

The
Akron
R.F.C.

Official Hymnal
And guide to the
depraved

"Long after the match, when the stadium was dark, we all went out on to the pitch. We did a lap of honour, and we sang! We sang Basque songs for half an hour. It was a way to re-experience the emotions through our voices, because the voice is the instrument of the feelings. There was absolutely no one else there. Just us. It was our little secret. Our special time. The feelings are difficult to describe. So happy, so proud of what we had done."

-Serg Blanco, on the French team's celebration after defeating Australia in the semi's of the '87 World Cup.

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Forward

Singing is a Rugby tradition. I've heard rumors about how it began, but frankly I'm willing to accept that it is a tradition without any explanation. The fact is though, in recent years not many teams have managed to carry on this tradition. Getting drunk with you buddies after being on the pitch with them and giving that match all you had is best expressed with some loud, disturbing song. Also, the songs you sing are a warning to those civilians around you of what you plan on doing that night (hopefully with their daughters). Just like the Vikings who sang songs on their way into battle, we sing to start the next debacle. It is a sad day when people are too stuck up to lend their voice to a song with their brothers. And besides, what better way to rile your pals up than good rowdy drinkin' song.

Rugby Song Etiquette

1. Always end a song with "Oh Shit"
2. Raise you beer or you fist to you forehead during the previous verse to indicate that you would like to sing the next verse
3. Never point at the next singer with you finger, point with your elbow
4. If there is more than one singer being pointed at which ever takes the lead will be the chosen. However, if the unchosen screws up their verse loud enough for someone to hear they may still be punished.
5. When singing a verse, **Don't** stop if you think you screwed up, if you sing it with authority the rest of the group may not notice.
6. If you screw up a verse you **MUST** shoot the boot
7. If you sing a verse already sung you **MUST** shoot the boot
8. If you are unable to finish the boot you **MUST** wear whatever is left
9. If you accuse someone of screwing up a verse and you are wrong you **MUST** shoot the boot
10. If a soloist has sung most of a song with out screwing it up and screws up a latter verse, the group may elect that they are not deserving of a boot, seeing as that they have more balls than most of the non-sing group
11. **If you don't have the balls to sing a verse yourself, you are not permitted to participate in any punishment due to the screw up of a verse.**

Reading of the Rules

(By Bruce)

Rule #1: NO puftas

Rule #2: I don't want to see anybody abusing the Aboes while anybody is watching.

Rule #3: NO puftas

Rule #4: There is no rule #4

Rule #5: NO puftas

Rule #6: I don't want to catch anybody NOT drinking.

This concludes the reading of the rules Bruce



God Bless America

(for the commies that don't know)

God Bless America
Land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with the light from above

From the mountains
To the prairies
To the oceans
White with foam

God bless America
My home sweet home
God bless America
My home sweet home

"The US has everything for them. They have tremendous athletes, great stadiums and money to spend on rugby. They need guidance and a lot of money from the IRB to have a decent program. But the IRB would rather put money into Germany's development than that of the US or Asia. They are afraid that the US will become successful and take the power base away from Europe."

-David Campese

I Don't Want To Join the Army

"An intelligent man is sometimes forced to be drunk to spend time with his fools."

Ernest Hemingway

CHORUS: I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather hang around Lovers Lane and Brown,
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't want a take it up me asshole,
I don't want me balloks shot away.
I'd rather stay in Akron, in merry, merry Akron,
And fornicate me fucking life away. oh blimey ...

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee, (high pitched repeat) on the knee
Wednesday night success, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday night I was singin' karaoke,
Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday I gave my love a twitch
on Sunday after supper, I rammed me fucker up 'er,
And now I'm paying alimony every week.

Call out the buggers in the royal marines
Call out the queen's artillery
Call out me mother, me sister and me brother
But for god's sake don't call me
Oh blimey

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather stay in Akron, in merry, merry Akron,
And fornicate me fucking life away. oh blimey ...



In Mobile

CHORUS: In mobile, In mobile
In mo, In mo, In mo, In mobile,
(Repeat last two lines of each verse)

there's a shortage of pint glasses in mobile
there's a shortage of pint glasses in mobile
there's a shortage of pint glasses cuz the dirty working classes
shove they glasses up their asses in mobile

There is fuckin' in the streets in mobile
There is fuckin' in the streets in mobile
There is fuckin' in the streets cuz they soiled all there sheets
So watch out what's on your feets in mobile

There's a hooker who's named Alice in mobile
There's a hooker who's named Alice in mobile
There's a hooker who's named Alice with her tits she has a phallus
And she'll fuck you with out malice in mobile

Oh the eagles they fly high In mobile.
Oh the eagles they fly high In mobile.
Oh the eagles they fly high and they shit right in your eye,
Thank the Lord that cows don't fly In mobile.

There's a man named Jonny Hunt In mobile.
There's a man named Jonny Hunt In mobile.
There's a man named Jonny Hunt and he thought he had a cunt,
Cuz his ass went back to front In mobile.

There's a shortage of good bogs in mobile.
There's a shortage of good bogs in mobile.
There's a shortage of good bogs so they wait until it clogs,
Cuz they fill'em up with logs in mobile.

There's a shortage of bogpaper in mobile
There's a shortage of bogpaper in mobile.
there's a shortage of bogpaper so they wait until it's vapor,
Then they light it with a taper in mobile.

There's a man by the name of Smith in mobile.
There's a man by the name of Smith in mobile.
There's a man by the name of Smith and he thinks that he can't sniff,
Foul odor from the syph in mobile.

Oh they teach the babies tricks in mobile.
Oh they teach the babies tricks in mobile.
Oh they teach the babies tricks and by the time that they are six,
The suck their father's pricks in mobile.

It's a fuck of a situation in mobile.
It's a fuck of a situation in mobile.
It's a fuck of a situation and they're sunk in masturbation,
For there ain't no fornication in mobile.

There's a shortage of good fucks in mobile.
There's a shortage of good fucks in mobile.
There's a shortage of good fucks but they have chickens geese and duck
And the key holes in their trucks in mobile.

There's a man named Best in mobile.
There's a man named Best in mobile.
There's a man named Best and he thought he had a breast,
But his balls were on his chest in mobile.

Oh the bishop is a bugger in mobile
Oh the bishop is a bugger in mobile.
Oh the bishop is a bugger and the cardinal is another,
So they bugger one another in mobile

There's a whore called Dirty Dinah in mobile.
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah in mobile.
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah and they say there's nothing finer,
Than a trip up her vagina in mobile.

There's a man named Brock in mobile
There's a man named Brock in mobile.
There's a man named Brock with a multi-colored cock,
Like a stick of candy rock in mobile.

Oh the girls they wear tin pants in mobile.
Oh the girls they wear tin pants in mobile.
Oh the girls they wear tin pants but they take them off to dance,
Everybody gets a chance in mobile.

There's a knot hole in the floor in mobile.
There's a knot hole in the floor in mobile.
There's a knot hole in the floor and they use it for a whore,
and some cocks are really sore in mobile

Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse in mobile
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse in mobile
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse and he thought it was a shithouse,
Now the lighthouse is a white house in mobile

Oh the ladies have big tits in mobile.
Oh the ladies have big tits in mobile.
Oh the ladies have big tits and they hang down to their clits,
And we munch them all to bits in mobile.

There's a curly pubic hair in my beer
There's a curly pubic hair in my beer
There's a curly pubic hair and it floats from here to there
And I drink cuz I don't care it's in my beer



Jonestown

(Sung to the tune of "Downtown")

CHORUS: Watch him mix the Kool-aid vat- so lethal.
Listen to the anguished cries of all the dying people.(aaaaahhhhhhhh)
Everyone dies
The Revs the most gracious host,
So lift up your glasses a toast to the masses
You're in Jonestown lift up your glasses high
Jonestown drink it up then you dies
Jonestown the kool-aid is waiting for you boys
Jonestown you boys Jonestown

When you're down and your broke and your religion's a joke,
Why don't you go and see -Jim Jones
When your life's incomplete there's only one man to meet,
Why don't you go and see -Jim Jones

There was Congressman Ryan on his mission of spyin'
But he would not drink - with Jim Jones.
It was such a public disgrace they had to blow off his face,
Because he would not drink - with Jim Jones.

First you cough and you wheeze and then you drop to your knees
from drinkin kool-aid with Jim Jones
Arrive back in the states decomposed in your crates
from drinkin kool-aid with Jim Jones

(chorus)

Jonestown sing it out once more loud Jones town Manson would sure be proud
Jonestown the kool-aid is waiting for you boys Jonestown you boys Jonestown

Jonestown and if you think that's great Jones town go and join the heavens gate
Jonestown the kool-aid is waiting for you boys Jonestown you boys Jonestown

Jonestown and if you think that's fun Jonestown join the branch Davidian
Jonestown the kool-aid is waiting for you boys Jonestown you boys Jonestown

Jonestown the Kool-aid is waiting for you

The Hairs of Her Dickey Diner

CHORUS:

½ sings: And the hairs of her dicky diner
½ sings: and the HHHHAAAAIIIIRRRSSSS
½ sings: And the hairs of her dicky diner
½ sings: and the HHHHAAAAIIIIRRRSSSS
½ sings: And the hairs of her dicky diner
½ sings: and the HHHHAAAAIIIIRRRSSSS
hung down to her knees.
Well there was a black one, and a white one
And one with a bit of shite on,
And one with a fairy light on
To show us the way.

The Mayor of Bridgewater
He has such a lovely daughter.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
She lives in a lighthouse
that looks like a fuckin whorehouse
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

CHORUS

I took her to a barber
to have them cut shorter,
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
She broke all of his scissor
with orgasmic Quivers
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

She married an Italian,
With balls like a fuckin stallion.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
She slept with a demon
who filled her with seamen
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

I've felt it, I've felt it,
It feels like a piece of velvet
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
I've seen it I've seen it
I've been in between it
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

On her first trip through Melbourne,
She strangled her firstborn.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
On a trip through Vladivostok,
She sampled a bit of horsecock.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

It's like going through a forest,
To find her clitoris.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
It would take a coal miner,
To find her vagina
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

I've touched it I've poked it,
I've rolled it up and smoked it.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
Her hearts all a flutter
at the thought of my man butter
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

She lives on a cattle ranch,
And shits like an avalanche.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
She sits on a mountain,
And pisses like a fountain.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

I've fucked it, I've sucked it
And even loose rucked it.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees
I licked it, I smacked it,
I even fly hacked it.
And the hairs of her dicky diner hung down to her knees

Balls To Your Partner

(The Ball Of Kerrymuir)

CHORUS: singing Balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall,
If you've never been laid on Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.

First lady forward
second lady back
third lady's finger
n 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

Four and twenty virgins,
Came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over
There were four and twenty less.

Four and twenty prostitutes
Came up from Glockamore,
And when the ball was over
They had all been double bore.

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

There was fucking in the hallways,
And fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music
For the swishing of the pricks.

They were fucking in the Barley.
They were fucking in the oats.
we were fucking women,
but (team you just played)were fucking goats.

There was fucking in the kitchen,
And fucking in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music for
The clanging of the balls.

There was fucking in the parlor,
And fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the mass of public hairs.

I put my head upon her lap,
and she put hers in mine.
We sucked a bit and licked a bit
that's called sixty-nine.

The parson's daughter she was there,
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her ass
And thistle up her cunt.

The village whore she was there,
Doing a great stunt
Stuck to the ceiling
By the suction of her cunt.

The village idiot he was there
Sitting on a pole
Pulled his foreskin over his head
And whistled though the hole.

Bobbin for the apples
it was fun to screw around
when the village idiot tried it
the stupid fucker drowned

The mayor's wife she was there
Lying on the floor
Every time she spread he legs
The suction closed the door

Mrs. Randle she was there
Sitting on the bed
weaving prophylactics
from a spool of rubber thread.

Willie Randle he was there
by the hotdog stand
with a grin upon his face
and his wiener in his hand

The village postman he was there
The poor man had the pox
Couldn't fuck the lassies
So he fucked a letter box.

Little Tommy he was there
He was only eight
To young to fuck the women
So he had to masturbate.

The blacksmith's brother he was there
A mighty stud was he
Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked 'em three-by-three.

The village hooker she was there
Feeling mighty fine
Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked 'em nine-by-nine.

The village rugger he was there
the mightiest of men
Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked em ten-by-ten.

The village magician he was there
doing his favorite trick
Pulling his foreskin over his head
And vanished in his prick.

The magicians daughter she was there
performing here favorite stunt
she put her head between her legs
and vanished up her cunt

The magicians monkey he was there
tryin to grab a tit
when he couldn't get his paw
on one he started flingin shit

Father O'Flanagan he was there
And in the corner he sat
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And catching it in his hat.

Dino had an even stroke
His skill was much admired
He gratified one cunt at a time
Until his skill expired.

Jock McVennig he was there
A looking for a fuck
But every cunt was occupied
And he was out of luck.

Michael Lee when he got the there
His prick was long and high
But when he fucked her forty times
He was fucking mighty dry.

The Chinese student he was there
tryin to get a ride
but all the cunts went up and down
instead of side to side

The village dogcatcher he was there
Proved he was no slouch
Went out and caught the neighbors dog
And fucked it on the couch.

The village gynecologist he was there
On a beaver hunt
Yankin off the ladies panties
And probing through their cunts.

