A. Songs in the Muse and the P-File

* Hey Ziggy Ziggy
  Barnacle Bill
  Bang Bang Lulu
  Goddamn Son-of-a-bitch
  Lupe
* I-Yi-Yi-Yi
  A Pretty Miss
* The Farmer Song
* Let Me Lick Your Hmm-hmm
  Nothing Could be Finer
  Pubic Hair
* Roll Your Leg Over
* Was It You Who Did the Pushin’?
  Yo-ho, Yo-ho
* Balls to Your Partner
* The End of the Month
* Knock Knock (Gang Bang)
* Scrotum

B. Songs from the P-File

* Fireman Song
* Hey La-di
  Shithouse Blues
* Eat Bite
  Leprosy/Syphilis
  Yank My Doodle
  When Irish Guys Get Hard-ons
* I Wonder What’s Under a Scotsman’s Kilt
  Swing Low
  I’m Your Mailman
  Rupture
  Hang Him By His Balls
  Stroking Off In Silence
  Doo-Wah-Diddie
  You Sucked On Me
  Philosophical Bullshit
  I Am Pussy
  These Foolish Things
* Big Ass Lil
* Tight Twat Tina
  Iron Box Roxy
  If I Had a Penis
I'm Gonna Fuck Your Titties
Niggers in the Night
Fuckin' U.S.A.
Sit on a Happy Face
Tongue Keeps Licking On
Candy Bar Orgy

* Wild West Show
Tearing Down the Bar
I Believe That Condoms Are the Future
Skeeter on My Peter
Ballad of the Bobbit Hillbillies
Solo Sex

X-mas Songs

* Jingle Balls
Santa's Whore
White Pussy
It's Time to Clean Your Pussy

* It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Syphilis
Hark the Harelip Angels Sing
12 Days of Christmas
Chestnuts Roasting
Silent Fart
Frosty the Snowman
Rub My Cock With K-Y Jelly
I'll Be Stoned For Christmas
Leroy the Big Lipped Nigger
The First Noel
'Twas the Night Before Doomsday

C. Marching Chips

Yea, Rah, Lizard Shit, Fuck
Rat Shit, Bat Shit
Yippie Dippie Cocksucker
Bus Driver Greeting

* Three Cheers
Fuck You Chorus
We're Norman Dietz's Troopers

* We're Marching Chips

* Men of the Marching Chips

* The Rappin' Jack

* She Was A Virgin

* Jack-isms
Fritz and Bobo
I'm a Dickbag and I'm OK
Drink Gulp
Up Popped a Trumpet
*Bathroom Song

D. Limericks

* These items either are currently sung on a regular basis by the Marching Chippewas or have been sung regularly in the past decade or so.
A. Songs which appear in The Erotic Muse followed by our version.

B. Other songs from the Perversities File (including X-mas songs).

C. Songs from the CMU Marching Band.

D. Limericks (verses for “I Yi-Yi-Yi”)

A.

Muse title: “We Are the Dirty Bitches” p. 351
P-File title: “Men of the Marching Chips” : see Section C

Muse: “My Husband’s a Mason” p. 55
P-File: “Hey Ziggy Ziggy” p. 54
Tune: Is most similar to version B printed on p. 56 of Muse

Hey ziggy ziggy hum a little ditty
Cornhole the dog (arf, arf), cornhole the dog (arf, arf)
Cornhole the dog (yipe!)
Hey ziggy ziggy hum a little ditty
Cornhole the dog (arf, arf)
Cornhole the doggy with me

My sister’s a landscaper, a landscaper, a landscaper
A mighty fine landscaper is she
All day she lays sod, she lays sod, she lays sod
And at night she comes home and lays me.

My sister’s a waitress, etc.
All day she serves guests, etc.
At night she comes home and serves me.

A postal worker ... licks stamps ... licks me

A glass blower ... blows glass ... blows me

Note: Taught to us in 1990 by a former Marching Chip., “Hey Ziggy Ziggy” is now regularly sung at Marching Band parties. Over time, the partiers have invented numerous verses beyond what appear here.
Muse: “Bollochy Bill the Sailor” p. 81
P-File: “Barnacle Bill the Sailor” p. 11
Tune: Matches the music printed in Muse

Who’s that knocking on my door? (3 times)
Said the fair young maiden.

Open the door, you fucking whore
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Shall we go to the dance? (again, 3 times)
To hell with the dance and down with your pants

What’s that thing between your legs?
It’s only me pole to stick up your hole

What’s that stuff around your pole?
It’s only me grass to tickle your ass

What’s that dripping down my leg?
It’s only a shot that missed your twat.

What if we should have a boy?
He’ll go to sea and fuck like me.

What if we should have a girl?
We’ll dig a ditch and bury the bitch.

What if ma and pa should come home early
We’ll fuck your ma and blow your pa.

Muse: “Bang Away, Lulu” p. 173
P-File: “Bang Bang Lulu” p. 14
Tune: Significantly different from that printed in Muse

Bang, bang Lulu, Bang, bang all night long
Who will bang on Lulu when I am gone

Rich girls use cold cream, poor girls use lard
Lulu uses axle grease and does it twice as hard

Rich girls use kotex, poor girls use rags
But those are not for Lulu, she uses burlap bags

Rich girls get abortions, poor girls let ’em drop
Lulu has a coat hanger and cleans up with a mop
Rich girls never swallow, poor girls never spit
Lulu doesn’t give a damn, she’ll even eat your shit
Rich girls use condoms, poor girls - plastic bags
Lulu uses turpentine and scrubs it out with rags

Note: “Bang Bang Lulu was taught to us by Greg Schantz, an undergraduate at CMU, 1989.

Muse: “Walking Down Canal Street” p. 212
P-File: “Goddamn Son-of-a-Bitch” p. 13
Tune: Significantly different from that printed in Muse

Walkin’ down Main Street, knockin’ door to door
Goddamn son of a bitch, I couldn’t find a whore
Finally found a whore, she was tall and thin
Goddamn son of a bitch, I couldn’t get it in
Finally got it in, swished it all about
Goddamn son of a bitch, I couldn’t get it out
Finally got it out, it was red and sore
The moral of the story is: Never fuck a whore.

Note: “Goddamn Son-of-a-Bitch” was taught to us in 1989 by CMU undergraduate Jeff Leigh. We were told it was a fraternity song.

Muse: “Charlotte the Harlot” p.162
P-File: “Lupe” p.13
Tune: Most similar to the music printed for “Charlotte the Harlot III”, Muse p. 169.

Down in cunt valley, where the red rivers flow
Where maidenheads flourish and coxsuckers grow
That’s where I met Lupe, the girl I adore
She’s a hot-fucking, cock-sucking Mexican whore
Um-fi-fi, Um-fi-fi

Swinging and swaying on the old garden gate
She wasn’t much over the sweet age of eight
The turnbuckle broke and the upright slipped in
And that’s when she started her sweet life of sin
Um-fi-fi, Um-fi-fi
She'll play with your peter, she'll tickle your nuts
And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts
I'll love my dear Lupe 'til the day that I die
I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie

Note: “Lupe” was taught to us by Jeff Leigh, 1989.

Muse: “I-Yi-Yi-Yi” p. 216
P-File: Same. Verses are limericks. Below are chorus interlude variations.
Tune: Limericks are spoken, with the exception of the last line which is sung to
the last phrase of “Cielito Lindo”. Chorus interludes also match “Cielito Lindo”.

I-Yi-Yi-Yi,
Sweet gonorrhea
So sing me another verse that 's worse than the other verse
And Waltz me around by my willie!

There once was a man from . . . [insert limerick]

I-Yi-Yi-Yi,
Your mother sucks bat shit off cave walls
So sing me a chorus of suck the clitoris
And dance on my balls 'til I'm silly!

[insert another limerick and continue the pattern, gleefully, for hours]

Mr. Spock sucks photon torpedoes
Your sister rides bicycles without seats
Your mother swims out to meet troop ships
Your mother's so dry the crabs carry canteens
Your mother whips-off wino's
Your sister pops sparks in church pews
Your mother does cartwheels on doorknobs
Santa Claus has elf cum on his boots
Your mother sucks water from drywall
Your sister does squat-thrusts on tree stumps
Your mother douches with Drano
Your father fills cream doughnuts
Your grandma gives gummers to plumbers
Your sister's in love with a carrot
Your mother's first lay was a rhino
Your sister puts lip-locks on Polacks
Your mother sniffs O. J.'s jock strap
Your mother doesn't wipe, she drip dries
A pretty miss
Stepped out to--
Pick some flowers
She stepped in grass
Up to her--
Ankle bones
She saw a bird
Step on a--
Turkey feather
It broke her heart
She let a--
Farmer take her home.

Note: Mike Fitzpatrick learned this in 1983, from some other high school band members.

There was an old farmer who lived by a rock,
He sat in the meadow a shaking his
Fist at some boys who were down by the crick,
Their feet in the water, their hands on their
Marbles and playthings and in days of yore,
There came a young lady she looked like a
Pretty young creature, she sat on the grass,
She pulled up her dresses and showed us her
Ruffles and laces and white fluffy duck (QUACK)
She said she was learning a new way to
Bring up her children and learn them to knit
While the boys in the barnyard were shoveling
Refuse and litter from yesterdays hunt
And the girl in the meadow was rubbing her
Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do
To make it quite clear that she wanted to
Go for a nice pleasant stroll in the grass
Then hurry back home for a nice piece of
Ice cream and cake that stood three layers tall
And after dessert she’d be ready to
Go for another walk down by the dock
With any young man with a sizeable
Roll of one-hundreds and a big bulge up front
If he’d ask politely she’d show him her
Little pet dog who was subject to fits
And maybe she’d let him grab hold of her
Small tender hands with a movement so quick
That she’d bend over and suck on his
Soda so sweetly ‘til she finished it
Then pull up her dresses to rub on her
Hip that she bruised when she ran down the halls
‘Cause he tried to force her to suck on his
Candy so tasty made of butterscotch
And then he spread whipped cream all over her
Cookies that she had been baking all night
If you think this is dirty, you’re **FUCKING WELL RIGHT!!!!!!**

Note: We learned this from a tape of a (Rodney Dangerfield?) comedy show. Band members frequently request a performance of this, as we have been the only ones to memorize the lyrics.

