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For Your Hash's copy,
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Dennis and Lori Gill
11114 Angle Court
Kansas City, KS 66109

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1

THEY BOTH WERE BILLY BOYS

by Ray Cote

I know two guys that're a little different -
Different from you and me.
One of 'em thinks he is Degwood Bixstead;
The other he just doesn't see.

I knew they were doin' something unusual.
But I didn't have no facts.
I went out drinkin' on Fields Avenue.
Then I saw them hanging by the tracks.

Chorus: They both were Billy Boys.
Oh they both were fags.
One said I'll go for his wallet.
The other said I'll grab him by the bag.

The one with the mustache asked me for a cigarette.
The other one asked me for a light.
Before I knew it, someone grabbed me by my package.
I knew there was gonna' be a fight.

Chorus

The first one stepped me with a mighty left hook.
The other fag kicked me in the shins.
Then I realized I was fighting two guys in dresses.
I had better fucking win.

Chorus

The beat me up, then they ran down the tracks.
I wanted to get back my wallet.
I caught up to them when they reached their cardboard houses.
I told them they could each, "Work for it."

Chorus

Put Your Thighs on My Shoulders

Put your head on my shoulder, Hold me in your arms, Baby.
Sweep me off my feet, show me, that your twat is wet.
Put your lips next to mine, dear. Won't you kiss it once, Baby
Just a kiss goodnight, maybe, you and I could fall in lust.

People say that love's a game, a game you just can't win.
If there's a way, I'll find it someday.
And then the next time, I'll stick it in, dear.

Put your thighs on my shoulders, whisper in my ear, "Eat me."
Words I want to hear, "Eat me."
Tell me that you'll screw me, too.

2

Green, Green Grass of Home

The old home looks the same
As I step down from the train,
And out to meet me
Is my young wife and her attorney.
Down the lane I look and there runs Mary,
Hair of gold and tits like cherries.
It's good to smoke the green, green grass of home.

Chorus:

Yes, they'll all come to see me
Titties bouncing, smiling sweetly.
It's good to smoke the green, green grass of home.

The old whore is still standing
Though her lips are cracked and dry.
And there's that old oak tree
That we used to screw on.

Down the lane I walked with my sweet Mary,
Hair of gold and tits like cherries.
It's good to smoke the green, green grass of home.

Chorus

Narration: Then I awoke and looked around me.
At four gray walls that surround me.
And I realize that I was only dreaming
For there's that guard
And there's that old sweet Mary
I'll sleep with her all night and all day
On the green, green grass of home.

Yes there'll all come to meet me.
In the shade of that old oak tree.
I'll lay her on ... the green, yes, green, green grass of home.

3

CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP, CATS ON THE TILES,
CATS WITH THE CLAP AND CATS WITH PILES,
CATS WITH THEIR ASSES WREATHED IN SMILES,
AS THEY REVEL IN THE JOYS OF FORNICATION.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORN WITH A DEVIL OF A STAND,
FROM THE PRESSURE OF THE LIQUID ON THE SEMINARY GLAND,
IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A WOMEN USE YOUR OWN HORNY HAND,
AS YOU REVEL IN THE JOYS OF MASTURBATION.

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP.....

WHEN YOU FIND YOURSELF IN SPRINGTIME WITH A SURGE OF SEXUAL JOY,
AND YOUR WIFE HAS GOT THE RAG ON AND YOUR DAUGHTOR'S RATHER COY,
THEN JAM IT UP THE ASSHOLE OF YOUR FAVORITE CHORBOY,
AS YOU REVEL IN A SMOOTH EJACULATION.

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP.....

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS SO IT SEEMS,
RARELY, IF EVER HAS WET DREAMS,
BUT WHEN HE DOES HE COMES IN STREAMS,
AS HE REVELS IN THE JOYS OF FORNICATION.

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP.....

THE CAMEL LIKES TO HAVE HIS FUN,
HIS NIGHT IS MADE WHEN HE IS DONE,
HE ALWAYS GETS TWO HUMPS FOR ONE,
AS HE REVELS IN THE JOYS OF FORNICATION.

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP.....

