
And I never will risk falling over no more.

Chorus:

And it's no, nay, never,
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I drink and fall over,
No never, no more.

I went to a bar that I used to frequent,
Despite having sworn that I'd give up for Lent,
I asked for two pints, but the barman said "Nay!
You'll only fall over like you did yesterday."

Chorus

I pulled from my pocket two shiny gold pounds,
And I managed to do it without falling down,
The barman said "Sir, please choose from this list,
And I'm sorry if just now I thought you were Brahms".

Chorus

I think that I'll stick now to stiff drinks and shorts,
Like whisky and brandy and pernod and ports,
Cut down on the volume of all that I drink,
Then at least when I throw up I won't block the sink.

Chorus

I'll go back to my girlfriend, confess what I've done,
And if she should hit me I won't turn and run,
I'll promise to give up... but if I should fail...
I'll see you in Speedies for ten pints of ale.

A DURC Spiritual

(Megan's Song)

Tune; "Oh Lord Won't You Buy Me A Mercedes-Benze"

Oh lord, won't you buy me, a shiny new ice axe
My friends've got lotsa money and they've all got flash new racks
It's not just my wallet but my cred that sadly lacks
So oh lord, won't you buy me, a shiny new ice axe.

Oh lord, won't you help me, climb this damn Severe
Everybody's watching and it's plain I'm full of fear
The others all got up it but I really shouldn't be here
So oh lord, please help me, survive this damn Severe.

Oh lord, won't you send me, some warm and blissful sleep
With no posh blow-up mattress this cold floor is making me weep
I did drink lots of whiskey but the chill is just too deep
So oh lord, please send me, some warm and blissful sleep.

Oh lord, won't you buy me, a shiny new ice axe
My friends've got lotsa money and they've all got flash new racks
It's not just my wallet but my cred that sadly lacks
So oh lord, won't you buy me, a shiny new ice axe.

Scottish Songs

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll Tak a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne

Wa twa hae ran aboot th' braes
An' pu'd the gowers fine
But we've wander'd many a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne

And here's a hand my trusty frien'
And gie's a hand of thine
We'll tak a right good willy waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp
And surely I'll be thine
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

Flower of Scotland

Oh flower of Scotland, when will we see you're likes again
That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen
That stood against him, (against who) Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward, to think again

The hills are bare now, and autumn leaves lie thick and still
Our land that is lost now, that those so dearly held
That stood against him, (against who) Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward, to think again

Those days are gone now and in the past, they must remain
But we can still rise now and be a nation again?
That stood against him, (against who) Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward, to think again

Westering Home

And it's westering home and a song in the air
Light in the eye and it's goodbye to care
Laughter o' love and a welcoming there
Isle of my heart, my own one

Tell me o lands of the Orient gay
Speak of the riches and joys o' Cathay
Ah but it's grand to be walkin' all day
To find yourself nearer to Islay

Where are the folk like the folk o' the west
Canty and couthy and kindly the best
There I would hie me and there I would rest
Ah hame wi' my folk in Islay

The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen

The northern lights of old Aberdeen
Mean home, sweet home to me
The northern lights of Aberdeen
Are what I long to see
I've been wandering all of my life
And many the sight I have seen
God speed the day, when I'm on my way
To my home in aberdeen

When I was a lad, a tiny wee lad
My mother said to me
"Come see the northern lights, my boy
They're bright as they can be"
She called them the heavenly dancers
Merry dancers in the sky
I'll never forget that wonderful sight
They made the heavens bright

I've wandered in many far-off lands
And travelled many a mile
I've missed the folk I've cherished most
The joy of a friendly smile
It warms up the heart of the wanderer
The clasp of a welcome hand
To greet me when I return
Home to my native land.

The Three Crows
Three Crows sat upon a wa'
Sat upon a wa', sat upon a wa'-a-a-a,
Three Crows sat upon a wa'
On a cold and frosty morning

The first Crow couldnae flee at aw'.....
The second Crow fell and broke his jaw'.....
The third Crow was greetin for his maw'.....
The fourth Crow wasnae there at aw'.....

Bonnie Dundee

Tae the Lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke
"Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke
Then each cavalier who loves honour me
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men
Unhook the Westport, and let us gae free
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the streets
The bells they ring backwards, the drums they are beat
But the Provost (dounce man) said, "Just e'en let it be
For the toun is well rid o' that devil o' Dundee"

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth
Be there lords in the south, there be chiefs in the north
There are brave Duinne wassels three thousand times three
Will cry "Hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee"

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks
Ere I own a usurper I'll croach with the fox
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Glencoe

Chorus

Cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe
And covers the grave of Donald
Cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe
And murdered the house o' MacDonald

They came in a blizzard, we offered them heat
And a roof o'er their heads, dry shoes for their feet
We wined them, and dined them, they ate of our meat
They slept in the house of MacDonald

They came from Fort William with murder in mind
The Campbells had orders, king William had signed
"put all to the sword" were the words underlined"
And leave none alive named MacDonald"

They came at night while our men were asleep
This band of Argyle, through snow soft and deep
Like murdering foxes among helpless sheep
They slaughtered the house of MacDonald

Some died in their beds at the hands of the foe
Some fled to the hills and were lost in the snow
Some lived to accuse him who struck the first blow
But gone is the house of MacDonald

Green Fields of France

Well how do you do young Willie McBride ?
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave side ?
And rest for a while neath the warm summers sun
I've been working all day and I'm nearly done
I see by your gravestone, you were only nineteen
When you joined the great fight of nineteen sixteen
I hope you died well, I hope you died clean
Young Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene ?

Chorus

Did they beat the drum slowly ?

Did they play the fyfe lowly ?
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down ?
And did the band play the last post and chorus ?
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest ?

Did you leave a wife or a sweet heart behind
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen
In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Enclosed in forever behind a glass frame
In an old photograph, torn battered and stained
And fading till yellow in a brown leather frame

Chorus

The sun now it shines on the Green Fields of France
There's a warm summer breeze, that makes the red poppies dance
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds
There no gas, there's no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now
But here in the grave yard it's still no man's land
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand
To mans blind indifference to his fellow man
To a whole generation that were butchered and damned

Chorus

Ah Young Willie McBride I can't help wonder why
Do those that lie here know why they really died
And did they believe when they answered the call
Did they really believe that this way would end wars
Well the sorrow the suffering, the glory, the pain
The killing and dying was all done in vain
For young Willie McBride it all happened again
And again, and again, and again, and again

Inverie Song

You can keep your Boots and Harrods, you can keep your Rome and Paris,
And you know your Riviera's no for me, (no for me)
Though the weather may be better, I prefer it somewhere wetter,
And that's in the bay of Inverie.

Chorus:

Inverie, Inverie, that's where the mountains meet the sea.
Every laddie kiss your lass, everybody raise your glass,
And let's hear a shout o' Inverie. (Inverie)

You can keep your Mona Lisa and your Leaning Tower of Pisa,
And you know your High Sierra's no for me, (no for me)
You can keep your Cheddar Gorge, just give me the Old Forge,
And I'll be forever Inverie.

