

HONG KONG SQUADRON FOOTBALL CLUB

OFFICIAL TOUR SONG BOOK

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1. THE BANGKOK TOUR SONG

To the tune of
"Deutschland ...Deutschland"

(Wankers version)

Germany, Germany above all *
Above everything in the world *
When, always, for protection and defence
Brothers stand together.
From the Maas to the Memel
From the Etsch to the Belt,
Germany, Germany above all
Above all in the world.

German women, German fidelity,
German wine and German song,
Shall retain, throughout the world,
Their old respected fame,
To inspire us to noble deeds
For the length of our lives.
German Women, German fidelity,
German wine and German song.

Unity and rights and freedom
For the German Fatherland
For this let us all strive
Brotherly, with heart and hand.
Unity and rights and freedom
Are the pledge of fortune.
Unity and rights and freedom
For the German Fatherland.

Squadron Version

SQUADRON, SQUADRON WE ARE
CHAMPIONS
CHAMPIONS OVER ALL THE KRAUTS
DRINKING BEER UND COOKING SAUSAGE
SHOW THE HUNS VOT IT'S ABOUT
FROM DER BARS OFF SUKHUMVIT ROAD
IN THE TANK AT LOLLIPOP
SQUADRON SQUADRON WE ARE
CHAMPIONS
CHAMPIONS OVER ALL THE KRAUTS...

SQUADRON WHORES UND SQUADRON
VALUES
SQUADRON BEER UND SQUADRON SONGS
EVERYONE KNOWS THROUGHOUT
PATPONG
WE HAVE GOT THE BIGGEST DONGS
TO INSPIRE US TO GO BAREBACK
OUR LIVES WON'T BE VERY LONG
SQUADRON WHORES UND SQUADRON
VALUES
SQUADRON BEER UND SQUADRON SONGS

TIE THE GIRLS UP, SWAP THEM OVER
FOR THE SQUADRON GENES TO SPREAD
IN THE PEN WE HAVE THE BEST FUN
WHEN THERE ARE TEN IN THE BED
TIE THE GIRLS UP, SWAP THEM OVER
PAY THEM LESS THAN MARKET RATE
TIE THE GIRLS UP, SWAP THEM OVER
FOR THE SQUADRON GENES TO SPREAD

2. THE SHANGHAI TOUR SONG

to the tune of
'Blitish Soldier'

SOME BRAVE YOUNG FOOTY BOYS FROM SQUADRON
FAMOUS HEROES OF WANCHAI
CROSSED THE SEA TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY
WENT TO PLAY OUT IN SHANGHAI
THEIR TARTS THEY LEFT BEHIND IN HONG KONG
BUT SOON THEIR HEARTS BEGAN TO CRY
FOR THE COMPANY OF SOME FEMALES
THOUGH THEY KNEW THEY MIGHT WELL DIE

THEY CROSSED THE CITY IN A RICKSHAW
PICKED UP BLUE ONES FOR SUPPLY
AND IN A DIMLY LIGHTED BAR THERE
SLANT EYED MAIDENS DID ESPY
COCA COLA FOR THESE MAIDENS
AT 200 THEY DID BUY
BUT WHEN THEY ASKED THEM FOR THEIR FAVOURS
THEY WERE GREETED WITH THIS CRY

ME NO LIKE YOU HONG KONG SQUADRON
ME NO LIKE YOU MEN OF WAR

(CHORUS)
ME NO LIKE YOU HONG KONG SQUADRON
SHOOTERS PAY 5 DOLLARS MORE

SHOOTERS CALL ME HONEY BABY
SQUADRON CALL ME FLUCKING WHORE (FLUCKING WHORE)

(CHORUS)

SHOOTERS TAP UPON MY WINDOW
SQUADRON KICK IN FLUCKING DOOR (FLUCKING DOOR)

(CHORUS)

SHOOTERS BLING ME SWEET LED ROSES
SQUADRON BLING ME SEET FLUCK ALL (SWEET FLUCK ALL)

CHORUS

SHOOTERS FLUCK ME ON THE SOFA
SQUADRON FLUCK ME ON THE FLOOR (ON THE FLOOR)

CHORUS

SHOOTERS FLUCK ME FOR 5 MINUTES
SQUADRON *FUCK FOREVER MORE !!!! (EVERMORE)*

3. THE MANILA TOUR SONG

to the tune of
"We Don't Want To Join The Army"

WE DON'T WANT TO GO TO BURGOS
WE DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE HO'S
OH WE'D RATHER HANG AROUND
NOMAD'S TRAINING GROUND
TRYING TO PICK UP SOME OF THEIR FAMOUS FOOTBALL
WE DON'T WANT A FINGER UP OUR ARSEHOLES
WE DON'T WANT OUR FOGGIT SUCKED AWAY (*SUCKED AWAY*)

WE'D RATHER STAY IN HONG KONG
IN MERRY MERRY HONG KONG
AND WATCH THE BURGOS BARBER SHAVE AWAY
(*OIY BAKIT*)

ON MONDAY WE DASHED UP TO ANGELES
ON TUESDAY WE PLAYED A GAME OF GOLF (*CHEF LOST AGAIN*)
ON WEDNESDAY WE CONFESS, WE LADIES DID UNDRESS (*KITTY !*)
ON THURSDAY WE FUCKED THEM... (*OIY BAKIT*)
ON FRIDAY WE TRIED A FEW GOOD BLUE ONES
ON SATURDAY WE MISSED OUR GAME AT 10 ! (*GAME AT 10*)
ON SUNDAY THOUGH WE DONE IT, AND VERY CLEARLY WON IT
AND NOW WE HAVE TO COME HERE PISSED AGAIN (*OIY BAKIT*)

ON MONDAY WE KNOW WE'RE GONNA WIN IT
ON TUESDAY WE START TO HAVE SOME DOUBTS (*HAVE SOME DOUBTS*)
ON WEDNESDAY WE CONFESS, WE'VE TURNED INTO A MESS
WHEN THURSDAY COMES WE'RE STUCK IN TICKLES
BY FRIDAY WE'RE SLIDING UP THE DANCE POLES
COME SATURDAY WE'RE CLUELESS FROM THE START (*FROM THE START*)
BUT ON SUNDAY WE'RE QUITE WORTHY
AND STEAL THE FUCKING TROPHY
WE STEAL THE FUCKING TROPHY ...
WE STEAL THE FUCKING TROPHY ...