The village dunce he was there
All alone he stands
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And using both his hands.

The bride was in the kitchen
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

The vicar and his wife were there,
Having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger
Up another lady's bun.

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

There was fucking on the couches,
There was fucking on the cots,
And lying up against the wall
Were rows of grinning twats.

Giles he played a dirty trick,
We cannot let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty prick
Then shoved it up her ass.

Mrs. O'Maley she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
A jumping off the mantelpiece
And bouncing off her tits.

Jackie Stewart did his fucking,
Right upon the moor,
It was, he thought, much better
Than fucking on the floor.

The huntsman's daughter she was there,
Tired from the hunt,
A wreath of roses around her ass
And a carrot up her cunt.

The village economist he was there,
His prick held in his hand,
Waiting for the moment when
Supply would meet demand.

The village blacksmith he was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score
With a piece of red hot wire.

The blacksmith's father he was there,
A roaring like a lion,
He'd cut his cock off in the forge
So he used his rod of iron.

The village butcher he was there,
Cleaver in his hand,
Every time he turned around
He circumcised the band.

The village virgin she was there,
All dressed in frilly pink,
She took the boys behind the fence
And made their fingers stink.

Willy Roberts he arrived,
His prick was all alert,
But when the night was done
"Twas dangling in the dirt."

The village veteran he was there,
His balls were made of brass,
And when he blew a fart, my lads,
The sparks flew out his ass.

Little Gules he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He kicked the singers in the balls
To make their voices higher.

The village leper he was there,
Sitting on a log,
Peeling foreskin off his cock
And feeding it to his dog.

The village builder he was there,
He brought his bag of tricks,
He poured cement in all the holes
And blunted all the pricks.

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't very much,
Took the girls behind the house
And fucked them with his crutch.

Wee MacGregor he was there,
His pint of beer he'd split,
It mingled with the semen
That was trickling down his kilt.

The village stable boy he was there,
The bastard was quite coarse,
We caught him in the stable
With his cock inside a horse.

The village parson he was there,
All dressed up in his shroud,
Swinging on the chandelier
Pissing on the crowd.

And when the ball was over,
What a sight to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads
A hanging from a tree.

The village harlot she was there,
Swingin' from the chandelier,
Spilling her menstrual juices
Into everybody's beer.

The pregnant lady she was there
oh how her belly hung
and every time you ate her out
a hand would grab your tongue

the village fortune teller he was there
climbin up the walls
he wanted a fuck but was outta luck
for he had two crystal balls.

All the boys they were there
They ran for at least a mile
Tryin to get away
from the village pedophile

the village pederast he was there
goin after all the boys
when they wouldn't take his candy
he tried enticing them with toys

the cripple boy he was there
he fell into the grass
the pedophile got him
and he shoved it in his ass

the parsons sister she was there
lookin rather grand
with a penis in her mouth
and one in either hand

The village cook he was there,
The bastard was quite crude,
They caught him in the kitchen
Masturbating in the food.

The Jersey girl was standin' there,
Her butt against the wall,
"Put your money on the table boys,
I'm goin' to do youse all!"

The parson's wife she was there,
And had everyone in awe,
Pulled her skirt above her head
And shouted, "FUCK me raw."

Sergeant Murphy he was there,
The pride of the police Force,
They caught him behind the barn
Jacking off his horse.

And when the ball was over,
everyone confessed,
they all enjoyed the dancin
But the FUCKING was the best.

*"When we drink, we get drunk. When we get drunk, we fall asleep. When we
fall asleep, we commit no sin. When we commit no sin, we go to heaven.
Sooooo, let's all get drunk and go to heaven!"
Brian O'Rourke*

The Wild Rover

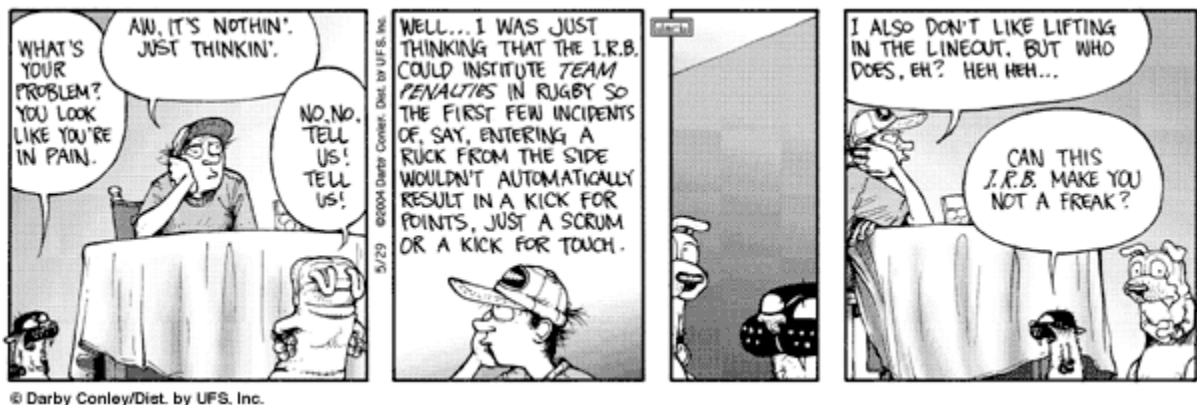
CHORUS: And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more.

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

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit she answered me nay
It's custom like yours I can have any day.

I reached in my pocket pulled three sovereigns bright
That the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
We have wine we have whisky and beers of the best
And the words she had spoken were only in jest.

I went to my parents, confessed what I'd done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
They caressed my addressed me as oft-times before
And I never will play the wild rover no more.



I Touched a Virgin

CHORUS: Get it in, get it out,
quit fuckin' about.
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

I touched a virgin on her toe, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her toe, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her toe she said,
"Hey rugger yer way too low."

I touched a virgin on her knee, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her knee, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her knee, she said,
"Hey rugger quit teasin'me."

I touched a virgin on her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her, she said,
"Hey rugger yer gettin' me high."

I touched a virgin on her tum, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her tum, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on tum, she said,
"Hey rugger that's not where you cum."

I touched a virgin on her clit, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her clit, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her clit, she said,
"Hey rugger get into my slit."

I touched a virgin on her breast, yo ho, yo ho
I touched a virgin on her breast, yo ho. yo ho.
I touched a virgin on her breast, she said,
"Hey rugger you're the best."

I touched a virgin on her tit, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her tit, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her tit, she said,
"Hey rugger get back in my slit"

I touched a virgin on her twat, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her twat, yo ho, yo ho,
I touched a virgin on her twat, she said,
"Hey rugger you're gettin me hot."

I stuck my dick in virgins butt, yo ho, yo ho.
I stuck my dick in virgins butt, yo ho, yo ho.
I stuck my dick in virgins butt
It smelled for a week from the fart that she cut

I stuck my dick in a virgins mouth, yo ho, yo ho,
I stuck my dick in a virgins mouth, yo ho, yo ho,
I stuck my dick in a virgins mouth, she said
"Mmmmmmmugh ... Mmmmmmmugh ... Mmmmmugh."

And now she lies in a wooden box, yo ho, yo ho,
And now she lies in a wooden box, yo ho, yo ho,
And now she lies in a wooden box, from suckin
To many rugby cocks, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho

We buried over at Fairlane, yo ho, yo ho,
We buried over at Fairlane, yo ho, yo ho,
We buried over at Fairlane, she tried
To pull a rugby train, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho

We dig her up every now and then, yo ho, yo ho,
We dig her up every now and then, yo ho, yo ho,
We dig her up every now and then, we fucked her once
We'll fuck her again yo ho. Yo ho, yo ho

The worms and maggots have eaten her through, yo ho, yo ho,
The worms and maggots have eaten her through, yo ho, yo ho,
The worms and maggots have eaten her through, but that's alright
There's more holes to screw yo ho, yo ho, yo ho

*"Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer.
Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does
not go nearly as well with pizza."*

-Dave Barry

Three Jumbo Ruggers

CHORUS: Three jumbo ruggers crossed the line,
 taboo, taboo
Three jumbo ruggers crossed the line,
 Taboo, taboo
Three jumbo ruggers crossed the line,
 They fucked the women and drank the wine,
Taby tabi tabuggerie i tabuggerie i taboo

They came upon a wayside inn,
Pissed on the door and kicked it in

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,
Lily-white tits and golden hair?

They tied her to a feathered bed,
Fucked her till she was nearly dead.

They drug her down a leafy lane,
Fucked her back to life again.

They took her up in an aeroplane,
Squeezed her tits and made it rain.

They fucked her up, they fucked her down,
They tucked her all around the town.

Now she lives in our town,
Sells her cunt for half a crown.

Seven months and all was well,
Eight months went and she started to swell.

Nine months went and she gave a grunt,
And a little white bugger popped out her cunt.

The little white bugger he grew and grew,
He fucked his mother and sister too.

The little white bugger went to hell,
He fucked the Devil , his wife as well

Seven Old Ladies

CHORUS: Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Seven old ladies locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Sunday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar,
They went in together, they thought it was quicker,
But the lavatory door was a bit of a sticker, And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,
And though she was known as a bit of a rover,
She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,
She found herself in a desperate pickle,
Locked in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel, And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
Who went in to pass some superfluous water,
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught her,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Abigail Humphrey,
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
And then she found out she could not get her bum free
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
Who was doing all right 'till a vagrant suspender
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender, And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,
She only sat down on a personal whim
But she somehow got pinched twixt the cup and the brim,
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,
Went in with a bottle to booze on the sly,
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,

Well the janitor came in the next Monday morning
And found to his horror without any warning
Seven young jonnys with old ladies adorning

Cockles and Mussels

CHORUS: Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o
Singing cockles and mussels
Alive, alive-o.

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

She was a fishmonger, but sure twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled the barrow, through streets broad and narrow
Singing 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
Her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

*"Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy."
-Benjamin Franklin*

Dinah

CHORUS: Dinah Dinah show us your leg, show us you leg, show us your leg,
Dinah Dinah show us your leg a yard above your knee

Some girls work in factories,
Some girls work in stores,
But Dinah works in a whorehouse,
With forty other whores.

I took her to the pictures,
We sat down in the stalls,
And every time the lights went out,
She grabbed me by the balls.

Dinah and I went fishing,
In a dainty punt,
And every time I hooked a fish,
She stuffed it up her cunt.

I wish I was a silver ring,
Upon my Dinah's hand,
And every time she scratched her cunt,
I'd see the promised land.

Dinah had a puppy,
Dinah had a duck,
She put them in the bathtub,
To see if they would fuck.

A rich girl has a bra,
A poor girl uses string,
but Dinah uses nothing at all,
She lets those bastards swing.

A rich girl uses Vaseline,
A poor girl uses lard,
Dinah uses axle-grease Because her cunt's so hard.

Dinah had a baby,
It was an awful shock,
She couldn't call it Dinah 'cos,
The bastard had a cock.

A rich girl uses Kotex,
A poor girl a sheet,
Dinah uses nothing at all,
She leaves a trail along the street.

Dinah had a boyfriend,
His name was Tommy Tucker,
He took her to the bushes,
To see if he could fuck her.

Dinah met a fisherman,
Fishing for some bass,
Instead of catching fish that day,
He got a piece of ass.

Dinah met a breakaway,
She liked the way he rucked,
The breakaway liked Dinah,
He liked the way she fucked

Dinah met a scrum half,
Sat down in his lap,
Dinah got the scrum half,
The scrum half got the clap.

A rich girl has a ring of gold,
A poor girl one of brass,
The only ring that Dinah has
Is the ring around her ass.(ding dong)

Dinah had two boyfriends,
Both bastards named Mitch,
One was a son of a baker,
The other was a son-of-a-bitch.

Dinah met a rugby team,
She liked the way they played,
The team they all liked Dinah,
They liked the way she laid.

A rich girl drives a limousine,
A poor girl drives a truck,
But the only ride that Dinah has,
Is when she has a Fuck.

A rich girl uses tampons,
A poor girl uses rags,
Dinah uses nothing at all,
Or shoves up burlap bags.



**"Hey, Mom! You got
any more of that
hot snatch Dad
was raving about
last night?"**

Anthony Claire

CHORUS: For they were large balls,
balls as heavy as lead.
With a dexterous twist of his muscular wrist,
He could flip'em right over his head.
De-dum de-dum de-dum de-dum
De-dum de-dum de-dum de-dum

Now, there was a man called Anthony Clair
He was a very fine jugulaire,
There wasn't a man who could compare
With the way he could fiddle and play with his balls.

Now, Anthony was walking down the street,
Just by chance he happened to meet,
A pretty young maid with a dog at her feet,
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.

Now, Anthony swung 'em round and round,
Let 'em go with a hell of a bound,
Right on the head of the faithful hound,
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.

Now, the maiden, she was overwrought,
Swore she'd take the case to court,
For in her opinion no man ought
To fiddle and play with his balls.

They took him to a magistrate,
Who put him in a cell in state,
And left him there to masturbate,
And fiddle and play with his balls.

And when they took the case to court,
The lawyer of the lady sought,
To prove that Anthony shouldn't ought,
To fiddle and play with his balls.

The jury said, "It's a bloody disgrace,
Exposing yourself in a public place,
Whacking your tool in a lady's face,
Twisting and playing with your balls."

