

SATURDAY NIGHT

Chorus:

balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
if you've never been laid on Saturday night,
you've never been laid at all.

Verses:

First lady forward, second lady back.

Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

The Queen was in the chamber, eating bread and honey,
the King was in the Chamber Maid, and she was in the money.

The village butcher he was there, the cleaver in his hand,
and everytime he turned around he circumcised a man.

The village harlot she was there, she was having fits,
swinging from the chandeliers and bouncing off her tits.

Little Eric he was there, he was having fun,
swinging off the chandeliers and bouncing off his buns.

The village carpenter he was there, looking like a fool,
he brought his saw and he brought his hammer, but he forgot his tool.

The village mortician he was the, quite out of breath,
while fucking a stiff it farted and it scared him half to death.

Bobbing for apples his wife was, fun to screw around,
when the village idiot tried it, the stupid fucker drowned.

Little Eric he was there, he was only eight,
he couldn't have the women so he had to masturbate.

Willie Randle he was there, at the hot-dog stand,
a grin upon his face and a wiener in his hand.

Mrs. Randell she was there, sitting on a bed,
weaving prophylactics from a spool of rubber thread.

Four & twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
and when the ball was over, there were four & twenty less.

Four & twenty prostitutes came up from Glockamore,
and when the ball was over they were all of them double bored.

There was fucking in the hallway, fucking on the stairs,
you couldn't see the floor for the mass of pubic hairs.

There was fucking in the kitchen and fucking in the halls
you couldn't hear the music for the clanging of the balls.

Buxom hippie she was there, she was having fits,
she didn't wear her bra and kept stepping on her tits.

The village magician he was there, up to his usual tricks,
he pulled his foreskin over his head and disappeared up his prick.

The village idiot he was there sitting on a pole,
he pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled through the hole.

The village idiot he was there a-leaning on the gate,
he couldn't find a lassie so he had to flatulate.

The village cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much,
he lined them up against the wall and fucked them with his crutch.

The magician's daughter she was there, doing her favorite stunt,
She'd put her head between her legs and disappear up her cunt.

Little Eric he was there, what do you think about that?
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it in his hat.

The village economist he was there, pecker in his hand,
waiting for the moment when supply would meet demand.

The village prostitute she was there, lying on the floor,
Everytime she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

The village bride she was there, explaining to the groom,
The vagina not the rectum is the entrance to the womb.

The village blacksmith he was there, a mighty man was he,
he lined them up against the wall and fucked them three by three.

The fortune teller she was there, climbing up the walls,
he wanted a fuck but was out of luck for he had crystal balls.

A pregnant woman she was there, oh how her belly hung,
and everytime you ate her out a hand would grab your tongue.

The village smithy he was there, sitting by the fire,
doing abortions by the score with a piece of red hot wire.

There was fucking on the couches, fucking on the cots,
and lined up against the wall were rows of grinning twats.

Little Joseph he was there, the leader of the choir,
he kicked the boys in the balls to make their voices higher.

There was fucking in the fields, fucking in the oats,
We were fucking women but Bator was fucking goats.

Markie Edwards he was there, looking for some coin,
They found him in the bathroom sucking on my groin.

The village plumber he was there feeling like a fool,
he'd come eleven leagues or more but forgot to bring his tool.

The parson's daughter she was there the cunning little runt
with poison ivy up her ass and thistle up her cunt.

The village smithy he was there sitting by the fire,
doing abortions by the score with a piece of red hot wire.

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

Little Richard he was there his prick was all alert,
but when the night was done 'twas dangling in the dirt.

The chimney sweep he was there they had to throw him
out,
for every time he passed his wind the room was filled
with soot.

The village postman he was there the poor man had the
pox,
he couldn't fuck the lassies so he fucked the letterbox.

And when the ball was over everyone confessed,
they all enjoyed the dancing but the fucking was the
best.

THE HAIRS OF HER DICKIE-DIDO

Chorus:
And the hairs, and the hairs,
And the hairs of her dickie-dido hung down to her knees.

Verses:
One white one, one black one, and one with a bit of shite
on
and one with a little light on to show us the way.

She married an Italian with balls like a bloody stallion
as the hairs of her dickie-dido hung down to her knees.

It'd take a brontosaurus to eat her clitoris
as the hairs of her dickie-dido hung down to her knees.

It'd take a Welsh miner to find her vagina
as the hairs of her dickie-dido hung down to her knees.

It'd take a bloody wrecker to extract your pecker
as the hairs of her dickie-dido hung down to her knees.