AND NOW WE'RE BEATING SHOOTERS EVERY WEEK
(*OIY BAKIT*)

4. THE AXIS OF EVIL SONG

to the action of
“Slapping Your Head”

Dar Feckr, Dar Feckr,
Dar Feck-reh tor boodam
ke yeki hal-gheh be dar zad,
(SQUADRON PLAYER NAME) hal-gheh be dar zad,
(REPEAT LINE UNTIL ALL PLAYERS NAMED)

Goftam, Goftam,
Goftam sa na ma,
gheb-leh na ma,
Bal-keh tor barshi, tor barshi, tor barshi, tor
barshiiiiiiiiiih!

5. ALLOUETTA

CHORUS :-

ALLOUETTA, JAUNTY ALLOUETTA
ALLOUETTA, JAUNTY PLUMAREY

HOW I LOVE YOUR GREASY HAIR (REPEAT)
YOUR GREASY HAIR (REPEAT)

CHORUS

HOW I LOVE YOUR SLANTY EYES
(plus above)

CHORUS

HOW I LOVE YOUR RUBBERY LIPS
(plus above)
CHORUS

HOW I LOVE YOUR SQUASHED FLAT NOSE
(plus above)

CHORUS

HOW I LOVE YOUR DOUBLE CHIN
(plus above)

CHORUS

HOW I LOVE YOUR SKINNY LEGS
(plus above)

CHORUS

HOW I LOVE YOUR TINY TITS
(plus above)

CHORUS

HOW I LOVE YOUR HAIRY PUSS
(plus above)

CHORUS

HOW I LOVE TO LICK YOUR CUNT
(plus above)

6. BARNICLE BILL

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR
WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR
WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN

ITS ONLY ME FROM OVER THE SEA
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR
ITS ONLY ME FROM OVER THE SEA
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

I'LL COME DOWN AND LET YOU IN
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN
OPEN THE DOOR YOU FUCKING GREAT WHORE
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

YOU MAY SLEEP UPON MY MAT
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN
BUGGER YOUR MAT YOU CAN'T FUCK THAT
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

YOU CAN SLEEP UPON MY STAIRS
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN
BUGGER YOUR STAIRS THEY AIN'T GOT HAIRS
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

YOU MAY SLEEP UPON MY BREASTS
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN
BUGGER YOUR BREASTS AND GIVE US THE REST
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

YOU MAY SLEEP BETWEEN MY THIGHS
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN
BUGGER YOUR THIGHS THEY ARE COVERED IN FLIES
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

WHAT IF WE SHOULD HAVE A CHILD
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN
WE'LL DROWN THE BUGGER AND FUCK FOR ANOTHER
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

7. BEASTIALITY

CHORUS :-

BEASTIALITY'S BEST BOYS, BEASTIALITY'S BEST (SHAG A WALLABY)
BEASTIALITY'S BEST BOYS, BEASTIALITY'S BEST

FUCK A STOAT IN A MOAT BOYS

MUFF THE BOX OF A FOX BOYS

GET YOUR LOG UP A FROG BOYS

GET YOUR SPERM UP A WORM BOYS

FUCK A GOAT IN THE THROAT BOYS

PUT YOUR THUMB UP HIS BUM BOYS

INTERCOURSE WITH A HORSE BOYS

GET YOUR MUCK UP A DUCK BOYS

FUCK THE TWAT OF A CAT

8. BLITISH SOLDIER

A BRAVE YOUNG SOLDIER LAD CALLED GEORDIE
IS THE HERO OF MY SONG
HE CROSSED THE SEA TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY
WENT TO SERVE OUT IN HONG KONG
HIS WIFE HE'D LEFT BEHIND IN GATESHEAD
AND SOON HIS HEART BEGAN TO LONG
FOR THE COMPANY OF A FEMALE
THOUGH HE KNEW THAT THIS WAS WRONG

HE CROSSED THE HARBOUR ON A FERRY
TOOK A RICKSHAW TO WAN CHAI
AND IN A DIMLY LIGHTED BAR THERE
A SLANT EYED MAIDEN DID APPEAR
COCA COLA FOR THIS MAIDEN AT 200 HE DID BUY
BUT WHEN HE ASKED HER FOR FAVOURS
HE WAS GREETED WITH THIS CRY

ME NO LIKE YOU BLITISH SOLDIER
ME NO LIKE YOU MEN OF WAR

CHORUS

**ME NO LIKE YOU BLITISH SOLDIER
YANKEE PAY 5 DOLLARS MORE**

YANKEE CALL ME HONEY BABY
BLITISH CALL ME FLUCKING WHORE (FLUCKING WHORE)

CHORUS

YANKKE TAP UPON MY WINDOW
BLITISH KICK IN FLUCKING DOOR (FLUCKING DOOR)

CHORUS

YANKEE BLING ME SWEET LED ROSES
BLITISH BLING ME SLEET FLUCK ALL (SWEET FLUCK ALL)