The judge and jury couldn't agree,
And the judge said, "It's plain to me,
And really and truly I cannot see,
Why a man shouldn't play with his balls."

Then Anthony gave the crowd a shock,
Bold as brass he left the dock,
Swinging his balls around his cock,
Twisting and playing with his balls.

And this is the moral of this song,
If you play with your balls, you can't go wrong,
So bang your cock against the gong,
And fiddle and play with your balls.



The Alphabet Song

A is for Asshole all covered in shit

CHORUS: Heigh Ho said Rolly.

B is the Bastard that revelles in it

CHORUS: With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em,
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly.

C is for Cunt all dripping with piss,

D is the Drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for Eunuch with only one ball,

F is the Fucker with no balls at all.

G is for Gonorrhea, Goiter, and Gout,

H is the Harlot that spreads it about.

I is Injection for syphilis and itch,

J is the Jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is for King who thought tucking a bore,

L is the Lesbian who came back for more.

M is for your mother whose cunt's tattered and torn,

N is the Nun who got caught with dyke porn.

O is for Orifice now gently revealed,

P is the Prick with the foreskin back peeled.

Q is for the Quaker who shat in his hat,

R is the Roger who rogered the cat.

S is for Shitpot, all full to the brim,

T is the Turds that are floating within.

U is for Usher who taught us at school,

V is the Virgin who played with his tool.

W is for the Whore who thought fucking a farce,

and X, Y, Zed ... you can stuff up your arse.

Rugby Queen

(Sung to the tune of "Alouette")

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

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

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

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

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

Ski slope nose?
Blowjob lips?
Cum stained teeth?
Double chin?
Swinging tits?
Pot belly?
Clammy thighs?
Furry thing?

Leader: Is she going to show her tits?
Group: Yes she's going to show her tits.
All: Show your tits (until she does, Admire the boobs, then give 3 cheers)
(if she doesn't)
All: Just one nipple. (If she doesn't show anything, just give up and **don't** give here 3 cheers cuz she's a *dirty, dirty whore*)

The Tampax Factory

(Sung to the tune of "Caissons Go Rolling Along")

CHORUS: It's yippie yi yi Yee, in the tampax Factory,
Shout out your orders loud and clear.
Large, medium, small, Junior Miss, and family sized
For wherever you go, you will always know,
When the end of the month rolls along

(ALTERNATE CHORUS)

CHORUS: For It's yippie yi yi Yee, in the tampax Factory,
Shout out your orders loud and clear
We have Small! We have Large! We have rags to float a barge
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell from the stench that there's trouble in the trench,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell from the stink that your cock will come out pink,
When the end of the month rolls along

When she asks you for a dime, you will know it's her ragtime,
When the end of the month rolls along

When the sheets are all red, you will know you're getting' head,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell from the smell, that tonight's gonna be hell,
When the end of the month rolls along

When she fondles in her purse, you will know she's got the curse,
When the end of the month rolls along

When you see that little white string, you will know she's got that thing,
When the end of the month rolls along

Pull that string, rip that cord, open up the old flood door,
RUN FOR COVER, IT'S A BLOODY GUSHER.

You can tell by the rope that she's gonna tell you nope,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the smell that there's trouble in the well,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by her walk that you're gonna sit and talk,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the look that you shoulda read a book,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by her stance that you're only gonna dance,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the lump that you're only gonna dry hump,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the red that the best you'll get is head,
When the end of the month rolls along.

You can tell by the pad that you're not gonna be a dad,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by her legs that she's about to drop her eggs,
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the bed that her little pussy bled
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the chair that she has been sittin there
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the scratchin that her little eggs are hatchin
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the moanin that she's producein hemoglobin
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the smell that she isn't fellin well
When the end of the month rolls along

You can tell by the taste that it ain't tomato paste.
When the end of the month rolls along

Gang Bang

LEADER: Knock! Knock!

GROUP: Who's There?

LEADER: Orange.

GROUP: Orange who?

LEADER: Orange you glad we're going to have a gang bang

CHORUS: ... oh yes we Will,

Because a gang bang is a social a thrill.

When I was younger and in my prime,

I used to gang bang all the time.

But now I'm older and turning grey,

I only gang bang twice a day.

(Use this same basic format for other verses.)

Jewish.

Jewish who?

Jewish we had a gang bang...

Eisenhower.

Eisenhower who?

Eisenhower late for the gang bang...

Olive.

Olive who?

Olive a gang bang...

Lena.

Lena who?

Lena up against the wall, we're going to have a gang bang...

Thorough

Thorough who?

Thorough the bitch upon the floor so we can have a gang bang...

Gladiator

Glad he ate her out before the gang bang...

Orange

Orange ya glad you brought a rubber to the gang bang...

Jesus Christ

Jesus Christ is that your sister at the bottom of the gang bang...

Wilma

Will my finger do until I get a boner at the Gang bang...

Jimmy Carter

Jimmy caught her behind the bar so we could have a gang bang...

Ammonia

I'm only a little guy but I still like to gang bang...

Brittany Spears

Brittany speared me with here brand new titties at the gang bang

Barbwire

Barb wired her tits to a car battery to jumpstart the gang bang

Emerson

Emersome big titties at the bottom of the gang bang

Regan.

Regan who?

Reagn brought his own Bush to the gang bang.....

Banana.

Banana who?

Banana na na na na.....

Apple

Apple be enough of that banana na na na na.....

Pear

Pear haps I should have said Banana na na na na....

Orange.

Orange who?

Orange you glad I didn't say Banana. na na na na

Masturbation

Last night I had a fit of masturbation,
It did me good, I knew it would.
Tonight I will repeat the operation,
I'll do it twice because it's nice.

Wank it, spank it, throw it on the floor,
Tease it squeeze it, slam in the door.
Some people think that sexual intercourse is really rather grand
But for maximum enjoyment I prefer to use my hand

At first I started off with the long stroke
Right up and down, right up and down
And then I finished off with the short stroke
It'll tickle the ground, it'll tickle the ground

Wank it, spank it, throw it on the floor,
Tease it squeeze it, slam in the door.
Some people think that sexual intercourse is really rather grand
But for maximum enjoyment I prefer to use my hand



No Balls At All

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

Come all you drunkards, give ear to my tale,
This short little story will make you turn pale,
It's about a young lady - so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

How well she remembers the night they were wed,
She rolled back the sheets and crept into bed,
She felt for his prick, how strange, it was small,
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Mommy, oh mommy, oh pity my luck,
I've married a man who's unable to fuck,
His tool bag is empty, his screwdriver's small,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.

Daughter, my daughter, now don't be so sad,
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad,
There's many a man who'll come to the call,
Of the wife of the man who's got no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice,
An eleven pound baby was born in the fall,
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

The husband was joyous, got high as a kite,
The sight of that infant filled him with delight,
Though its head was too large, and its body too small,
The great thing about him - he had no balls at all.

*"When I read about the evils of drinking, I gave up reading."
-Henny Youngman*

Sing Us Another One Do (Mexican Pete)

CHORUS: That was a terrible song
So sing us another one
Just like the other one
So sing us another one do-oo

Alternate CHORUS: Aye, yi, Yi, Yi,
Your mother swims out to meet troop ships.(and catches them)
Your mother does squat thrusts on flagpoles.(and touches the ground)
Your mother does squat thrusts in cucumber patches.
Your mother does squat thrusts on fire hydrants.(and touches the ground)
They do it in China for chili.
They do it in Chile for china.
Your mother eats bat shit off cave walls.
Your mother thinks bedpans are soup bowls.
Your sister gives hand jobs on subways.
Your father gets cum in his mustache.
You brother beat's off in confession.
Your father smells little girl's bicycle seats.
Your sister does squat-thrusts on fireplugs.
Your sister could suck start a Harley
Your sister sucks flys through screen doors
Your father wears knee pads to gay bars
Your father refills cream doughnuts
Your sisters in love with a carrot
Your mother does squat thrusts in cucumber patchs
(or any other distasteful verse you can think of)

So let's have another verse
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willy.

Aye, yi, yi, yi
Rodriguez, the Mexican pervert.
He ate out his mother
And cornholed his brother,
And waltzed me around by my willy

There once was a man from Rangoon,
Whose farts could be heard to the moon.
When you'd least expect 'em,
They'd explode from his rectum,
With the force of a raging typhoon.

The jolly old Bishop of Birmingham,
He bugged 3 maids while confirming 'em,
As they knelt seeking God,
He excited his rod,
And pumped his episcopal sperm in'em.

There once was a man named Skinner,
Who took a young lady to dinner,
At quarter past ten it was in her,
Dinner, not Skinner,
Skinner was in her before dinner.

There once was a man from Boston,
Who drove around in an Austin,
There was room for his ass,
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young fellow from Leeds,
Who swallowed a package of seeds,
Great tufts of grass,
Sprouted out of his ass,
And his balls were covered with weeds.

There once was a lady from Peru,
Who filled her vagina with glue,
She said with a grin,
If they'll pay to get in,
They'll pay to get out of it too.

There was a couple named Kelly,
Who were stuck belly to belly,
Because of their haste,
They used library past,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young lady of Cheam,
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
She pulled down her knickers,
Likewise the vicar's,
And said, "How about it, old bean'?"

There once was a man from Racine,
Who built a big fucking machine,
Concave or convex,
It would fuck any sex,
Oh but what a bastard to clean.

There was a young German named Ringer
Who was screwing an opera singer,
Said he with a grin,
"Well, I've sure got it in!"
Said she, "It ain't your finger?"

There was a young lady named Hitchin,
Scratching her crotch in the kitchen,
Her mother said, "Rose,
It's the crabs I suppose?"
She said, "Yes and the buggers are itchin."

There was a young man of St. James,
Who indulged in the jolliest games,
He lighted the rim,
Of his grandmother's quim,
And made her piss through the flames.

There was a young woman named Wheeling
Who professed of no sexual feeling,
Until a cynic named Boris,
Nibbled at her clitoris,
Wheeling was scraped from the ceiling.

A hermit who had an oasis,
Thought it the best of all places,
He could pray and be calm,
'Neath a pleasant date palm,
While the lice on his penis ran races.

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty, men craned their necks at her,
One went so far,
As to wave from his car,
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

There once was a man from Nantuckett,
With a cock so long he could suck it,
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it."

Female apes were afraid of King Kong,
Since his wanger was exceedingly long,
Until a friendly giraffe,
Ate his yard and a half,
And ecstatically burst into song.

There was a young lady from Trent,
Who said she knew what it meant,
When he asked her to dine,
Private room, lots of wine,
She knew, she knew, but she went.

There once was a man from Madras,
Who balls were made from brass,
In windy Weather
They swung together,
And lightening shot out his ass.

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam,
For he knew in his mirth,
That on all of the earth,
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

A fellow whose surname was Hunt,
Trained his prick to do a stunt,
This versatile spout,
Could be turned inside out,
like a glove and be used as a cunt.

There once was a man from Kajowels,
Whose diet consisted of bowels,
When he couldn't get this,
He drank prostitute piss,
And scrapings from sanitary towels.

There was a woman from the Azores,
Whose body was covered with sores,
All the dogs in the street,
Would lick the green meat,
That hung down from her drawers.

That poor young fellow from Kent,
Whose cock was so exceedingly bent,
To save himself the trouble,
He shoved it in double,
And instead of coming he went.

There once was a man named Bruno,
About fucking sheep he do know,
Lambs are fine,
And rams are divine,
But Lamas are numero uno.

There was a young lady named Hilda,
Who went for a walk with a builder,
He knew that he could,
And he should, and he would,
So he did, and he damn near killed her.

A young man with passions quite gingery,
Tore a hole in his Sister's best lingerie,
He slapped her behind,
And made up his mind,
To add incest to insult and injury.

There was a young lady of Crewe,
Whose cherry a chap had got through,
Which she told to her mother,
Who fixed her another,
Out of rubber, red ink, and glue.

When a lecherous priest at Leeds,
Was discovered, one day in the weeds,
Astride a young nun,
He said, "Christ this is fun,
Far better than fondling one's beads."

There was a young lady of Twickerham,
Who regretted men had no prick in 'em,
On her knees everyday,
To her God she would pray,
To lengthen, strengthen, and thicken 'em.

There was a young girl named McCall,
Whose cunt was exceedingly small,
But the size of her anus,
Was something quite heinous,
It could hold seven cocks and one ball.

There was a young parson named Bings,
Who talked about women and things,
But his secret desire,
Was a boy in the choir,
With a bottom like jelly on springs.

There was a young man of high station,
Who was found by a pious relation,
Making love in a ditch,
To I won't say a bitch,
But a woman of no reputation.

There was a young girl of Detroit,
Who at fucking was very adroit,
She could squeeze her vagina,
To a pinpoint or finer,
Or open it out like a quoit.

There was a young maid from Mobile,
Whose cunt was made of blue steel,
She got her thrills,
From pneumatic drills,
And off-centered emery wheels.

There was a young nun from Siberia,
Endowed with a virgin interior,
Until an old monk,
Jumped into her bunk,
And now she's the Mother Superior.

There was a young Scot from Delray,
Who buggered his father one day,
Saying, "I like it rather,
To stuff it up father,
He's clean and nothing's to pay."