Muse: “Let Me Ball You, Sweetheart” p. 279
P-File: “Let Me Lick Your Hmm-Hmm” p. 28
Tune: “Let Me Call You Sweetheart”

Let me lick your hmmm-hmmm
I’m in love with you
Let me bite your hmmm-hmm
‘Til they’re black and blue
Keep the love light burning
‘Til you’re filled with hmmm
Let me lick your hmmm-hmmm
I’m in love with you.

Let me lick your pussy
I’m in love with you
Let me bite your tittles [exaggerate enunciation for best effect]
‘Til they’re black and blue
Keep the love light burning
‘Til you’re filled with goo
Let me lick your vulva
I’m in love with you.

Note: This song was taught to the Marching Chips as part of a “Sing-off” with the University of Minnesota Marching Band. (1987)
Muse: “Carolina in the Morning” p. 282
P-File: “Nothin' Could be Finer” p. 4
Tune: “Carolina in the Morning”

Nothin' could be finer than to be in her vagina in the morning
Nothing could be sweeter than to watch her suck my peter in the morning
Well, if she has her period right in your mouth
All ya gotta do is spit it right out!
Nothin' could be finer than to be in her vagina in the morning.

Muse: “Pubic Hair” p. 285
P-File: “Pubic Hair” p. 4
Tune: “Baby Face”

Pubic hair, you've got the cutest little pubic hair
There is no finer beaver anywhere, pubic hair
Even when you're busy, I've never seen you frizzy
Pubic hair, it's so nifty when it's stuck between my teeth
I didn't need a shove, I got a taste of love
From your pretty pubic hair.

Muse: “Roll Your Leg Over” p. 301
P-File: “Roll Your Leg Over” p. 12
Tune: Same as music printed on p. 302 of Muse

(Chorus)
Roll your leg over, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over, and fuck me ‘til noon.

I wish all the girls were like fish in a pool
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool

I wish all the girls were like little red foxes
I'd be a hunter and shoot up their boxes

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus
I'd be equipped with a petrified penis

I wish all the girls were like telephone poles
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes.

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile
I'd be a mason and lay them in style
I wish all the girls were like trees in a forest
I'd be a woodsman and split their clitoris'

I wish all the girls were like pies on a shelf
I'd be a baker and eat them myself

I wish all the girls were like bats in a steeple
I'd be a bat and make more bats than people

I wish all the girls were like holes in the road
I'd be a dump truck and dump in my load.

Note: This was taught to Mike Fitzpatrick by high school band members in 1983, but was forgotten until Mike was re-exposed to it years later.

Muse: “Footprints on the Dashboard” p.239
P-File: “Was It You Who Did the Pushin’?” p. 5
Tune: Similar to “Humoresque”

Was it you who did the pushin’,
Left the stains upon the cushions,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Was it you, you slywood pecker
Who got into my daughter Rebecca?
If it was you, you’d better leave this town.

Reply . . .

Yes, ‘twas I that did the pushin’
Left the stains upon the cushions
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
But since I got into your daughter
I’ve had trouble passing water
So I guess we’re even all around.

Muse: “Yo Ho, Yo Ho” p. 318
P-File: “Yo Ho, Yo Ho” p. 55
Tune: “When Johnny Comes Marching Home”

I put my hand upon her toe, yo-ho, yo-ho (repeat)
I put my hand upon her toe, she said “Hey, Yankee, you’re way too low”
Get in, get out, quit fuckin’ about, yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

I put my hand upon her knee, yo-ho, yo-ho
I put my hand upon her knee, she said “Hey, Yankee, quit teasing me”
Get in, get out...

I put my hand upon her thigh, yo-ho, yo-ho
I put my hand upon her thigh, she said “He, Yankee, you’re not too high”
Get in, get out...

I put my hand upon her twat, yo-ho, yo-ho
I put my hand upon her twat, she said, “Hey, Yankee, you’ve hit the spot”
Get in, get out...

I put my hand upon her tit, yo-ho, yo-ho
I put my hand upon her tit, she said, “Hey, Yankee, you’re squeezin’ it”
Get in, get out...

I put my dick into her ear, yo-ho, yo-ho
I put my dick into her ear, she said, “What?!”. Get in, get out...

I put my dick into her mouth, yo-ho, yo-ho
I put my dick into her mouth, she said, “mmm, mmmmmf, mmmmmf mmm mm mmf”
Get in, get out, quit fuckin’ about, yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho.

Muse: “The Ball of Kirriemuir” p.95
P-File: “Balls To Your Partner” p. 53
Tune: Similar to that printed on page 95 of Muse

Chorus:
Balls to your partner, ass against the wall
You’d better get laid on Saturday night
Or you’ll never get laid at all.

Four and twenty virgins partied with the Chips
And when they left the party,
they had teeth marks on their nips.

Oh!
(Chorus)

The village preacher he was there,
Dressed in all his shrouds
Swinging from the chandelier
And pissing on the crowds.

The village prostitute was there,
Lying on the floor
And every time she spread her legs
The suction slammed the door

The village economist was there,
Pecker in his hand
Stroking it and waiting
For supply to meet demand

The village magician he was there,
Up to his old tricks
Pulling his foreskin over his head
And vanishing up his prick.

Muse: “When the End of the Month Rolls Around” p. 346
P-File: “The End of the Month” p. 23
Tune: “Field Artillery Song”, a.k.a. “When the Caissons Go Rolling Along”

You can tell by the smell that she isn’t feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
You can tell by the stench that there’s trouble in her trench
When the end of the month rolls around

Chorus:
So, hi, hi, hey, what ya gotta say?
Shout out your orders loud and clear (MORE BEER!)
We’ve got super, regular, large
We’ve got rags to fit a barge
When the end of the month rolls around.

Verse variations:
You know there’s trouble in her gash when she sits and makes a splash...
You can bet it ain’t sweat when her underwear is wet...
You’ll know it’s not Niagra Falls that’s cascading down your balls...
You will put it up her ass ‘til that time of month has passed...
You can tell that it itches by the way she always bitches...
If you’re really shit-faced maybe you won’t mind the taste...
It’ll stick to to your dick unless you fuck her really quick...
You will moan, you will groan, when you see blood on your bone...
It’s no surprise on her thighs when you see a million flies...
You will gag in her crack when she’s lying on her back...
You will heave down your sleeve when you see that bloody beave’...
You can guess there’s a mess down there underneath her dress...
She gets stiff when they sniff, but the dogs think it’s terri’...
You will...
(Spoken, at the end, when it seems all verse variations have been exhausted)
But ain't it great
When your favorite date
Calls you up and says,
"Honey, my period ain't late!"
(Sung) When the end of the month rolls around.

Muse: "Knock Knock" p. 363
P-File: "Knock Knock (Gang Bang song)" p. 16
Tune: "The Billboard March"

Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Lena!
Lena who?
Lena up against the wall, we'll have a gang bang
Oh yes we will, because the gang bang gives me 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 turning grey
I only gang bang once a day.

variations:
Emerson nice tits, bitch, you wanna gang bang...
Reagan brought his own Bush to the gang bang...
Butcher dick in gear and have a gang bang...
Wilma finger do until I get a boner at the gang bang...
Charlie Pride apart her legs at the gang bang...
Urine for sloppy seconds at a gang bang...
Willie get it up at the gang bang...
Governor Hugh Carry her up the stairs we'll have a gang bang...
Etch - etch who? - Gesundheit!!
Eisenhower late for the gang bang...
Tijuana bring your mother to the gang bang, oh yes you do, it's been a long time since she's had a screw. When she was younger . . .
Gladiator out before the gang bang, oh yes he is, 'cause they pumped her full of lotsa jizz...

Note: This was a forgotten song in the Marching Chips. It was resurrected during the "sing-off" with the Univ. of Minn. (1987)
Muse: “Jada” p.281
P-File: “Scrotum” p.28
Tune: “Jada”

Scrotum, scrotum
It’s just a little bag of skin
Scrotum, scrotum
It’s made to keep the testes in
It’s round and wrinkled and covered with hair
What would we do if it just wasn’t there
Scrotum, scrotum S-C-R-O-T-U-M (Hanging underneath ya)
S-C-R-O-T-U-M (da-da-da-dada)
S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Note: This is another song learned from the Minnesota Marching Gophers.

B. Other songs from the Perversities File

P-File: “Fireman Song” p. 28
Tune: unidentified

My father is a fireman, he puts out ... fires, hmmm
My mother is a fireman’s wife, she puts out ... fires, hmmm
My brother is a fireman’s son, he puts out ... fires, hmmm
My sister is a fireman’s daughter, she puts out ... ... hmmm.

Note: From the Minnesota Marching Band

P-File: “Hey La-di”
Tune: unidentified

Chorus:
Hey La-di La-di La-di
Hey La-di La-di Lo
Hey La-di La-di La-di
Hey La-di La-di Lo

I know a girl, her name is Cindy
Hey La-di La-di Lo
She blows so much they call her Windy
Hey La-di La-di Lo

(Chorus)
I know a football fan, his name is Bruce
He blows his wad when The Juice is loose

I know a girl, her name is Aggie
Her pussy's tight but her tits are saggy

I know a guy, his name is Rocko
His dick's so good it tastes like a taco

I know a girl, her name is Pam
She spreads as easy as strawberry jam

I know a girl, her name is Janice
She doesn't take the pill, she douches with Vanish

I know a girl, her name is Kristin
Her twat's so wide I can stick my fist in

I know a girl, her name's Doreen
First she'll jerk you off then she'll lick it clean

I know a girl, her name is Terri
She's seen more cream than a fuckin' dairy

I met a girl who said she was willin'
Now I'm takin' penicillin

I knew a girl from Arkansas
She blew me and got lockjaw

I know a guy, his name's Fitzpatrick
He fucked three flags and called it a hat-trick

P-File: "Shithouse Blues"
Tune: unidentified

Chorus:
Eeep bop a-ree bop
Eeep bop a-ree bop
Uh huh, we got them shithouse blues

I know a priest named father Slattery
To get it up he needs a Die Hard battery

(Chorus)
I know a Polack, his name is Clif
He puts it in the freezer to get it stiff

I know a congresswoman, her name is Bella
The CIA caught her blowin’ Rockafeller

I know a dego, his name is Tony
Even his shit smells like pepperoni

I know a Polack, her name’s Petunia
She eats so much cock they call her Jaws, Jr.