THE APE IS SMALL AND RATHER SLOW,
ERECT HE STANDS A FOOT OR SO,
BUT WHEN HE COMES IT'S TIME TO GO,
AS HE REVELS IN THE JOYS OF FORNICATION.

AS I WAS WALKING

AS I WAS WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS,
I SHIT MYSELF, I KNEW I WOULD,
I CRIED FOR HELP, BUT NO HELP CAME,
AND SO I SHIT MYSELF AGAIN.

AS I WAS WALKING THROUGH ST. PAUL'S
THE CURATE GRABBED MY BALLS
I CRIED FOR HELP BUT NO HELP CAME,
AND SO HE GRABBED MY BALLS AGAIN.

DIAMOND LILY

ON HER NAME IS DIAMOND LILY
SHE'S A WHORE IN PICADILLY,
AND HER BROTHER HAS A BROTHEL IN THE STRAND,
HER FATHER SELLS HIS ASSHOLE
AT THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE
THEY'RE THE RICHEST FUCKING FAMILY IN THE LAND.

4

MOOSE SONG (Sung while making antlers with your hands on your head,
that's not easy when drunk... the best time to sing it.
be sung to the tune of "Sweet Betsy from Pike")

CHORUS

Moose, moose, I love a moose.
I've never had anything quite like a moose,
My life has been merry,
Women been loose,
Nothing compares to the love of a Moose,

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,
I open the window and spread it around,
Because Moose will come running when hay's on the ground,

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,
I fondle their titties and twirl their curls,
My true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,
I never got treated that way by a Moose,

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,
I spend all my money on them in the bars,
A Moose is content to be tied to a tree,
While I find other Mooses to satisfy me,

(women's verse)

You spend all your money on women in bars,
I spend all my time wondering where you are,
A moose is happy to stay home with me,
That's why from now on it's only mooses for me,

My girlfriend's a prude, she only likes it one way,
I do my Missionary style day after day,
That's why I sneak off with Margie the Moose,
Whenever I want to ride the caboose,

(women's verse)

All my past lovers did brag about size,
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,
A Moose is the size that a man ought to be,
That's why from now on it's only Mooses for me,

When I was much younger I read dirty books,
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
That nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
I like the feeling I get jacking off to Bullwinkle,

The _____ hash just isn't quite right,
The women up here are much too tight,
But give them an hour out back with a moose,
And they will return hot, horny and loose,

(women's verse)

I'm My Own Grandpa

I'm my own Grandpa; I'm my own Grandpa.
Sounds funny I know, but really it's so.
I'm my own Grandpa.

Many many years ago when I was twenty three,
I was married to a widow who was pretty as can be.
The widow had a grownup daughter, who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her, and soon the two were wed.

This made my Dad my Son-in-law, which changed my very life.
My daughter was my mother for she was my father's wife.
To complicate the matter, even though it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

This baby then became the brother of my Dad
And so became my uncle though it made me very sad.
For if he was my uncle then he also was the brother
Of the red-haired grownup daughter who of course was my stepmother

And I'm my own Grandpa; I'm my own Grandpa.
Sounds funny I know, but really it's so.
I'm my own Grandpa.

My father's wife then had a son, who kept them on the run.
This child became my grandchild for he was my daughter's son.
My wife is now my father's mother and it makes me blue.
Although she is my wife, she is my grandmother, too.

Now if my wife is my grandmother, then I am her grandchild
Every time I think of this it really drives me wild.
Now I have become the strangest case you ever saw.
As husband of my grandmother, I am my own Grandpa.

And I'm my own Grandpa; I'm my own Grandpa.
Sounds funny I know, but really it's so.
I'm my own Grandpa.

My uncle's mom is therefore married to my Pa.
His sister is my wife, thereby being my brother-in-law.
If he grows up and has a girl as he really oughta
She'll be his half-sister and my niece, cousin and daughter.

And I'm my own Grandpa; I'm my own Grandpa.
Sounds funny I know, but really it's so.
I'm my own Grandpa.

Morgan's Pies (Jingle Bells) by Ray Cody and Smoky Davis

Dashing down the road
With a cooler full of pies
It's a heavy load
But it's for us guys.

