

Michigan Tech Cheers

Fight Song

Fight Tech, fight Engineers.
For banners bright Engineers.
From Northern hills, we'll sound our cry,
We'll ring your praises to the sky!
Fight Tech, fight Engineers.
For right with might Engineers.
We'll win the game in the glorious name
of the Michigan Michigan Michigan Engineers!

No Beer

The first verse to "No Beer" is
copyrighted, please come to
one of the games, and you will
find out what it is! However,
here are verses 2-?

In Heaven there is no snow.
That's why we want to go.
And when it's ten below,
Our friends will be freezing in the snow.

In Heaven there are no refs,
But here they're blind and deaf.
And when we all have left,
Our friends will be BITCHIN' AT THE REFS.

In Heaven there is no sex.
That's why we use "Brand X".
And when we hit the decks,
Our friends will be having all our sex.

In Heaven there is no pot. (So just say NO!)
That's why we smoke a lot.
And when we die and rot,
Our friends will be smokin' all our pot.

Engineers

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers.
We can, we can, we can, we can drink all of forty beers.
Drink up, drink up, drink up, drink up, and come
along with us,
for we don't give a damn for any man who don't give
a damn for us.

My father was a miner on the upper Malamute.
My mother was a hostess in the house of ill repute.

SPECIAL BONUS TRACKS:

(here is a tribute to our current student director :-)
In Heaven there is no Ward
Who leaves the women bored
and when we all have scored
no one will be having sex with Ward

Colorado has no coach.
We like the new approach.
We'll squash you like a roach.
Where the hell is your fat old lazy coach?

Wisconsin's full of cheese.
That's why we score with ease.
And when we are diseased,
Our friends will be cutting all the cheese.

In Heaven there are no Smurfs.
Down here they have no worth.
And when they've left this Earth,
Lake State will be looking for their Smurfs.

Sheperd has no hair.
That's why his scalp is bare.
And when the call's unfair,
You will see the fan's temper' flair.

And at the tender age of three, they threw me on my ear,
And there was nothing left for me to do but become
an engineer.

The Hard Verse

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are,
We are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are,
We are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are,
We are, we are, we are.

Special Hockey Verse

Sieve, Sieve, Sieve, Sieve, Sieve,
Sieve, Sieve, Sieve, Sieve, Sieve,
Sieve, Sieve, Sieve, Sieve, Sieve,
Sieve, Sieve, Sieve, Sieve, Sieve

Well, that's all of the normal verses, but recently I've had some requests for the rest of the verses. Well, OK. Here they are. But don't say I didn't warn you.

Now Venus is a statue made entirely out of stone,
There's not a fig leaf on here, she's naked as a bone.
On seeing her arms were broken, an engineer discoursed,
"Why the damn thing's broken concrete and it should be reinforced."

The Army and the Navy were looking for some fun.
Down they went to the village where the fiery liquor runs.
But all they found were empties, for the engineers had come.
They had traded all their instruments for fiery kegs of rum.

One fine day a TOOT and TWIG sat down to do a task.
They both drank pure grain alcohol from an Erlenmeyer flask.
By the time that they had finished, it had eaten through the glass,
so they shouldered up their bookbags and they headed off to class.

The Library was crowded, System 5 was down again,
so they headed to the liquor store; bought whiskey, rum, and gin.
Then beer, wine, schnapps, and vodka, and mixed it in a can.
After it was emptied, they headed for the exam.

The snow was piled high up on the second story roof.
My truck is buried 10 ft. deep, that means I'll have to hoof.
My thumb got frostbit yesterday, I couldn't hitch a ride.
Today I'll take a case of Strohs, I'm not above a bribe.

You can't study at the Library, but you can down a few.
Double Bubble at the D.T. brings the weekend in on cue.
The B&B has pickled eggs. The Dog House beer is great.
They all keep you in a stumbling, falling, red-eyed drunken state.

A C.C. cruise is welcome every weekend of the year.
A better car, a girl or two, and lots and lots of beer.
With Spring Fling, Homecoming, and Winter Carnival.
It's a wonder anybody ever graduates at all.

I went to the Ad. Building to drop a class or two,
And pay a bill and see the Dean was all I had to do.
I wandered 'round in circles for forty nights and days,
Without a way that leads out. It's the world's perfect maze.

Now the girls at MTU, well they're few and far between,
There are ten men here for every girl, it's a ratio that's obscene.
And all the girls have waiting lists, of this you can be sure.
So a trip back home to Detroit remains the only cure.