I know a guy from Niagara Falls
The crabs run races on his balls

I know a girl, her name is Lisa
You can fuck her now and charge it on Visa

I know a dego, his name is Guido
His dick’s so small he can fuck a mosquito

I know a girl, her name is Lori
Her cunt’s so big it’s got a second story

I know a bouncer, his name is Louie
The front of his pants is always gooey

I know a broker, his name is Frank
He’s so full of shit he needs a septic tank

P-File: “Eat Bite” p. 5
Tune: Same as the military “Sound Off” jogging chant, “I don’t want no beauty queen—I just want my M-16”, etc.

Chorus:
Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew,
Nipple, bosom, hair pie, finger fuck, screw,
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit,
Sheep pussy, camel crap, pig, lion, shit.

Well, I went to a party and what did they do?
They took off their socks and they took off their shoes
They took off their shirts, they took off their pants
I had a hunch we weren’t gonna dance.
(Chorus)
Well, everybody, everybody's ass was bare
No bras left, just a queer over there
The whole damn thing didn't phase me a bit
I just jumped on a pile and grabbed some tit.

(Chorus)
Well, my baby's not a sports fan
But she plays with balls whenever she can
'Cause her favorite sport, you see,
Is playing tonsil hockey.

P-File: "Leprosy/Syphilis"
Tune: "Yesterday" by the Beatles

Leprosy, all my skin is falling off of me
I'm not half the man I used to be
Oh, how did I get leprosy?

Syphilis, it just started with a simple kiss
Now it even hurts to take a piss
Oh how did I get syphilis?

Why her box was sick
I don't know she wouldn't say
Now my dripping dick
Won't get thick like yesterday

Yesterday my cock was always coming out to play
Now it needs two weeks to hide away
Oh, I believe in Yesterday

P-File: "Yank My Doodle"
Tune: "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy"

Yank my doodle it's a dandy yank my doodle til I die
Make that wiener shoot some fireworks just like the 4th of July
I've got a yankee doodle boner I've had it since you rubbed my thigh
So yank my doodle if you please that bulge is not a phony
Just stick your fingers up my ass and stroke my macaroni
Yank my doodle its so big baby its a dandy
Stick that sucker in your mouth you'll swear it tastes like candy

Yank my doodle it's a dandy yank my doodle 'til I die
Lick that lizard 'til it's standing tall right through my pubic hair
If you like Yankee doodle peckers I've got one that I can spare
So yank my doodle till it cums and point it toward your titties
They say that stuff is beauty cream let's make your titties pretty
Yank my doodle its so big baby its a dandy
Jerk that turk and make it squirt and keep a kleenex handy
Yank my doodle it's a dandy yank my doodle 'til I die

P-File: “When Irish Guys Get Hard-Ons”
Tune: “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling”

When Irish guys get hard-ons
They're all half in the bag
“Cause the smell of Irish pussy
Is enough to make you gag
And don't forget St. Patrick
All the world knows that he's gay
And you see my eyes are smilin'
‘Cause he came up my ass today.

P-File: “I Wonder What's Under a Scotsman's Kilt” p. 48
Tune: Typical Scotish brogue

I wonder what's under a Scotsman's kilt
A-wang, a-wang, a-wang, a-wang

Tickle me, tickle me, you know where
Under my kilt and in my hair
But if you tickle me in the wrong place
I'll lift up my kilt and I'll piss in your face.

P-File: “Swing Low”
Tune: “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home

I looked up her dress, and what did I see?
Comin' for to carry me home
A big drippin' pussy just starin' back at me
Comin' for to carry me home

She sucked on my pecker, and what did I do?
Comin' for to carry me home
I spattered her tonsils with my hot, sticky goo
Comin' for to carry me home.

Note: Learned from the Minnesota Marching Gophers.

P-File: “I’m Your Mailman” p. 49
Tune: “Bye, Bye, Blackbird”

Bang your knockers, ring your bell
Gee, I bet you think I’m swell
I’m your mailman
I don’t need no keys for locks
I’ll just slip it in your box
I’m your mailman
I can come in any kind of weather
That’s because my bag is made of leather
So if your slot’s a little small
I’ll hold the post until you call
I’m your mailman.

P-File: “Rupture” p. 7
Tune: “Amore”

When you’re pounding your pud
And you start coming blood
That’s a rupture.

When you’re trying to piss
And all you get is a hiss
That’s a rupture.

When you cum in her crack
And she splits up the back
It’s a rupture.

When you’re loving her clit
And get a handful of shit
That’s a rupture.
P-File: “Hang Him By His Balls”
Tune: “I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

Ayatollah Khomeini is a real asshole
Ayatollah Khomeini he licks out toilet bowls
All Iranians really eat shit
And live in toilet stalls
Let’s kidnap the Ayatollah
And hang him by his balls
Hang him by his balls
Hang him by his balls
Hang the bastard by his balls
Hang him by his balls
Hang him by his balls
Hang the bastard by his balls

Boni Sadre’s in the bedroom with Khomeini
Boni Sadre’s in the bedroom, I know
Boni Sadre’s in the bedroom with Khomeini
Gettin’ dick up the old asshole
So eat shit in the morning and Fuck You!

Note: Last line is sung to the tune of “Shave and a haircut, two bits.”

P-File: “Stroking Off In Silence”
Tune: “The Sound of Silence” by Simon and Garfunkel

Hello pecker my old friend
I’ve come to play with you again
Because the wet dreams softly in creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And your helmet is firmly planted in my hand
It will expand
Stroking off in silence

In horny dreams I have a bone
I beat it on the cobblestone
Beneath the halo of a street lamp
I see a whore who’s gotten very damp
When I grabbed her thighs
In a flash she was on her back
She spread her crack
She twitched her twat in silence

Those of you who do not know
How to make a pecker grow
Whip it out that I might beat you
Spread your legs that I might eat you
Until my sperm like silent raindrops fell
And turned to gel
Stroking off in silence

And the ants came out and played
In the fucking mess I made
And the sign flashed up it's warning
Mom will find it in the morning
So I rolled out of bed and rubbed it up with my shirt
God what a spurt
Stroking off in silence

P-File: Doo-wah-diddie
Tune: same

There she was just a walkin down the street
Singin' doo-wah-diddie-diddie-dum-diddie-doo
Both of her boobies were bouncin' to the beat
Singin' doo-wah-diddie-diddie-dum-diddie-doo
She looked good (she looked good),
She looked fine (she looked fine),
She looked good, she looked fine
She made my pecker start to climb

And there she was just a rippin off my clothes
Singin' doo-wah-diddie-diddie-dum-diddie-doo
Next thing I knew her twat was hoverin by my nose
Singin' doo-wah-diddie-diddie-dum-diddie-doo
Smells good (smells good),
Tastes great (tastes great),
Smells good, tastes great
She was the best I ever ate

I knew I was fallin' in love
So I pumped her all the jism I was capable of
Now we're together nearly every single night
Gonna keep fuckin until we get it right
Smells good, tastes great
Now I don't have to masturbate
P-File: “You Sucked on Me”
Tune: “You Trusted Me”

When I slipped out you licked it dry
I wasn’t up you made me try
I lost my hard you brought it back for me
You jacked it up, gave me rigidity
You sucked on me

You gave me strength to eat your box again
To face your muff without a bone again
You put my face into your fuzzy hole
So far that I could almost see maternity
You sucked on me, you sucked on me

P-File: “Philosophical Bullshit”
Tune: unidentified

I met this woman. She was rich and she was beautiful. But she’d been educated at Harvard.

Chorus:
And she had philosophical bullshit, philosophical bullshit, philosophical bullshit runnin’ out her brain.

I said, “Hey, honey, how ‘bout comin’ back to my place tonight? We’ll have a good time, baby. We’ll turn the lights down low, turn on that music, take off our clothes, and rub them bodies together. What-da-ya say?”
She said, “I believe the sexual pleasure in a mature relationship is directly proportional to emotional commitment.”

You’ve got that philosophical bullshit, philosophical bullshit, philosophical bullshit runnin’ out your brain.

I said, “Honey, you can’t mean that shit, baby. This is the age of free love, honey. Everybody likes to hop in that rack so don’t give me none of your jive. Just get your boots and whips out and get your ass over here.”
She said, “Even casual involvement automatically excludes total freedom by its inherent nature.”
I said, “Sit on my face, bitch!”

You’ve got that philosophical bullshit, philosophical bullshit, philosophical bullshit runnin’ out your brain. (Repeat)

And then she said, “The true nature of man is found in the spiritual essences which
science and technology have neglected to explore.”
I said, “You hop in my bed, baby, I’ll explore everything you’ve got. Come on over here, baby. I’ll explore your spiritual essence. Ah, you’ve got the body. And you’ve got the brain. But you’ve been educated at Harvard and you’re driving me insane with that philosophical bullshit that keeps runnin’, keeps runnin’, keeps runnin’ out your brain.”

P-File: “I Am Pussy”
Tune: “I Am Woman”

I am pussy hear me roar
My tits are too big to ignore
And if I don’t reach orgasm I pretend
Well I’ve jerked ‘em off before
I’ve even banged them on the floor
No one’s ever gonna tread on me again
Oh yes I am wide
It’s the perfect place to hide
Yes when I get wet they say it’s like a tide
But if I have to I can fuck anything
I am strong I am so stretchable
I am pussy

I am pussy eat me out
My clit is turning inside out
And my labia is frothing at the hole
And I’ll hump you even stronger
Not a novice any longer
Cause you’ve deepened the construction of my hole
Oh, yes, I’m a slut,
I’m a Long Island slut
And if you pay my price
I’ll let you fuck me twice
I am strong. I am so stretchable
I am pussy!

P-File: “These Foolish Things”
Tune: same

Nude color photographs of Liberace,
Syphilitic sores that make your skin blotchy,
And how my heart sings
These foolish things remind me of you.
A curly pubic on my breakfast roll,
a bloody tampax in the toilet bowl,
The steamy stench of your rotten hole,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A cunt that twitches like a moose’s ear,
Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere,
Ejaculations in my glass of beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Note: “These Foolish Things” was preserved for us by former CMU Marching Band member Dave Rivard.