There was a young plumber of Lea,
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea,
She said, "Stop your plumbing,
There's somebody coming!" -
Said he, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was an old man of Dundee,
Who came home as drunk as could be,
He wound up the clock,
With the end of his cock,
And buggered his wife with the key.

There was a young man from Lynn,
Whose cock was the size of a pin,
Said his girl with a laugh,
As she fondled his shaft,
"This won't be much of a sin."

An elderly pervert in Nice,
Who was long past wanting a piece,
Would jack-off his hogs,
His cows and his dogs,
Till his parrot called the police.

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born,
And he wouldn't have been,
Had his father seen,
That the end of his rubber was torn.

The last time I dined with the King,
He did quite an unkingly thing,
While up on the throne,
He pulled out his bone,
And said, "If I play, will you sing?"

A comely young widow of Ransom,
Was ravished three times in a hansom,
When she cried out for more,
A voice from the floor,
Said, "Lady, I'm Simpson, not Sampson."

There once was a skater named Yeats,
Who attempted the splits while on skates,
But he fell on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless,
And now he is useless on dates.

From the depths of a crypt at St. Ciles,
Came a scream that resounded for miles,
Said the bishop, "Good gracious,
Has Father Ignatious
Forgotten the vicar has piles?"

There was an old Duke of Rockingham,
Who wrote a book on cunts and tucking 'em,
But a dirty old Turk,
Wrote a much better work,
On tits and 12 ways of sucking 'em.

There was a young girl from Yorkshire,
Who succumbed to her lover's desire,
She said, "Oh John, it's a sin,
But now that it's in,
Would you shove it a few inches higher?"

There was a young man from Brighton,
Who thought he had found a tight one,
He said, "Oh my love,
It fits like a glove."
She said, "But it's not in the right one."

There was a hermit from Behave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave,
She only had one tit,
And smelled like shit,
But think of the money he saved.

There was a man of New Treaver,
Who had intercourse with a beaver,
The result of his screw,
Was a birchbark canoe,
Three ducks and an Irish retriever.

The gay young Duke of Buckingham,
Stood on the bridge at Rockingham,
Watching the stunts,
Of the cunts midst the grunts,
And all of the pricks fucking 'em.

There was a student of Trinity,
Who popped his sister's virginity,
Buggered his brother,
Had twins by his mother,
And took double honor in Divinity.

There once was a young Dr. Zuck,
In his ears her nipples got stuck,
With his thumb up her bum,
He could hear himself come,
Thus inventing the telephone tick.

The three old witches of Kent,
Took a man into a tent,
The three dirty bitches,
They pulled down his britches,
And jumped on his cock til it bent.

There was a young man named Pete,
Who was a bit indiscreet,
He pulled on his wong,
Until it grew very long,
And dragged down a two lane street.

There was a young man from Stroud,
Who was screwing a girl in a crowd,
A man up in front,
Said, "Hmmm, I smell cunt."
Just like that, not very loud.

There was a young lawyer named Springer,
Got his testicles caught in the wringer,
He hollered with pain
As they went down the drain,
"From now on I'll just use my finger."

Coitus upon a cadaver,
Is the ultimate way you can have 'er,
Her inanimate state,
Means a man needn't wait,
And eliminates all the palaver.

There once was a chick named Alice,
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus,
When she got hot,
It finally went pop,
And they found her tits outside of Dallas.

There once was a girl from Nantuckett,
Who went to France in a bucket,
When she got there,
They asked for her fare,
She lifted up her dress and said fuck it.

I once knew a man named Magruder,
Who met a nude and he wooed her,
The nude thought it crude,
To be wooed in the nude,
But Magruder was shrewder and screwed her

There was a young girl from France,
Who jumped on a bus in a trance,
everyone fucked her,
except the conductor,
and he came twice in his pants.

A pansy by the name of Bloom,
Took a lesbian up to his room,
They talked the whole night,
As to who had the right,
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a young man named Mirkin,
Who kept on jerkin' his gherkin,
Said his wife to Mirkin,
"Your duty you're shirkin',
That gherkin's for firkin', not jerkin'."

A young man whose sight was myopic,
Thought sex an incredible topic,
So poor were his eyes,
That despite its great size,
His prick appeared microscopic.

I once knew a girl named Delores,
Who had a six-inch clitoris,
While singing a chorus,
Her voice was so hoarse,
I checked her ID and it said Boris.

I once knew a man from LaGrange,
His mind was completely deranged,
In playgrounds he hung,
Looking at ten year old bung,
This was his home on the range.

There was a girl from Cape Cod,
Who thought babies were from God,
But 'twas not the Almighty,
Who hiked up her nightie,
'Twas Roger, the dodger, by God.

There once was a man named Hans,
Who planted an acre of cunts,
When in the fall,
They came up pubic hairs and all,
Hans ate cunts for months.

There was a young lady named Duff,
With a lively, luxuriant muff,
In his haste to get in her,
One eager beginner,
Lost both his balls in the rough.

There was a young man of Kildare,
Fucking a girl on the stairs,
The bannister broke,
But he doubled his stroke,
And finished her off in midair.

I once knew a man named Peese,
It was said he was quite a tease,
But along came Jan,
Who spread him some ham,
And together they made some cheese.

There was a young Turkish cadet,
And this is the damndest one yet,
His tool was so long,
And incredibly strong,
He could bugger six Greeks en brochette

There was a dentist Malone,
Who fondled a girl patient alone,
But in his depravity,
He filled the wrong cavity,
And my how his practice has grown.

There once was a man named O'Dool,
Who had an enormous tool,
He'd use it to plow,
Or diddle a cow,
Or as a cue stick at pool.

There once was a man from Shirute,
Who had warts all over his root,
He put acid on these,
And now when he pees,
He fingers his dick like a flute.

There was a soldier from Kildare,
Who fondled a girl in his chair,
At the sixty-third stroke,
The chair done broke,
And his gun went off in the air.

There once was a vampires named mable
Whose period was exceedingly stable
By the light of the moon
she pulled out a spoon
And drank her self under the table

There once was a lady named dot
who lived off of pig shit and snot
When she couldn't get these
She ate the green cheese
that she scraped off the sides of her twat

Another girl from Peru
Had nothing whatever to do
So she sat on the stairs
And counted cunt Hairs
Four thousand three hundred and two

There once was a man from Peru
Who fell asleep while in a canoe
He played with his penis
While he dreamed of venus
And woke with a hand full of goo

Beer Styles - The three major beer styles are lagers, ales, and specialty beers. Specialty beers are brewed with various non-standard ingredients.

The Boot Shooting Song

(Chanted)

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
He's no fucking good at all
He ought to be publicly pissed on.
He ought to be publicly shot. Bang! Bang!
And left in a public urinal,
To lie there and fester and rot.
His father was a eunuch,
He only had one ball
If it wasn't for the hole in the rubber
He'd never been born at all
So he said "how bout a good night fuck"
And she said "**good night fuck**"
You're an asshole
Your 're an asshole
Yes you are
Yes you are
You're a fuckin asshole
You're a fuckin asshole
Yes you are
So drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker Drink!
So drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker Drink
Why are we waiting
We could be masturbating
Why are we waiting for you to drink

Victory Song

We don't play for adoration,
We don't play for victory.
We just play for recreation,
15 drunken sods are we
Balls to _____.
Balls to _____.
We won't play you anymore.
We won't play you anymore.

Zulu Warriors

CHORUS: Zulu warriors warriors!
Mighty, mighty warriors,
We are big
We are strong
We have guns
And we can dance

Zulu warrior
mighty mighty warrior
he Came upon a mountain
A mighty mighty mountain
Couldn't go over it Couldn't go around it
So he Had to go through it!

Zulu warrior
mighty mighty warrior
he Came upon a river,
A mighty mighty river
Couldn't swim over it Couldn't swim around it
So he Had to swim through it

Zulu warrior
mighty mighty warrior
he Came upon a ____ rugby player
A mighty mighty ____ rugby player
Couldn't go over him Couldn't go around him
So he Had to go through him

Zulu warrior
mighty mighty warrior
he Came upon a girl
A pretty pretty girl
Didn't want to go around her Didn't want to go over her
So he Had to go through her

Zulu warrior
mighty mighty warrior
has to get naked
has to get naked **NOW**

Toast To The Ladies

Here's to the breezes that blow through the trees
That lifts the girls' skirtses way above their knees
And little rugger seeses and does how he pleases
An thats how we get the social diseases

Toast To the Dog

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

Sunshine Mountain

We're walkin up sunshine mountain,
Where the four winds blow.
We're walkin up sunshine mountain,
Where I do not know
Turn your back upon all your troubles reach up to the sky
We're walkin up sunshine mountain,
You and I.

(Repeat about 500 times.)

Rat Shit

Rat shit, bat shit, dirty little twat
69 cunt hairs tied in a knot
Eat me, suck me, nibble gobble chew
We're Akron rookies so
FUCK YOU!!!!!!

The Sloop John B

We put on the sloop john b
My grand pappy and me
Around Nassua town we did roam
Drinkin all night
Got in to a fight
I feel so broke up, I want to go home
Why wont you let my go home
I feel so broke up I want to go home

CHORUS:

½ sing: so hoist up the john b sail
(other ½ follows half way through)
see how the mail sail set
call for the captain ashore
and let me go home
(together)
I want to go home
Why wont you let me go home
I feel so broke up, I want to go home (to Akron to Akron to Akron)

The first mate he got drunk
He broke in the captains trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why wont you let me go home
I feel so broke up, I want to go home

The cook he caught the fit
He threw away all of my grits
And then he went and he ate up all of my corn
Sheriff John Stone
Why wont you let me go home
I feel so broke up I want to go home

(Final Chorus)

Chorus:

This is the worst trip
I've ever been on
(to _____ to _____ to _____)

Akron's Lament

Scrum halves and centers and forwards all, too.
Thumbs up their assholes with fuck-all to do.
Drinking our beer in the company of fools.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
'Tis Akron's Lament.

The first thing we ask for, we ask for is beer.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious beer.
If we can have one beer, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a brewery? (*repeat 2 more times*)
'Tis Akron's Lament.

The next thing we ask for, we ask for is pot.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious pot.
If we can have one joint, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a acre? (*repeat 2 more times*)
'Tis Akron's Lament.

The next thing we ask for, we ask for is coke.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious coke.
If we can have one sniff, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we have a snow storm? (*repeat 2 more times*)
'Tis Akron's Lament.

The next thing we ask for, we ask for is drugs.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious drugs.
If we can have one drug, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a pharmacy? (*repeat 2 more times*)
'Tis Akron's Lament.

The last thing we ask for, we ask for is girls.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious girls.
If we can have one girl, why can't we have ten'?
Why can't we own a whorehouse? (*repeat 2 more times*)
'Tis Akron's Lament.

If I Were The Marrying Kind

CHORUS: If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would be...

...WOULD BE A RUGBY FULLBACK.

I'd find touch, you'd find touch,
We'd both find touch together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Finding touch together

...WOULD BE A RUGBY HOOKER.

I'd strike hard, you'd strike hard,
We'd both strike hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Striking hard together.

...WOULD BE AN INSIDE CENTER.

I'd pass it out, you'd pass it out,
We'd both pass it out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Passing it out together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY REFEREE.

I'd fuck up, you'd fuck up,
We'd both fuck up together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Fucking up together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY PROP.

I'd support a hooker, you'd support a hooker,
We'd both support a hooker together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Supporting a hooker together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY FLY-HALF.

I'd whip it out, you'd whip it out,
We'd both whip it out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Whipping it out together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SCRUM-HALF.

I'd put it in, you'd put it in,
Wed both put it in together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Putting it in together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY HALF-TIME ORANGE.

I'd get sucked, you'd get sucked,
We'd both get sucked together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Getting sucked together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR on a sunny day sir.

I'd come again, you'd come again,
We'd both come again together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Coming again together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SECOND ROW.

I'd push hard, you'd push hard,
We'd both push hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Pushing hard together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY GROUNDSKEEPER.

I'd trim bush, you'd trim bush,
We'd both trim bush together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Trimming bush together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY GROUNDSKEEPER number two sir.

I'd do lines, you'd do lines,
We'd both do lines together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, doing lines together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY TICKET TAKER.

I'd punch holes, you'd punch holds,
We'd both punch holes together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Punching holes together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR IN THE RAIN.

I'd wear rubbers, you'd wear rubbers,
We'd both wear rubbers together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Wearing rubbers together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY NUMBER EIGHT MAN.

I'd sniff ass, you'd sniff ass,
We'd both sniff ass together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Sniffing ass together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY GOAL POST.

I'd stand erect, you'd stand erect,
We'd both stand erect together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Standing erect together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY ASSISTANT GROUNDSKEEPER.

I'd fill holes, you'd fill holes,
We'd both fill holes together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night, Filling holes together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY REFEREE'S WHISTLE.

I'd get blown, you'd get blown,
We'd both get blown together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Getting blown together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY TOUCH LINE.

I'd get laid, you'd get laid,
We'd both get laid together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Getting laid Together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY PARTIER.

I'd keep it up, you'd keep it up,
We'd both keep it up together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Keeping it up together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY WING-FORWARD.

I'd come early, you'd come early,
We'd both come early together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Cumming early together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY WING.

I'd come hard, you'd come hard,
We'd both come hard together,
We'd be alright in the-middle of the night, coming hard together.