His moped has arrived
Fiesta time is right
What fun it is to eat and puke
Some Morgan's Putrid pies.

Oh, Morgan's Pies, Morgan's Pies,
Morgan you're a dick.
When we eat your fucking pies, we get fucking sick.
(Repeat)

I ate a Morgan Pie
A Down-down I did do.
Now I've got that fucking pie
Caked upon my shoe

We sing this little song
We sing it just for you.
Now we think it's only right
That you should eat one too.

Chorus

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

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

She's filthy, she's nasty
She shits on the floor,
Charlotte, the harlot, the cowpunchers' whore.

ONE NIGHT IN THE DESERT, HER LEGS OPENED WIDE,
A RATTLESNAKE SAW IT AND CRAWLED UP INSIDE,
NOW ALL THE BOYS GATHER ON SATURDAY NIGHT,
TO SEE THE VAGINA THAT'LL RATTLE AND BITE.

She's filthy.....

ONE NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE, WHILE RIDING ALONG,
ONE HAND ON MY SADDLE AND ONE ON MY DONG,
WHO SHOULD I SPY BUT THE GIRL I ADORE,
CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT, THE COWPUNCHERS' WHORE.

She's filthy.....

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

She's filthy.....

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

She's filthy..

7

RED RIVER VALLEY

COME AND SIT ON MY FACE IF YOU LOVE ME

COME AND SIT ON MY FACE IF YOU CARE.
LET ME LOOK UP YOUR RED RIVER VALLEY
AND STARE INTO YOUR PUBIC HAIR 2-3-4
PUBIC HAIR, YOU'VE GOT THE CUTEST LITTLE PUBIC HAIR
THERE IS NO OTHER THAT CAN COMPARE, PUBIC HAIR
PENIS OR YAGINA,
THERE IS NO OTHER
THAN YOUR PUBIC HAIR
I'M UP IN HEAVEN WHEN I'M IN YOUR UNDERWEAR!
I DIDN'T NEED A SHOVE TO GET A MOUTHFUL OF
THAT BEAUTIFUL PUBIC HAIR

RED FLAG

THE WORKING CLASS CAN KISS MY ASS
I'VE GOT A FOREMAN'S JOB AT LAST.
I'M OUT OF WORK AND ON THE DOLE
YOU CAN STUFF THE RED FLAG UP YOUR HOLE.

TWAS ON GIBRALTER'S ROCK SO FAIR,
I SAW A MAIDEN LYING THERE,
AND AS SHE LAY IN SWEET REPOSE,
A PUFF OF WIND BLEW UP HER CLOTHES.
A SAILOR WHO WAS PASSING BY,
TIPPED HIS HAT AND WINKED HIS EYE
AND THEN HE SAW TO HIS DESPAIR,
SHE HAD THE RED FLAG FLYING THERE.

BRITISH GRENADIER

SOME DIE FROM DRINKING WATER
AND SOME FROM DRINKING BEER,
AND SOME FROM CONSTIPATION
AND SOME FROM DIARRHEA.
BUT OF ALL THE WORLD'S DISEASES
THERE'S NONE THAT CAN COMPARE
WITH THE DRIP, DRIP, DRIP
OF A SYPHLYTIC PRICK
OF A BRITISH GRENADIER.

I like the girls who say they will
And I like the girls who won't
I hate the girls who say they will
And then they say won't.
But of all the girls that I like best
I may be wrong or right
Are the girls who say they never will,
But look as though they might.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR
I'D RATHER HANG AROUND
PICADILLY UNDERGROUND
LIVING OFF THE EARNINGS
OF A HIGH-BORN LADY.
I DON'T WANT A BULLET
UP MY ASSHOLE.
I DON'T WANT MY BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY
I'D RATHER STAY IN ENGLAND
IN MERRY MERRY ENGLAND
AND FORNICATE MY BLOODY LIFE AWAY
GOL BLIMEY
MONDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANKLE
TUESDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE.
AND WEDNESDAY AFTER MESS
I LIFTED UP HER DRESS
THURSDAY I SAY YOU KNOW WHAT
AND FRIDAY I PUT MY HAND UPON IT.
SATURDAY SHE GAVE MY BALLS A TWEAK
AND SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER
I RAN MY BUGGER UPPER
AND NOW SHE WANTS IT 7 DAYS A WEEK
SINGING I DON'T WANT TO JOIN.....