P-File: “The Ballad of Big-Ass Lil” p. 17
Tune: Spoken

Grab your glass and get to your seat
And I’ll tell you about Big Ass Lil and Yukon Pete
Now Lil was the village queen
The fuckinest whore you’d ever seen
While some girls fucked with grace and ease
Lil blew dick like the summer breeze
But when she fucked she fucked for keeps
She piled her victims up in heaps
There was a rumor ’round that town
That no man could put Lil’s ass down
But way up north where twin rivers meet
Lived a one balled half-breed named Yukon Pete
Now Pete was a dirty motherless soul
Who fucked bears and sheep and woodchuck holes
Pete caught a whiff of Big Ass Lil
Packed his rubbers and came down the hill
He strode into town on size thirty-two feet
Dragging sixteen yards of that red hot meat
The scene was set at windy mill
By the brick shithouse high on the hill
All the ladies came for a ringside seat
Just to watch that halfbreed sink his meat
Well they fucked and they fucked and they fucked for hours
Uprooting trees, shrubs and flowers
Lil did front flips, back flips, stunts
All unknown to most common cunts
But Pete caught on to every trick
And kept on pumping in more dick
Then Lil gave Pete a whorehouse squeeze
That dropped that halfbreed to his knees
But Pete came back with a Yukon grunt
That popped out her eyes and split her cunt
Lil rolled over, cut two farts and sighed
“Boys, I’ve been fucked,” cut one more and died
When they asked that halfbreed of his amazing feat
He just said “Boys, I’m goin’ back to the Yukon and beat my meat!”

P-File: “Tight Twat Tina” p. 19
Tune: Spoken

Many’s the night I’ve been known to repeat
The ballad of Big Ass Lil and Yukon Pete
But there’s more to the story, listen up if you will
It’s called the revenge of Big Ass Lil
Lil had a sister named Tight Twat Tina
She was a little bit slimmer, but a whole lot meaner
She saddled her mule and rode into town
She stopped in the square and pulled her pants down
Where is this bastard they call Yukon Pete
It’s time for his dick to go down to defeat
You fucked Lil to death and called her a whore
Now it’s time I evened the score
Pete heard the challenge and rode to the square
And found Tight Twat Tina scratching her hair
He whipped out his dick and pumped out a load
Knockin’ that bitch right into the road
She got right back up and shook off the sperm
And said “Not bad boy, but now it’s my turn.”
She grabbed on his cock and gave it a twist
A fresh wad of cream oozed into her fist
She stroked it with fury, she stroked it with lust
She made him keep cumming until there was dust
Pete had a grin but his pecker was limp
Tina yelled, “Look ladies, Yukon shrimp!”
Pete started howling and holding his balls
He said “This is just the first of three falls.”
He pumped up his puda and found Tina’s slit
Even with a crowbar, no way it’s gonna fit
So he spit in his hand and greased up his pole
And aimed it once more for her tight little hole
But Tina rolled over and laid down in the street
Leaving Pete standing there slapping his meet
“Roll over.” cried Pete,
“I’ll be fucked if I do.” cried Tina
“You’ll be cornholed if you won’t.” cried Pete
And cornholed she was by a yard of Yukon cock
When Pete was done humpin’, her intestines were in shock
The score was now even in this battle of lust
But Pete had a pecker all covered with crust
The smell of his balls almost made Tina gag
But she kept givin’ him head ‘til she emptied his bag
“Now it’s my turn so get down on your knees,”
Tina said, “prepare for the Indian squeeze.”
She strode up beside him with nonchalance and ease
Pete found his nose buried deep in twat cheese
He struggled for a while but her grip was too firm
His nose was up in places never seen by a sperm
Pete fell down and all the ladies gave a cheer
But he did a sudden handstand and stuck a boner in her ear
His balls slapped right up side her head, his dick was touchin’ brain
Tina said, “Keep fuckin’, boy, I’ve always been insane.”
With one last try Pete gave his best, he tried the Yukon grunt
It might have worked except his nose is what was up her cunt
Tina yelled, “You chauvinist pig you’ve finally met your match,
My name is Tight Twat Tina, I’ve got a bear trap for a snatch!”

P-File: “Iron-Box Roxy” P. 21
Tune: Spoken

But Tina has a sister, a little more foxy,
She went by the name of Iron Box Roxy
Since the dawn of creation, when man rose from the mud,
His preoccupation has been with his pud
But never before has the world seen such moxy
As in the form of the bimbo named Iron Box Roxy.
Her tits were gigantic, 52 triple D’s
That in itself would bring men to their knees
But what made her famous, what made her a hit,
Was her cast iron pussy that just wouldn’t quit
Her challenge to all of the men that she laid
“I can out suck and fuck any cock ever made!”

Now most guys would rise to a boast of this type
Take up the gauntlet and whip out their pipe
And of course many did, but the outcome was moot
She’d drain them all dry and give them the boot
Her girlfriends would give her advice and say “Honey,
Take your twat to L.A., girl, and make lots of money.
A bitch with your talent for endlessly screwing,
Pornography movies are what you should be doing!
So she packed up her toothbrush and headed out west
To show all those cum-slingers she was the best.

When she got to the city of tinsel and glitz
She pulled back her shoulders, threw out her tits
And repeated the claim that she'd earlier made
"I have outsucked and fucked every man that I've laid!"
As one might suppose, this caused quite a ruckus
"This good lookin' trim says that she wants to fuck us.
We'll give her a boning," the porno stars said,
"We'll ream her and rout her and leave her for dead."
Events were converging; a contest was planned
To see if her snatch was the best in the land.

Her opponents were many, five hundred-six,
The cream of the crop of the industry's dicks.
The biggest and best of America's cocks
Would put to the test her titanium box.
When the doctors of dork began their injections
Semen went flying in every direction.
They fucked her, they banged her, they boffed her and slammed her
The porked her and pumped her and wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am ed her
They sprayed her and spermed her and splattered her face
Determined to put this young wench in her place.

It might seem a mismatch to uninformed viewers
To put one tomato on so many skewers
But Roxy fought bravely, defying the odds
One bitchin' babe against five hundred-six wads.
The fucking went on 'til the wee hours of morn
She took every inch of those princes of porn
And when the smoke cleared at 6:45
The tragic result was that none had survived
She'd whipped every one of those marvelous cocks
But all that remained was her cast iron box.

A statue was set up to hallow the spot
Of this grand confrontation of penis and twat
And atop this construction of marble and brass
Was the stainless steel organ of our legendary lass
There's a lesson to learn her for all of us sinners
The battle of sexes will seldom yield winners
There's room for us all; coexist with your mate
For those who cannot, await the very same fate
Like the bimbo with more than her fair share of moxy
The blond-headed A-bomb called Iron Box Roxy.

P-File: “If I Had A Penis”
Tune: unidentified

If I had a penis I’d wear it outside
In cafes and car lots with pomp and with pride
If I had a penis I’d pamper it proper
I’d stay in the tub and use me as the stopper
If I had a penis I’d take it to parties
Stretch it and stroke it and shout it at smarties
I’d take it to pet shows and teach it to stay
I’d stuff it in turkeys on Thanksgiving Day.

I’d rival my buddies in sports cars and stick shifts
I’d shower my spire with girlies and gifts
I’d peek around corners I’d aim at my toilet
I’d poke it at foreigners and soap it and oil it
If I had a penis I’d run to my mother
Combing out the hair and compare it to brother
I’d lance her I’d knight her, my hands would indulge
Pants would seem tighter and buckle and bulge

(Chorus)
A penis to plunder a penis to push
‘Cause one in the hand is worth one in the bush
A penis to love me a penis to share
To pick up and play with when nobody’s there

I’d sit like a guy I’d straddle the chair
I’d play with my fly albeit with care
I’d dip it in chocolate I’d stick it in sockets
I’d stroll to the movies with hands deep in pockets
I’d stick in it vacuums on vacant verandas
Gas guzzling baubles and poodles and pandas
And puddles and drainpipes and doggies and ditches
Puddles and potholes and bottles and bitches
Zucchinis and zebras tomatoes tomatoes
And pineapples pumpkins and gulches and grottoes
And melons and marshmallows gloves and gorillas
Slurpees and slippers, chinooks and chinchillas

(Chorus)
A penis to plunder a penis to push
‘Cause one in the hand is worth one in the bush
A penis to love me a penis to share
To pick up and play with when nobody's there

If I had a penis I'd climb every mountain
I'd force it on females I'd pee like a fountain
If I had a penis I'd still be a girl
But I'd make much more money and conquer the world.

P-File: “I'm Gonna Fuck Your Titties”
Tune: “I'm Going to Kansas City”

I'm gonna fuck your titties, fuck your titties 'til they're numb
I'm gonna fuck your titties, fuck your titties 'til they're numb
You got some pretty little nipples and I'm gonna give 'em a load of cum
You might think I'm weird when I don't put it in
But babe your gonna love it when I shoot it on your chin
I'm gonna fuck your titties, fuck your titties 'til they're numb
You got some pretty little nipples and I'm gonna give 'em a load of cum

P-File: “Niggers in the Night”
Tune: “Strangers in the Night”

Niggers in the night
You never see those niggers in the night
You only smell those niggers in the night
When they sneak up on you
Lazy fucking spooks
Collecting welfare, driving Cadillacs
But what do they care, if they need some bucks
Then they'll just steal from you
Niggers in the night
Three fucking niggers came and rolled me in the night
With tire irons and those stockings on their face
They found my hiding place
Then those bastards took my pay
And threw my goddamn pants away
And ever since that night
I've hated niggers, lazy fucking coons
Those thieving niggers, worthless fucking spooks
Those niggers in the night.
P-File: “Fuckin’ U.S.A.” p. 14
Tune: “Surfin’ U.S.A.”

