

The Salt City Slugs' Official Songbook

The Marrying Kind

Chorus:

If I were the marrying kind, which thank the lord I'm not, sir
The kind of rugger I would be would be a rugby...

Prop, Sir. *Prop* Sir? Why Sir?

'Cause I'd support hookers, and you'd support hookers, we'd all
support hookers together
We'd be all right in the middle of the night, supporting hookers
together.

On next verse, support "prop" for...

Hooker – strike hard

Lock – sniff butt, grab crotch

Flanker – get off quick

8 man – split cheeks

Scrumhalf – put it in

Winger – never get it

Fullback – fuck it up

Referee's whistle – get blown

Lawbook – get violated

Mouthguard – get licked

Halftime Orange – get sucked

Team from far away – come for miles

Spectator on a sunny day – come again

Spectator on a rainy day – get wet

Groundskeeper – trim bush, fill holes, do a line

Ball – get pumped

New boot – come in a box

Pitch – grow weed, get hard

Jumper – get high

Etc.

I Used to Work in Chicago

Chorus:

I used to work in Chicago at Macys's Department Store
I used to work in Chicago, I don't work there anymore

A lady/man came in for some carpet...some carpet from the store
Carpet she wanted, shagged she got
I don't work there any more.

Next verse, substitute for "carpet"

Hammer – nailed
Paper – a ream
Lobster – crabs
Seafood enchilada – fish taco
Nail – screwed
Translator – cunning linguist
DVD – VD
Screen door – back door
Camels – humped
Kit Kat – 4 fingers
Cookie dough – dildo
<insert name here> - disappointed
Jewelry – pearl necklace

Etc.

The Bricklayer Song

Chorus:

So drink a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band (TOOT TOOT)
Follow the band with your tits in your hands
Drink a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band
Follow the band all the way

Oh, my boyfriend's a bricklayer, a bricklayer, a bricklayer
And what a fine bricklayer is he
All day he lays bricks, he lays bricks, he lays bricks
And when he comes home he lays me

Lawyer – fucks clients
Carpenter – pounds nails
Nuclear physicist – splits atoms
Food critic – eats meals
Jockey – rides horses
Pianist – fingers keys
Secretary – licks stamps
Framer – mounts paintings
Traffic cop – blows whistles
Skier – jumps moguls
Preacher – spreads gospel

Etc.

Jesus Can't Play Rugby

Chorus:

Free beer for all the ruggers
Free beer for all the ruggers
Free beer for all the ruggers
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves

Jesus can't play rugby 'cause he only has 12 friends (repeat 3x)
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves

His dad will fix the game
He wears illegal headgear
He's got holes in his hands/feet
He turns the beer to wine
His mom won't touch the balls
His body's made of bread
The goalposts give him flashbacks
He only knows one whore
His spikes are much too long

Etc.

Rugby Men

Rugby men, they play 1, they grope each other in the scrum
With a knick-knack paddy whack send the boys away
Women's rugby is what we play

- 2 – all they want to do is screw
- 3 – they just want us on our knees
- 4 – all they want to do is score
- 5 – we like them in a muff dive
- 6 – great big men with LITTLE DICKS
- 7 – they think masturbation's heaven
- 8 – when they come they come too late
- 9 – they think their orgasm's mine
- 10- you'll never see that one again

There Once was a Rugger

Sung ala "There was an Old Woman"

There once was a rugger who blew in my ear
I don't know why she blew in my ear...perhaps she's queer

Kissed my lip – I about flipped
Bit my neck – oh my heck
Fondled my boob – oh how rude
Grabbed my ass – oh how crass
Sucked my toe – oh what a ho
Pulled down my pants – I wanted romance
Licked my clit – I about shit

End:

There once was a rugger who bought me a beer
A beer and a beer and a beer and a beer
A beer and a beer and a beer and a beer...
Perhaps I'm queer

No Balls At All

Come around ruggers give ear to my tale
This little short story will make you turn pale
About a young lady so pretty and small
Who married a man who had no balls at all

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all
She married a man who had no balls at all

How well she remembered the night they were wed
They pulled back the covers and crept into bed
She felt for his penis, his penis was small
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all

She ran to her mother and cursed at her luck
"I've married a man who's unable to fuck
His toolbag is empty, his screwdriver's small
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all"

Daughter oh daughter now don't you feel sad
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad
There's many a rugger who'll answer the call
Of a wife to a man who has no balls at all