ENGINEER'S SONG

AN ENGINEER TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED
ARRUM TITTY BUM TITTY BUM, TITTY BUM
AN ENGINEER TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED
AND I'LL NEVER KNOW IF THE BASTARD LIED
ARRUM TITTY BUM TITTY BUM TITTY BUM.
ARRUM TITTY BUM TITTY BUM TITTY BUM.
HE KNEW A GIRL WITH A CUNT SO WIDE
THAT SHE COULD NEVER BE SATISFIED
AND SO HE FASHIONED A BLOODY GREAT WHEEL
AND ON IT HE BUILT A PRICK OF STEEL
2 BRASS BALLS HE FILLED WITH CREAM
AND THE WHOLE BLOODY MESS WAS DRIVEN BY STEAM
ROUND AND ROUND WENT THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL
IN AND OUT WENT THE PRICK OF STEEL
DOWN & DOWN WENT THE LEVEL OF CREAM
AND UP & UP WENT THE LEVEL OF STEAM
TIL AT LAST THE MAIDEN CRIED
ENOUGH ENOUGH I'M SATISFIED
NOW WE COME TO THE TRAGIC BIT
THERE WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT
SHE WAS SPLIT FROM TWAT TO TIT
AND THE WHOLE BLOODY MESS WAS
COVERED WITH SHIT.
NOW WE COME TO THE PART THAT'S GRIM
IT HINDER OFF THE...

8

SYPHILIS (TO THE TUNE OF YESTERDAY)

Syphilis, It all started with a simple kiss.
Now it burns me when I try to piss.
Oh, I believe in Syphilis.

Why she had those sores,
I don't know; I failed to ask.
I knew something's wrong
I should have had her up the ass.

Abortion

Abortion, abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N.
Abortion, abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N.
Well, the mother, she wiggles, then she'll scream and shout,
As you take a coathanger and the yank the kid out.
Abortion, abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N.

Babyfuck, Babyfuck, B-A-B-Y-F-U-C-K.
Babyfuck, Babyfuck, B-A-B-Y-F-U-C-K
Well, you take that baby from its bed,
And you fuck it in the softspot in its head.
Babyfuck, Babyfuck, B-A-B-Y-F-U-C-K.

Babyfuck, Babyfuck, B-A-B-Y-F-U-C-K.
Babyfuck, Babyfuck, B-A-B-Y-F-U-C-K
Well, you take that baby from its crib
And you fuck it in its mouth til it pukes on its bib.
Babyfuck, Babyfuck, B-A-B-Y-F-U-C-K.

9

My Ding-a-ling

When I was a little-bitty boy,
My Grandma gave me a brand new toy:
Silver bells hanging on a string.
She told me it was my Ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus: My Ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling.
I want you to play with my ding-a-ling.
My Ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling.
I want you to play with my ding-a-ling.

I went on a picnic Sunday last.
Me and my chick, we were rolling in the grass.
Would you believe that a bee did sting
The very, very tip of my ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus

Once I was swimming 'cross turtle creek.
Snappers were snapping at my feet.
It sure was hard swimming 'cross that thing
With both hands holdin' my ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus

Once I was climbing the garden wall.
I slipped and had such a terrible fall.
I fell so hard that I heard bells ring.
But I managed to hold on to my ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus

Once I was rowing 'cross Folsom lake.
I turned around and thought I saw a snake.
So I grabbed my oar and took a big swing;
Chopped off half of my ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus

This here toilet, it ain't so neat.
So you better stand on the toilet seat.
And don't throw straws into that thing.
Or they'll pole-vault up to your ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus

This here song, it ain't so sad.
The cutest little song that you ever had.
Those of you who will not sing.
You must be playing with your own ding-a-ling.