If everybody had a hard-on, across the USA
It’d stretch from New York City to Californ-i-a
We’d be horny all summer and chasin’ pussy all day
All American good times, fuckin’ USA
   Inside outside USA, inside outside USA
   We’ll all be climbin’ in back seats, and sneakin’ upstairs to play
   All American good, times, fuckin’ USA
We might rent a little room, the whole month of June
The guys are puttin’ on rubbers, in case they cum to soon
They girls aren’t takin’ any chances, they douche it out every day
All American good times, fuckin’ USA, All American good times, fuckin’ USA.

P-File: “Sit on a Happy Face” p. 14
Tune: “Put on a Happy Face”

Springtime is full of laughter, so sit on a happy face
I’ll brush my teeth right after you sit on my happy face
Uncross your legs take off my glasses and put a pillow under my head
You’ll feel so good that you’ll be glad you decided to spread
Pick out a spot that’s comfy, might I suggest my nose
And watch as my pants get lumpy, rubbin’ between your toes
And spread your cheeks all over the place and sit on a happy face.

P-File: “Your Tongue Keeps Licking On” p. 27
Tune: “Battle Hymn of the Republic”

When you’ve shot your spermies and your girlfriend is still bored
And you’re sick of little hints about your terribly swift sword
There’s a certain apparatus you can always count upon
Your tongue keeps licking on
Glory, glory, halleluja ... etc.

   You moisten up your lips and then you lick along her thigh
   You say a little prayer that she don’t fart right in your eye
   You part the bushy entranceway and gently glip and glom
   Your tongue keeps licking on.
P-File: “Candy bar orgy” p. 48
Tune: Spoken

One PAYDAY, MR. GOODBAR wanted a BIT-O-HONEY, so he took MARY JANE behind the POWERHOUSE on the corner of CLARK and FIFTH AVENUE. He gave her a big HERSHEY’S KISS and began to feel her MOUNDS. That was pure ALMOND JOY. It made her TOOTSIE ROLL. He let out SNICKERS as his BUTTERFINGER went up her JUICY FRUIT and caused a MILKY WAY. She screamed, “OH, HENRY” as she squeezed his GOBERS and made his MR. PEANUT brittle. “That’s GOOD-N-PLENTY,” MARY JANE said. “You’re even better than the THREE MUSKETEERS.” Soon she was CHUNKY and nine months later she had BABY RUTH.

P-File: “Wild West Show” p. 50
Tune: unidentified

Chorus: (repeat between each verse)
We’re off to see the wild west show
With the elephants and the kangaroos
never mind the weather, as long as we’re together
We’re off to see the wild west show

And in this cage, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, we have -

The aah-ooh bird (reply: the aah-ooh bird?) Incredible (reply: Fantastic, no shit, tell us about it motherfucker)
You can recognize the aah-ooh bird because the aah-ooh bird has no legs at all, and every time he comes to rest in the cold northern waters you can hear him cry aah-ooh.

The giraffe (the giraffe) Incredible (fantastic...)
Yes, you can recognize the giraffe, he walks into the bar, he goes up to the bar and he says, “Bartender, the highballs are on me!”
The Lone Ranger
Yes, the Lone Ranger cleverly disguised as a pool table. Tonto, not realizing this, racked his balls.

The Lone Ranger
Yes the Lone Ranger, cleverly disguised as a wall. Tonto, not realizing this, plastered his crack.

The Bengal tiger
You can recognize the Bengal tiger because it’s the only 555 pound pussy that eats you!
The tattooed lady

Yes you can recognize the tattooed lady because on one bun she has tattooed the letter ‘W’ (reply: ‘W’?) and on the other bun she has a ‘W’ (a ‘W’?) and when she bends over she spells ‘WoW’ But when you turn her over she spells ‘MoM’. What does she spell when she does cartwheels? WoW, MoM, WoW, MoM, WoW.

The Orangutan

You can recognize the orangutan because the orangutan lives in the darkest jungles of Tahiti (Tahiti?). He has one ball made out of brass (brass?) the other ball is made out of silver (silver?) and everyday as the sun sets you can hear him swinging through the trees, going CLING CLANG, CLING CLANG, CLING CLANG.

Bingo, Bango and Bongo, the acrobatic monkeys

You can recognize Bingo doing a spring off the springboard and a somersault, landing into Bango’s asshole, whereupon Bango does a spring off the springboard, a double somersault, landing into Bongo’s asshole, whereupon Bongo does a spring off the springboard, a triple somersault and a half gator, into his own asshole, leaving the stage in total darkness.

The goodbye bird at the San Diego Zoo

You can recognize the goodbye bird at the San Diego Zoo because his cage is located at the end of the trail. He is the oldest inhabitant of the zoo. And as the children leave in the school buses he pokes his head through his cage and says, “FUCK OFF, KIDS!!”

P-File: “Tearing Down the Bar” p. 54
Tune: Spoken

They’re tearing down the bar - Boooo
They’re building a new one - Yea
Only one - Boooo
A mile long - Yea
No bartenders - Boooo
Only barmaids - Yea
Fully clothed - Boooo
In cellophane - Yea
They don’t sell beer on Sunday - Boooo
They give it away - Yea

P-File: “I Believe That Condoms Are the Future” p. 55
Tune: “The Greatest Love of All” by Whitney Houston

I believe that condoms are the future
Wear them well and let them lead the way
Show them all the pussy you can get inside
Give them a place to hide
To make it easier
Let the K-Y jelly
Provide us all with ecstasy.

P-File: “Skeeter on My Peter” p. 49
Tune: “She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain”

There’s a skeeter on my peter, whack it off
There’s a skeeter on my peter, whack it off
There’s a dozen on my cousin, I can hear the fuckers buzzin’
There’s a skeeter on my peter, whack it off.

She was comin’ down the road doin’ 80
When the chain on her motorcycle broke
They found her in the grass
With the muffler up her ass
And her tits a-playin’ Dixie on the spokes.

P-File: Ballad of the Bobbit Hillbillies
Tune: Theme from The Beverly Hillbillies

Here’s a little story of a man named John,
A poor ex-marine with a little fraction gone.
It seems one night after gettin’ with the wife
She lopped off his schlong with the swipe of a knife.
( Penis, that is. Rodeoed, fillet-loed.)

Well, the next thing you know there’s a Ginsu by his side
And Lorena’s in the car taking willie for a ride.
She soon got tired of her purple-headed friend
And tossed him out the window as she rounded out a bend.
( Curve, that is. Pricker shrubs, 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, then they pointed “over there”
To John Wayne’s henry that was wavin’ in the air.
( Found, that is. By a fence, evidence.)

Now peter and John couldn’t stay apart too long
So a dick-doc said, “Hey! I can fix your dong!
A needle and a thread’s just the thing you’re gonna need.”
Then the world held its breath 'til they heard that Johnny peed. (Wizzed, that is. Stiched scam, straight stream.)

Well he healed, and he hardened, and he took his case to court
With a cock-eyed lawyer (since his assets came up short).
They cleared her of assault and aquitted him of rape
And his pecker was the only one they didn’t show on tape. (Video, that is. Unexposed, case closed.)

Note: This song was supplied to us by former CMU student Kathy English.

P-File: “Solo Sex”
Tune: spoken

Solo sex satisfying


Solo sex satisfying.

Note: This item was found on the Internet within the Usenet bulletin board system’s bawdy alt.tasteless newsgroup.
X-MAS Songs

P-File: "Jingle Balls" p. 29
Tune: "Jingle Bells"

A month or two ago
You asked me for a date
You said for Christmas Eve
By then you'd lose some weight
I think I understand
The tinsel in your hair
But why have you got mistletoe
Inside your underwear

Jingle balls, jingle balls
Jingle to and fro
Watching all the the little puppies
Making yellow snow
Jingle balls, jingle balls
Jingle one, two, three
Why don't you come over here
And jingle balls with me.

Splashing in your gash
In a one horse open sleigh
My parents think you're trash
But I think you're okay
Filling fart balloons
With a nozzle up my ass
I'd like to fill another
But I think I'm out of gas.

Jingle balls, jingle balls
Jingle to and fro
Watching all the little children
Eating yellow snow
Jingle balls, jingle balls
Jingle one, two, three
Why don't you come over here
And jingle balls with me.
You'd better watch out, you better not cry
You're gonna go dry, I'm tellin' you why
Santa's whore is comin' to town
She's makin' a fist, strokin' it twice
Grabbin' your balls and checkin' for lice
Santa's whore is comin' to town
She blows you when it's flaccid
She humps you when it's stiff
She don't care if you're bad or good
She'll make you take a whiff
You'd better watch out, she'll sit on your face
When your cock's dried out she'll put your thumb in it's place
Santa's whore is comin' to town

I'm dreaming of a white pussy
Just like the one I used to nose
Where those pubes glisten
When she's done pissin'
She lets it drip dry on her toes
I'm dreaming of a wet snapper
With every nipple that I bite
May your girlfriend's pussy stay tight
And may all your children be white.

Haul out the douchebags, get out the FDS before I fall again
Burn all your panties, I may be rushin' things but it's been seven months now
And it's time to clean your pussy, right this very minute
You won't get no pecker with all the scum that's in it
And I need a little pussy, right this very minute
Even if it isn't furry, what the fuck I'm in a hurry
Hose off your asshole, turn on the fire hydrants, crank 'em all the way
Wash out your beaver, It's time you hung no pest strips from that evergreen bough
For it's grown a little funky since you fucked that monkey
Grown a little mossy since you've done my hussy
It's gotten kinda tangy since that last u-bangy
So clean your fuckin' box out now.

P-File: “It's Beginning to look a lot like Syphilis”
Tune: “It's Beginning to look a lot like Christmas”

It's beginning to look a lot like syphilis
All around my nose
I picked him up at the five and ten
He butt-fucked me once and then
He lodged a candy cane up my asshole (the savage)

It's beginning to look a lot like syphilis
Boy is my ass sore
But the prettiest sight to see
Is his pecker to his knee
When I'm on all fours

A pair of Hopalong boots
And a pistol that shoots
Is much too much to ignore
First we'll go walking
And then we'll go talking
But I hope he wants to do more
And mom and dad can hardly wait for me to fuck a whore (ewww)

It's beginning to look a lot like syphilis
But I still like boys more
But the ugliest sight to see is the chancre that will be on my own back door.