CHORUS

YANKEE FLUCK ME ON THE SOFA
BLITISH FLUCK ME ON THE FLOOR (ON THE FLOOR)

CHORUS

YANKEE FLUCK ME FOR 5 MINUTES
BLITISH FUCK FOREVER MORE (EVERMORE)

9. ENGINEERS DREAM

AN ENGINEER TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
HE KNEW A MAID WITH A CUNT SO WIDE	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
BUT SHE WAS NEVER SATISFIED...	
SHE WAS NEVER SATISFIED	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
SO HE BUILT A MIGHTY PRICK OF STEEL	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
DRIVEN BY A BLOODY GREAT WHEEL	AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
TWO BRASS BALLS HE FILLED WITH CREAM...	
THE WHOLE BLOODY ISSUE WAS DRIVEN BY STEAM	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
ROUND AND ROUND WENT THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
IN AND OUT WENT THE PRICK OF STEEL	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
UP AND UP WENT THE LEVEL OF STEAM...	
DOWN AND DOWN WENT THE LEVEL OF CREAM	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
TIL AT LAST THE MAIDEN CRIED	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
ENOUGH, ENOUGH I'M SATISFIED	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
NOW WE COME TO THE TRAGIC BIT...	
THERE WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
SHE WAS SPLIT FROM ARSE TO TIT	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
THE WHOLE BLOODY THING WAS COVERED IN SHIT	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	
NOW THE MORAL OF THIS LITTLE DIT...	
HAVE A SHIT BEFORE DOING IT	(AR UM TITY
BUM TITY BUM TITY BUM)	

10. ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU MADE LOVE
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN
I'VE DONE IT TWICE AND I THINK ITS VERY NICE
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN
DANDELIONS AND HOLYHOCKS GROWING UP BETWEEN YOUR
ROCKS
NASTY CREEPY CRAWLIES, CRAWLING ROUND YOUR ARSE
OH IF YOU CAN SURVIVE THEN ITS GOOD TO BE ALIVE
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

WHAT COULD BE FINER THAN TONGUING A VAGINA
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN
HEAR HOW SHE SIGHS AS YOU SLURP BETWEEN HER THIGHS
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN
LICKING IN BETWEEN HER PUBES, CLEANSING HER FALLOPIAN TUBES
TONGUING HER SEXUAL ORGAN
OH IF YOU LIKE TO PLATE THAN YOU SHOULD HAVE DATE
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

HOW MANY INCHES OF PRICK'LL MAKE HER SICK
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN
3 AND A ½ HA DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN
A AND 5 ARE SAMPLES 6 AND 7'S AMPLE
WHAT SHE REQUIRES 8, 9 OR 10
BUT GIVE 11 AND SHE WILL BE IN HEAVEN
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

HOW MANY QUEERS HAVE YOU HELD BY THE EARS
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN
IV'E HAD THREE AND ITS BETTER ON ONE KNEE
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN
IF YOU'RE FEELING IDLE YOU SHOULD USE A BRIDLE
BAGS OF LEATHER THAT'S THE STYLE
BUT IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THAN I'D RATHER HAVE A BLOW
IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

11. FISHERMANS SONG

CHORUS :-

SINGING OH TIDDLY OH SHIT OR BUST
NEVER LET YOUR BOLLOCKS DANGLE IN THE DUST

OH MR FISHERMAN HOME FROM THE SEA
HAVE YOU A LOBSTER YOU CAN SELL TO ME

CHORUS

YES SIR, YES SIR I HAVE TWO
THE BIGGEST OF THE BASTARDS I WILL SELL TO YOU

CHORUS

SO I TOOK THE LOBSTER HOME AND I PUT IT IN A DISH
I PUT IN A DISH WHERE THE MISSUS HAS A PISS

CHORUS

WELL FIRST THERE WAS A MOAN AND THEN THERE WAS A GRUNT
AND THERE WAS THE LOBSTER HANGING FROM HER CUNT

CHORUS

SO I GRABBED A BRUSH AND THE MISSUS GRABBED A BROOM
WE CHASED THE FUCKING LOBSTER ROUND AND ROUND THE ROOM

CHORUS

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY THE MORAL IS THIS
ALWAYS HAVE A SHUFTY BEFORE YOU HAVE A PISS

CHORUS

IT'S THE END OF THE STORY THERE ISN'T ANY MORE
THERE'S AN APPLE UP YOUR ARSEHOLE AND YOU CAN HAVE THE
CORE

12. FOUR AND TWENTY VIRGINS

FOUR AND TWENTY VIRGINS CAME DOWN FROM INVERNESS
AND WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER THERE WAS 4 AND 20 LESS

CHORUS

SINGING BALLS TO YOUR FATHER BACKS AGAINST THE WALL
IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN SHAGGED ON A SATURDAY NIGHT
YOU'LL NEVER GET SHAGGED AT ALL

THE VILLAGE BOBBY HUGH WAS THE PRIDE OF ALL THE FORCE
THEY FOUND HIM IN THE STABLE WANKING OFF HIS HORSE

CHORUS

THE VILLAGE VAMPIRE HE WAS THERE SQUATTING IN THE MUD
PULLING ALL THE TAMPONS OUT AND SUCKING OUT THE BLOOD

CHORUS

THE VILLAGE CRIPPLE HE WAS THERE HE COULD NOT DO MUCH
SO HE STOOD THEM UP AGAINST THE WALL AND FUCKED THEM WITH
HIS CRUTCH