10

POETRY

POETRY, POETRY HOW DO YOU LIKE MY POETRY?
IT'S NOT AS MELLOW AS LONGFELLOW, BUT IT'S POETRY.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT TO THE CUPBOARD
TO GET HER POOR DOG A BONE.
BUT WHEN SHE BENT OVER,
ROYER TOOK OVER
AND GAVE HER A BONE OF HIS OWN.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT TO THE CUPBOARD
TO GET HER POOR DAUGHTOR A DRESS.
BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE,
THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE,
AND SO WAS HER DAUGHTOR, I GUESS

MARY HAD A LITTLE SHEEP
AND WITH THAT SHEEP SHE WENT TO SLEEP.
THE SHEEP TURNED OUT TO BE A RAM
AND MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

UP JUMPED THE MONKEY FROM THE COCONUT GROVE
HE WAS A COOL MOTHER-FUCKER YOU COULD TELL BY HIS CLOTHES.
HE WORE A TWO BUTTON ANNIE WITH A SIX BUTTON STITCH
HE WAS A COCK-SUCKIN' MOTHER-FUCKIN' BLUE-BALLED BITCH.
HE WALKED THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH HIS PRICK IN HIS HAND
AND SAID LOOK OUT WOMEN, I'M YOUR BE-BOPPIN' MAN.
HE LINED A HUNDRED WOMEN UP AGAINST THE WALL
AND SAID LOOK OUT WOMEN, I'M GONNA FUCK YOU ALL.
THEN, HE FUCKED NINETY-EIGHT TIL HIS BALLS TURNED BLUE,
BACKED OFF, JACKED OFF, AND FUCKED THE OTHER TWO.
HAVE YOU GOT A HARD-ON? NOT YET.
ARE YOU GONNA GET ONE? YOU BET.
IT'S RISING NOW.

HERE'S TO THE BREEZES, THAT BLOW THROUGH THE TRESSES,
AND LIFT LITTLE GIRLS' SKIRTS ABOVE THEIR KNEESES.
LITTLE BOY SEES AND DOES WHAT HE PLEASES.
HENCE, WE HAVE OUR SOCIAL DISEASES.

IF I HAD A DOG THAT COULD PISS THIS STUFF
AND IF I WAS SURE HE COULD PISS ENOUGH,
I'D TIE HIS HEAD TO THE FOOT OF MY BED
AND SUCK HIS DICK 'TIL WE BOTH DROPPED DEAD.

HERE'S TO MANGY NELL, THAT DIRTY OLD BELLE,
THAT SLEEZY, SLIMY TWAT.
GREEN TURDS COME OUT OF YOUR ASSHOLE,
AND MAGGOTS CRAWL 'ROUND YOUR BUTT.
YET BEFORE I SCALE THOSE SPINDLY LEGS
OR SUCK THOSE FESTERED TITS
I'D DRINK A GALLON OF BUZZARDS' PUKE
AND DIE OF THE DRIZZLING SHITS.

LITTLE JACK HORNER
SAT IN A CORNER
EATING HIS SISTER MARY.
HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB
AND PULLED OUT A PLUMB
& SAID, WHERE THE HELL'S THE CHERRY?

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL
THEY EACH HAD A BUCK & A QUARTER
JILL CAME DOWN WITH TWO-FIFTY
THEY DIDN'T GO UP FOR WATER.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET
SAT ON HER TUFFET
EATING HER CURDS AND WHIEY.
ALONG CAME A SPIDER
AND CRAWLED UP INSIDE HER
SO SHE BEAT IT TO DEATH WITH'ER SPOON.

11

THE NECROPHELIC

My name is Jack; I'm a necropheliac.
I fuck dead women; and I fill 'em full of semen.
I get frustrated, when they get cremated.
A cemetery's a must, cause you can't fuck dust.

Each time I pass the cemetery gate I fell I have to masturbate.

My name is Bill; I like to fuck 'em when they're still.
I whack off in - an occupied coffin.
I love wrinkly women, who are over sixty-five,
Especially, if they died when twenty-five.

Each day I try to copulate with my favorite deceased mate.

My name is Mitch; I dig a wealthy bitch.
Not because she's really rich, but in a six-foot ditch.
Most like their ladies hot, but like most men I'm not.
I may be bold, but I like my ladies cold.