...WOULD BE ANOTHER RUGBY WING.

I'd never get it, you'd never get it,
We'd both never get it together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Never getting it together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SECOND ASSISTANT GROUNDSKEEPER.

I'd grow grass, you'd grow grass,
We'd both grow grass together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, grow grass together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR FROM 100 MILES AWAY.

I'd eat out, she'd eat out,
We'd both eat out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Eating out together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY BOOT.

I'd come in a box, she'd come in a box,
We'd both come in a box together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Coming in a box together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY FULLBACK NUMBER TWO.

I'd kick balls, she'd kick balls,
We'd both kick balls together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Kicking balls together.

Gotta love the lil' Ruggers



I Used To Work In Chicago

CHORUS:I used to work in Chicago
In a department store.
I used to work in Chicago
I don't work there any more.

A woman came for a dress,
A jumper from the store
A jumper she said so jump her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a card,
A card from the store,
A poker she said so poke her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a dog.
A dog from the store
A cocker she said so cock her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for some shoes
Some shoes from the store
A slipper she said so slip her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a cake,
A cake from the store
A layer she said so lay her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a ball,
A ball from the store
A rubber she said so rub her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for some booze
Some booze from the store
Liquor she said so lick her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for hardware,
hardware from the store
A screw she said so screw her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a girdle,
A girdle from the store
tight she said, and tight she was,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a pet,
A pet from the store
"A pussy!" she said, I took the hint,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a hat,
A hat from the store
"Felt!" she said, so felt her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a ticket,
A ticket from the store
"Bangor!" she said, so bang her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for some dairy,
Some dairy from the store
"Cream!" she said, and cream on her I did
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a screen door
A screen door from the store
A screen door she wanted, and slammed she got
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a front door
A front door from the store
A front door she wanted, in the back door she got it
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a chicken
A chicken from the store
chicken she said, my cock she got
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a screw driver
A screwdriver from the store
Screw driver she said, drilled she got,
I don't work there anymore.

*"I feel sorry for people who don't drink. When they wake up in the morning,
that's as good as they're going to feel all day."
-Frank Sinatra*



My God How The Money Rolls In

(Sung to the tune of "Bring Back My Bonnie")

CHORUS: My God how the money rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp, and thin,
He only does one operation,

.
My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin,
She doesn't ask where they finish,

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
His business is in holes and in tin,
He'll plug your hole for a tanner,

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a shilling she strips to the skin,
She's stripping from mom to midnight,

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a guinea,

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,
Every night when the evening grows dim,
She hangs out a little red lantern,

My granddad sells cheap prophylactics,
And punctures them all with a pin,
For grandma gets rich from abortions,

My uncle is carving out candles,
From wax that is surgically soft,
He hopes it'll fill up the gap,

I've lost all me cash on the horses,
I'm sick from the illicit gin,
I'm falling in love with my father,
My God what a big mess I'm in.

Sometimes when I reflect back on all the beer I drink I feel ashamed. Then I look into the glass and think about the workers in the brewery and all of their hopes and dreams. If I didn't drink this beer, they might be out of work and their dreams would be shattered. Then I say to myself, "It is better that I drink this beer and let their dreams come true than be selfish and worry about my liver."

-Jack Schitt

The S&M Man

(Sung to the tune of "The Candy Man")

CHORUS: The S&M man,
The S&M man.
The S&M man,
'Cause he mixes it with love,
and Makes the hurt feel good,
The hurt feel good.

Who can take two ice picks,
(ALL REPEAT)
And stick them in her ears?
(ALL REPEAT)
Rev her up like a Harley and drive her in the rear.
(THIS BEING THE BASIC FORMAT, SING THE FOLLOWING VERSES.)

Who can take a little boy,
And entice him into his car?
Fill 'm full of ludes and let him loose in a gay bar.

Who can take some thumbtacks,
And spread them on the dance floor?
Make' his bitches dance barefoot 'till their feet are bloody and sore.

Who can take a butcher knife,
And wave it to and fro?
Cut off a little finger and see if it will grow.

Who can take a chicken,
And spread its little legs?
Reach up inside and pull out a dozen eggs.

Who can take a slingshot,
And two coconuts?
Then bend you over chair and shoot 'em up your butt.

Who can take a chainsaw
Cut the bitch in two
Save one half for me to fuck and give the other half to you

Who can take a baby
Throw it off a cliff
Run down and fuck it before it gets too stiff

Who can take a girl scout
Beat her black and blue
Steal all her cookies and fill her mouth with goo

Who can take fetus
Pick it up with tongs
Pack it in a bowl and smoke it in a bong

Who can take another chainsaw
Ram it in her hole
Fire the fucker up and make vagina casserole

Who can take a cheese grater
Strap it to his arm
Run it in and out and make pussy parmesan

Who can take bicycle
Take off the seat
Put his sister on it and send her down a bumpy street

Who can take another baby
Lay it on the bed
And fuck the soft spot on the top of its head

Who can take his grandma
Roll her on the lawn
Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her 'til grandpa cheers you on

Who can take another grandma
And her walking cane
Ram it up her ass and scramble up her brain

Who can take some faggots
Throw'em on a truck
Send them down to (who ever you played) so they have someone to fuck

Who can take pregnant lady
Sew up her slit
Jump on her stomach and abort the little shit

Who can take another baby
Lay it on the bed
Push its cheeks together and make it give you head

Who can take glass rod
Slide it up his prick
Lay it on the table and slam it with a brick

Who can take an incest victim
Take her on a date
Dress up like her Father and make her masturbate

Who can take priest
Bend him over a pew
Fuck him in the ass 'til he wish he were a Jew

Who can take a fat girl
Cut off her tit
Sew it to her ass and watch a tit shit

Who can take sorority girl
Dress her up in lace
Fuck her in the as then punch her in the face

Who will run through jagers,
Ripping up his flesh,
And turn right around,
And repeat the bloody mess?

Who can take a hammer,
Shove it up her twat,
Move it back and forth,
Til he finds her G-spot,

Who can take a hammer,
Wave it overhead,
And slam it on his pecker,
Til he wishes he were dead?

Who can take some sandpaper,
Gotta be 50 grit,
Rub it back and forth,
Til she has a bleeding clit?

Who can take an old wood saw,
Rusty, but still cuts,
Saw it back and forth,
Til he cuts off both his nuts?

Who can take his willy,
Slam it in a door,
Slam it back and forth,
Til he can't pee anymore?

Who can take another chainsaw,
Rev it up on high,
Shove it up her arse,
Just to hear her scream and sigh?

Who can take a razor,
And no shaving cream,
Scrape her pussy bald,
While he listens to her scream?

Who can take a sander,
Make sure it's Black and Decker,
Rub it up and down,
Until you've got a bleeding pecker?

Who can take a mallet,
Claim that he's a stud,
Smash it on his pecker,
Till it starts to ooze blood?

Who can take a young girl,
Turn the lights down low,
Flip on the video camera,
And make like Rob Lowe?

Who would use machinery,
To masturbate at work,
Rip off his left testis,
And pretend it didn't hurt?

Who can take some fiberglass,
Wrap it round his pud,
Shove it up her arse,
Til she's shitting chunks of blood?

Who can take a light bulb,
Shove it up her arse,
Fuck her up the rear,
Til she's shitting chunks of glass?

Who can take just two bricks,
Take one in each hand,
Bang them on his balls,
Like the cymbals in the band?

Who wears pants with zippers,
And no underwear,
Then pulls them up and down,
And rips out his pubic hair?

Who can take a bottle,
Shove it up your ass,
And hit it with a hammer,
And line your ass with glass?

Who can take your scrotum,
Stick it with a pin,
Hang on a bunch of weights,
Till it drags down to your shins?

Who can take your penis,
Feed it to a whore,
Then slam it in a door,
So you can't fuck no more?

Who would take a condom,
Put pepper in the ring,
Use it on the wife,
'Cause she twitches when it stings?

Who takes jumper cables,
Clamps one on each tit,
Starts up the car,
And electrocutes the bitch?

Who would take your kiddies,
Out to a picnic binge,
Put them on the fire,
And watch the fuckers singe?

Who would put a kid's hand,
In a socket on the wall?
because It's nice when they jerk,
against his balls?

Who gives children candy,
Takes them round the block,
And rips up their innards,
With the ramming of his cock?

Who can take some clothes pegs,
Hang his girlfriend by her nipples,
Leave the bitch just hanging,
Til her tits are nearly tripled?

Who can take a Doberman,
Let him do a show,
Let him fuck your girlfriend,
While he takes a video?

Who can take a hair curler,
Turn it up on high,
Stick it in her cunt,
And listed to her fry?

Who can take his penis,
Put it in a door,
Slam it real hard,
And scream MORE MORE MORE?

Who can find some newlyweds,
Sneak into their room,
Fuck the bride in bed,
And sodomize the groom?

Who can take a baby,
Throw it on a pile,
And fuck it up its ass,
Sish-ka-bob style?

Who can take a vagina,
Suck out all the yeast,
Spit it out into some dough,
And serve bread at the Easter feast?

Who can take a puppy,
Hold it by the ears,
Fuck it in the ass,
Until it sheds those puppy tears?

Who can take a vice clamp.
Clamp it on a tit
Squeeze the sucker down
Till it pops just like a zit?

Who can take a transient
Rip out one of his eyes
Skull fuck the bastard
While he listens to his cries?

Who can take a Coke bottle
Shove it up her ass
Kidney punch the bitch
Until she's shitting blood and glass?

SONG ENDERS:

Who can take a pregnant woman,
Fuck her til she's dead,
Leave his dick inside her,
Til the fetus gives him head?

Who can go to the abortion clinic,
Sneak around the back,
Root around the dumpster,
And find a tasty snack?

Who can take a little girl,
Before she's on the rag,
Fuck her till she's dead,
And then toss her in a bag?

Who can take another abortion clinic
Walk right in the front
Spread the bitch's legs and eat the fetus from her cunt

"Everybody is somebody's weirdo"

I Wish All the Ladies

Leader: I wish all the ladies

(Repeated by the unwashed mass): I wish all the ladies

Leader: Were like trees in the forest

(Repeated by the unwashed mass): were like trees in the forest

Leader: And I were a lumber jack

(Repeated by the unwashed mass): and I were a lumber jack

Leader: I'd split their clitoris

(Repeated by the unwashed mass): I'd split their clitoris

Chorus: Hey heyyyyyyyyyyy bob a rebob

Hey heyyyyyyyyyyy pass the reefer

I wish all the ladies

Were like clouds in the sky

And I were an airplane

Between their thighs I'd fly

I wish all the ladies

Were like pies on a shelf

And I were the baker

I'd eat them all myself

I wish all the ladies

Were like holes in the road

And I were a dump truck

I'd fill'em with my load

I wish all the ladies

were like fish in a pool,

And I was a shark

with a waterproof tool.

I wish all the ladies

were like chocolate sundays,

And I was a spoon

I would dip in their undies.

I wish all the ladies
were like fish in the ocean,
And I was a whale
so I could show them the motion.

I wish all the ladies
were like bricks in a pile,
And I was a mason
so I could lay them in style.

I wish all the ladies
were like mares in the stable,
And I was a stallion
so I could show them I'm able.

I wish all the ladies
Were like cows in the pasture,
And I was a bull
so I could fill them with rapture.

I wish all the ladies
like fish in the brookie,
And I was a trout
so I could get me some nookie.

I wish all the ladies
were like winds on the sea,
And I was a sail
so I could have them blow me.

I wish all the ladies
were like B-29's,
And I was a jet
so I could buzz their behinds.

I wish all the ladies
were like diamonds and rubies,
And I were a jeweler
so I could polish their boobies.

I wish all the ladies
were like coals in the stoker,
And I were a fireman
so I could shove in my poker.

I wish all the ladies
were like statues of Venus,
And I was a sculptor
with a petrified penis.

I wish all the ladies
were like little white rabbits,
And I were a hare
to teach them bad habits.

I wish all the ladies
were like telephone poles,
And I were a squirrel
to stuff nuts in their holes.

I wish all the ladies
were like little red foxes,
And I were a hunter
so I could shoot up their boxes.

I wish all the ladies
were like bats in a steeple,
And I were a bat
so there'd be more bats than people.

I wish all the ladies
were like bells in a tower,
And I were a clapper
to bang by the hour.

I wish all the ladies
were like pieces of pie,
And I were a fork so
I would fork till I die.

I wish all the ladies
were like small desert cactus,
And I were a pin,
I would prick theirs for practice.

We sing long,
we sing loud,
we sing all about it,
But only because we've been doing without it.

" Yeah, I just threw up too. Wanna get another pitcher."

*Charlie M., not letting a little regurgitation get in the way of the beautiful dream at the
Streets of London Pub*

It's the Same the Whole World Over

CHORUS: It's the same the whole world over; it's the poor what gets the blame;
It's the rich what gets the pleasure; ain't it all a fucking shame.

(or)

It's the same the whole world over; it's the pack which gets the blame;
It's the backs who get the glory; ain't it all a fucking shame.

She stood on the bridge at midnight,
picking blackheads from her crotch,
She said, "Sir, I've never had it."
He said, "No, not fucking much!"

She stood on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing snowballs at the moon,
She said 'Sir, I've never had it."
But she spoke too fucking soon.