She came up from Florida with a cunt like a bloody
corridor
as the hairs of her dickie-dido hung down to her knees.

If she were my daughter, I'd have her cut shorter
a half inch below the waist is enough for anyone.

I flicked it, I licked it, I even drop kicked it
as the hairs of her dickie-dido hung down to her knees.

I fucked her, I sucked her, I even loose rucked her
as the hairs of her dickie-dido hung down to her knees.

ENGINEER'S SONG

Chorus:
An engineer said before he died
Arhuuuum, arhuuuum
An engineer said before he died

Arhuuuum!
An engineer said before he died
And I've no reason to believe he lied
Arhuuuum, Arhuuuum, Arhuuuum,

Verses:
He knew a girl with a cunt so wide...
And she said she couldn't be satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel...
And attached it to a prick of steel.

Two brass balls he filled with cream...
And the whole bloody thing was driven with steam.

He laid her on a feathery bed...
And tied her feet up over her head.

He placed the machine in the position to fuck...
And wished that girl bloody good luck.

In and out went that prick of steel...
And 'round and 'round went that bloody great wheel.

Up and up went the level of steam...
And down and down went the level of cream.

Till at last the young girl cried...
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

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

She was split from ass to tit...
And the whole damn thing was covered with shit.

Now we come to the part that's grim...
It jumped off her and jumped on him.

Now we come to the part that's true....
It jumped off him and jumped on you.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

Chorus:
These foolish things remind me of you, dear.

Verses:
A daisy chain upon a Harley Chopper
your little sister with two giant whoppers
you had no tampax, just a rubber stopper

Naked photographs of Liberace
the fragrant order of your rotten crotch
syphilitic scabs that make your face so blotchy

A bloody tampax in the toilet bowl
The little round ring around your gapping hole
a pubic hair on my breakfast roll

The year we went to the Milwaukee zoo
you fucked a rhino and a kangaroo
jacked off a bear, your hair was filled with goo

Pictures of your Granny in erotic poses
with a borehog on a bed of roses
I ate them both, contracted trichinosis

Fresh raped virgin on a marble slab
a toothless blowjob in a Taxi cab
the puss that oozes from your vaginal scabs

Steaming semen on a lorna dune
your asshole farted out a catchy tune
cunnalingus, ate it with a spoon

Two tons of tity in a brass brassiere
your twot that twitches like a mooses ear
a wad of semen floating in my beer

Head up my asshole and you had to sneeze
your mass of pubic hairs that harbors fleas
your recipe for mellow foreskin cheese

Streaming mucus from your bulbus beezer
masturbation with a pair of tweezers
afterbirth fresh frozen from the freezer

The rugby party in the old hayloft
the team applauded as you sucked me off
that hard black stream, the blast that made you cough

Fucking rabbits in the forest grass
schitzoic blow jobs from a psychopath
a thousand crabs that drowned in your bath

A rusty dildo that gave you quite a shock
we stopped the bleeding with an old sweat sock
aborted fetus pickled in a crock

The tasty orifices of your noses
the gooey breakfast from between your toes
the soiled crotch of your panty hose

inflected pimple that look like rosey rubies
symmetric stretch marks around your sagging boobies
you picked your nose and then you ate your goobies

Ovarian cysts for which they made incisions
Saturday nights of genital collisions
a vegematic for my circumcision

We like to butt fuck underneath my car
you get excited with a Hershey bar
diarrhea preserved in a Mason jar

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging, wanking in the planking,
masturbating in the grating, for there's fuck all else to do.

Verses:

The ship's good name was Venus
my God you should have seen it
The figure head
was a maid in bed
sucking the captain's penis

The first mates name was chopper
my God he had a whopper
once round the deck
twice round his neck
and up his ass for a stopper

Twas in the arctic ocean
the bold one took a notion
he tried to fuck
a flying duck
but he couldn't get the motion

The second mates name was Carter
my God he was a farter
he could fart anything
from God save the Queen
to Mendelson's midnight sonata

The ships dogs name was Rover
we balled that poor mutt over
we ground and ground
that faithful hound
from the China Seas to Dover

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Chorus:

I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to War
I'd rather hang around
Pick a lilly on the ground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady

I don't want a bullet up my asshole
I don't want my buttocks shot away
I'd rather stay in England
In merry merry England
And fornicate my bloody life away.

Verses:

Monday I touched her on the ankles,
Tuesday I touched her on the knees,
On Wednesday, with success,
I lifted up her dress,
Thursday morning oh how slimy
Friday I put my finger on it,
Saturday I gave it a little twitch
On Sunday after supper,
I rammed my fucker up her,
And now I'm paying forty bucks a week.

IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND

Chorus:

If I were the marrying kind, I thank the Lord I'm not, sir
The kind of girl I'd like to marry would be a FULLBACK'S
daughter.
'cause I'd find touch, she'd find touch,
we'd both find touch together
we'd be all right in the middle of the night, finding touch
together.

More Verses:

...WINGER's daughter
'cause I'd go hard, she'd go hard,
we'd both go hard together
we'd be all right in the middle of the night, going hard
together.

...INSIDE CENTER's daughter
'cause I'd pass out, she'd pass out,
we'd both pass out together
we'd be all right in the middle of the night, passing out
together.

...FLY HALF's daughter
'cause I'd whip it out, she'd whip it out,
we'd both whip it out together
we'd be all right in the middle of the night, whipping it
out together.

...SCRUM HALF's daughter
'cause I'd put it in, she'd put it in,
we'd both put it in together...

...SCRUM HALF #2's daughter
'cause I'd handle balls, she'd handle balls,
we'd both handle balls together...

...HOOKER's daughter
'cause I'd strike hard, she'd strike hard,
we'd both strike hard together...

...PROP's daughter
'cause I'd hold it up, she'd hold it up,
we'd both hold it up together...

...PROP #2's daughter
'cause I'd bind tight, she'd bind tight,
we'd both bind tight together...

...SECOND ROW's daughter
'cause I'd push hard, she'd push hard,
we'd both push hard together...

...REFEREE's daughter
'cause I'd blow hard...

...REFEREE's WHISTLE's daughter
'cause I'd get blown...

...Groundsman's daughter
'cause I'd fill holes...

... Groundsman's #2's daughter
'cause I'd trim bush...

...Celtic's SPECTATOR's daughter
'cause I'd not come...

...SPECTATOR IN THE RAIN's daughter
'cause I'd come in rubbers...

...GOALPOST's daughter
'cause I'd stand erect...

...GOALPOST #2's daughter

'cause I'd get split...

...FULLBACK #2's daughter
'cause I'd drop balls...

RODRIGUS THE MEXICAN PERVERT

Chorus:

Eii-yii-yii-yii

Rodrigus the Mexican pervert

He'll eat out your mother

and cornhole your brother

and waltz you around by your willie

Verses:

I once was the King of Siam

who for women just didn't give a damn

but my pride and my joy

was a round bottomed boy

they say I'm a bugger and I am!

There once was a rugger McNally

who called on his team for a rally

for each try that we score

I'll eat out a whore

chose Mary or Susie or Sally.

There once were three nuns from Birmingham

and this is the story concerning them

They lifted the frock

and they diddled the cock

of the Bishop as he was confirming them.

But the bishop was nobodies fool

he'd been to a large public school

He dropped his britches

and he diddled those bitches

with a twelve inch Episcopal tool

There once was a Bishop from Birmingham

who buggered 3 maids while confirming them

while praying to God

he excited his rod

and pumped his Episcopal sperm in them

There once a man from Boston

who drove a bright red Austin

There was room for his ass

and a gallon of gas

but his balls hung out and he lost 'em

There once was a girl named Alice

who used a dynamite stick for a phallic

they found her vagina in North Carolina

and parts of her tits in Dallas

There once was a man from Kent

whose dick was so long that it bend

to save him the trouble

he stuck it in double

so instead of coming, he went

There once was a man from Nantucket

whose cock was so long he could suck it

he said with a grin
as he wiped off his chin
if my ear were a cunt I would fuck it.

There once was a girl from Nantucket
she put all her clothes in a bucket
But then she thought twice
as he pulled on it twice
It didn't do nothing much so she said fuck-it.

There once was a girl from Anheiser
who claimed that no man could surprise her
but Pabst by chance
found a Schlitz in her pants
and now she's sadder but wiser

I once knew a fellow named Urchin
who was constantly jerkin his gerkin
his mother said Urchin
quit jerkin your gerkin
some day you'll need it for ferkin.

There once was a maid from Pneumo
who in sexual feeling was low
she bought a dill pickle
her pussy to tickle
she now has a kosher dildo.

There once was a man from Devises
whose balls were of two different sizes
one was so small
it was nothing at all
but the other was big and won prizes.

There once was a man named Dave
who kept a dead whore in a cave
she was shriveled and shrunk
and God how she stunk
but think of the money he saved.