You can sit around all day, or go sailing round the bay,
Or go fishing in the river and the loch, (and the loch)
You can climb a mountain top, or just go for a walk,
Leave your pack, 'cause you'll come back to Inverie.

You can sit and have a beer, and gaze out at the pier,
And watch the world go by in Inverie, (Inverie)
and no matter where you're from, where you've been or where you're goin'
In your heart you'll come back to Inverie.

Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus

Heel your ho, boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round, now all together
Heel your ho, boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we tho' white the Minch is
What care we boys, for wind or weather
Swing her head round every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting by the harbour
They've been waiting since the break o' day 'o
Swing her head round and we'll anchor
Afore the sun sets on Mingulay

When the wind is wild with shouting
And the waves mount even higher
Anxious eyes turn ever seawards
To see us home, boys, to Mingulay.

Men of Knoydart

T'was down by the farmers cottage Lord Brockett walked one day
When he saw a sight that troubled him far more than he could say
For the seven men of Knoydart were doing what they had planned
They had staked their claims, they were digging drains on Brockett
private land

"You bloody reds" Lord Brockett yelled "what's this your doing here"
It doesn't pay as you'll find out to insult an English peer
You're only Scottish half-wits. I'll have you understand
Your highland swine, these hills are mine. This is all Lord Brocketts
land

Up spake the men of Knoydart, "Away and shut your trap For
dregs from a Saxon brewer boy we do not give a rap
We are all ex-service men who fought against the Hun
We know our enemies by now, and Brickett you are one

When the noble lord he heard their words, turned purple in the face
He said these Scottish savages are Britains black disgrace
I know its true we let some few thousand acres go to pot
But its what I'd give to a London spiv before any bloody Scot

You're a coward of tartan bolshies but I'll soon have you licked
I'll write to the court of sessions for an interim interdict
I'll write to my London lawyer and he will understand
"Oh to hell with your London Lawyer, we want our Scottish land"

Then spake the men of Knoydart, "You'll have no bloody right

This is the land of Scotland and not no Isle of Wight
When Scotland finds an army with ten thousands lads as one
We'll show the world that Highlanders have a right to Scottish land"

The Skye Boat Song

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclouds rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead in Culloden's field.
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love spent many happy days
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

Chorus

You'll take the high road and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland before ya
Where me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie bonnie banks of loch Lomond

Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep sides of Ben Lomond
Where in the purple hue the highland hills we view
And the moon glints out in gloaming

Chorus

Where the wild flowers spring and the wee birdies sing
On the steep steep sides of Ben Lomond
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring
Through resigned we may be while were greetin'

Jeely Piece Song

Ah'm a skyscraper wean, Ah live on the nine teenth flair
But ah'm nae gaun oot tae play nae mair
Fur since we moved tae Castlemilk ah've been wastin' awa
Cos ah'm getting' wan meal less every day

Oh ye canny fling pieces cot a twenty storey flat
Seven hunner hungry weens'll testify tae that
Be it butter cheese or jeely, if the bread is plain or pan
The odds against it reachin' earth are ninety nine tae wan

On the first day ma maw threw oot a dod and malted broon
It went skitin oot the windae and went up instead o' doon
Now every twenty seven hoors it comes rount intae sight
Fur it went in tae an orbit and became a satellite

On the next day maw thought she would try again
But she went and hit a pilot in a fast low flying plane
He scraped it off his goggles he cried doon his intercom
The Clydeside Reds are attackin' us wi jeely piece bombs

On the third day ma maw had another go
The salvation army was playin' doon below
Onward Christian Soldiers was the piece they should've played
But the oompah man was playin' on a piece an' marmalade

Well we've written off tae Oxfam fur tae to get some aid
An aw the weans in Castlemilk has joined the piece brigade
We're marchin' in tae George Square, demandin' civil rights
Nae mair hooses ower piece flingin' height

Sunday Driver

Well I've been a Sunday Driver noo for many's a happy year
And I've never had my Morris Minor oot o' second gear
I can drive at fifteen miles an hour on motorway or track
Wi' my wife up front beside me and her mother in the back

Chorus

There was me and my daddy, and my daddy's mammy
And her sister's granny, and four of her chums
And Auntie Jean

In a crowd of fifty trippers you can always pick me oot
By my 'Don't blame me... I voted Tory' sticker on the boot
Wi' my bunch o' heather sticking in my radiator grill
And my 'Stick on transfer bullet holes' I'm licensed for tae kill

Repeat Chorus.... And Auntie Peg

I've a hundred plastic penants for tae tell you where I've been
And my steering wheel is clad in simulated leopard-skin
Up front frae the driving mirror hangs a plastic skeleton
And in the back a dog wi' eyes that flicker off and on.

Repeat Chorus And Auntie May

I always drive as though my foot was resting on the brake
And I weave aboot the road just so's ye canny overtake
Ah can get ye sae frustrated that you'll finish up in tears
And the sound of blaring motor horns is music tae my ears.

Repeat Chorus.-And Auntie Liz

Now if you wonder how these weekly trips I can afford
It's because I'm on a stipend from the Scottish Tourist Board
You're supposed to enjoy the scenery the finest o' it's kind
And that is why I have a convoy following behind

Repeat Chorus And Auntie Rose

There's just no way of escaping me, no matter how you seek

For the simple fact's that I'm a traffic warden through the week
I'm boosting my efficiency and here's my master plan
I'm saving up my pennies for tae buy a caravan

Repeat Chorus And Auntie Gertrude
Repeat Chorus Ye're goin' too fast !"

The Portree Kid

A man cam' riding oot the west one wild and stormy day
He was tail, quiet and hungry, his eyes were smokey grey
He was lean across the hurdies, but his shouders they were big
The terror o' the hielan' glens that was the Portree Kid

Chorus:

He drum ho he drum hey
The teuchter that cam' frae Skye

His sidekick was an orra' man, and oh but he was mean
He was ca'ad the Midnight Ploughboy, and he cam' frae Aberdeen
He had twenty seven notches on his cromack so they say
And he killed a million indians, way up in Stornoway

***They mosied doon Glengarry heading for Glenshee
They stopped in Fort Augustus to join the cavalry
At the Hookmagandy tearooms they stopped off for a bite
And at Black Jock MacPhees hotel they booked in for the night***

Portree booted in the door, he sauntered tae the bar
He poured a shot o' Crabbies, he shouted Slainte Mhath (Slangevar)
While Midnight was being chatted up by a bar room girl called Pam
Who said 'Well how-dy stranger, wad' ye buy's a Babycham'

Now over in the corner sat three men frae Auchtertool
They were playing games for money, in a snakes and ladder school
The fourth man was a southerner who'd come up from Macmerry
He'd been a river gambler on the Ballachulish Ferry

Chorus

Portree walked tae the table and he shouted 'Shake me in'

He shoogled on the eggcup, he gave the dice a spin
He threw seven sixes in a row and the game was nearly done
But then he landed on a snake, and finished on square one