Each month I enter the mausoleum gate so that I can fornicate.

Subic Hashional Anthem

There was a Hasher of forty-five.
Not much to look at, but he's alive.
He's a disaster; he's our grand master.
When hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oo.

There was a sailor who fell in love.
He met the girl he was dreamin' of.
But he wouldn't marry'er, She's a clap carrier,
So now he's hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oo.

There was an ensign, who liked to smile
When thinking of down-downs
During her last mile.
She Chugs beer better in Barrío Barretta
When Hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oo.

There was a hasher who was in distress.
Til he biblically knew our Grand Mistress.
He's her spiritual advisor; she's his appetizer
When hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oo.

12

This is a song without any redeeming social value.
In other words, good hash stuff. Enjoy. -z-

THE REAL STORY OF GILLIGAN'S ISLAND
Tune: Gilligan's Island Theme
Attributed to John Valby (aka Doctor Dirty)

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale
A tale of a fateful trip
That started with a drippy dick
And a cold sore on my lip

The skipper started getting rough
He grabbed my scrotum sack
Pulled it back between my legs
And shoved it up my crack

The professor sucked off Mary Anne
And Thurston Howell the 3rd
Was nuzzlin' Gilligan's asshole
Hopin' for a turd.

Mrs Howell and Ginger were doin' 69
Ginger thought her perriiiiiiood was late...
But it was right on time!

> WHO NEEDS SEX?
> Sung to: Three Blind Mice

>
> Who needs sex? > Who needs sex?
> It's no fun, > It's no fun,
> You chase after women and what do you get?
> You grumble and fumble and break out in sweat,
> You wake the next morning just deeper in debt,
> So, who needs sex? > Who needs sex?
> It's no fun, > It's no fun,
> You meet a new women and go on a date,
> You hug and you kiss and you think it's great,
> She gives you blue balls and you masturbate,
> So, who needs sex? > Who needs sex?

> Who needs sex? Who needs sex?
It's no fun; It's no fun
He grunts and he gasps like he's on a long run
He's in for a minute then he squirts on your bum
Then he falls asleep as soon as he's done
So who needs sex? Who needs sex?

Yesterday

Breathalyze, Crystals turning green before my eyes.
I can hardly realize, that I have just been Breathalyzed.
Suddenly, There's a policeman standing over me.
I'd like to punch him but he's six foot three,
And I would like to stay alive.

He said, We'd like to test your blood for alcohol
I said, Go away, you'll get nothing, Dracula.
Reality, five hundred milligrams per 100 mls.
Now they reckon, I'm a mobile still
and I have to be penalized.

Custody, when they took me down the local mick
I've never seen a policeman move so quick
But not as quick, as I got sick

Misery;
And the judge says I must join A A
And take the bus for 60 days.

Birth Control; it's the only way to save my soul.
Since I put it in my girlfriend's hole.
Now I believe in birth control

Why I had to come, I don't know, she wouldn't blow.
I did something wrong, now I long for birth control

Pregnancy; there's a shotgun hanging over me.
Why this tummy bulge has got to be.
I should have used a rubber; silly me.

Syphilis; it all started with a simple kiss.
Now, it feels like razors when I try to piss.
It's agony, this syphilis.

Why she wouldn't blow, I don't know, I should've asked.
Now it's buring hell, I should have had her up the ass.

Leprosy; Bits and pieces falling off of me.
I'm not half the man I used to be.
Since I acquired leprosy.

Join the New Moon Hash

If you're adventure-hungry
And your Yuppie life is sad.
If you'd like to make a journey,
And leave everything you had.
You want to get away.
Sing a song
You want to get smashed.
Call it a day.
Come on along and join the New Moon Hash.

Eleven long months we've been running
Through Beaches, Forests and swamps.
One more month we'll be running,
Then Happy Birthday, On On On.

We don't care if nobody loves you.
No one to share your tears.
We don't care if you've got no money.
Money is the root of evil.

You want to get away.
Sing a song
You want to get smashed.
Call it a day.
Come on along and join the New Moon Hash.