The Techmen and the Co-eds they were looking for some beer.
Spanky's bar was well supplied of this they had no fear.
When the TOOTS walked into Spanky's they all let out a roar,
For the barmaid there was something they had never seen before.

My mother was a miner on the upper Malamute.
My father was a pervert in a house of ill repute.
They taught me how to belch and chug and truly be uncouth,
And when they didn't know the score they called for Uncle Ruth.

I left my home town high school to come to MTU.
They told me it was north of here and that was all I knew.
For 50 days and fifty nights I drove thru sleet and snow.
But now I'm at the North Pole and there's no where left to go.

I came to Mother Wadsworth in the fall of '63.
I found I had three roommates that were just as gross as me.
And all throughout that mighty year, we had ourselves a ball.
With what we knew we didn't need the local girls at all.

We make our home in Wadsworth Hall, they pac us three per room.
It sometimes gets disgusting, but we're never long in gloom.
They call us gross, degenerate, and Minnesota crude.
We pass the time belching, chewing snuff, and being lewd.

I decided Tech life was the kind of life for me.
I bought a Jeep, a pair of skis, and a TI-53.
I braved the cold, the dorm food, and lack of women here.
I lived like a monk, became a drunk, and a damn good engineer.

Women sing only:

We are the women engineers of the famous Michigan Tech,
And to our male competitors we say, "Oh what the Heck!"
We're here for schooling and drinking just the same
as you.
If you don't like our style then MOVE TO NMU!

I came to Tech to be an engineer and find a wife,
But little did I realize, I'd be here half my life.
I have no fear that someday I'll become an engineer.
However, I've become so crude that women won't
come near.

Some folks die of ulcer, and some from drinking beer.
Some diseases are explained and some we have to fear.
Of all the world's diseases, the one that I most fear,
Is to go to Tech, become a wreck, and wind up an
engineer.

An Artsman and an Engineer sat down with a gallon can.
Said the Artsman to the Engineer, "Out drink me if
you can."
The Artsman took one drink, he died, his face a
moldy green.
But the Engineer kept drinking, it was only
GASOLINE.

We aren't we aren't we aren't we aren't from NMU.
For if we were, we surely would be a pathetic shade
of blue.
Their hockey team is bad, this I'm sure to say.
And their band is horrible even though they get paid
to play.

Godiva was a Lady who through Coventry did ride.
To show all of the villagers her pink and pearly hide.
The most observant fellow was an engineer of course.
He was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a
horse.

"I've come a long, long way," she said, "and if any
man has come as far,"
"He'll take me off this goddamn horse, and lead me to
a bar."
The two men that took her from her steed and stood
her to a bar.
Were a blurry-eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer.

My mother peddles opium and my father's on the dole.
My sister used to walk the streets but now she's on parole.
My brother runs a restaurant with some bedrooms in
the rear,
But they don't talk to me - I'm just a damn Engineer.

Sir Francis Drake and all his men sailed out from
Misery Bay.

They heard the Spanish Rum Fleet was a-headed out
that way.

But the Engineers had beat them by a night and half a day,
And though drunk as hooligans, you could still hear
them say Eh!?

The Coeds at Da Tech, they are as ugly as a bear.
You cannot see their faces through the stringy kinky hair.
They wallow in the mudholes and they graze on Coed
hill.
They can crush a ton of bricks by just standing very
still.

A bunch of guys from NMU came up to Michigan Tech.
They challenged us to a drinking match - the first one
on the deck.
We tapped 3 kegs, then 4, then 5, then only tapped
one more.
'Cause all the guys from NMU were laying on the
floor.

The slopes of Ol' Mount Ripley are covered all with stones.
What that means to you and me is a lot of broken bones.
My K2's are in shambles, my poles are strangely bent,
Blue Cross took away my card until I swear to
repent.

In '64 a dedicated hockey fan was me.
I braved the icy cold down in the stadium of Dee.
That year the hockey jocks showed us how well they
could play,
With the Western League, McNaughton Cup, and the
NCAA.

I died at MTU and was buried in the snow.
They laid a slide rule at my feet at thirty-three below.
They told Doc Berry that I'd died and had been laid to
rest.
He said I'd have to come at a later date to take my
Chemistry test.