The game was nearly over and Portree was doing fine
He'd landed on a ladder, he was up to forty nine
He only had but one to go and the other man was beat
But the gambler cowped the board over, and shouted 'You're a cheat'

Men dived behind the rubber plants, to try and save their skins
The accordionist stopped playing, his sidekick dropped the spoons
He says 'I think its funny, you've been up that ladder twice
And ye ayeways dunt the table, when I go tae throw my dice'

Chorus

The gambler drew his Skian Dubh (Skeandoo), as fast as lightning
speed
Portree grabbed a screwtop, he cracked him o'er the heid
Then he gave him laldy, wi' a salmon off the wall
And he finished off the business wi' his lucky grousefoot's claw

Portree walked up tae the bar, he says 'I'll hae a half
And d'ye like the way I stuck it on that wee Macmerry nyaff
But the southerner crept up behind. his features wracked wi' pain
And he gubbed him wi' an ashtray, made oot o' a curling stane

The fight went raging on all night till opening time next day
Wi' a break for soup and stovies aff a coronation tray
It was getting kind o' obvious. that neither man would win
When came the shout that stopped it all 'There's a bus trip coming in'

Chorus

They sing this song in Galashiels and up by Peterheid
Way down o'er the border. across the Rio Tweed
About what became o Portree, Midnight and the Gambling Man
They opened up a gift shop. selling fresh air in a can

Chorus **This verse was not originally sung by the Corries

Caledonia

I don't know, if you can see, the changes that have come over me,
In these last few days, I've been afraid, I might drift away.
I've been telling stories, singing songs that made me think about
where I've come from,
And that's the reason, why I seem so far away today.

Let me tell you that I love you
That I think about you all the time
Caledonia's bin calling me, and now I'm going home.
If I should become a stranger, you know that it would make me more
than sad. Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

I have moved and I've kept on moving, proved the points that I
needed proving
Lost the friends that I needed loosing, found others on the way.
I have tried and kept on trying, stolen dreams yes there's no denying,
Travelled hard sometimes with conscience flying, somewhere with
the wind.

Chorus

Well now I'm sitting here before the fire, the empty room the forest
choir
The flames that couldn't get any higher, they've withered now they're
gone.
But I'm steady thinking my way is clear, and I will know what I will do
tomorrow, When the hands are shaken and the kisses flowed, I will
disappear.

Chorus

General Songs

Bog down in the Valley-O

Once upon a time, there was a bog
A rare bog a rattlin' bog.
The bog down in the valley-o

Now in this bog there was a tree, a rare tree a rattlin' tree
The tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

On that tree there was a bough
On that bough there was a limb
On that limb there was a branch
On that branch there was a twig
On that twig there was a nest
On that nest there was a bird
On that bird there was a feather (Lad!)
On that feather there was a flea
On that flea there was etc.,.etc.

Ad lib
Ad infinitum
Ad nauseam!

Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer.
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus
And it's no nay never, no nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more.

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me: "Nay,"
Saying "custom like yours I can get any day".

Chorus

I took from my pocket 10 sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said "we have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke they were only in jest".

Chorus

I'll go back to my parents confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they forgive me as oft times before
Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more

Chorus

Cockles & Mussels

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel barrows through the streets broad and
narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels alive, alive-o"

Alive, alive - o , alive, alive - o
Crying "cockles and mussels alive, alive - o

She was a fish monger and sure t'was no wonder
For so was her father and mother before
And they wheeled their wheelbarrows through the streets broad and
narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels alive, alive-o"

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 through the streets broad and
narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels alive, alive-o"

Country Roads

Almost Heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze

Country Roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia mountains mamma
Take me home country roads

All my memories gather around her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me
The radio reminds me of my home far away
And drivin' down the roads I get the feelin'
That I should've been home yesterday

Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.
And if you come, when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

Hei Skall

Aaa - Sa svinger vi pa seidelen igjen, HEI SKAL!
Aaa - Sa havner vi pa fyllefes igjen, HEI SKAL!
Aaa - Sa havner vi I fylle igjen, HEI SKAL!
Aaa - I forgot the fucking words again, HEI SKAL!!!)

O-ram - Sam – Sam

O-Ram - Sam - Sam, O-Ram - Sam - Sam, gille gille gille gille gille,
Ram - Sam - Sam
O-Ram - Sam - Sam, O-Ram - Sam - Sam, gille gille gille gille gille,
Ram - Sam - Sam
O-Ram ee, O-Ram ee, gille gille gille gille gille, Ram - Sam – Sam
O-Ram ee, O-Ram ee, gille gille gille gille gille, Ram - Sam – Sam

American Pie

A long, long time ago, I can still remember how, that music used to
make me smile
And I knew that if I had the chance that I could make those people
dance
And maybe they'd be happy for a while.
But February made me shiver, with ever paper I'd deliver
Bad news on the door step, I couldn't take one more step
I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride
But something touched me deep inside, the day the music died.

So bye, bye, Miss American Pie
Drove my Chevy to the Levee, but the Levee was dry
Them good old boys drinkin' whiskey and rye
Singin' this'll be the day that I die.

Did you write the book of love and do you have faith in God above

If the Bible tells you so?
Now do you believe in rock and roll, can music save your mortal
soul?
And can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Well, I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dancing in
the gym
You both kicked off your shoes, Man I dig those rhythm and blues!
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a pink carnation and a pick
up truck
But I knew that I was out of luck, the day the music died.

Now for ten years we'd been on our own, the moss grows fat on a
rollin' stone
But that's not how it used to be
When the Jester sang for the King and Queen, in a coat he borrowed
from James Dean
And a voice that came from you and me
Oh and while the King was looking down, the Jester stole his thorny
crown
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned
And while Lenin read a book on Marx, the quartet practised in the
park
And we sang dirges in the dark, the day the music died.

Helter-skelter in the summer swelter, the birds flew off with a fall out
shelter
Eight miles high and falling fast
It landed in the grass, the players tried for a forward pass
With the jester on the sidelines in a cast.
Now the half time air was sweet perfume while the sergeants played
a marchin' tune
We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance
'Cause the players tried to take the field, the marchin' band refused
to yield
Do you recall what was revealed, the day the music died?

And there we were all in one place, a generation lost in space
With no time left to start again
So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a
candlestick
'Cause fire is the Devil's only friend

And as I watched him on the stage, my hands were clenched in fists
of rage
No angel born in hell, could break that Satan's spell
And as the flames climbed high into the night, to light sacrificial rite
I saw Satan laughing with delight,
the day the music died

I met a girl who sang the blues and I asked her for some happy news
But she just smiled and turned away
I went down to the sacred store, where I'd heard the music years
before
But the man there said the music wouldn't play
And in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the
poets dreamed
But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken
And the three men I admire the most, the Father, the Son and the
Holy Ghost
They caught the last train for the coast, the day the music died.

Spam Song

Lovely spam, Wonderful Spa-a-m,
Lovely Spam, Wonderful S Spam,
Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,
Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,
SP-A-A-A-A-A-AM,
SP-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!