She stood on the bridge at midnight
Looking at a distant punt (that's a boat)
She had a kitten with her
licking discharge from her cunt

She stood on the bridge at midnight
She was looking rather good
She had a puppy with her
Licking up her menstrual fluid

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim,
First he fucked her, then he left her
And she had a child by him.

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his wenching
Sips her gin inside a pub.

Then she came to London City,
Just to hide her bleeding shame,
But a politician fucked her
And put her on the streets again.
See him in the House of Commons,

Passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil
Walks the streets at night in shame.

See him riding in a carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage
At the mercy of syphilitic hands.

See him sitting at the theatre,
In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

She sees him seated in his Rolls Royce,
Driving homeward from the hunt,
He got riches from his marriage
She got sores upon her cunt.

See her stand in Piccadilly,
Offering up her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined
And the cause of all is him.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Looking down with-baited breath,
"A plague upon all cowards,"
She cried falling to her death.

It was on the bridge at midnight,
Where the rich man met his fate,
Her curse had found her coward
And he was doomed to masturbate.

They dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes the wrung,
They thought that she was drowned
Till her corpse got up and sung.

Then there came a wealthy pimp,
Marriage was the tale he told,
She had no one else to take her
So she sold her soul for gold.

The Old Cowpoke

The old cowpoke lit up his smoke
And cursed the desert heat
While riding on his trusty horse
He stopped to beat his meat
A slant-eyed bitch
came walking down that long and dusty trail
he slapped her on the ass and said
How 'bout a piece of tail

Chorus: Yippee yi yo
Yippee yi ay ay ay ay
Those fuckers in the sky
Yippee yi yo
Yippee yi ay ay ay ay
Those fuckers in the sky

Her tits were big and bouncy
Her box alive with crabs
He threw her to that desert floor and started takin' stabs
She bitched she moaned she screamed and shout
And then there was a crack
She kicked right between the legs
And split his fuckin' sack

Chorus

He picked him self up off the floor
And gave that bitch a smack
And with his trusty cowboy boot
He kicked her in the crack
He whipped her with his pistol
He pissed between her eyes
The moral of the story is
DON'T FUCK WITH RUGBY GUYS

Jesus Can't Play Rugby

(Sung to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

CHORUS: Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
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 cuz he only has 12 men
Jesus can't play rugby cuz he only has 12 men
Jesus can't play rugby cuz he only has 12 men

Jesus can't play rugby cuz his scrum caps full of thorns

Jesus can't play rugby cuz his toe spike is illegal

Jesus can't play rugby cuz his dad'll fix the game

Jesus can't play rugby cuz his mother was a virgin

Jesus can't play rugby cuz he's stuck behind a rock

Jesus can't play fly half cuz he's got hole in his hands

Jesus can't play fullback cuz he can't block out the sun

Jesus can't play touch judge, cause His arms they point both ways,

Jesus can't play in tournaments cuz he takes three days to heal

Jesus can't kick for touch, cuz His feet are nailed together,

Jesus can play rugby cuz he turns water into wine

Please lord were only kidding

If God is all about love, then why are there sexually transmitted diseases?

Yogi Bear

I know some one you don't know
Yogi, Yogi
I know some one you don't know
Yogi, Yogi Bear
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
Yogi, Yogi Bear
I know some one you don't know
Yogi, Yogi Bear

Yogi has a little friend
Boo Boo, Boo boo
Yogi has a little friend
Boo boo, boo boo bear
Boo boo, boo boo bear,
Boo boo, boo boo bear
Yogi has a little friend
Boo boo, boo boo bear

Yogi has a girlfriend
Cindy, Cindy
Yogi has a girlfriend
Cindy, Cindy Bear
Cindy, Cindy Bear
Cindy, Cindy Bear
Yogi has a girlfriend
Cindy, Cindy Bear

Cindy likes it on the fridge
Polar, polar
Cindy likes it on the fridge
Polar, polar bear

Cindy likes it upside down
Koala, Koala
Cindy likes it upside down
Koala, Koala bear

Cindy's into whips and chains
Kinky, kinky bear

Cindy likes it black or white
Panda, panda bear

Cindy doesn't shave her pubes
Grizzly, grizzly bear

Cindy likes it in the ass
Brown bear, brown bear

Yogi likes to steal picnic baskets
Klepto, klepto bear

Yogi likes to do fat lines
Hyper, hyper bear

Yogi likes to do mushrooms
Trippin', trippin' Bear

Yogi has a nine inch cock
Lucky, lucky bear

Yogi has a twelve inch cock
Black bear, black bear

Yogi has a two foot cock
Liar, liar bear

Cindy missed her period
Worried, worried
Boo Boo's a worried bear

Boo boo takes in the ass
Sumthin' sumthin' he can't bear

Yogi has as enemy
Ranger, Ranger Smith

Ranger Smith has no friends
Loser, loser Smith

Ranger smith died of AIDS
Worried, worried Boo Boo's a worried bear

A Man Named John

(sung to the tune of the Beverly Hillbilly's)

Here's a little story 'bout a man named John
A poor ex-marine with a little fraction gone
Then one night after getting' with the wife
She lopped of his shlong with the swipe of a knife
(spoken) penis that is, schwank, dick

Well the next thing you know there's a Ginseu by his side
And Lorena's in the car takin willie for a ride
She soon got tired of her purple headed friend
And tossed him out the window as she rounded a bend
(spoken) curve that is, Pricker shrubs and wheel hubs

She went to the cops and confessed to the attack
And they called out the hounds just to get his weenie back
They sniffed and they barked and they pointed over there
To John Wayne's henry wavin' in the air
(spoken) By a fence, Evidence

They wrapped it up in ice and took it to a doc
To see if he could fix John's separated cock
A needle and a thread are the things I'm gonna need
And the world held it's breathe 'till they heard that Johnny peed
(spoken) stitched seam, straight stream

Well he healed and he hardened and he took his case to court
With a cock eyed lawyer cuz his assets came up short
They cleared her of assault and acquitted him of rape
And his pecker was the only one they didn't show on tape
(spoken) video that is, unexposed, case closed

Bestiality's Best

(Sung to the tune of "Wallaby Song")

CHORUS: Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's best.

Fuck a wallaby!

Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's best.

Fuck a wallaby!

Blow your rocks in an ox boys, blow your rocks in an ox.

Fuck a wallaby!

Blow your rocks in an ox boys, blow your rocks in an ox.

Fuck a wallaby!

In the spunk of a skunk boys, in the spunk of a skunk.

Fuck a wallaby!

In the spunk of a skunk boys, in the spunk of a skunk.

Fuck a wallaby!

In the rear of a deer boys, in the rear of a deer.

Fuck a wallaby!

In the rear of a deer boys, in the rear of a deer.

Fuck a wallaby!

Blow your load in a toad

Stick you log in a dog

In the back of a Yak

Stick your prick in a tick

Get a fuck from a duck

Get some tail from a snail

"As she lay there dozing next to me, one voice inside my head kept saying, "Relax... you are not the first doctor to sleep with one of his patients," but another kept reminding me, "Howard, you are a veternarian."

--Dick Wilson

Father Abraham

CHORUS: Father Abraham had seven sons
And seven sons had father Abraham
And they never laughed and they never cried
All they did was go like this

With a:

Right (shake your right hand)

(as you sing, add the next verses one at a time after you've repeated all previous verses sung. Add the chorus after the new verse has been sung verse)

And a Left (shake your left hand)

And right (shake your right leg)

And a left (shake your left leg)

And a hop

And a squat

And a deeeep thrust

And their shirts off

And their pants around their ankles

(repeat the whole song one last time with your pants around your ankles, then immediately get dressed before someone tries to cornhole you)

Monday's a Whackin' Day

Chorus: How's your mother

Response: all right

Chorus: How's your sister

Response: Too tight

Chorus: When's the last time

Response: Last night

Chorus: When's the next time

Response: Tonight

Chorus: Is eeevvvvveerrrrryyyy body happy

Response: You bet your ass we are

Monday's a whacking' day

Tuesday's a drinkin day

Wednesday's a pukin day

Thursday's a fingerin' day

Friday's a fuckin day

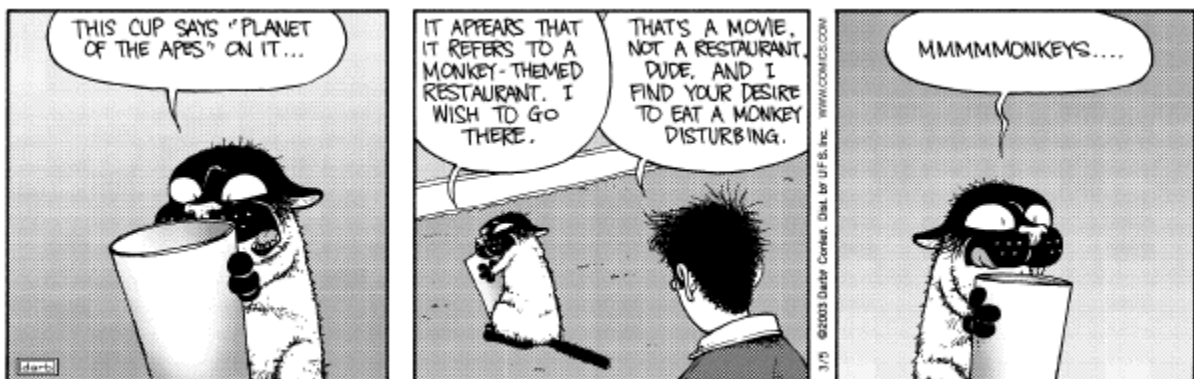
Saturday's a Rugby day

Saturday's a Rugby day

Saturday's a Rugby day

Sunday's the Lord's Day

Repeat the previous days before singing the next day, then sing the chorus



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Rugby Girls

(Sung to the tune of "this old man")

(Only sung if those dirty whores sing their version first)

Rugby girls they play one up their ass I'll stick my thumb.

Chorus: With a knick knack pussy whack
Send the bitches' home
Gimme another Rugby girl to bone

Rugby girls they play two gonna fill their mouth with all my goo

Rugby girls they play three we like them best when their on their knees

Rugby girls they play four gonna stick my dick in her big back door

Rugby girls they play five we know they all like to muff dive

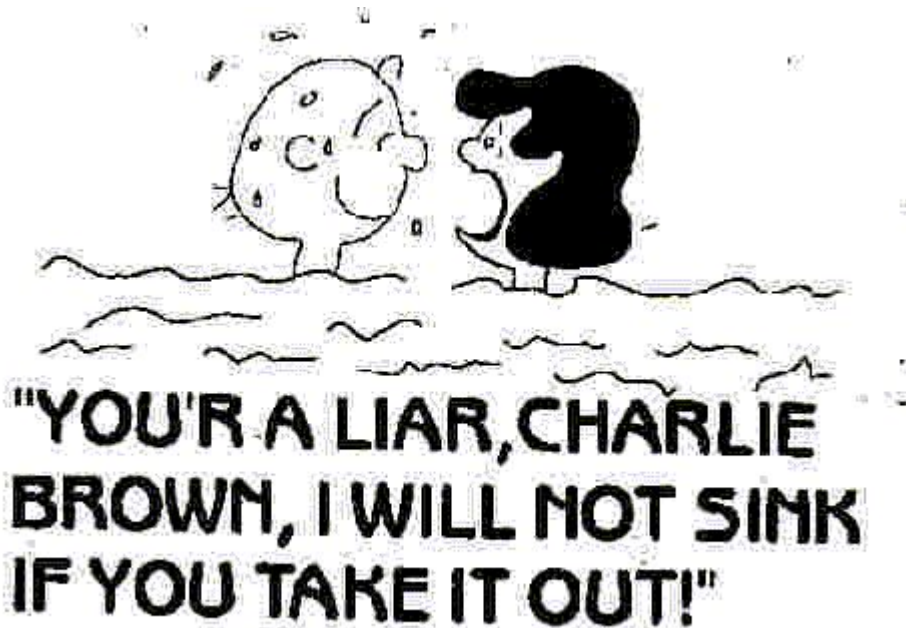
Rugby girls they play six just one girl sucked all our dicks

Rugby girls they play seven they think a gang bang is a piece of heaven

Rugby girls they play eight I have better sex when I just masturbate

Rugby girls they play nine she strapped one on and tried to do me from behind

Rugby girls they play ten their so bad I wont screw'em again.



Werewolves of London

I saw a werewolf with a Chinese menu in his hand
Walkin' through the streets of Soho in the rain
He was lookin' for the place called Lee Ho Fooks
Gonna get a big dish of beef chow mein

(Chorus): Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhoooooo
Werewolves of London
Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhoooooo
Werewolves of London

You hear him howlin' around your kitchen door
you better not let him in
Little old lady got mutilated late last night
Werewolves of London again

(Chorus)

He's the hairy, hairy gent
Who ran amuck in Kent
Lately he's been overheard in Mayfair
You better stay away from him
He'll rip your lungs out Jim
HA, I'd like to meet his tailor

(Chorus)

Well I saw Lon Chaney walkin' with the Queen
Doin' the werewolves of London
I saw Lon Chaney Jr. walkin' with the Queen
Doin' the werewolves of London
I saw a werewolf drinkin' a pina colada at Trader Vic's
And his hair was perfect
Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhoooooo
Werewolves of London
Draw blood

"Full moon tonight, fuckers! Watch out for me! Full moon tonight! Lock up your bar tabs and hide your beers!" – A nameless Were-Wino howling at a passerby from the mouth of the alley at Colfax and Vine.