CHORUS

THE VILLAGE IDIOT HE WAS THERE DOING HIS FAVOURITE TRICK
PULLING HIS FORESKIN OVER HIS HEAD AND WHISTLING DOWN HIS
PRICK

CHORUS

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HE WAS THERE BALLS ALL MADE OF BRASS
EVERY TIME HE HAD A WANK SPARKS SHOT UP HIS ASS

CHORUS

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR HE WAS THERE SITTING BY THE FIRE
DOING ABORTIONS WITH RED HOT BITS OF WIRE

CHORUS

THE VILLAGE TART SHE WAS THERE KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE TOWN
EVERY TIME SHE SAW A MAN SHE HAD HER KNICKERS DOWN

13. FUCK

TIT FUCK, TIT FUCK (T.I.T.F.U.C.K) BOOM BOOM BOOM
REPEAT
NORTH SIDE SOUTH SIDE EAST SIDE WEST
MY BABY LIKES IT BEST WHEN I COME ON HER CHEST
TIT FUCK TIT FUCK (T.I.T.F.U.C.K)

BUM FUCK, BUM FUCK (B.U.M.F.U.C.K) BOOM BOOM BOOM
REPEAT
LEFT SIDE RIGHT SIDE UPSIDE DOWN
MY BABY LIKES IT BEST WHEN I COME IN HER BROWN
BUM FUCK BUM FUCK (B.U.M.F.U.C.K)

BLOW JOB, BLOW JOB (B.L.O.W.J.O.B) BOOM BOOM BOOM
REPEAT
EAST SIDE WEST SIDE NORTH SIDE SOUTH
MY BABY LIKES IT BEST WHEN I COME IN HER MOUTH

BABY FUCK, BABY FUCK (B.A.B.Y.F.U.C.K) BOOM BOOM BOOM
REPEAT
FIRST YOU LAY THE BABY ON THE BED
THEN YOU FUCK THE SOFT SPOT IN THE BABY'S HEAD
BABY FUCK BABY FUCK (B.A.B.Y.F.U.C.K)

14. GANG BANG

KNOCK KNOCK
WHO'S THERE
LISA
LISA WHO
LISAAVE ANOTHER GANG BANG OH YES WE WILL

CHORUS

BECAUSE A GANG BANG GIVES US SUCH A THRILL
WHEN I WAS YOUNGER AND IN MY PRIME
I USED TO GANG BANG ALL THE TIME
BUT NOW I'M OLDER AND GOING GREY
I ONLY GANG BANG ONCE A DAY

GIRDA
GIRDA WHO
GIRDEM OFF AND LETS HAVE ANOTHER GANG BANG

BRENDA
BRENDA WHO
BRENDAAOVER AND LETS HAVE ANOTHER GANG BANG

TERA
TERA WHO
TERAKNICKERS OFF AND LETS HAVE ANOTHER GANG BANG

NINE
NINE WHO
NINES ENOUGH FOR A GANG BANG

FIFTEEN
FIFTEEN WHO
FIFTEENS EVEN BETTER FOR A GANG BANG

15. GIRLS IN BLACK LEATHER

to the tune of:
"my favourite things"

GIRLS IN BLACK LEATHER, LATEX AND RUBBER
SPANKING MY SISTER AND WANKING MY BROTHER

CHORUS

HALF NAKED SCHOOL GIRLS ALL TIED UP WITH STRING
THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVOURITE THINGS
WHEN THE WHIP BITES ON TRANSVESTITES
WHEN I'M FEELING LOW
I SIT ON THE TOILET AND PLAY WITH MY PRICK
AND THINK OF MY FAVOURITE THINGS
LIKE

FRENCH KISSING GRANDMA AND ORAL WITH GRANDPA
SHAGGING A KITTEN ALL TRUSSED UP WITH BARBED WIRE

CHORUS

18 INCH DILDOS AND BIDETS WITH SPIKES ON
HAVING A FUN TIME WITH NEXT DOORS ALSATION

CHORUS

BARBED WIRE BRASSIERES AND BLACK LEATHER JOCK STRAPS
DRINKING THE LOVE JUICE FROM GREAT AUNTIE'S PISS FLAPS

CHORUS

16. GRAND OLD TEAM

OH IT'S A GRAND OLD TEAM TO PLAY FOR
IT'S A GRAND OLD TEAM TO KNOW
AND IF YOU KNOW YOUR HISTORY
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR HEART GO
WOOOOOOOOO
WE DON'T CARE WHAT THE GERMAN'S SAY
WHAT THE FUCK DO WE CARE
'CAUSE WE ONLY KNOW
THERE'S GOING TO BE A SHOW
AND THE SQUADRON LADS
WILL BE THERE

17. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR
I'D RATHER HANG AROUND WAN CHAI UNDERGROUND
LIVING OFF THE EARNINGS OF A HIGH CLASS LADY
I DON'T WANT A BAYONET UP MY ARSEHOLE
I DON'T WANT MY BOLLOCKS SHOT AWAY

I'D RATHER BE IN HONG KONG
IN MERRY MERRY HONG KONG
AND FORNIFICATE MY FUCKING LIFE AWAY
COR BLIMEY

ON MONDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANKLE
ON TUESDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE
ON WEDNESDAY I CONFESS, I LIFTED UP HER DRESS
ON THURSDAY I SAW IT COR BLIMEY
ON FRIDAY I PUT MY HAND UPON IT
ON SATURDAY SHE GAVE MY BALLS A SQUEEZE (BALLS A SQUEEZE)
ON SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER
AND NOW I'M PAYING SEVEN AND SIX A WEEK