The sweet little lady took her mum's advice
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice
A strapping young fellow was born in the fall
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all

My God How the Money Rolls In

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in

My god how the money rolls in (repeat)

My father makes book on the corner

My mother makes illicit gin

My sister sells kisses to sailors

My god how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary

He saves fallen women from sin

He'll save you a blonde for a dollar

My god how the money rolls in

My sister's a barmaid in (insert town)

For a fiver she'll strip to the skin

She's stripping from morning 'til midnight

My god how the money rolls in

Aunt Mary's a bawdy house keeper

Each night when the evening grows dim

She hangs out a little red lantern

My god how the money rolls in

My Grandpa sells cheap prophylactics

And punctures the end with a pin

For Grandma does backstreet abortions

My god how the money rolls in

My uncle was once in a prison

Where he was a joy to the men

Now he bends over for business

My god how the money rolls in

You're a Dick

Gimme gimme gimme that number 1
Well suckin' that dick is lots of fun
They're round (round) firm (firm)
They're filled (filled) with sperm (sperm)
You're a dick, you're a dick, you're a dick, you're a dick
You're a dick-da-dick-da-dick
Dick-da-dick-da-dick, dick-da-dick-da-dick dick HUH!

- 2 – good for you
- 3 – good for me
- 4 – makes me want some more
- 5 – makes me feel alive
- 6 – makes a lezzie sick
- 7 – just like heaven
- 8- makes me feel so great
- 9 – makes me feel so fine
- 10 – makes me do it again

Lesbians

We wear Birkenstocks, Lesbians
We drive pickup trucks, Lesbians
We've all got an aunt who's a Lesbian
Whoa yes, Lesbians

We don't eat red meat (except some of the time), Lesbians
We like pocket knives, Lesbians
We don't tip real well, Lesbians
Whoa yes, Lesbians

Here's a verse for all you non-lesbians, that's right, even you men!

We wish we could be Lesbians
We'd join a rugby team, Lesbians
But we're not tough enough to be Lesbians
Bench warmer Lesbians

We throw solstice parties, Lesbians
We use power tools, Lesbians
We own dogs that are part wolf, Lesbians
Whoa yes, Lesbians

Eat, Bite, Fuck, Suck

Chorus:

Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew
Nibble bosom, hair pie, finger fuck, screw
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit
Sheep pussy, camel crack, big lion shit
Aw FUCK

Well, I went to a party and what did they do
Took off their socks and they took off their shoes
Took off their shirts and they took off their pants
I had a hunch they weren't gonna dance

Well everybody, everybody's naked there
Ain't no bras nor no underwear
The whole thing didn't seem to bother me a bit
So I jumped on the pile and I grabbed me some tit

My girlfriend's not a big sports fan
But she plays with balls whenever she can
'Cause her favorite sport, you see
Is playing tonsil hockey

Salt City RFC

We're nasty and we're ruthless
We're old but we're not toothless
We're altogether couth-less
Salt City RFC

Our backline's always flying
Our scrum will leave you crying
We'll ruck you 'til you're dying
Salt City RFC

If on the pitch we beat you
Then at the bar we'll meet you
To buy a round and treat you
Salt City RFC

We'll sing a dirty ditty
Then drink until we're shitty
And fuck you without pity
Salt City RFC

We drank the booze in batches
And wore out all our snatches
'Til our next rugby matches
We're the Salt City RFC

Freshman Year

I was a virgin in my freshman year
I was a virgin with my conscience clear
I never smoked or drank or necked or pet
I was the sweetheart of the campus curler set
Until I met a guy who played rugby
That was the end of my virginity
He was so nice, so nice, so very very nice
I even let him do it twice (without a struggle)
Swinging from the bedroom door with just my cleats on
Crawling back to beg for more
Now I'm a whore

15 Brave Slugs

15 brave Slugs
15 brave Slugs
See how we run
See how we run
We're rucking and mauling and moving the ball
Up past the forwards, see how we haul
Over the try line with a diving fall
See how we run

15 drunk Slugs
15 drunk Slugs
See how we drink
See how we drink
We've all drunk a case of beer or more
We're all liquored up and we're looking to score
But all we can find are some cheap rugby whores
See how we drink

15 tired Slugs
15 tired Slugs
See how we move
See how we move
We played and we drank and we fucked with the best
But now we are tired, in need of some rest
So we can go to the next rugby fest
See how we move