P-File: “Hark the Harelip Angels Sing”
Tune: “Hark the Herald Angels Sing”

Hark the harelip angels sing
Glory to my ding-a-ling
Piece of meat that's kind of mild
Still can fill you with a child
Joyful all ye peckers rise
Shoot it right into her eyes
Find the hole between her thighs
Christ I can't believe the flies
Hark the harelip angels sing
Glory to my ding-a-ling
P-File: “Twelve Days of X-mas”
Tune: “Twelve Days of X-mas”

Twelve twats a-twitching
Eleven lesbians licking
Ten homos humping
Nine testicles tingling
Eight gaping assholes
Seven scrotums swinging
Six crusty sheets
Five mother fuckers
Four flying fucks (or cocksuckers)
Three French ticklers
Two tons of tit (or brass balls)
A hum job in a pear tree

P-File: “Chestnuts Roasting . . .” p. 30
Tune: “Christmas Song”

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire
Jack Frost nosing at your nips
Hog-tied girls being flogged by the choir
With reindeer cum upon their lips
Everybody quips
A crowbar and some oleo
Help to make her if she’s tight
Tiny twats with their thighs all aglow
Will find it hard on me tonight
They know that Santa’s on his way
He’s blowin’ every other reindeer on his sleigh
And every mother’s child will spy of course
To see if Rudolph’s really hung like a horse
And so I’m offering this simple phrase
To kids from one to ninety-two
Although it’s been said many times many ways
Merry Christmas and fuck you.

P-File: “Silent Fart, Holy Fart” p. 7
Tune: “Silent Night”

Silent fart, holy fart,
Remain calm, release your bomb
Round the table, up from the chair
Tiny atoms of poop in the air
See the cloud slowly creep
Watch all your friends breathe in deep.

P-File: “Frosty the Snowman” p. 7
Tune: “Frosty the Snowman”

Frosty the snowman was a jolly, happy soul
With his dick a great big icicle, and two balls made out of snow
Frosty the snowman knew the sun was hot that day
So he said, “Let’s grab a piece of ass, before I melt away.”
There must have been some magic in that icicle you know
‘Cause all the girls in my neighborhood
Were spread-eagled in the snow
Oh, dogs piss on Frost as he stands there in my yard
Well his balls melted off and his head’s half gone
But his goddamn dick’s still hard.

P-File: “Rub My Cock With K-Y Jelly” p. 11
Tune: “Deck the Halls”

Rub my cock with K-Y Jelly, la la la la la la la la la
Make it spurt upon your belly la la ...
Lick it up you fuckin’ glutton la la ...
My gift to you this year is nothin’ la la ...

Spread me cheeks and lick me asshole
Give me balls a great big hassle
Don we now our gay apparel
Don’t you hate this fucking carol

P-File: “I’ll be Stoned for Christmas”
Tune: “I’ll Be Home For Christmas”

I’ll be stoned for Christmas
You can count on me
Please have Stroh’s and Michelob
And a place for me to pee
I’ll see mom on Christmas
I’ll treat her rude and crude
Yes, I’ll be home for Christmas
If only for free food
P-File: “Leroy the Big-Lipped Nigger”
Tune: “Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer”

Leroy the big-lipped nigger
Also had a pushed in nose
And if you took his boots off
You could even see eleven toes
All of the other Negroes
Used to laugh and call him bumbles
They never let poor Leroy
Join in any Negro rumbles
Then one balmy summers eve
Some degos came to town
Beatin up Polacks stompin on negroes
Spreadin' grease all around
Leroy the big lipped nigger
Was polishing his Cadillac car
Some grease spattered on his windshield
He said you god-dammed dego's have gone to fuckin' far
Two little guineas hit the ground
Four more went and ran
There stood Leroy wigglin' his lip
With a shotgun in his hand
Leroy the big-lipped nigger
Got sent up for twenty years
But Leroy is not alone there
His cellmate's a Polack with great big ears.

P-File: “The First Noel”
Tune: same

The first Noel the Jew bastards said
Is the perfect time to raise the price of a sled
Buy a nose job for your kid
Happy Hannukah you yid
Fuck 'em all like your your cheap father did
Iodine and Listerine, turpentine and Mr. Clean
Most of those JAP cunts are full of gangrene
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Let's send all those Jews back to Israel
P-File: “Twas the Night Before Doomsday” p. 15
Tune: Spoken

“Twas the night before doomsday and all through the house
Everybody felt shitty, even the mouse
Dad at the whorehouse, mom smoking grass
I had just settled down to a nice piece of ass
When up on the roof there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my piece to see what was the matter
When out on the lawn I saw a big dick
I knew in a moment it was horny St. Nick
He came down the chimney like a bat out of hell
I knew in a moment the failure had fell
He filled all the stockings with pretzels and beer
And a big rubber dick for my brother the queer
He went up the chimney with a thunderous fart
And the son-of-a-bitch blew the chimney apart
He cursed and he swore as he drove out of sight
Piss on you all and have a hell of a night.

C. Songs from the CMU Marching Band (The Marching Chippewas).

P-File: “Yea, Rah, Lizard Shit, Fuck” p. 10
Tune: chant

Yea, rah, lizard shit, fuck
We’re the Marching Chips
And all the others suck—SHIT!

P-File: “Rat Shit, Bat Shit” p. 10
Tune: chant

Rat shit, bat shit, dirty old twat
Hundred-five douchebags tied in a knot
You’re a cock sucker, dick licker, mother fucker too
We’re the Marching Chippewas, who the fuck are you?

P-File: “Yippie Dippie Cocksucker” p. 10
Tune: chant

Yippie dippie cocksucker
Eat a bag of shit
Douche bag, butt wipe
Suck your mother’s tit
We’re the best marching band
All the others suck
Marching Chips, Marching Chips
Yea Rah Fuck

P-File: “Bus Driver Greeting”
Tune: chant

Good morning, Mr. Busdriver...
You shitty assed, rat fucking pimp!

Note: When the Marching Chips travel to away performances they use four or five charter buses. The last bus in the procession is known as the Animal Bus. Its driver must be extremely patient and somewhat perverted. In the early 1980s, riders of the Animal Bus, upon departure from the university, would greet the driver in this way. The Bus Driver Greeting was preserved for us by Dave Rivard, Marching Chips 1980-81.

P-File: “Three Cheers”
Tune: chant

Three cheers for ____________!
Hip Hip Hooray!
Hip Hip Hooray!
Hip Hip Hooray!
Eat Shit, Cocksucker!

Note: The “ThreeCheers” chant was learned from the Fresno State University Marching Bulldogs in 1990. Inserted in the blank are individuals the Marching Chips feel very warmly toward, such as the Animal Bus driver at the end of a long road trip.

P-File: “Fuck You Chorus”
Tune: Chorus from “Angels We Have Heard on High”

Fu-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-uck You.
Fu-u-u-u-u-uck You!

P-File: “We’re Norman Dietz’s Troopers”
Tune: unknown

We’re Norman Dietz’s troopers, we’re raiders of the night
We’re dirty sons of bitches who would rather fuck than fight.
OH! Hidy, hidy, christ almighty, who the hell is this?
Zam zam (or Bing bang) goddamn, we’re the Marching Chips. Shit!

Note: Norman Dietz is the beloved original director of the CMU Marching Band.

P-File: “We’re Marching Chips!”
Tune: unidentified

We’re marching Chips!
We have no fear.
We pissed in president Ellis’ beer.
We wipe our ass
With broken glass
We’re mean mother fuckers!

Muse: “We Are the Dirty Bitches” p. 351
P-File: “Men of the Marching Chips”
Tune: Similar to as it is printed in The Erotic Muse

We’re a bunch of bastards, scum of the earth
Fillet of creation, gone from bad to MASTURBATING SONS OF BITCHES!
We’re known in every whorehouse
We smoke, we drink, we screw (Yes, we do!)
We are the men (And the women) of the Marching Chips
And we cordially say FUCK YOU!
How do we say it?
Cordially, but emphatically, with the emphasis on
Fuck Toledo!

Because,
Toledo sucks!
Toledo sucks!
Toledo sucks!

Note: The University of Toledo is a conference rival of CMU’s.

P-File: “The Rappin’ Jack” p. 10
Tune: Rapped over the instrumental “Rocket” by Herbie Hancock

So you’ve heard a little bit about the Marchin’ Chips
Ya gotta be in shape and have a real strong lips
Ya gotta practice hard to be in this band
And then ya gotta have an “okay” by The Man
Ya gotta have a piece of music ready to go
“Cause when Jack calls you in ya gotta put on a show
Now if he likes your music and you’re real, real good
You’ll be a Marching Chip around your neighborhood

And you’ll be sayin’
OOOWA, OOOWA, OOOWA, CHIP (lemme hear ya say)
OOOWA, OOOWA, OOOWA, CHIP (check it out now)
OOOWA, OOOWA, OOOWA, CHIP (one more time)
OOOWA, OOOWA, OOOWA, CHIP

Now marching band camp is a real drag
Pregame and the sun will make your tennis shoes rag
Ya gotta get up at a quarter to eight
And don’t you get up after - you don’t wanna be late
“Cause if you’re late for practice, gotta deal with Jack
And take it from a veteran you wouldn’t like that
So while you’re at camp you march eight to five
And by the time you’re done you feel like you’re gonna die
You go back to your room so you can look at your chart
And then ya gotta write your moves into your part
You start to wonder why you even joined the band and came
Just wait until you feel the way you feel at the game
Twenty-thousand people looking at you from the stands
Two hundred Marching Chips, the best band in the land
You got fifteen minutes ‘til the start of the game
What do ya got? Ya got Pregame!
And the man with the sword is comin’ offa the line
The color guard is movin’ all the flags in time
Percussion line is drummin’ far as you can see
And pullin’ out in front of you is Al Demski
You memorize your music for the Pregame show
You follow your rank leader, ‘cause he knows where to go
Ya really don’t know why, but your heart is pumpin’ fast
Bein’ a Marching Chip is a real big gas.