ON MONDAY I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER
ON TUESDAY I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER
ON WEDNESDAY I CONFESS, I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER
ON THURSDAY I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER]
ON FRIDAY I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER
ON SATURDAY I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER
ON SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER,
I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER, I RAMMED THE FUCKER UP HER
AND NOW I'M PAYING SEVEN AND SIX A WEEK

18. ILKLEY MOOR

THAS BEEN A COURTING MARY JANE (MARY JANE)
ON ILKLEY MOOR BAR TAT
THAS BEEN A COURTING MARY JANE (MARY JANE)
THAS BEEN A COURTING MARY JANE (WHERE THE LAD'S GO
WHORING)

CHORUS

ON ILKLEY MOOR BAR TAT (WHERE'S THAT)
ON ILKLEY MOOR BAR TAT
ON ILKLEY MOOR BAR TAT

THAS GONNA CATCH THAT DEATH OF COLD

THEN WE SHALL HAVE TO BURY THEE

THEN WORMS WILL COME AND EAT UP THEE

THEN DUCKS WILL COME AND EAT UP WORMS

THEN WE SHALL COME AND EAT UP DUCKS

THEN WE SHALL ALL HAVE EATEN THEE

19. THE MUSIC MAN

I AM THE MUSIC MAN I COME FROM DOWN YOUR WAY
(REPLY) WHAT CAN YOU PLAY

I CAN PLAY THE

NICKY LAUDA, NICKY LAUDA, NICKY LAUDA
I CAN PLAY THE NICKY LAUDA, NICKY NICKY LAUDA
FUCKING HELL MY HAIRS ON FIRE, MY HAIRS ON FIRE, M YHAIRS ON
FIRE
FUCKING HELL MY HAIR, MY FUCKING HAIRS ON FIRE

DAMBUSTERS
NA NA NA

MY LITTLE WILLY
WANK WANK WANK

CLITORIS
(LICKING ACTION)

ARCHERS
DE DE DE

GARDEN HOSE
(SPITTING BEER)

20. WE ARE THE BOYS FROM THE TAMPAX FACTORY

WE ARE THE BOYS WHO WORK IN THE TAMPAX FACTORY
SHOUT YOUR ORDERS LOUD AND CLEAR (LOUD AND CLEAR)
WE'VE GOT SMALL ONES, MEDIUM ONES, FAMILY SIZE AND LARGE
WE'VE ALWAYS GOT A SANNY TO FIT YOUR FANNY
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH COMES AROUND

YOU CAN TELL BY THE SMELL THAT SHE IS'NY VERY WELL
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH COMES AROUND

CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL BY THE TASTE THAT IT IS'NY SALMON PASTE

CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL BY THE SOAP THAT IT IS'NT ON A ROPE

CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL BY HER TUM THAT IT'S TIME TO USE HER BUM

CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL BY THE FEEL THAT SHE'S STARTED TO CONGEAL

CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL BY THE BLOOD THAT IT'S TIME TO PULL YOUR PUD

CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL BY THE STRING THAT IT'S TIME TO FUCK HER RING

CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL WHEN SHE'S RED THAT IT'S TIME TO FUCK HER HEAD

CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL BY THE MOANING THAT SHE'S PISSING HAEMOGLOBIN

CHORUS

21. SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

SHE WORE, SHE WORE, SHE WORE A YELLOW KNICKERS
SHE WORE THOSE YELLOW KNICKERS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY
AND IF YOU ASKED HER WHY THE HELL SHE WORE THEM
SHE WORE THEM FOR A SQUADRON BOY FAR FAR AWAY

CHORUS

FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY
SHE WORE THEM FOR A SQUADRON BOY FAR FAR AWAY

SHE DROPPED, SHE DROPPED, SHE DROPPED HER YELLOW KNICKERS
SHE DROPPED HER YELLOW KNICKERS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY
AND IF YOU ASKED HER WHY THE HELL SHE DROPPED THEM
SHE DROPPED THEM FOR A SQUADRON BOY FAR FAR AWAY

CHORUS

SHE BORE, SHE BORE, SHE BORE A BASTARD BABY
SHE BORE A BASTARD BABY IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY
AND IF YOU ASKED HER WHY THE HELL SHE BORE IT
SHE BORE IT FOR A SQUADRON FAR FAR AWAY

CHORUS

(QUIET)
SHE SHOT, SHE SHOT, SHE SHOT THE BASTARD BABY
SHE SHOT THE BASTARD BABY IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY
(LOUD)
AND IF YOU ASKED HER WHY THE HELL SHE SHOT IT
SHE SHOT IT FOR A SQUADRON BOY FAR FAR AWAY

CHORUS

22. MY NAME IS JACK

MY NAME IS JACK (DDLY ACK DIDDLY ACK)
I'M A NECROPHILLIAC
I FUCK DEAD WOMEN
AND I FILL THEM FULL OF SEMEN
I GET FRUSTRATED
WHEN THEY GET CREMATED
BURIAL'S A MUST
'CAUSE YOU CAN'T FUCK DUST
I LOVE MY MUM
STICK MY WILLY UP HER BUM
FOR NOTHING CAN BEST
A BIT OF INCEST
I'LL TAKE HER TO BED
THOUGH SHE'S KICKED THE BUCKET
YOU CAN STILL FUCK IT

23. TWO LITTLE BOYS

TWO LITTLE BOYS HAD TO LITTLE TOYS
EACH HAD A WOODEN HORSE
GAILY THE PLAYED EACH SUMMERS DAY
WARRIORS BOTH OF COURSE
ONE LITTLE CHAP HE HAD A MISHAP
BROKE OFF HIS HORSES HEAD
WEPT FOR HIS TOY THEN CRIED WITH JOY
AS HIS YOUNG PLAYMATE SAID