Now old Doc Berry, being the dear old man he is,
Searched me out in Hell and gave me the goddamn
Chemistry quiz.
Satan said with no surprise, "Doc Berry's come again."
"He's been screwing up the freshmen since I can't
remember when."

A girl a Tech will someday be an engineer.
But up untill that time what she will do is very clear;
It's Longshot first, then it's Al's Halfway, and then I'd
better not say.
For if Mother knew, and Father knowed, there'd sure
be Hell to pay.

My parents sent me off to Tech in 1972.
They said be sure to study hard, but come back when
you're through.
I found out that I liked it here; on dorm food I did thrive.
Perhaps I'll stay for Tech's centennial - 1985!

There's a physics professor who calls himself Chimino.
His perfectly round circles are considered rather neat-o.
For those of you who have never seen his best,
We need only wait untill we flunk our physics test.

Your Mama was a Moped and your Daddy was a Ford.
Your sister was a slut who has been stroked and overbored.
Your grandma was a tractor and your grampa was a tug.
But you're the goddamn lowest, you drive a stinking
bug.

We travelled 'cross the Big Mac way back in '81.
We wanted to be engineers we heard it's lots of fun.
We left our hometown sweethearts, our Mommies
and our Pops,
But no one ever told us about those Seney cops.

My roommate chew tobacco, the other wears a dress.
The room is such a pigsty, just how bad you can't guess.
With pizza boxes stacked up, we do not need a loft.
We throw some dirty socks on top, just to make it
soft.

The Portage is a sewer, Hancock is a drag.
Screw-me girls will always lay, but I suggest you take
a bag.
I wish Florida was closer, I wish Detroit was near.
But Houghton is the price you pay for becoming an
engineer.

My mother is a hooker, my father is a fag.
My brother shot his wife just because she was a nag.
My sister is a Hippie, but they call me a creep.
Because I'm an engineer, I'm considered the black
sheep.

Now economics is a course that really is a bore.
Everyone but Business Ad's are snoozing on the floor.
And English is a subject that a TOOT just cannot pass,
A literacy concept is a thing beyond his grasp.

When Playboy took a college poll to see who drank
the most.
They found that Michigan Tech had by far the
greatest boast.
With statistics set in front of them, they found to their
surprise,
If Tech were in Milwaukee, Milwaukee would be dry!

Snowstorms in the Northland, they tend to be severe.
To make matters even worse, they come most of the year.
An engineer at MTU, he doesn't have a fear.
He just kicks back and waits it out, and has another
beer.

Mount Ripley is a challenge, it's damn near suicide.
Whenever someone mentions it, I just creep off and hide.
Some of my friends go down the hill, I think they're
rather strange.
For me to even think of it, I'd have to be deranged.

I told my folks I was going North to become an engineer.
But all I do is hunt and ski and drink up kegs of beer.
Until the day all tests are over and the final grades
come in.
That's the day I start to cry and head for Al's again.

We are, we are, we are, we are, we're in the Final Four!
To win the NC-double-A, we need to win two more,
Our women's team is awesome, and they really make
us proud.
That's all the more reason for us to play so loud.

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers.
Too bad if we've offended you with any of our cheers.
Sometimes we get to rowdy and a little out of hand.
But we're still as proud as hell to be a part of the
Husky Pep Band.

Sunshine

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.
You make me happy, when skies are grey.
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.
Please don't take my sunshine away.

Sieve

S-I-E-V-E
We know what you really be.
You funnel.
You funnel.
You sieve!

Hoser

H-O-S-E-R
We know what you really are.
You ho ser.
You ho ser.
Take off! eh

e^x

$e^x dx dy e^x dx$
sec cos tan sin 3.14159
pi pi radical mu
Beat em' Beat em' MTU!

Ugly

U-G-L-Y
You ain't got no alibi.
You ugly.
You ugly.
Go home!

Y-L-G-U

You're even ugly backwards to.

Don't be sad. Don't be blue.
Frankenstein was ugly to.

Pfft, You Were Gone,

Where, where, are you tonight?
Why did you leave me here all alone?
I searched the world over and thought I'd found true
love.
You met another and Pfffffffhhhhht you were gone.

White Corvette

I'm dreaming of a white Corvette,
Just like the one in Motor Trend,
With a big fast engine,
and Goodyear Tires,
To do doughnuts in the snow.
I'm dreaming of a white Corvette,
With every Yugo that I pass,
May your drives be merry and fast,
And may all your Corvettes be white.