Well in the band you got about twenty-four bones
Ya gotta know their names so I’ll begin with Ton’
Tony Kramer was the rookie leader last year
Before the last game he had a couple a beers
At Northern Illinois he had a whole lotta fun
He got kinda crazy, think he drank about a ton
But Scott McMeeking was there to calm him down
He sat on Tony’s head and Tony couldn’t make a sound

Now that you know about the bones at their best
I’d like to tell you all about the clarinets
Ya got Sue Kooistra, Ann Case, Mark White, Jo LeighAnn Brecken, Paul Stuligross
The clarinets are kind of fun but kind of strange
‘Course I became a clarinet and never changed
A Marching Chip’s a Marching Chip no matter what he plays
And nobody forgets that on a Saturday.

I said OOOWA! A-sis-boom-bah
Ya don’t stop rockin’ with the Chippewas
Said hip and a hop and a hippity-hop
You gotta keep marchin’ and ya just can’t stop
Hut, two three, four, what the hell are we marchin’ for?
Said digi-digi-dut and a “band ten-Hut!”
Ya gotta keep steppin’, gotta move that butt
Hotel, motel, Holiday Inn, Say look out MAC
‘Cause here we come, with zero losses, nine wins
And if you don’t believe you’ll see Toledo Rockets on their backs
Just listen now fans to the sound of this tune
‘Cause it’s called the Rappin’ Jack (check it out now)

Note: “The Rappin’ Jack” was written in the early 1980s in tribute to the band’s highly regarded current director, Jack Saunders (who followed Dietz), and to a football season in which CMU nearly won the Mid-American Conference (MAC) championship.

P-File: “She Was a Virgin”
Tune: Possibly the tune of a rival’s fight song

She was a virgin in her Freshman year
She was a Sophomore with her conscience clear
She never smoked or drank or fucked around
Until she met this Marching Chip in town
Now she’s the biggest whore at CMU
If you’re a Marching Chip she’ll sleep with you
Instead of having little boys and girls
She’s having little Marching . . .
(Insert spoken Jackism from list below.)
Little Marching . . .
(Insert Jackism, continue pattern until no more Jackisms can be recalled.)
Little Marching . . . Chips!
P-File: “Jack-isms”
Tune: Spoken in no particular order at their proper place within “She Was A Virgin”.

You’re a great band, but some of you have dirty minds.
Return to your positions at 69.
No trumpet in his right mind would put his instrument into that slot.
If you lose the pulse it’s over.
This is the tightest, cleanest flag corps we’ve ever had.
Give ’em an experience, but no pain.
Use each other to find your positions.
You gotta beat off, you gotta beat off, I don’t know how, but you got a beat off.
I don’t know who’s dog that is, but give it a flag, it can march.
I could drive a truck through that hole.
I thought there was an awful lot of tongue in that phrase.
Step back, bones, before Al whacks you.
You’re in college now, you’re old enough to pick your own seats.
Don’t stick it in until you clean it off.
You’re starting to make me tingle all over.
Use the bag to protect it but air it out after you’re done.
If it needs bite then bite it.
All you lovers out there are schmoozin’ all over the notes.
You’re the biggest and best I’ve ever had.
Go ahead, put your tongue on it and make it sing.
Proper attire coming across campus is full uniform or nothing at all.
This band is rich with tradition and this band is sick with tradition!

Note: Jackisms are phrases and things spoken from the podium over the years by CMU band director Jack Saunders and taken out of context by band members. :-)

P-File: “Fritz and Bobo” p. 10
Tune: Theme from The Flintstones

Bobo, Fritz and Bobo
They are Lisa’s tits both left and right
From the town of Ubly
They are sure to get you hot tonight
They’re the nicest tits you’ll ever meet
Topped with chocolate coated candy treats
If she lets you see them
You will surely get a woody
A throbbing woody
A blood-engorged hard-on.

Note: “Fritz and Bobo” was invented by a band member (Mike Passmore) who, like
many, was captivated by the breasts of a certain co-ed (Lisa MacEachin) who marched for CMU in the late 1980s and is the subject of a limerick in section D.

P-File: “I’m A Dickbag and I’m OK” p. 29
Tune: Monty Python’s “I’m A Lumberjack”

I’m a dickbag and I’m OK, I pump all night and I swell all day
I’m covered with hair, have wrinkly skin, I like to slap against thighs
I’m here to hold the testes and their creamy white surprise.

I’m a dickbag and I’m OK, I pump all night and I swell all day
I’m covered with sleaze, hang down to the knees, I like to churn and burn
I pound into the beaver and pump it full of sperm.

Note: “I’m A Dickbag” was invented by Dave Romas, whose Marching Band nickname is Dickbag, 1988.

P-File: “Drink Gulp” p. 10
Tune: same as “Eat Bite” above

Chorus:
Drink, gulp, gack, chuck, guzzle, dribble, spew,
Slam, pound, knock back, blow chow too,
Heave foam, throw chunks, feed the lawn,
Spit, spout, gag, barf, technicolor yawn

I went to the Drink-off and what did they do?
They yacked on their socks and they laughed at their shoes.
They ralfed on their shirts and they puked on their pants,
I had a hunch it wasn’t by chance.

(Chorus)

Everybody had brewed bile in their hair,
No beer left, just a stench in the air.
The whole damn thing didn’t make me ill,
I just went to the Chili Bowl and ate my fill.

(Chorus)

Well my baby she’s no sports fan,
But she goes to the Drink-Off whenever she can.
‘Cause she likes those Trumpets and Bones,
And cheers above their moans and groans.
Note: “Drink Gulp” was invented by Dave Romas in tribute to the Drink Off and The Chili Bowl, two events the Marching Chips held throughout the 1980s and early 90s.

P-File: “Up Popped A Trumpet” p. 10
Tune: chant

Up popped a trumpet from a coconut grove
He was a mean mother fucker, you could tell by his clothes
He wore a four button beanie with a two button stitch
He was a mean mother fucker and a son of a bitch
He chased a piccolo up a coconut tree
She said, "OOOWEE, baby, let my pussy be."
So he lined a hundred flags up against a wall
And made a two dollar bet that he could fuck 'em all
He fucked 98 'til his balls turned blue
Then he backed off and jacked off and fucked the other two
And when he died he went straight to hell
Fucked the Devil's wife and his daughter as well
And on his tombstone written in green
It says, "Here lies a human fuckin' machine."

P-File: “Bathroom Song”
Tune: “Have You Ever Seen a Lassie?”

So here's to brother Dickbag, who's with us tonight
He's merry, he's jolly, he'll drink shots by golly
So, here's to brother Dickbag, who's with us tonight
(Shout) So drink, mother fucker, drink, mother fucker, drink, mother fucker, DRINK!

Note: A tradition at band parties since the late 1980s is the bathroom ritual. Elite members (based on their achieved level of bawdiness) known as Animals will crowd into whatever bathroom happens to be at the party's location and pass around a fifth of vodka drinking to the cheer of this tune until the bottle is empty. The empty bottle (sometimes with the label autographed by all involved) is then given to the oldest Animal present.
LIMERICKS

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam
Complacently stroking his madam
And great was his mirth
For on all the earth
There were only two balls and he had ‘em.

There once was a bishop from Birmingham
Who buggered three maids while confirming ‘em
While praying to God
He excited his rod
And pumped his Episcopal sperm in ‘em.

There once were two ladies from Birmingham
And this is the story concerning ‘em
They lifted the frock
And tickled the cock
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming ‘em.

But the Bishop was nobody’s fool
He’d gone to a fine public school
He lowered his britches
And fucked those bitches
With his eight inch Episcopal tool.

Then up spoke the lady from Kew
Who mocked as the Bishop withdrew
“The Vicar is quicker
And thicker and slicker
And longer and stronger than you.”

A silly young lady named Lil
Tried a dynamite stick for a thrill
The found her vagina
In North Carolina
And bits of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a man from Kent
Whose cock was so long it was bent
To stay out of trouble
He stuck it in double
And instead of coming he went.

There once was a girl from Decatur
Who was laid by a big alligator
But nobody knew
The result of that screw
Because after he laid her he ate her.

There once was a girl from Hoboken
Who said that her cherry was broken
From riding a bike
Down a cobblestone pike
But it really was broken from pokin’.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said, “Fucking is one thing I do know,
Women are fine,
And sheep are divine,
But llamas are numero uno.”

There once was a vampire named Mabel
Whose periods were relatively stable
At every full moon
She’d pick up a spoon
And drink herself under the table.

There once was a man named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave
He said, “I’ll admit
I’m a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save.”

There once was a man from Boston
Who drove a little red Austin
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost’ em.

There once was a man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine
Both concave and convex
It would fit either sex
With a dish down below for the cream.

There once was a girl named MacEachin
Whose slit was delicious to snack in
But she only would whirl
With another dyke girl
So if you were a guy you went jacking.

There once was a man named Glass
Whose balls were made out of brass
When they clanged together
They proclaimed stormy weather
And lightning shot out of his ass.
There once was a couple named Kelly  
Who lost their petroleum jelly  
So in their haste  
They used library paste  
And now their stuck belly to belly.

The repose that enclosed Alabama  
Was broke by an ear-splitting clamor  
Of a maid being laid  
With the violent aid  
Of a hit on her clit with a hammer.

There once was a man from Nantucket  
Whose cock was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin  
As he wiped off his chin  
“If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it.”

There once was a villain most feared  
Tied a girl to the train track and leered  
But he tied her the wrong way  
Not crossways but long way  
And a forty car train disappeared.

There was a young man named Springer  
Who got his testicles caught in a wringer  
He cried out in pain  
As they rolled down the drain  
“There goes my career as a singer.”

There once was a man from Brewster  
Who said to his wife as he goosed her  
“It used to be grand  
But just look at my hand  
You ain’t wipin’ as clean as ya used to.”

There once was a young 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 from the sides of her twat.

There once was a man from Pangborn  
Who fucked ’til his dick was torn  
He gave it a twist  
Instead of cumming he pissed  
And that’s how Jack Saunders was born.

There once was a man named Paul  
Who fucked his girl in the hall  
He put a dime in her twat  
When she asked, “For what?”  
He said if you can’t cum, then call.”

There once was a man from Spokane  
When nocturnal emissions began  
Being ever so clean  
Though he thought it obscene  
Simply swallowed his pride like a man.

There once was a man named “Mud”  
Whom George considered a stud  
“Don’t do it!” Mud said  
As his asshole bled  
But his funk dripped away with his blood.