DO YOU THINK I WOULD LEAVE YOU CRYING
WHEN THERE'S ROOM ON MY HORSE FOR TWO
CLIMB UP HERE JOE WE'LL SOON BE FLYING
I CAN GO JUST AS FAST WITH TWO
ONE DAY WE WILL BOTH BE SOLDIERS
AND HORSES WILL NOT BE TOYS
AND I WONDER IF WE'LL REMEMBER
WHEN WE WERE TWO LITTLE TOYS

LONG YEARS PASSED WAR CAME SO FAST
BRAVELY THEY MARCHED AWAY
CANNON ROARED LOUD AND IN THE MAD CROWD
WOUNDED AND DYING LAY
UP WENT A SHOUT A HORSE DASHES OUT
OUT FROM THE RANKS SO BLUE
GALLOPS AWAY TO WHERE JOE LAY
AND THEN CAME A VOICE HE KNEW

DO YOU THINK I WOULD LEAVE YOU DYING
WHEN THERE'S ROOM ON MY HORSE FOR TWO
CLIMB UP HERE JOE WE'LL SOON BE FLYING
I CAN GO JUST AS FAST WITH TWO
WELL JOE YOU'RE ALL A TREMBLE
PERHAPS IT'S THE BATTLE NOISE
BUT I THINK IT'S BECAUSE YOU REMEMBER
WHEN WE WERE TWO LITTLE BOYS

24. HERE WE GO

HERE WE GO
HERE WE GO
HERE WE GO
SQUADRON ARE THE BEST WE ALL KNOW
WE'RE THE TEAM
WE'RE SUPREME
NUMBER ONE
AND WE LOVE YOU, SQUADRON

HERE WE GO
HERE WE GO
HERE WE GO
SIDE BY SIDE AS WE SING ALONG TOGETHER
S-Q-U-A-D-R-O-N
WE'RE SQUADRON AND WE WILL BE SQUADRON FOR EVER

25. CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

to the tune of
"Sweet Betsy From Pike"

CHORUS :-

SHE'S FILTHY, SHE'S NASTY,
SHE SPITS ON THE FLOOR,
CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT, THE COWPUNCHER'S WHORE.

WAY OUT IN THE WILD WEST WHERE THE
BULLSHIT LIES THICK,
WHERE THE WOMEN ARE WOMEN AND THE
COWBOYS COME QUICK,
THERE LIVES A FAIR MAIDEN OF FORTY OR
MORE,
CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT, THE
COWPUNCHER'S WHORE.

SHE'S HANDY, SHE'S BANDY, SHE SCREWS IN
THE STREET,
WHENEVER YOU MEET HER SHE'S ALWAYS IN
HEAT,
IF YOU LEAVE YOUR FLY OPEN SHE'S AFTER
YOUR MEAT,
AND THE SMALL OF HER CUNT KNOCKS
YOU RIGHT OFF YOUR FEET.

SHE'S EASY, SHE'S BREEZY, SHE'S MY HEARTS
DELIGHT,
I'LL FUCK HER BY DAY AND FUCK HER BY
NIGHT,
AND EACH TIME I FUCK HER SHE SHOUTS
OUT, "ENCORE,"
I CALL THAT GREAT FUCKING AND I WANT
SOME MORE.

ONE NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE WHILE RIDING
ALONG,
ONE HAND ON MY PISTOL AND ONE ON
MY DONG,
WHAT SHOULD I SPY BUT THE MAID I ADORE,
CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT, THE
COWPUNCHER'S WHORE.

ONE NIGHT I WAS RIDING WAY DOWN BY
THE FALLS,
ONE HAND ON MY PISTOL, THE OTHER ON
MY BALLS,
WHAT SHOULD I SEE BUT CHARLOTTE USING
A STICK,
INSTEAD OF THE END OF A COWPUNCHER'S
PRICK.

ONE NIGHT ON THE DESERT HER LEGS
OPENED WIDE,
A RATTLESNAKE SAW IT AND CLIMBED UP
INSIDE,
NOW ALL THE COWBOYS ON SATURDAY
NIGHT,
COME SEE THE VAGINA THAT RATTLES AND
BITES.

I LEAPT FROM MY SADDLE AND REACHED
FOR HER CRACK,
BUT THE DAMN THING WAS RATTLING AND
BIT ME BACK,
I PULLED OUT MY SIX GUN AND AIMED FOR
ITS HEAD,
BUT THE DAMN THING MISFIRED AND SHOT
CHARLOTTE INSTEAD.

I CARESSED HER, UNDRESSED HER, AND
LAID HER DOWN THERE,
AND PARTED THE TRESSES OF CURLY
BROWN HAIR,
INSERTED THE PENIS OF MY STURDY HORSE,
AND THEN THERE BEGAN A STRANGE
INTERCOURSE.

FASTER AND FASTER WENT MY STURDY
STEED,
UNTIL CHARLOTTE REJOICED AT THE SPEED,
WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN MY HORSE DID
BACKFIRE,
AND SHOT CHARLOTTE RIGHT INTO THE
MIRE.

HE GOT CHARLOTTE ALL COVERED IN
MUCK,
AND SAID, "OH DEAR, COWBOY, WHAT A
GLORIOUS FUCK,"
SHE STEPPED A PACE FORWARD AND FELL
FLAT ON THE FLOOR,
AND THAT WAS THE END OF THE
COWPUNCHER'S WHORE.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION WAS FORTY
MILES LONG,
AND ALL OF THE COWBOYS WERE SINGING
THE SONG,
"HERE LIES A MAIDEN WHO NEVER KEPT
SCORE,
CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT, THE
COWPUNCHER'S WHORE."