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Chorus

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 coming after me, comin' for to carry me home

If you get there before I do, comin' for to carry me home

Tell my friends I'm coming after you, comin' for to carry me home

The brightest day that I ever saw, comin' for to carry me home

Was when jesus washed my sins away, comin' for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down, comin' for to carry me home

But still my soul feels heavenly bound, comin' for to carry me home

Woodpecker's Hole

I stuck my finger up a woodpecker's hole

And the woodpecker said

"God bless my soul, take it out, take it out,

Remove it..."

So I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole,

And the woodpecker said

"God bless my soul, put it back put it back,

Return it..."

So I returned my finger up the woodpecker's hole,

And the woodpecker said

"God bless my soul, move it about, move it about

Revolve it..."

So I revolved my finger in the Woodpecker's hole,

And the woodpecker said

"God bless my soul, spring it back, spring it back

Recoil it..."

So I recoiled my finger in the Woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said
"God bless my soul, entertain it, entertain it
Regale it..."

So I regaled my finger in the Woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said
"God bless my soul, shake it up, shake it up
Reverberate it..."

You'll Never Get to Heaven

Oh you'll never get to heaven
In a bottle of gin
'Cos the lord won't let
No spirits in
Wo Oh Oh you'll never get to heaven
In a bottle of gin
Cos the lord won't let
No spirits in

Chorus

I ain't gonna grieve my lord no more-ore-ore
I ain't gonna grieve my lord
I ain't gonna grieve my lord
I ain't gonna grieve my lord no more-ore-ore

In a bottle of malt Cos a bottle of malt, tastes too good to jolt.

In a biscuit tin Cos a biscuit tin, got bickies in.

On a pane of glass Cos a pane of glass, will cut your
elbow

In Karin's Bra Cos Karin's Bra won't stretch that far

In a SU bus Cos a SU bus, is so #*\$@%& up.

With Phil's map reading Cos Phil's map reading, takes some
believing
[Finishing with]

Oh if you get to heaven
Before I do
Just dig a hole
And pull me through

Oh if I get to heaven
Before you do I'll dig a hole
And pull you through

Bear Hunt

(Sung to the rhythm of patting hands on thighs with chorus repeating every line!)

We're going on a bear hunt
But we're not scared
Cos' we've got guns and bullets too.

Oh no we've come to some tall grass
We can't go over it
We can't go under it
We can't go around it
Gotta go through it

Swish, swish, swish swish swish etc.
Mud

A Raging torrent
A scary scrambley bit
Tescos

A waterfall pool
Not forgetting guns and bullets, hip flasks, packed lunches, faff gear
etc... etc...

Dirty Old Highland Climber

The dirty old highland climber
Came a wandering over the land
With his rucksack on his shoulder
And his ice-axe in his hand

With his great big north wall hammer
And his pitons hanging free
And yard and a half of nylon
Hanging down below his knee
Hanging down, swinging free Oscillating
merrily With a yard and a half of nylon
Hanging down below his knee

The Lady of the Manor
Was dressing for the Ball
When she spied the highland climber
Banging Pegs into the wall (who's Pegs)
She wrote to him a letter
And in it she did say
"I would rather climb with you, sir,
Than my husband any day!"

He rode up the Manor
He rode up to the hall
And he even made the butler
Do a lay back up the wall
The climber he is dead now
And buried in St. Pools
It took four and twenty mountain guides
To carry out his tools

Leaving of Liverpool

Fare-de-well the Princes landing stage,
River Mersey fare-de-well,
I am bound for California,
A place I know so well.

(Chorus)
So fare-de-well my own true love
When I return united we will be
Its not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

I am bound for California
By way of stormy Cape Horn
I will write to thee a letter, Love
When I am homeward bound

(Chorus)
I am bound on a Yankee clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
Dan Burgess is the
Captain of her
And they say she's a floating shame

(Chorus)
I have sailed with Burgess once before
I think I knew him well
If a mans a sailor he can get along
If not then he's sure in hell

(Chorus)
Farewell to Lower Fredrick Street
Anson Terrace and Old Park Lane
I am bound away to leave you
And I may never see you again

(Chorus x 2)

Funny Songs

All Things Dull and Ugly

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.

AMEN.

The Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
Early in the morning.

Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises

Early in the morning.

Take him shake him and try to wake him.....

Chorus

Give him a taste of the Bosun's rope end.....

Chorus

Give him a dose of salt and water.....

Chorus

Put him in the scuppers wi' a hosepipe on him.....

Chorus

That's what to do with a drunken sailor.....

Chorus

Johnnie was a Parachutist

Johnnie was a parachutist in the RAF

Johnnie was a parachutist in the RAF

Johnnie was a parachutist in the RAF

And he ain't gonna jump no mo-re

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 jump no mo-re

He jumped from 20,000 feet without a parachute.....

They scraped him off the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.....

They put him in a matchbox and they sent him home to mum.....

She put him on the mantelpiece for all her friends to see.....

The Vicar came to visit and they ate him up for tea.....

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

Some things in life are bad, they can really make you mad

Other things just make you swear and curse.

When you're chewing on life's grizzle, don't grumble give a whistle

And this'll help things turn out for the best.

Always look on the bright side of life

Always look on the light side of life

If life seems jolly rotten, there's something you've forgotten
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.
When you're feeling in the dumps, don't be silly chumps
Purse your lips and whistle, that's the thing.

Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the bright side of life
I

For life is quite absurd and death's the final word
You must always face the curtain with a bang.
Forget about your sin, give the audience a grin
Enjoy it's the last chance of the hour
So

Always look on the bright side of death
Just before you draw your terminal breath
Life's a piece of shit when you look at it
Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true.
You'll see it's all a show, keep them laughing as you go
Just remember that the last laugh is on you.

And

Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the bright side of life

(Worse things happen at sea you know!)

(COME ON, you've got nothing to lose, you came from nothing, go
back to nothing,

what have you got to lose? Nothing!)

(Cheer up you old bugger, give us a grin!)

Climbing Clementine

On a Glogwen, Close to Ogwen
Where the clouded cliffs incline
Hung a climber, fine old timer
And his daughter Clementine

She was leading, like a fairy
On one hundred feet of line
Whilst her Father, nervous rather
Fast belayed his Clementine

From the cliff top I was watching
Wishing, oh that she were mine
She so lovely from abovely
Is my climbing Clementine

Then the climber, fine old timer
Anxious for his Clementine
Shouted, "Hi sir! You up there sir!
Can't you drop my girl a line?"