Bugger Off

Chorus: Bugger off ya bastards bugger off
Bugger off ya bastards bugger off
Like a heard of bloody swine who refuse to leave the trough
You'll get no more this evenin'
So you bastards bugger off

Well you been a lovely audience
Oh My oh the time does pass
Now don't you all be letting that door hit you in the ass
Ya been a splendid audience
But enough is enough
We'd take it very kindly if you'd all just bugger off

(chorus)

Here 's to the barkeeps and the waitress' who've been sevrin' ya your beer
They've put up with your noxious breath and your stupid drunken leers
Be leavin' all your money on the table when you go
Tomorrow you'll have a throbin' head and nothing else to show

(chorus)

Here's to all the lovely ladies who might be waitin' for the band
And thinkin' one of them might make a charmin' one night stand
Oh please don't be offend girls this songs not meant for you
And were happy to oblige you once this nasty job is through

(chorus)

So now you're promisin' the ladies a night of lovin' bliss
When truth be told you're far too drunk to stand up straight and piss
So give it up you bloody sods you'll not be getting laid
And the sooner that you're out the door the sooner we'll be paid

(chorus)

(chorus)

You Might Be an Akron Rugger If...

25. You think a train is something a chick pulls, not a mode of transportation.
24. You know a CFO of a company that has slept in a dumpster.
23. Your lawyer is stoned and always gets you the standard deal.
22. You always get the standard deal because you never pay your lawyer
21. When speaking of hand grenades and kamikaze missions there is no association
with World War II
20. You and your friends argue over who gets to go home with the fat chick
19. Any trip in an easterly direction includes Bills Place
18. On a road trip, not still being drunk from the night before is a punishable offence
17. You've watched one or more of your friends have sex
16. One or more of your friends have watched you have sex
15. You can say "Pour me a Guinness, and I'll have a PBR while it's settling." and mean
it.
14. You've ever been stitched up on a bar room table
13. You consider the whole city of Orrville to be your own personal whorehouse
12. Drinking out of your teammate's artificial limb is a privilege not a punishment
11. You get more injuries from fighting your friends than you do playing rugby
10. It takes two hands to count the number of cities you've been publicly naked in.
9. You've waved a freshly used condom in a friends face
8. It takes six or more people to piece together last night.
7. You have three or more named "incidents".
6. Upon entering a new place you immediately start looking for things to steal
5. You're more likely to get in trouble sober than drunk

4. Being designated driver means you don't do the shots
3. A woman is better off sleeping with you than letting you loose in her apartment
2. No matter where you are and what you're doing it's always cool because you live around there.
1. You've used the line "So are we gonna fuck or what?" on a girl you just met that night.

Never Trust Your Mates

In Sweden it is a bit of a custom for the groom to be kidnapped and whisked off somewhere for his stag night - these usually last all day and all night. Rather than the typical English stag night where you all arrange it beforehand, go out get drunk and hire a stripper, the Swedes do it differently. The groom has no idea until he gets nabbed. He might be dressed up in something crazy, and go do something fun...and then the fun starts!

This particular guy is a keen sailor and when he was kidnapped for his stag night they pasted a false "skippers-beard" on him and put him at the helm of a 60 foot yacht and let him be skipper for the day - much beer and fine food was consumed. But nothing nasty happened to him at all. In the evening when they got back on land and were getting cleaned up for the night club, they all had a sauna as is customary in Sweden. Imagine the groom's horror when he walked into the sauna where his naked buddies were waiting for him to see that best mate number one had no hair on his genitals. Neither did friend two, or three, or four.

OH DEAR!! Can you guess where they got the fake beard from?
Now check out the picture.



16 Reasons Why Alcohol Should Be Served At Work...

1. It's an incentive to show up.
2. It leads to more honest communications.
3. It reduces complaints about low pay.
4. Employees tell management what they think, not what they want to hear.
5. It encourages car pooling.
6. Increase job satisfaction because if you have a bad job, you don't care.
7. It eliminates vacations because people would rather come to work.
8. It makes fellow employees look better.
9. It makes the cafeteria food taste better.
10. Bosses are more likely to hand out raises when they are wasted.
11. Salary negotiations are a lot more profitable.
12. Employees work later since there's no longer a need to relax at the bar.
13. It makes everyone more open with their ideas.
14. Eliminates the need for employees to get drunk on their lunch break.
15. Employees no longer need coffee to sober up.
16. Sitting "Bare ass" on the copy machine will no longer be seen as gross.

Ten Comandments of Rugby

1. Thou shalt not hesitate at the breakdown, but be mighty to get your rightful ball; for though it is written that the meek shall inherit the earth, this truly was a poor translation. The meek shall be trampled into the dirt is more to the point.
2. Thou shalt not speak profanely of the Whistler, nor question the purity of his birth, even though he be blind to transgressions by devils on the other team at the ruck and the maul, and whistles them not.
3. Thou shalt not smite an opponent with a clenched fist, yeah, even in retaliation; for it is written that the Whistler and the Flag Waver shall assuredly miss the cowardly first punch, only to see the avenging second. Believeth that what goeth around shall surely cometh, and verily, evil men will be found at the bottom of rucks.
4. Thou should not kiss thy teammate on the mouth when he scores; for such is an abomination unto God, especially kisses in tongues, unless you play football with the round white ball and thus it is expected.
5. Thou shalt not take the Word of the Coach in vain, for blessed is the Word of the Coach. Instead, wonder at his mighty wisdom and sticketh to His Game Plan, lest the Coach acquaint you with his disciples coaching in the lower grades.
6. Thou shalt not chip nor kick for touch if thou be a prop or wear any jersey number below that of 7; for this is an abomination unto the Coach, and surely you will be His at training, perhaps everlasting.
7. Thou shalt not run across the field with ball in hand, but runneth straight ahead up field; for it is written that the touchline is the best defender.
8. Thou shalt not kick the ball to thine enemies unless it bounceth; for the Spirit of the bounce of the Ball may cause confusion unto them, and if thy heart be pure, make it bounceth back unto you.
9. Thou shalt not pass the ball to a teammate about to be smashed by the mighty enemy, unless he owes you money, or has rodgered someone dear to your heart, in which case all is forgiven.
10. Thou shalt not vomit on thy teammates after the game, for this is unmanly, and they could do it unto you.

Tips, Hints, and Strategies to a More Manageable Blackout

- 1. Learn to recognize your blackout.** One way to do this is play billiards. Blackout victims can never remember what they are shooting. So, if you're looking at that table and can't remember if that ball you just sank was the type of ball with the stripy thing down the middle or the type of ball without the stripy thing down the middle—chances are that you are already inside the mouth of the great, black whale of memory loss.
- 2. Remain inconspicuous.** Once blackout has been identified, the objective is to not draw attention to yourself. This means...
- 3. No Dancing.** Your inability to store memory will cause you to repeat the same, awful dance move over and over and over and over and over—like the proverbial one-armed man rowing in circles. It's best to just avoid dancing altogether.
- 4. No insulting other customers.** Chances are, it's now the eighth time you called that biker, "a rock-witted, ass-puke who balls farm animals just to hear the funny noises they make."
- 5. No leaning back on stool.** Your memory dysfunction doesn't allow you to remember that you are already leaning back on your stool and that leaning any further back on your stool will likely lead to a Falling Off Stool (FOS) episode.
- 6. When FOS episode is imminent.** Always remember to stand up immediately afterward, brush yourself off and mutter something about how you are "grieving over a tragic loss in the family."
- 7. No more Mack Daddy moves.** You cannot mack out in a blackout.
- 8. Run now, ask questions later.** If you hear a great crash, start running immediately. It just might have been you who threw that pool ball through the back bar mirror. Your hippocampus is so boiled, it is entirely reasonable to believe that you are the reason there is an overturned cocktail table at your feet and the bouncers are storming your way. Run now, ask questions later.
- 9. Check yourself.** If and when you are confronted by a bouncer or a cop, and he/she is saying something to you like, "Drop the knife mister," please take a moment to check yourself, thus decreasing the chance that you might further wreck yourself. Are you brandishing any broken bottles, knives or splintered pool cues in either hand? Have you taken a hostage? I know you don't remember doing anything strange, but just humor me and look. If you find that your fingers are tightly wrapped around the handle of steak knife, I recommend you set it down gently, mutter something about a tragic death in your family and exit quickly.

--Edwin Decker

Forty Accomplishments for a Drinker.

Each culture, of course, has a different idea as to what rates as an accomplishment. Muslims, for example, put a tremendous amount of stock into making a pilgrimage to Mecca, while generations of Frenchmen have taken great pride in not tripping over their discarded rifles while fleeing the Germans.

The subculture of avid drinkers, living as we do by our own set of rules and priorities, has an entirely different idea altogether. To the degree that our notion of a goal worth achieving may well appear bad behavior or even a criminal offense to the parent culture.

I think it a sad sign of the times that, in this age of entrenched nannyism and political correctness, a person is more likely to be judged by what he *refrained* from doing than what he actually *did*. It's no longer important that you climbed the mountain, but rather how many boulders you "accidentally" dislodged and let roll down on the less daring hunkered in the valley below.

Fortunately, imbibers have historically been immune to popular opinion, so hence this list. If you manage all forty before you take a barstool at St. Gabriel's Pearly Gate Lounge, you may feel secure in the fact that you've lived a rich and full life, even if only the boys and girls down at happy hour think so. And when you do belly up to that big open bar in the sky and the bartender asks: "What sort of life did you lead?" you can look him right in the eye and say, "Gabe, baby, I'm glad this is eternity, because I've got a helluva lot of stories to tell."

1.) Open and close a bar.

Find one that opens its doors before noon. Stake out a comfortable seat and hunker down. Resist informing the bartender of your tremendous plan, as this will cause him to pour waves of pre-celebratory shots and you won't survive happy hour. Pacing is everything. Watch the crowds come and go, watch bartenders rise, reign and fade while you remain like a cagey Methuselah. From that day forward, within the walls of that bar at least, your name will be legend.

2.) Go on a bender.

I don't mean a weekend binge. I'm talking a full-bore, hooch-bent, screw-work *hoolihan*. Dangerous, yes, but so is getting out of bed in the morning. True benders have gone the way of the snap brim fedora, which makes them all the greater currency in the world of drunks. It won't be easy. You must start drinking the moment you wake up and carry on until you go under. Then start over again. In your grandfather's day you had to drink two weeks straight before

you could officially declare yourself on a proper jag, but that's when a mug of beer cost a nickel. These days four straight days and nights will give you all the bragging rights you need.

3.) Drink a fifth of hard liquor, by yourself, in one day.

For some this is a typical evening, the rest will have to try harder. Unplug the phone, don't answer the door and get down with your bad self. Stock up on ice, gather mixers if you need them, crack the seal and, inch by inch, take that proud bottle down. Take your own sweet time. Near the bottom you will discover a rich inner landscape you thought a barren desert. Explore it.

4.) Dance like a fool in front of a large hooting crowd.

Cast aside your fear of public opinion, march to the center of the room's attention and *boogie down*. You don't need a partner, you don't even need music, do a happy jig to the beat of your own drum. Of course, it helps to be really really drunk.

5.) Spend a night in the drunk tank.

While getting captured by the Man goes against the most primal of drunkard instincts, if you're putting your time and liquor in, it's going to happen. Make the most of the experience. Pretend you're Cool Hand Luke. And don't refrain from telling your friends: Among drunks, the real ones anyway, a night in the tank is a very large feather in the drinking cap.



6.) Get drunk on the grave of your hero.

Wait until the cemetery closes for the night, then slip over the fence with a bottle of something strong. Prop your back against the gravestone and tell your hero how much he inspired you, how he changed your life, revel in the fact that your inspiration is only six feet of hard-packed earth away. It'll be the greatest one-

sided conversation you'll ever have. Then pass out. Let the groundskeeper be your alarm clock.

7.) Buy a crowded bar a round.

For no reason at all. Jump up on a barstool and shout it loud: "A round for the house! On me!" Make sure you have a good toast ready, because, for once, they'll all be listening.

8.) Embark on an impromptu road trip.

Out of the blue, propose a trip to Las Vegas, New Orleans, Jack Kerouac's grave or, for the love of God, the Two-Headed Cattle Museum. It doesn't really matter where, the joy is in the journey. There's nothing like a sudden burst of irresponsible freedom to shake up your worldview. It will be an adventure you'll never forget or get tired of talking about.

9.) Get 86'd from a bar.

There are generally two types of drunkards in the world: Those that get 86'd a lot and those who never do. If you're the latter, you're missing out on a very special feeling. A man with any character at all *must* have enemies and places he is not welcome – in the end we are not only defined by our friends, but also those aligned against us. So choose the type of bar you loathe. Get remorselessly smashed on tequila. Let your lizard brain do your talking. Splash the kerosene, drop the match and watch the bridge burn. Few sentences in the English language bespeak a mysterious dark side than: "I'm not allowed in there. And, quite frankly, I don't blame them."

10.) Extravagantly overtip a bartender.