26. EYES RIGHT

(CHANTED)

EYES RIGHT,
SKIN BACK TIGHT,
BOLLOCKS TO THE FRONT.
WE'RE THE BOYS WHO MAKE NO NOISE,
WHEN WE GO HUNTING CUNT.
WE'RE THE RIDERS OF THE NIGHT,
AND WE'D RATHER FUCK THAN FIGHT.
WE'RE THE RIDERS OF THE SQUADRON FC.

27. CATHUSALEM

CHORUS :-

HI HO CATHUSALEM, CATHUSALEM, CATHUSALEM,
HI HO CATHUSALEM, HARLOT OF JERUSALEM.

IN THE DAYS OF OLD THERE LIVED A MAID,
SHE WAS THE MISTRESS OF HER TRADE,
A PROSTITUTE OF HIGH REPUTE,
THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM.

THOUGH SHE SCREWED FOR MANY A
YEAR,
OF PREGNANCY SHE HAD NO FEAR,
SHE WASHED HER PASSAGE WITH BEER,
THE BEST IN ALL JERUSALEM.

NOW IN A HOVEL BY THE WALL,
A STUDENT LIVED WITH BUT ONE BALL,
WHO'D BEEN THROUGH ALL, OR NEARLY
ALL,
THE HARLOTS OF JERUSALEM.

HIS PHALLIC LIMB WAS LEAN AND TALL,
HIS PHALLIC ART CAUSED ALL TO FALL,
AND VICTIMS LINED THE WAILING WALL,
THAT GOES AROUND JERUSALEM.

ONE NIGHT RETURNING FROM A SPREE,
WITH CUSTOMARY WHORE-LUST HE,
MADE UP HIS MIND TO CALL AND SEE,
THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM.

IT WAS FOR HER NO FORTUNE GOOD,
THAT HE NEEDED TO ROOT HIS PUD,
AND CHOSE HER OUT OF ALL THE BREED,
OF HARLOTS OF JERUSALEM.

WITH ARTFUL EYE AND LEERING LOOK
HE TOOK OUT FROM ITS FILTHY-NOOK,
HIS ORGAN STISTED LIKE A CROOK,
THE PRIDE OF OLD JERUSALEM.

HE PUT THE WHORE AGAINST THE SLUM,
AND TIED HER AT THE KNEE AND BUM,
JUST WHERE THE STRAIN WOULD COME,
UPON THE FAIR CATHUSALEM.

HE SEIZED THE HARLOT BY THE BUN,
AND RATTLING LIKE A LEWIS GUN,
HE SEWED THE SEED OF MANY A SON,
INTO THE FAIR CATHUSALEM.

THEN UP THERE CAME AN ONANITE,

WITH WARTY BALLS SMEARED WITH SHIT,
HE'D SWORN HE WOULD BALL THAT NIGHT,
THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM.
SO WHEN HE SAW THE GRUNTING PAIR,
WITH ROARS OF RAGE HE RENT THE AIR,
VOWED THAT HE WOULD SOON TAKE
CARE,
OF THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM.

HE SEIZED THE BASTARD BY HIS CROOK,
AND WITH A SINGLE LOOK,
FLUNG HIM OVER KEDREN'S BROOK,
THAT BABBLES PAST JERUSALEM.

THE STUDENT GAVE A FURIOUS ROAR,
AND RUSHED TO EVEN UP THE SCORE,
AND WITH HIS SWOLLEN COCK DID BORE,
THE RAPIST OF CATHUSALEM.

AND REELING FULL OF RAGS AND FIGHT,
HE PUSHED THE BASTARD ONANITE,
AND RUBBED HIS FACE IN CATHY'S SHIT,
THE FOULEST IN JERUSALEM.

CATHUSALEM SHE KNEW HER PART,
SHE CLOSED HER ASS AND BLEW A FART,
THAT SENT HIM FLYING LIKE A DART,
RIGHT OVER OLD JERUSALEM.

AND BUZZING LIKE A BUMBLE BEE,
HE FLEW STRAIGHT OUT TOWARDS THE SEA,
BUT CAUGHT HIS ASSHOLE IN A TREE,
THAT GROWS IN OLD JERUSALEM.

AND TO THIS DAY YOU STILL CAN SEE,
HIS ASSHOLE HANGING FROM THAT TREE,
LET THAT TO YOU A WARNING BE,
WHEN PASSING THROUGH JERUSALEM.

AND WHEN THE MOON IS BRIGHT AND
RED,
A CASTRATED FERN SAILS OVERHEAD,
STILL RAINING CURSES ON THE HEAD,
OF THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM.

IT WAS A SIGHT TO MAKE YOU SICK,
TO HEAR HIM GRUNT SO FAST & QUICK,
AS HE TORE WITH HIS CROOKED DICK,

THE WOMB OF FAIR CATHUSALEM.
AS FOR THE STUDENT AND HIS LASS,

MANY A PLAYFUL NIGHT DID PASS,
UNTIL SHE JOINED THE V.D. CLASS,
FOR HARLOTS OF JERUSALEM.

28. CHRISTOPHER CUMBO

CHORUS :-

HIS BALLS THEY WERE SO ROUND - O
HIS COCK HUNG TO THE GROUND - O
THAT FORNICATING, COPULATING
SON-OF-A-BITCH CUMBO.

IN FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO
A MAN WHOSE NAME WAS CHRIS
STOOD BY THE TREVI FOUNTAIN
INDULGING IN A PISS.

ALONG DID COME THE QUEEN OF SPAIN
AND GLIMPING THERE HIS DONG,
FORTHWITH WAS SMITTEN WITH DESIRE
AND KNEW NOT RIGHT FROM WRONG.