Anybody can join us.
Black, brown, yellow or blue.
We won't make you noivous.
We even take White Men, too.

We don't care if nobody loves you.
No one to share your tears.
We don't care if you've got no money.
Money is the root of evil.

You want to get away.
Sing a song
You want to get smashed.
Call it a day.
Come on along and join the New Moon Hash.
At six p.m.
Come on along and join the New Moon Hash.
Every New Moon
Come on along and join the New Moon Hash.

The Scotsman's Kilt

Oh a Scotsman dressed up in his kilt left the bar one evening fair.
 You could tell by the way he walked that he'd drunk more than his share.
 he staggered out till he could no longer keep his feet.
 And then he found a place to sleep beside the street.
 Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio

Ring di diddly -i-o
 ALL: And then he found a place to sleep beside the street.
 About that time two young and lively girls were passing by.
 One said to the other with a twinkle in her eye.
 See that Scotsman so strong and handsome built.
 I wonder if it's true that he wears nothing neath his kilt.

Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio
 Ring di diddly -i-o
 So they crept up on the sleeping Scotsman quiet as can be.
 And lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see.
 Lo and behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt.
 Was nothing more than God had grace4d him with upon his birth.

Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio
 Ring di diddly -i-o
 They marvelled for a minute then they said, "We must be gone.
 Let's leave him a souvenir before we travel on."
 As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow.
 Around the bonnie scarf the Scotsman's kilt will lift and show.

Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio
 Ring di diddly -i-o
 Now the Scotsman rose to nature's call and he headed for the tree.
 He lifted up his kilt then he gawked at what he'd see.
 And in his drunken voice he said to what before his eyes,
 "Oh lad I don't know where you've been, but I see you've won 1st Prize."

Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio
 Ring di diddly -i-o
 Our Scottish friend still dressed in kilt continued the street.
 he hadn't gone ten yards or more when a girl he'd chance to meet.
 She said, "I've heard what's under there, tell me is it so?
 He said, "Just slip your hand up, miss, if you'd really like to know."

Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio
 Ring di diddly -i-o
 She put her hand right up his kilt, and much to her surprise,
 The Scotsman smiled and a very strange look came into his eyes.
 She cried why sir that's gruesome. And then she heard him roar,
 "If you put your hand up once again you'll find it "grew some" more.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
 Nobody thought that she would have a go,
 But she surprised the Vicar,
 By raising him quicker,
 That any other girl at Roedean School.

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we,
 Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry,
 It's lights out at seven,
 Candles out at eleven,
 For we are from Roedean School.

Our school doctor, she is a beaut,
 Teaches us to swerve when our boy friends shoot,
 It saves many marriages,
 And forced miscarriages,
 For we are from Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, don't we have fun,
 We know exactly how it is done,
 When we lie down
 We hole it in one,
 For we are from Roedean School.

Those girls from Cheltenham, they are just sissies,
 The get worked up over one or two kissies,
 It takes wax candles,
 And long broom handles,
 To rouse the girls at Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, we can be had,
 Don't take our word, boy ask your old dad,
 He brings his friends,
 For breath-taking trends,
 For we are from Roedean School.

In our winter we wear our J.D.'s,
 Long combinations well below our knees,
 It's all right for dragging,
 But no good for shagging,
 For we are from Roedean School.

GET IT UP, GET IT IN, GET IT OUT, DON'T MESS MY HAIR-DO
 (To the Tune of Bonanza)
 Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do
 You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around
 Hit the spot, make me hot
 I will scream out loud

Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do
 You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around
 Suck my toes, insert your hose
 Make my juices flow

Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do
 You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around
 When I am done and I have cum
 We'll start another round

Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do
 You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around

Adelaine Schmidt - Tune Unknown
Written by Semper High
Oral Choral Leader - Mu-Sick - Emerald Coast H3

There once was a maiden named Adelaine Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor, 'cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,
And up went the window, and out shot her ass.
A Handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He happened to be on that side of the street.
He looked up so handsome, he looked up so spry,
And a big peice of shit hit him right in the eye.