Mud Dog was the name of this guy  
On whom George Haynes used to spy  
But one day he got drunk  
And gave up the funk  
But I guess better him than I!

There once was a man from Rangoon  
Who was born nine months too soon  
He didn’t have the luck  
To be born by a fuck  
He was scraped off the sheets with a spoon.

There once was a girl named Louise  
Whose cunt hair hung down to her knees  
The crabs in her twat  
Tied the hairs in a knot  
And used them a a trapeze.

There once was a man from Sydney  
Who could put it in up to her kidney  
But a man from Quebec  
Put it up to her neck  
He had a big one, didn’t he?

There once was a milkman named Schwartz  
Whose dick was all covered with warts  
But the women would play  
With his cock anyway  
“Cause good old Schwartz came in quarts.
There once was a woman named Fritz
Whose body was covered with zits
She popped a huge boil
And sucked out the oil
And found it was one of her tits.

There once was a boy named Brand
Who thought massaging his penis was grand
But he viewed with distaste
The gelatinous paste
That it left in the palm of his hand.

There once was a man from Arden
Enjoying his girl in the garden
He said, "My dear Flo,
Where does all that stuff go?"
She said (gulp) "Beg your pardon?"

There once was a monk from Siberia
Whose morals were quite inferior
He did to a nun
What he shouldn't have done
And now she's a Mother Superior.

There was a young lady named Joan
Who thought a penis was made out of bone
She just didn't know
'Twas her sexual glow
That turned parts of men into stone.

For the blowjobs receiver by Abfalter
From his girl he will praise and exalt her
She'll prove what we say
On their wedding day
By giving him head at the altar.

There's more 'bout this guy named Abfalter
Who's girl gave him head at the altar
The reverend cried
As she took him inside
As he blifled her and boffed her and balled her.

Said the priest of this seeming disgrace
For all there's a time and a place
So since all of you
Watched as they screwed
Let us pray while she sits on his face.

If bargains are what you are buying
A madam all kinds is supplying
She has some with disease
Some dead if you please
And some bitches disabled or dying.

There once was a man named Gus
Who raped an old maid on a bus
Though he bragged of his pluck
And the way that he struck
What he struck was a pocket of pus.
There once was a guy named Stockton
Who endlessly tried to get his cock in
He thought that his strength
Could push in his length
But his girth was what always would stop him.

There once was a girl from Mobile
Whose hymen was made of chilled steel
To give her a thrill
Try a rotary drill
Or any size emery wheel.

There once was a man from Seattle
Who bested a bull in a battle
With fire and gumption
He assumed his new function
And fucked a full herd of cattle.

A policeman from Little Rock, Ark.
Although frequently wide of the mark
Has loads of fun
With his masculine gun
As he blasts off his shots in the dark.

A short tempered woman from Burly
On finding her mate had come early
Laid her hand on an axe
And with one or two whacks
Reduced him to one short and curly.

There once was a man named Mark
Who liked to have sex in the dark
Just to be classy
He tried it with Lassie
But her bite was much worse that her bark.

A man from Pine Island Sound
Had a dick that would drag on the ground
So he carried it high
Unconstrained by a fly
Wound around and around and around.

Please observe said the youth from Los Angeles
How impressive my cocks erect angle is
In moments of zest
It can tickle my chest
It’s Pi radian is more than it’s dangle is.

There once was a harlot from Yale
Who had her prices tattooed on her tail
And on her behind
For the sake of the blind
Was the same information in Braille.

There once was a lad from Duluth
Who thought the vagina uncouth
So he took to his bed
Watermelon instead
And so spent the best part of his youth.

There once was a young lady named Tweek
Whose pussy was flabby and weak
But her asshole was tight
So she cried with delight
“I’m so glad I married a Greek.”

There once was a woman from Sweeney
Who split some gin on my weenie
Just to be couth
I added vermouth
And slipped the bitch a martini.

There once was a bastard named Grimes
Who bragged of his sexual crimes
Once in bed with a whore
Then sixty-nine on the floor
For a total of seventy times.

There once was girl named Bari
Whose pussy was ever so hairy
So her boyfriend named Fitz
Would just cum on her tits
The concept is really quite scary.

There once was a woman named Seaver
Who sported the world’s largest beaver
A man named Funt
Got lost in her cunt
And hacked his way out with a cleaver.

In Tibet there once lived a monk
Who refused to give up the funk
A faggot named George
Plugged his hole in a gorge
While he sucked on the cock of a skunk.
There once was a farmer named Rob
Who had a fetish for corn on the cob
With an ear up his ass
He required his lass
To orally bob on his knob.

George Haynes is a faggot who lives with us
He must really wonder “what gives?” with us
As he sways down the halls
He can tongue his own balls
So why should he bother to bugger us?

As I had her bent over the sink
Kathy Hubbard began to think
“What have I done
to deserve all this fun?
I only came in for a drink!”

While getting his twice-weekly lay
He remembered Memorial Day
And decide to shoot
A twenty-one gun salute
But nine was the best he could spray.

In the back room at Radio Shack
I tried to get into her crack
She was loose like a whore
So it was a bore
When I jismed all over her back.

To faggots I really must say
“How could I want to be gay?
When women so fine
Will stand in a line
Because I am such a good lay.

A woman from Warren once said
“I want to get you in my bed
My gaping hole
Is in need of your pole
And my throat is in need of your head.

While wiping the cum from her eyes
She was commenting on my great size
“I've seen some big heads
But with yours in my bed
There isn't much room for my thighs.”

There once was a girl named Nicole
Who kept a steel trap in her hole
Along came Chuck
Who wanted to fuck
And she snipped off half of his pole.

There once was a man named Rick
With twenty-one scabs on his dick
‘Cause when it got hard
He went out in the yard
And beat himself off with a stick.

Once, on November sixth
George Haynes was up to his old trick
We all hit the wall
As he swayed down the hall
As he passed, he called us all “dickth.”

While his tongue was deep in her crack
A strange smell wafted up from her back
She farted again
And blew shit on his chin
And he filled up her cunt with his yack.

This feat from old Corinth's historic
A stud there, in moments euphoric,
Could build for inspection
A hometown erection,
Then switch from Ionic to Doric.

“His cock is as big as a log!”
She said while banging the dog,
And groping the sack
Of a well-hung yak
And licking pig shit off a hog.

There once was girl who begat
Triplets named Nat, Pat and Tat
It was fun in the breeding
But hell in the feeding
When she found there was no tit for Tat.

Helen Keller’s pussy grew tight
As she rubbed her clit late at night
She tickled that gland
With just her left hand
And silently moaned with her right.
There was a young fellow named Lancelot  
Whose neighbors all looked on askance a lot  
Whenever he'd pass  
A presentable lass  
The front of his pants would advance a lot.

While awaiting the Sioux to disband  
Colonel Custer took matters in hand  
Despite his dejection  
He achieved an erection  
And that was Custer's last stand.

There was a young lady in Reno  
Who lost all her dough playing Keno  
So she lay on her back  
Exposing her crack  
And now she owns the casino.

There once was a guy named David  
Who kept all his girlfriend enslaved  
He kept them in chains  
And beat out their brains  
If they couldn't keep their cunts shaved.

A Rabbi who lived in Peru  
Was vainly attempting to screw  
His wife said, "Oy vay,  
If you keep on this way,  
The Messiah will come before you."

There once was a whore from Azores,  
Whose cunt was all covered with sores.  
As she walked down the street,  
The dogs licked her meat,  
And the green goo that dripped from her drawers

Said a printer well-known for his wit,  
"There are certain bad words we omit  
It would sully our art  
To print the word f _ _ _  
And we never, no never, use s _ _ _ ."

An amorous cowboy from Rio  
Once met a young lady named Cleo  
A full night and day  
They spent in the hay  
And now the poor cowboy can't pee-o.

A hardened old cowboy named Buck  
With women just never had luck  
They'd kiss and they'd squeeze  
And his pecker they'd tease  
But he never could get them to fuck

There was a student from Tacoma  
Who was awarded a special diploma  
For his telling apart  
Of a masculine fart  
From a similar female aroma

In the delta there lives a young Creole.  
I'll admit he's a bit of a heal.  
He assesses a prude  
By her moan in the nude  
And a bitch by the pitch of her squeal

An amorous cowboy from Rio  
Once met a young lady named Cleo  
A full night and day  
They spent in the hay  
And now the poor cowboy can't pee-o.

A hardened old cowboy named Buck  
With women just never had luck  
They'd kiss and they'd squeeze  
And his pecker they'd tease  
But he never could get them to fuck

There was a student from Tacoma  
Who was awarded a special diploma  
For his telling apart  
Of a masculine fart  
From a similar female aroma

In the delta there lives a young Creole.  
I'll admit he's a bit of a heal.  
He assesses a prude  
By her moan in the nude  
And a bitch by the pitch of her squeal

A cabby's wife, brighter than some  
Had a meter installed in her bum  
With a musical chime  
To keep track of the time  
And allow you to pay as you come.
A newly wed husband named Bynham
Asked his bride to please 69 him
When she shook her head
He sighed and said,
“Well, if we can’t lick ’em let’s join ’em.”

There once was a queen named Bryce
Who loved to feel cocks just for size
At every school dance
He’d unzip boys’ pants
The nicknamed him “Lord of the Flies”

There was a young man from Brighton
Who remarked to his girl, “You’re a tight one.”
She replied, “Upon my soul,
You’re in the wrong hole.
There’s plenty of room in the right one!”

There once was a boy from Madras
Who fucked every boy in his class
He said with a yawn,
“The novelty’s gone
Now it’s only a pain in the ass.”

There once was a woman named Beatrice
Who contracted a bad case of syphilis
She caught the disease
From the men she would please
With the use and abuse of her orifice.

There once was an engineer named Paul
Who had a hexagonal-shaped ball
The square of his weight
With his pecker, plus eight
Is his phone number, give him a call.

There once was a girl from Wheeling
Who claimed no sexual feeling
Till a skeptic named Horace
Just touched her clitoris
And they had to scrap her off of the ceiling

There once was priest from Morocco
Whose motto was really quite macho
He said, “If I may be blunt
God decreed we eat cunt.
Why else would it look like a taco?”