"OH, ISABELLE," CUMBO SAID,
A-WAVING OF HIS BALLS,
"THE WORLD IS ROUND AS THESE ARE,
I FEEL THAT DUTY CALLS."

"JUST WAIT A BIT," SAID ISABELLE,
"AND DON'T FORGET ESSENTIALS,
FOR I'VE A MIND TO HAVE A GRIND
AND CHECK ON YOUR CREDENTIALS."

SHE GAVE HER GUEST NO TIME FOR REST,
THE PACE WAS FAIRLY KILLING,
WITH LEGS APART HE GAVE THE TART
A CREAM AND CHERRY FILLING.

WITH LUSTFUL SHOUT THEY RAN ABOUT
AND PRACTICED COPULATION,
AND WHEN THEY LEFT TO SAIL AWAY
THEY'D DOUBLED THE POPULATION.

AND WHEN HIS MEN PULLED OUT AGAIN,
AND RECKONED ALL THEIR SCORE UP,
THEY'D CAUGHT A POX FROM EVERY BOX
THAT SYPHILIZED ALL EUROPE.

THREE SHIPS SET SAIL THAT SUNNY DAY,
THEY ALL WERE TRIPLE DECKERS,
THE QUEEN SHE WAIVED HER
HANDKERCHIEF
CUMBO WAIVED HIS PECKER.

FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS
HE SAILED THE BROAD ATLANTIC,
CUMBO AND HIS SCURVY CREW
FOR WANT OF A SCREW WERE FRANTIC.

THE CABIN BOY, THE CABIN BOY,
THAT DIRTY LITTLE NIPPER,
HE PACKED HIS ASS WITH BROKEN GLASS
AND CIRCUMCISED HIS SKIPPER.

THE FIRST MATE'S NAME WAS JOHN,
THEY LOVED HIM LIKE A BROTHER,
AND EVERY NIGHT IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT
THEY CORN-HOLED EACH OTHER.

THE THIRD MATE'S NAME WAS HIGGINS,
AND HIGGINS HAD A BIG 'UN,
TWICE ROUND HIS NECK, TWICE ROUND THE
DECK,
THE REST WAS USED FOR RIGGIN.

THE COOK, THAT ROTTEN MAN,
HE WAS A DIRTY DEMON,
HE SERVED THE CREW A MENSTRUAL STEW,
AND FLAVORED IT WITH SEMEN.

AN INDIAN MAID RAN DOWN THE BEACH,
CUMBO HE PURSUED HER,
THE WHITE OF AN EGG RAN DOWN HER
LEG,
CUMBO HE UNSCREWED HER.

AND WHEN THEY GOT TO YANKEE LAND,
THE SPIED A YANKEE HARLOT,
WHEN THEY CAME HER ARSE WAS LILY-
WHITE,
WHEN THEY LEFT HER ARSE WAS SCARLET.

29. DARK SIDE OF LIFE

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.
[WHISTLING]
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.
[WHISTLING]
IF LIFE SEEMS JOLLY ROTTEN,
THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'VE FORGOTTEN,
AND THAT'S TO LAUGH AND SMILE AND DANCE AND SING.
WHEN YOU'RE FEELING IN THE DUMPS,
DON'T BE SILLY CHUMPS.
JUST PURSE YOUR LIPS AND WHISTLE. THAT'S THE THING.
AND...
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.
[WHISTLING]
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE,
[WHISTLING]
FOR LIFE IS QUITE ABSURD
AND DEATH'S THE FINAL WORD.
YOU MUST ALWAYS FACE THE CURTAIN WITH A BOW.
FORGET ABOUT YOUR SIN.
GIVE THE AUDIENCE A GRIN.
ENJOY IT. IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE, ANYHOW.
SO,...
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF DEATH,
[WHISTLING]
JUST BEFORE YOU DRAW YOUR TERMINAL BREATH.
[WHISTLING]
LIFE'S A PIECE OF SHIT,
WHEN YOU LOOK AT IT.
LIFE'S A LAUGH AND DEATH'S A JOKE. IT'S TRUE.
YOU'LL SEE IT'S ALL A SHOW.
KEEP 'EM LAUGHING AS YOU GO.
JUST REMEMBER THAT THE LAST LAUGH IS ON YOU.
AND...
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.
[WHISTLING]
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.
[WHISTLING]
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE!
[WHISTLING]
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE!
[WHISTLING]
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE!
[WHISTLING]
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE!
[WHISTLING]
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE!
[WHISTLING TO FADE.....)

SQUADRON 'TIL WE DIE

to the tune of:
"three lions"

CHORUS:

SQUADRON 'TIL WE DIE,
ALL THE BIRDS ARE SCREAMING,
MAKES ME WANT TO CRY,
GERMANS KEEP ON DREAMIN'.

JUST GIVE US A BALL AND A YARD OF GRASS,
AND WE WILL KICK YOUR ASS,
WE'LL OUT PLAY, WE'LL OUT CLASS,
AND YOU WILL FIND US ALL IN A MESS,
IN A STATE OF UNDRESS,
WITH A FLIPPER CALLED TESS,

AND WE'LL BE SINGIN',

CHORUS ...

LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS COZ SQUADRON'S HERE,
SHAG YOUR WOMEN AND DRINK YOUR BEER,
FAT WHITE BIRDS HAVE NO FEAR,
BECAUSE WE LIKE 'EM,
SHORT BROWN AND SMALL, WE'LL BE HAVIN' A BALL,
WHEN WE BAR FINE THEM ALL,

AND WE'LL BE SINGIN',

CHORUS ...