Quick as lightin' I tied my nylon
To a belay crystalline
Standing firm as a Pylon
Dropped the rope to Clementine

Then she grasped it, swiftly clasped it
Round her slender waist divine
Up I drew her, quite secure
Thus I saved my Clementine

Then she rose up, cocked her nose up
With a glance that chilled my spine
"I'd no need, sir, of that lead sir"
Or your help." Said Clementine

So I parted broken hearted
From the dream I'd thought was mine
Gave all hope up, coiled the rope up
Said, "Goodbye" to Clementine

Then the climber, fine old timer
Stood me pints and pints of wine
Now I'd rather climb with father
Than the haughty Clementine

Doe-Ray-Me Beer

DOUGH...	the stuff that buys me beer
RAY	the guy that sells me beer
ME	the guy who drinks the beer,
FAR	the distance to my beer.
SO	I think I'll have a beer.
LA	La, la la la la beer
TEA	no thanks, I'm drinking beer

That will bring us back to...
(Looks into an empty glass)

The House Doctor

I've been a house doctor for almost a year
I've seen gunshots, nerve palsies and E. Coli fears
The days are horrendous the nights even worse
And sometimes I think that the wards have been cursed.

And it's no way never, no way never no more
Will I be a house doctor no never no more.

In comes a patient who's clutching his chest

I think he can tell it's a cardiac arrest
He'll need to be treated with Streptokinase
Taking Aspirin and Red Wine for the rest of his days.

Over there in the corner is a nurse called Denise
She's seen all the doctors from down on her knees
She's awfully good when she's out on the wards
And when she's off shift she's not bad on all fours.

Lumberjack

Oh sod it...
I didn't want to do this
I didn't want to be a Rucksack Club member
I wanted to be a Lumberjack

Leaping from tree to tree as they float down the mighty rivers of
British Columbia
The giant red wood, the Larch, the fir, the mighty Scot's pine, the
lofty flowering Cherry, the plucky little aspen, the limping Rune tree
of Nigeria, the towering wattle of Aldershot, the Maidenhead weeping
water plant, the naughty Leicestershire fleshy Oak, the flatulent Elm
of West Riding, the Quercus maximus bamber gasgionei the Stropopy
sportunionus presidentialis inflexibilias
With my best buddy by my side
We'd sing, sing, sing, SING

I'm a Lumberjack and I'm okay, I sleep all night and I work all day
(He's a Lumberjack and He's okay, He sleeps all night and He works
all day)
I cut down trees, I eat my lunch, I go to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays I go shopping and have buttered scones for tea.
(He cuts down trees, He eats his lunch, He goes to the lavatory
On Wednesdays he goes shopping and has buttered scones for tea)

I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay I work all night and I work all day
(All) 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
(He cuts down trees, He skips and Jumps, he likes to press wild
flowers
He puts on women's clothing and hangs around in bars)

I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay I work all night and I work all day
(All) I cut down trees, I wear high heels, suspendies and a bra
I wish I'd been a girlie just like my dear papa.
(He cuts down trees, he wears high heels, suspendies and A
BRAAA?!)

He's a lumberjack and he's okaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay
Hesleepsallnightandheworksallday

On top of Spaghetti

On top of spaghetti
All covered in cheese
I lost my poor meatball
When somebody sneezed

It rolled off the table
And onto the floor
And then my poor meatball
It rolled out the door

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

(moral)

If you have spaghetti
All covered in cheese
Hold onto your meatball
Cos someone might sneeze.

Plastic Jesus

Today I learned a special secret, Now all I got to do is keep it
Sitting on the dashboard of my car
It's a little special statue, to look over and protect me
Sitting on the dashboard of my car

(Chorus)
Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,
Sitting on the dashboard of my car... Hallelujah
Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,
Sitting on the dashboard of my car

I don't care if it rains or snows, 'cos I got a Plastic Moses
Sitting on the dashboard of my car
Comes in colours pink and pleasant, glows in the dark cos he's
effervescent,
Sitting on the dashboard of my car

Now I'm feeling quite contrary, 'cos I got the Virgin Mary
Sitting on the dashboard of my car
There's no room for imperfection, in my Catholic collection
Which sits upon the dashboard of my car

Jesus, Mary and St. Patrick, now I've got the holy hat-trick
Sitting on the dashboard of my car
One more statue I've got to get is the plastic Bernadette
Sitting on the dashboard of my car

I don't care he slips or slides, his little arse is magnetised
to sit upon the dashboard of my car
20 more points and I can barter for a Jesus with stigmata
To sit upon the dashboard of my car

Plastic Jesus, you've got to go, your magnet's burst my radio
Sitting on the dashboard of my car
But I, won't loose faith and I won't loose hope
Cos, now I've got a pope on a rope
Swinging from the dashboard of my car

Poisoning Pigeons in the Park

Spring is here, Spring is here
Life is skittles, life is beer
I think the loveliest time of the year
Is the spring, I do, don't you ?, course you do
But there's one thing that makes spring complete for me
And makes every Sunday a treat for me
Oh the world seems in tune on a spring afternoon
As were poisoning pigeons in the park
When they see us coming the birdies they all try to hide
But they still go for the peanuts cos they are all coated in cyanide
Oh the sun's shining bright, everything seems alright

We gained notoriety and caused much anxiety
In the Audabon Society, with our games
They call it impiety a lack of propriety And quite a
variety of unpleasant names
But its not against any religion
To want to dispose of a pigeon
So if Sunday your free, why don't you come with me
And we'll poison pigeons in the park
We'll murder them all amid the laughter and merriment
Except for the few we take home to experiment
My pulse will be quickening with each drop of strychnin
We feed it to the pigeons it just takes a smigeon
To poison pigeons in the park

Rooster Song

We had some chickens
No eggs would they lay
We had some chickens
No eggs would they la-ay
So I said honey
This sure ain't funny
We're loosing money
No eggs would they lay.

Then came that rooster
Right into our yard
He caught them chickens
Right off of their guard
They're laying eggs now
Like they never used to
The day that rooster
Came into our yard

We had some milk cows
No milk would they give
We had some milk cows
No milk would they gi-ive
So I said honey
This sure ain't funny
We're loosing money
No milk would they give.

Then came that rooster
Right into our yard
He caught them milk cows
Right off of their guard
They're milking eggnog
Like they never used to
Since the day that rooster
Came into our yard.

We had some elephants
No tusks would they grow
We had some elephants
No tusks would they grow
So I said honey
This sure ain't funny
We're loosing money
No tusks would they grow.

Then came that rooster
Right into our yard
He caught them elephants
Right off of their guard
They're laying eggs now
Of solid ivory
Since the day that rooster
Came into our yard

We had a rooster
Who was awfully gay
We had a rooster
Who was awfully gay
So I said honey
This sure ain't funny
We're losing money
'Cos he's awfully gay.

Then came that butch rooster
Right into our yard
He caught that gay rooster
Right off of his guard
They're doing things now
That they really shouldn't
Since the day that rooster
Came into our yard!

The Wild Stalker

I've been a deer stalker for many a year
And I've spent all my money on slaughtering deer
But now I'm returning with blood on my hands
And until next deer season I'll make other plans

And it's no, nae , never
No nae never no more
Will I have a clear conscience
No nae never no more

I went to a bothy I used to frequent
But it was full of walkers, away I was sent
I don't like to be made to look like a clown
So I brought a bulldozer and shut the hut down

One day I shot deer in fine Highland glen
Having an excellent time up until when
A group of hill walkers did walk up the track
So I told them "@-%\$ OFF and don't ever come back"

I have to admit it I like slaughtering deer
And I never would miss the grouse season either
There's just one thing I 'd rather do, without fail
But to shoot at hill walkers means long years in Jail.