The next time a bartender is especially kind or proficient, lay a massive tip on her. I mean, *massive*. You must be relatively sober or they'll discount the act as drunken foolishness. Say something smooth like, "You're the best of your kind," drop the bomb, and – this is important – walk out of the bar without another word. With this single act of unexpected generosity, you will restore a bartender's faith in humanity and give your own self-image a healthy boost.

11.) Walk up to an attractive stranger way out of your league and buy him or her a drink.

You always wanted to do it. You've enviously watched your smooth friends do it. Now it's your turn. The fear is nowhere proportionate to the risk to your ego (she's out of your league, remember?), yet it still requires a certain amount of courage. It's akin to sticking your hand down into the garbage disposal. The thing isn't going to turn on by itself, but still...

12.) Conspire an afterhours at your favorite bar.

I'm not talking about them letting you have a quick one in the back while they're cleaning up. I'm talking about drinking until the sun creeps through the shut blinds. It takes a lot of time and tips to earn the privilege, but there's nothing quite like it.

13.) Make your best friend a perfect martini.

I mean *perfect*. Employ the proper utensils and the highest-end liquor you can afford. Follow an old-school recipe and take your time. You know how a handmade present from a child always warms the heart of a parent more than the most expensive gift? Same deal. Just a little something for all the times your pal bailed you out. And after your friend has enjoyed your sublime creation, make yourself one, you magnificent bastard.

14.) Buy, build or steal a home bar.

Put the well right in your home. Outfit it with many sparkling bottles, accretion and tools. Sit on your barstool with a grossly over-poured cocktail and think: "This is my bar. No one can cut me off, no one can kick me out, none but the floor can announce last call." You've been a sharecropper long enough. Get your own plot of land.

15.) Get carried home by your drinking buddies.

In the company of friends you can trust, get fantastically loaded to the point you cannot stand, never mind walk. Let them brace you from both sides and carry you homeward. Sing like an Irish uncle. Swear love and fealty to your human crutches. These are the bonds that never break.

16.) Get drunk with your father.

Getting loaded with the man who brought you into this world is one of the most deeply mystical experiences a human being can manage. If you can't get your father to commit, find an elder you respect.

17.) Fight a good fight.

Samuel Johnson said "Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea." Men who go to their graves without ever getting into a fistfight undoubtedly feel the same way. How many times have you gone home thinking, "Damn, I should have clocked that asshole." Next time, do it. Swing first, swing hard, and make sure you're in the right. You may not win, but at least you were in there swinging. Fear of losing a fight never stopped Bukowski and neither should it stop you.



18.) Visit the source of your favorite beer, wine or liquor.

Make a pilgrimage to the headwaters. Follow the river that's fed you joy to its source. Stand amongst the vats and barrels and absorb the knowledge that this is the spring from which the good times flow. Drink as many free samples as they'll give you. It might mean a trip to Dublin or Tennessee, but from that moment on you can gaze into your glass and think, "Lad, I met your mother."

19.) Drunkenly watch the sun come up with your best boozing buddies and a bottle.

You've spent plenty of time railing against the dying of the light, this time welcome its birth. With a shot.

20.) Sit in on an A.A. meeting.

Not all accomplishments are rum and games. File this under the heading of facing your fears. Just as Jonah found enlightenment in the belly of a beast, so will you. You may come to look at it as a sober examination of the safety net (or trampoline, as the case may be). You may view it as a cautionary trip to hell. Either way, you'll never have to wonder again.

21.) Hit a dozen bars in one night.

Make like Marco Polo. Instead of eating one lousy apple, take a bite out of a dozen exotic fruits. Chase the ever elusive good time. A rolling stone gathers no bar tabs.

22.) Try at least one hundred different drinks.

Too often we drunks get trapped in a rut, forgetting there is a wide and golden world of forgotten cocktails, strangely-hued beers, mysterious liquors and wines from places we cannot pronounce. Explore the world from your barstool. One

need only thumb through a bartender's guide to realize how wide that world is. And when you return to your rut, and you probably will, you'll appreciate just how good home can be after months on the road.

23.) Get loaded in the land of your forefathers.

An effortless task for Europeans, a broad leap of faith for we colonials. Return to the land from whence your blood sprang, sit down to drinks with those your bold forefathers left behind. And for godsakes, don't order a Bud.

24.) Juice on the job.

You will never comprehend just how pleasurable the workaday grind can be until you bring your old chum alcohol along. You don't have to get boss-punching drunk, just sneak enough to loosen up that tight harness. It'll make you wish you worked for a drinking magazine.

25.) Split a magnum of expensive champagne with your true love.

Do it up like F. Scott and Zelda before they went crazy. Realize that this is one of the precious few times you can get swizzled in front of your better half and she'll think it's wonderfully romantic.

26.) Give a hobo twenty bucks.

Make him promise he's going to spend it on hooch. It won't be a hard sell. Twenty bucks is the price of a crappy shirt to you, to our alley brethren it's a gift from the gods.

27.) Get loaded and tell your boss exactly how you feel.

It could go down at the company picnic, the Christmas party, or maybe, if you're really going after Accomplishment #24, right at the office. It's tremendously cathartic. Years of stress and bitterness will drop from your shoulders and for the first time, after you're done unloading, you will see your employer as an actual human being. You may very well get fired, but hey, if you're angry enough to go berserk on your boss, you need to get a new job anyway.

28.) Send a friend a bottle of good liquor.

Apropos of nothing and don't tell him it's coming. Attach a card reading: "Tonight the drinks are on me." He will never forget it. There is no better feeling than unexpected free booze.

29.) Eat a pickled egg from the big jar.

A bar must own a certain amount of character to carry the big jar. Maybe you've seen one. A jar large enough to hold Jay Leno's head, populated with slightly off-color eggs floating in a murky fluid. You always wondered what they tasted like and it's time to find out.

30.) Go on a fishing trip with your pals.

Ensure you bring enough beer and liquor to paralyze the nation of Liechtenstein. Fishing tackle is optional. Drink near a body of water (you don't actually have to come in contact or even see the water, but it should be nearby), then, when night falls, build a huge campfire. There is nothing more conducive to male bonding and rampant drinking than a campfire. Trust me, strip clubs come in a distant second.

31.) Eat the worm.

It's a cliché, but so are strippers at a bachelor party. It must be done. The last thing you want to do is mutter a half-hearted lie to your grand kids when they squeal, "Gramps, did *you* eat the worm?"

32.) Learn at least one traditional drinking song.

Ethnically fractured and mixed as we are, we colonials have lost the art of the booze ballad. Watch a European football match on television and first thing you notice is the fans know one hell of a lot of songs. All we Yanks can manage is the "Na-na-na" song and chants of "De-fense!" Sure, we all know the words of *Ring of Fire* by rote, but what of *The Pub with No Beer*, *My Lip Is on the Cup*, and *Drunk Last Night*, *Drunk the Night Before*? Also, there's nothing like a table of drunks bellowing an unidentifiable song in unison to scare the bejesus out of the bar staff.

33.) Steal some booze.

Against the law? Sure. A hell of a rush? Absolutely. Of course, not getting caught is very important. Plan well. Nothing tastes quite so sweet.

34.) Spend half a paycheck on a single bottle of liquor.

So much money for so little booze. We've spent our lives learning the art of getting the most stagger out of the smallest investment. We've heard rumors of those insanely expensive bottles, but they might as well sell them on Mars. Out of spite, you've probably told yourself: "Screw that – booze is booze. What's it gonna do, get me five times drunker?" In a better world, maybe. Depending upon the sensitivity of your palette, however, you may come to understand that the rich really *do* have it better than us. And when I say better, I mean they can afford better booze.

35.) Start your long-awaited and very personal autobiography: *Me and the Booze: A Love Story*.

You don't have to finish it. Very few do. The point is, the very act of starting an autobiography means you think you've lived an exciting enough life to deserve one. Strive for that day.

36.) Try absinthe.

Do the full ritual with the spoon and sugar. Drink enough to feel the full effect. Stroll the path that Hemingway, Van Gogh, Degas, F. Scott, and myriad other geniuses spent their lives pounding flat. Just don't cut your ear off.

37.) Watch the movie *Barfly* with five of your closest friends.

Without a doubt the finest drinking movie ever put to celluloid. Make sure there's plenty of booze on hand because you'll want to drink along.

38.) Work at least a week as a bartender.

You'll never fully understand the drinking culture as a whole until you've spent some time on the supply side of the wood. The empathy it will lever into your psyche will change your bar behavior forever.

39.) Make your own beer, wine or moonshine.

There are fewer finer feelings in the world than to nurture booze from it's humble, evil-tasting origins to something you can get hammered on. Just expect to repeat these words over and over again when you go mad on the blood of your creation: "I made this! Me! And now I'm drinking it! Woo-hoo!"

40.) Go to your place of worship loaded.

Not so loaded they'll finger you as a walking incarnation of Demon Rum, just enough to make the droning sermons lip-bitingly hilarious. It's often said that liquor can bring you closer to God, so just think how close you'll be when you're hammered in his house.

– *Frank Rich*

We've Nothing to Lose But You

Rise up, fuck faces!
the hippy screeched
as the bartender heaved him out the door
Rise Up!

In answer to his passionate plea
we all raised our drinks
to the bartender
Because, you know, that hippy was a real asshole.
— *Paco Rico*

Why We drink

To be completely honest, I'm not entirely sure why I drink. I've given a lot of rationales. I know that for which I seek is not swirling in the bottom of a shot glass. Maybe I drink because the search is too difficult. Or the answer too obscure. But I do know that I drink often. For relaxation. For reward. For washing my worries and concerns into a seasick haze. I've had lengthy conversations with the Frangelico monk and often thought he and Mrs. Butterworths would make a nice couple. I fantasize about being run over by a Guinness-dispensing Zamboni. If I ever become engaged, I will register at the local liquor store. In my judgment, giving the gift of life is administering CPR to a bottle of Merlot.

A Nature Story

A little rabbit is happily running through the forest when he stumbles upon a giraffe rolling a joint. The rabbit looks at her and says, "Giraffe my friend, why do you do this? Come with me running through the forest, you'll see, you'll feel so much better!" The giraffe looks at him, looks at the joint, tosses it and goes off running with the rabbit. Then they came across an elephant doing coke, so the rabbit again says, "Elephant my friend, why do you do this? Think about your health. Come running with us through the pretty forest, you'll see, you'll feel so good!" The elephant looks at his razor, mirror and all, then tosses them and starts running with the rabbit and giraffe. The three animals then come across a lion about to shoot up. "Lion my friend, why do you do this? Think about your health! Come running with us through the sunny forest, you will feel so good!" The lion looks at him, puts down his needle, and starts to beat the shit out of the rabbit. As the giraffe and elephant watch in horror, they look at him and ask, "Lion, why did you do this? He was merely trying to help us all!" The lion answers, "That little fucker makes me run around the forest like an idiot for hours every time he's on ecstasy!"

Beer Drinker's Philosophy

Here is an interesting philosophy lesson we should all remember:

A philosophy professor stood before his class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly he picked up a large empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with rocks. Rocks about 2" in diameter. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was. So the professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles, of course, rolled into the open areas between the rocks. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was. Then the professor picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. Now," said the professor, "I want you to recognize that this is your life."The rocks are the important things your family, your spouse, your health, your children things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. "The pebbles are the other things that matter, like your job, your house, your car. The sand is everything else. The small stuff. If you put the sand into the jar first, there is no room for the pebbles or the rocks. "The same goes for your life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you. "Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take time to get medical check-ups. Take your partner out dancing. There will always be time to go to work, clean the house, give a dinner party and fix the disposal. Take care of the rocks first the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand." But then... A young man student stood up and asked the class if they were sure that the jar was truly full. All the students and the professor agreed that it was indeed full. When they had all agreed, he reached into his backpack and pulled out a can of beer. Popping it open, he poured the contents into the already "full" jar. Of course the beer filled the remaining spaces within the jar making the jar truly full.

Which proves that no matter how full your life is, there is always room for a BEER

The Similarities of Women and Beer

The similarities of women and beer are quite obvious when looked at from a bar perspective. When you go to a bar and someone hands you a beer you don't ask questions and gladly accept the beer. Sometimes they hand you a Miller High Life. Now while you may not want the Miller High Life you're glad to have a beer. The same thing is true when you go home with a fat broad. While you may not particularly want the fat chick, you're glad to get laid. Now other times you go to the bar, and someone hands you a Guinness. Now you weren't expecting the Guinness and would have been happy with a Budweiser, but you're excited that you have such a great beer. This is like going home with a hot chick. You would have been happy with an okay lookin' girl but some how got lucky and took home the hot bitch. Other nights you and your buddies are broke and can't afford to get a beer at the bar so you stay home and have a beer. These are like the nights you go home alone and rub one out. Just like you'd prefer to have a beer at the bar, you'd prefer to get a piece of ass but sometimes you just have to settle for what you can get.

"Life is all about ass. You're either covering it, kicking it, kissing it, or trying to get it."

-Rob Wagner

Gabe “Gules” Gullia



The Author and Plagiarizer

Winner of the Peeps eating contest -101

Special thanks to Matty “old man” Miller
The man who introduced me to rugby songs and gave me my first songbook
Also
To the Rainman, the idiot savant of the rugby song
The people at rugbysongs.net, pay for this you assclowns
And last but not least
The rest of the Akron Rugby Football Club
No where else are there goons quite like us!