Down in the city of booze
the Irish the Dutch and the Jews
would all congregate
round the old brewery gate
to discuss their political views

They'd lie on their barrels and snooze
and dream of their women and booze
ten gallons per man
was the alcohol span
down in the city of Booze

There once was a man named Rock
who played the string bass with his cock
he played such legato
and also spicatto
that he broke all the straps to his jock.

There once was a man from Sydney
who could put it up to her kidneys
but a man from Quebec
could put it up to her neck
Oh, but he had a big one, didn't he?

There once was a man from Rangoon
who was born nine months too soon
he didn't have the luck
to be born by a fuck
for he was scrapped off the sheets with a spoon.

There once was a man from Ealing
who pounded his meat with great feeling
then like a trout
he'd stick his mouth out
and wait for the drops from the ceiling.

There once was a man named Schwartz
whose dick was all covered with warts
but the girls didn't care
about the warts that were there
'cause Schwartz used to cum in quarts

There once was a girl from Decatur
who was laid by a big alligator
but nobody knew
the result of that screw
for after he laid her he ate her.

There once was a lady from Cape Cod
who thought all babies came from God
but it wasn't the almighty
who laid it inside her
it was Roger the Dodger by God.

WILD ROVER

Chorus:

And it's no nay never
No nay never no more
Will I play the Wild Rover
Nay never, no more.

Verses:

I played the Wild Rover for many a year
And spent all me money on whiskey and beer
But now I've returned with gold in great stores
And I never will play the Wild Rover no more.

I went back to the Ale House I used to frequent
And told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay"
She said "Men like you I can have any day".

Then out of me pocket I pulled sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She told me "I have wines and beers of the best"
And the words I spoke earlier were merely in jest.

I went back to me parents to confess what I'd done
And asked them to forgive their prodigal son
Me mother embraced me as oft time before
And I never would play the Wild Rover no more.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Chorus:

When I came home on Saturday night
as drunk as I could be
there was a horse in the stable
where my old horse should be

I said to my wife the curse of my life
now please can you tell to me
now what's that horse in the stable
where my old horse should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool
as drunk as a drunk could be
that's not a horse in the stable
but a milk cow that you see

Well, I've been all around this great big world
ten thousand times or more
but a milk cow without an utter
I've never seen before.

Verses:
there was a hat on the hat rack...
but a chamber pot you see
but a chamber pot with a hat band...

there was a head upon my pillow...
but a muskmelon that you see
but a muskmelon with a mustache...

there was a prick in the hole...
but a carrot that you see
but a carrot with cock and balls...

there was a cum stain on the window sill...
but baby's milk you see
but baby's milk that smells like cum...

WILD WEST SHOW

Chorus:
We're off to see the wild west show
the elephants and the kangaroos
no matter what the weather
as long as we're together
we're off to see the wild west show

Verses:
In this corner, ladies & gentlemen, we have the Pigmy
Whore,
...a little fucker.

In this corner, a winky wanky bird.
...his eyelid is attached to his foreskin,
...lady, don't throw sand in his eye.

In this corner, an oowie oowie bird.
...6 inches high, but his balls hang down 3 inches,
...when he comes in for a landing, you can hear his cry
thru out
the jungle, oowie oowie.

In this corner, the mathematical impossibility.
... the girl who is eight before she is seven.

In this corner, the African horny toad.
...3 inches high, 6 inch penis.
...hear his cry thru out the night, rubbit rubbit rubbit.

In this corner, the kangaroo.

...best jungle partier, the highballs are on me.

In this corner, the Fuckawie tribe.
...4 foot tall in 5 foot grasslands.
...Hear them thru out the jungle, where the fuckowie, where
the fuckowie.

In this corner, the lion tamer.
...the only pussy that will eat you.

In this corner, the eagle and the mouse.
...eagle ate the mouse, flying high over the jungle,
the mouse stuck his head out the asshole,
"you wouldn't shit me would you?"

In this corner, the Intergalactic Masturbater
...goes from galaxy to galaxy on his own Milky Way.

In this corner, the Indy Rugger.
...when he wanted a midnight fuck
his girl friend would say "good night, fuck!!"

In this corner, the girl impervious to pain.
...swallowed a pin at 8 years old, yet felt the first prick at
12.

In this corner, the Brussels Celtic boy.
...girlfriend asked he to give her 9 inches and make me
bleed.
so he porked her 3 times & punch her in the nose.

In this corner, the Brussels Celtic boy
...with 9.4 speed, he hits a wall with a hardon and breaks
his nose.

In this corner, the constipated mathematician.
...used to work it out with his pencil.

In this corner, a painting of Custer's last stand (plain wall).
... those fucking Indian's kept coming and coming and
coming...