Worms

(Version 1)

Nobody loves me, Everybody hates me
Think I'll go home and play with my worms
Big worms, Little worms
Tiny worms, Fat worms
Any type of worm that will love me

(Version II)

Nobody loves me, Everybody hates me
Think I'll go home and play with my worms
Big fat hairy ones
Long thin skinny ones
See how they wriggle and squirm
Will you bite off the heads
And sssllluph out the juice
And throw the skins away
Nobody knows how I survive
On worms three times a day

You Canny Shove Your Granny

Oh ye canny shove yer Granny of a bus
Oh ye canny shove yer Granny of a bus
Oh ye canny shove yer Granny
Cos she's yer mammy's mammy
Oh ye canny shove yer Granny of a bus

Singing I will, if you will so will I
Singing I will, if you will so will I
Singing I will, if you will
I will, if you will
Singing I will if you will so will I.

Oh ye can shove yer other Granny of a bus,
Oh ye can shove yer other Granny of a bus,
Oh ye can shove yer other Granny
Cause she's yer faither's mammy,
Oh ye can shove yer other Granny of a bus.

Singing I will, if you will so will I...

Bohemian Rhapsody. Glasgow Style

Is this the real life? Is it the meth*done?
Stuck in the Gorbals, two bob fur the telephone?
Open yer wine, an' talk wi' a whine like me
Um just a weeji, gie us yer Sunny D
Cos I'll chib yer pal, rip yer da, slash yer dug, ride yer ma!
Any way the Clyde flows, disnae really mater tae me.....tae me.

Haw maw, just chibbed some bam
Buckie bottle tae the heid
An noo the f**kin' b**stards deid!
Haw maw, um just oan parole
An noo I'm headin back tae Barlineeeee...

Haw Maw, oohoooh ooh
Never meant tae steal yer purse
But if I'm no fu' o' smack this time the morra'
Carry oot, Carry oot!
An we'll go oot on the batter!

Too late, the bailiff's here
Sends shivers doon ma spine
Gubbed 10 jellies just in time
Goodbye all ma muckers, I've got tae go
Got to go and rip some w*nk fae up the scheme
Haw Maw, oohoooh ooh
I'm a jakey bam I sometimes thin I've never been washed at all

I see a little silhouetto of a bam
Adidas! Adidas! Can ye get us a kergo?
Thunderbird, White Lightening, very very frightening to me!
Twenty Mayfair, Twenty Mayfair, Twenty Mayfair and some skins
Magnifico oh oh oh oh!

I'm just a fat boy, nae body loves me
He's just a fat boy fae a fat family!
Spare us a pound for a wee cup o' tea?
Gat tae f*ck, skanky slob, will ye get a job?
For f*cksake NO I will not get a job
Get a job

For f*cksake I will not get a job
Get a job,
Will not get a job
Get a job
Will not get a job
no no no no no.....

Oh gonorrhoea! gonnorrhoea! gonnorrhoea and the clap!
Then doon the pub, has the barman put aside for me?
For me, for meeee!

So you hink ye can slash me a pish in ma eye?
So ye hink ye can chib me an leave me tae die?
Haw bawbag, can't dae this tae me bawbag!
Just wait till I'm oot, just wait till I'm right oot ma nut!!

F*ck all really matters, anyone can see
F*ck all really matters.....
F*ck all really matter tae meeeeeeee.

Action Songs

Father Abraham

Chorus

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

With a Left (WITH A LEFT) [raise left arm]

Repeat Chorus

Whilst shaking left arm about.

And a Right (AND A RIGHT)[raise right arm as well]

Repeat Chorus

Whilst shaking left and right arms about.

And another Left (AND ANOTHER LEFT)[raise left leg]

Chorus, whilst shaking left and right arms and left leg about.

And another right (AND ANOTHER RIGHT) [raise right leg]

Chorus whilst shaking all four limbs in the air to the beat.

And a heed (AND A HEED) [rise to the stand, jump and head an imaginary ball]

And a woof (AND A WOOF)[stand and thrust pelvis out whilst pulling arms back.

And a Arrghhhhh (of relief and satisfaction) (AND A Arrghhhhh)
[wiggle body as dropping to the seat in a gesture of satisfied desire]

Complete chorus with all actions.

Singing in the Rain

Begin by all standing holding hands in a big circle. Drop hands to the floor, bend at the waist, roar as raising hands in crescendo to the ceiling, repeat three times... then.

Chorus

I'm singing in the rain
Just singing in the rain
What a glorious feeling
I'm ha-ha-happy again

Singer

Everyone else

ARMS OUT (ARMS OUT)
WRISTS TOGETHER (WRISTS TOGETHER)

(while moving from side to side)

A ruch cha cha, a ruch cha cha, a ruch, cha cha cha
A ruch cha cha, a ruch cha cha, a ruch, cha cha cha

Chorus

THUMBS UP (THUMBS UP)
FEET TOGETHER (FEET TOGETHER)

[Repeat as above adding on]

Elbows bent (Elbows bent)
Knees bent (Knees bent)

Chest out (Chest out)
Bums out (Bums out)

Tongues out (Tongues out)
[Finishing with]

Chorus ... I'm ha-ha-happy again Sit down!
Sit down!

I Am The Music Man

I am the music man, I come from down your way
And I can play.
(What can you play?)
Oh I can play.... the
Piano
Big bass drum
Pick a nose
Archers
Dam Busters
The blank cassette
Etc...

Sunshine Mountain

We're climbing up the sunshine mountain
Where the four winds blow
We're climbing up the sunshine mountain
Faces all aglow
Turn your back on all your troubles
Reach up to the sky
We're climbing up the sunshine mountain
You and I,
You and I,
You and I

The Little Green Frog

mmm mmm (close eyes, stick out tongue)
Went the little green frog one day
mmm mmm (close eyes, stick out tongue)
Went the little green frog
mmm mmm (close eyes, stick out tongue)
Went the little green frog one day And they all went
mmm mmm mmm (close eyes, stick out tongue, raise hands)

And we all know Frogs go
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)

We all know frogs go
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)

They don't Go
mmm mmm nnnm
(close eyes, stick out tongue, raise hands)

The Little Green Frog

A geordie version - translated by Andy Harris

Why Aye
gans the Title green frogg ye know
Why Aye
gans the Title green frogg
Why Aye
gans the Title green frogg ye know
an they aal gans had awaay an shite

but we aal know froggs gan
Why ye bugger man (Clap and wave hands)
Why ye bugger man (Clap and wave hands)
Why ye bugger man (Clap and wave hands)

We aal know froggs gan
Why ye bugger man
They dinny gan
had awaay an shite. (close eyes, stick out tongue, raise hands)

The Little Green Frog

A Spanish Version -translated by Amparo Tarazona

La ranita verde

mmm mmm Hizo la ranita verde un dia
mmm mmm Hizo la ranita verde
mmm mmm Hizo la ranita verde un dia
Y todos hicieron mmm mmm mmm

Y las ranas hacen /Pero las ranas hacen

Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)

Y las ranas hacen/Pero las ranas hacen Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa
Naaa

No hacen mmm mmm mmm
(close eyes, stick out tongue, raise hands)

The Little Green Frog

Norse Version -translated by Cathrine Holtet

mnim mmm sa en liten gronn frosk en dag,
mmm mmm sa en liten gronn frosk
mmm mmm sa en liten gronn frosk en dag,
og sa sa de alle mmm mmm mmm

Men vi vet de sier
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (Clap and wave hands)

Vi vet de sier
la-la-la-la-la'de sier ikke
(close eyes, stick out tongue, raise hands)

Der kleine gruene Frosch

German Version – translated by Alison Jones

mmm mmm (schliesse die Augen, strecke die Zunge heraus)
eines Tages ging der kleine gruene Frosch
mmm mmm (schliesse die Augen, strecke die Zunge heraus)
ging der kleine gruene Frosch
mmm mmm (schliesse die Augen und strecke die Zunge heraus)
eines Tages ging der kleine gruene Frosch Und sie alle gingen
mmm mmm (schliesse die Augen, strecke die Zunge heraus und
die Arme in die Hoehe)

Und wir alle wissen, wie Froesche gehen
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (klatsche in die Haende und winke)
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (klatsche in die Haende und winke)
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa (klatsche in die Haende und winke)

Wir alle wissen, wie Froesche gehen
Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa Naaa
Sie gehen nicht
mmm mmm Mmm (schliesse die Augen, strecke die Zunge heraus
und die Arme in die Hoehe)

Songs Your Mother Wouldn't Teach You

I Used To Work in Chicago

Soloists volunteer for each verse during the previous by raising their hand, and
are chosen by a chairman (or the consensus) 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

Beastiality's Best.

Beastiality's best, boys, beastiality's best (shag a wallaby),
Beastiality's best, boys, beastiality's best (get down and):

- intercourse with a horse
- shove your log up a dog
- have a shag with a stag
- soixante-neuf with a Smurf
- cream the tail of a whale.
- stick your sperm up a worm
- have a fuck with a duck
- get it cheap with a sheep
- do it again with a hen
- deep throat with a goat
- up the hole of a mole
- find out how with a cow
- up the rear of a deer
- bring in a third with a bird
- sixty-nine with a porcupine

Cats on the Rooftops

Chorus

Cats on the rooftops cats with piles
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles
Cats with their arseholes all weathered in smiles
As they revel in the joys of fornication

Oh the crocodile is a lonely animal
He seldom comes but once in a while
But when he does he floods the Nile
As he revels in the joys of fornication

Oh the donkey is a lonely bloke
He seldom ever gets a poke
But when he does, he lets it sack

As he revels in the joys of fornication

Dae you ken John Peel, aya I ken him awfully well
He slept with his wife but he didn't get a feel
So he slept on his side but he didn't get a ride
So he work up with a hard on this morning

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full of joy
But your wife won't let you and your daughters rather coy
What's wrong with arsehole of your second eldest boy
As we revel in the joys of fornication

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 durcers 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 durcers 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 from Australia,
To be bugged 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 c~*&-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 durcers can't catch me,
The place where all good harlots go."

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 class lady
I don't want to get a bayonet up my arsehole
I don't want my bollocks shot away cos I'd rather live in Glasgow
In bonny, bonny Scotland
And fornicate my fucking life away

On Monday I touched on her ankle
On Tuesday I touched on her knee
On Wednesday success! I lifted up her dress
On Thursday I saw it, cor blimey
On Friday I put my hand upon it
On Saturday she gave my balls a squeeze
Then on Sunday after supper
I rammed the fucker up her
And now she's earning forty bob a week

Magic Moments

I'll never forget
The smell of your sweat
That came from your armpit

Chorus
Magic Moments
Moments to remember

It wasn't the grass
That tickled your arse
It was my little finger

Remember the night
You slipped on a shite
You had your new suit on

The one that you bought
The one that you got
With embassy coupons

Remember the day
We played in the hay
I had a big hard on

I pulled down your knicks
I had a few licks
I swallowed your tampon

Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter

The Mayor of Bayswater, he had a pretty daughter

Chorus
And the hair on her dicky-di-do, hung down to her knees
One black one, one white one, and one with a bit of shite on
And one with a fairy light on to show us the way.

It would take a welsh miner to find her vagina....
I've smelt it, I've felt it, it's just like a bit of velvet....

I've seen it, I've seen it, I've been in-between it....
If she were my daughter, I'd have cut them shorter....
She lived in a light house, that smelt like a F'@\$in' shite house....
She married an Italian with balls like a @-#%in' stallion....
She divorced the Italian and rode off on the stallion....
She slept with a demon, who washed her with semen....
She fished at the bass hole, while I poled her asshole....
She came from Glamorgan, with a c*@? like a barrel organ....
I've stroked them, I've poked them, I've even rolled them up and
smoked them....
It was always hit-or-miss, whether I could find her clitoris....
Her cat's name was Boris, and it played with her clitoris....
I've licked it, I've kissed it, It tastes like a chocolate biscuit....
You can drive a moris minor, right up her vagina....
The aroma it lingers, it smells like fish fingers....

Oscar Wilde

Now Oscar Wilde he was no fool
He gave the boy a plum
He gave the boy a plum
And when he went to pick it up
He whooshed it up his bum
He whooshed it up his bum

Chorus
Star of the evening
Pretty little evening star
Star of the evening
Shining on the shite house door

He gave the boy a perrier
He whooshed it up his derrier

He gave the boy a garter
He whooshed it up his farter

He gave the boy a lighter
He whooshed it up his shiter

He gave the boy a parcel

He whooshed it up his arsehole

He gave the boy a plectrum He
whooshed it up his rectum

He gave the boy a train He
whooshed it up again.

Patricia the Stripper

Dennis is a menace with his 'anyone for tennis?' and
beseeching me to come and keep the score.
And Maud say 'Oh Lord, I'm so terribly bored.
I really can't stand it anymore.'
I'm going out to dinner with a gorgeous singer
To a little place I found down by the quay
Her name is Patricia, she calls herself Delicia
And the reason isn't very hard to see.

She says 'God made her a sinner just to keep fat man thinner
As they tumble down in heaps before her feet.
They hang around in groups like battle weary troops
One can often see them queue right down the street.
You see Patricia (or Delicia) not only is a singer,
She also removes all her clothing for
Patricia is the best stripper in town.

Chorus

And with a swing of her hips she started to strip
To tremendous applause she took off her drawers
And with a lick of her lips she undid all her clips
And threw it all in the air - ev'rybody stared
And as the last piece of
clothing fell on the floor
The police were banging on the door
on a saturday night in nineteen-twentyfour.
Take it away boys.

But poor Patricia was arrested and everyone detested
The manner in which she was exposed
Later on in court well everybody though

A summer run in jail would be proposed.
But the judge said 'Patricia, or may I say Delicia,
The facts of this case lie before me case dismissed
This girl was in her working clothes.

And with a swing of her hips...
And as the last piece of clothing fell on the floor
The police were yelling at the door
On a saturday night in nineteen-twentyfour –
On a saturday night in nineteen-twentyfour.

Penis Song

Good evening ladies and gentlemen.
Here's a little number I tossed off recently in the Caribbean.

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis,
Isn't it frightfully good to have a dong?
It's swell to have a stiffy,
It's divine to own a dick,
From the tiniest little tadger,
To the world's biggest prick.

So three cheers for your Willy or John Thomas,
Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake,
Your piece of pork, your wife's best friend,
Your Percy or your cock,
You can wrap it up in ribbons,
You can slip it in your sock,
But don't take it out in public,
Or they will stick you in the dock,
And you won't come back.

Sexual Life

Oh the sexual life of a camel is stranger than anyone thinks
At the height of the mating season he tries to bugged the sphinx
But the sphinx posterior channel, is filled with the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel, and the sphinx's
inscrutable smile

Oh! We're all climbers together, excuse us while we go upstairs,
Oh! We're all climbers together, that's why we go round in pairs.
Or

That was a terrible song, sing us another one,
Just like the other one, sing us another one do!

Or

Singing

Bum titty, Bum titty, titty bum

Bum titty, Bum titty, Yeah

Bum titty, Bum titty, titty bum

Oh the sexual life of alterboys, as they stood in their stalls
Had a singular pleasure, by fondling with their balls
But now they've turned into climbers, up rock faces shear they tread
And in place of their bollocks, they fondle rock instead

Oh the sexual life of the Nally, is really not worth a verse
All that we know for certain, is that it'll be perverse
He lived round the back of the classic, he's clad in a dirty Mac
While dreaming of female climbers, and getting his nuts in a crack

The life of a Parliamentary Member, was sexually quite obscene
Whilst sucking a juicy orange and thinking of the Queen
Stephen tried it his own way, with a bin liner over his head
But the flex was constricting and now the bastard is dead

Oh the sexual life in Bothies, is strained by the plight of their call
For up there in the Cairngorms, there's hardly real men at all !
So the wise ones they go climbing, with the lads from DURC
Which accounts for the groans in Bothies, and the young ladies'
keenness on top

Sit on my Face

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me
I'll sit on your face and tell I love you too
I love to hear you Oralize
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 then I'll love you truly

Life can be fine if we both 69

If we sit on our faces in all sorts of places and then we'll be blown away.

The Wet One

She went into the water she got her toes wet
She went into the water she got her toes wet
She went into the water she got her toes wet
But she didn't get her.....wet yet.

Glory, glory alleluia
Glory, glory alleluia
Glory, glory alleluia
But she didn't get her.....wet yet.

She went into the water she got her knees wet

She went into the water she got her thighs wet

She went into the water and she finally got it wet
She went into the water and she finally got it wet
She went into the water and she finally got it wet
Yes she finally got her swimsuit wet !

When You're With Me

I've got piles
You've got scabies
The kids got measles
And the dogs got rabies

Chorus
Oh boy
When your with me, Oh boy
The world will see
That you, were meant for me

All my life
I've been waiting
Tonight there'll be no
Masturbating

All my life
I've been kissing
Your left tit
Cos the right ones missing

Yesterday

All my troubles seemed so far away
Now it seems as if they're here to stay
Oh I believe in yesterday

Leprosy
I'm not half the man I used to be
There are pieces falling off a me
Oh I believe in Leprosy

Syphilis
Oh when ever did things come to this
It's so painful when I try to piss
Oh I believe in Syphilis

Gonorrhoea
Oh whenever did these spots appear?

Why did I take it from the rear
Oh I believe in Gonorrhoea

Birth Control
That's when you cum inside your girl friends hole
It's a total loss of self-control
Oh I believe in birth control

Yogi Bear

There's a bear that we all know,
Yogi, Yogi
There's a bear that we all know,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.
Yogi Yogi Bear
Yogi Yogi Bear.
There's a bear that we all know,
Yogi Yogi Bear.

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. | Yogi has a little friend, | Booboo, Booboo Bear |
| 2. | They both have an en-em-y, | Ranger, Ranger Smith... |
| 3. | Yogi has a girl friend, | Cindy, Cindy Bear... |
| 4. | Cindy doesn't take the pill | Silly, silly bear |
| 5. | Yogi uses featherlight | Crafty, crafty bear |
| 6. | Booboo punches holes in them, | Naughty, naughty bear |
| 7. | Cindy likes it on the fridge, | Polar, polar bear... |
| 8. | Yogi likes it in the car, | Panda, panda bear... |
| 9. | Yogi has a 12 inch nob, | Hard to, hard-to-bear... |
| 10. | Yogi likes it up the bum | Brown, brown bear. |
| 11. | Cindy hates it up the bum | Something she can't bear |
| 12. | Yogi likes it upside down | Koala, Koala bear |
| 13. | Cindy likes it by herself, | Cucum, Cucum-bear... |
| 14. | Yogi has a cheesy dick, | Camem, camem-bear... |
| 15. | Cindy has got PMT., | Grizzly, grizzly bear... |
| 16. | Cindy likes to shave her pubes, | Grizzly, grizzly bear |

(All-together now!)

They all live in Jelly Stone,
Jelly, Jelly.
They all live in Jelly Stone,
Jelly Stone Park.

Jelly, Jelly Stone.
Jelly, Jelly Stone.
They all live in Jelly stone,
Jelly Stone Park.

The Wild Pervert

I've been a wild pervert for many a year
And I've spent all my money on leather and gear.
And now I'm returning, pursued by the law
And the straps on my G-string are rubbing me raw!

Chorus
And it's no, nay, never, (right up yer kilt!)
No, nay, never no more
Will I play the wild pervert, No never, no more.

I went to a brothel I used to frequent
I told the landlady my habits were bent.
I asked her for kiddies, she answered me nay
Saying "habits like yours could have me put away".

Chorus

I took from my pocket a handful of red
To be smoked in a joint, she went out of her head.
She said 'we've got kiddies and whips of the best,
If they can't take it all you can give me the rest!'

Chorus
I'll go to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their incestuous son.
And if they caress me as oft times before,
Then I swear that I'll play the wild pervert once more!

Chorus

And Some Extra Verses
(I went to a whore-house I used to frequent
And I told the old madam my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered: "Tough luck.

*If you ain't got a buck then you don't get a f***!"*

Chorus

*I went to a shite-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me: "Nay"
So I shat on the floor and said, "wipe that away".*

Chorus

*I went up a mountain with Marilyn Monroe
The top it was glistening, all covered in snow.
I said to her, "Marilyn can I make you scream?"
She said: "Do what you want 'cos it's your f***ing dream".*

Chorus)

The End