Chorus: It was brown, brown, shit all around;
It was brown, brown, shit on the ground;
It was brown, brown, shit all around;
The whole world was covered with shit - shit - shit - shit!

He travelled to the East and he travelled to the west,
Then a bloody great turd hit him right in the chest.
He walked to the north and he looked to the South.
Then another great turd hit him right in the mouth.
That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore.
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore.
Now 'neath London Bridge that copper does sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying, "Blinded by Shit."

Chorus
Two fast moving Hasers came running along.
Throwing flour and paper and singing their song,
Singing, "Hi-Diddle-Diddle!" and flogging their dong.
The Hares were trail-setting; the pack won't be long.
The hares found the copper alone by the pit;
Threw flour in the holes where his eyes used to fit,
The Hares led the pack by a block and a bit,
Said "We'll lead those damn hounds through these puddles of shit."

Chorus
The Hares led the pack to the edge of the pit,
They slipped and they slid in the puddles of shit,
They fell in the shiggy, right up to their tail,
'Ere they sank out of sight, they had marked it True Trail
The pack followed bravely, the pack followed true,
They followed the hares into that vile brew.
They followed the true trail right into the pit.
Soon the whole pack of hashers was drowning in shit.

Chorus
This tale has a lesson if you think a bit.
Don't follow the true trail right into the pit.
Remember that hares can be dumb bloody fools,
And in hashing, like loving, there's no fucking rules.

Roedean School

We are from Roedean, good girls are we,
We take great pride in our virginity,
We take precautions,
And avoid abortions,
For we are from Roedean School.

Chorus
Up School, Up school Up school, Right Up school!
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah,
Laah-lah, laah-lah, Three fingers up your arse.

Our school master, he is a fool,
He only has a teeny-weeny tool,
It's all right for keyholes,
And little girlies' pee-holes,
But not for girls at Roedean School.

When we go out to the Vicar's for tea,
He likes to bounce us up and down on his knee,
We feed him brandy,
Which makes him feel randy,
For we are from Roedean School.

When we go down to the beach for a swim,
The people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar,
It's as big as a horse's collar,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head perfect, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
And again, and again,
And again, and again,
For she is from Roedean School.

Our house mistress, she can't be beat,
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for,
Three-penny bitties,
Right outside of Roedean School.

Our sports mistress, she is the best,
She teaches us how to develop our chest,
We wear tight sweaters,
And carry French Letters,
For we are from Roedean School.

Each week at Roedean we have a dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give, All the fellows a chance,
For we are from Roedean School.

Dur head gardener, he makes us drool,
He's got a great big dirty whoppin' tool,
All right for tunnels,
and Queen Mary's funnels,
and great for the girls at Roedean School.

19

CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP, CATS ON THE TILES,
CATS WITH THE CLAP AND CATS WITH PILES.
CATS WITH THEIR ASSES WREATHED IN SMILES.
AS THEY REVEL IN THE JOYS OF FORNICATION.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORN WITH A DEVIL OF A STAND,
FROM THE PRESSURE OF THE LIQUID ON THE SEMINARY GLAND.
IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A WOMEN USE YOUR OWN HORNY HAND.
AS YOU REVEL IN THE JOYS OF MASTURBATION.

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP.....

WHEN YOU FIND YOURSELF IN SPRINGTIME WITH A SURGE OF SEXUAL JOY,
AND YOUR WIFE HAS GOT THE RAO ON AND YOUR DAUGHTOR'S RATHER COY,
THEN JAM IT UP THE ASSHOLE OF YOUR FAVORITE CHOIRBOY,
AS YOU REVEL IN A SMOOTH EJACULATION.

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP.....

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS SO IT SEEMS,
RARELY, IF EVER HAS YET DREAMS,
BUT WHEN HE DOES HE COMES IN STREAMS,
AS HE REVELS IN THE JOYS OF FORNICATION.

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP.....

THE CAMEL LIKES TO HAVE HIS FUN,
HIS NIGHT IS MADE WHEN HE IS DONE,
HE ALWAYS GETS TWO HUMPS FOR ONE,
AS HE REVELS IN THE JOYS OF FORNICATION.

SINGING CATS ON THE ROOFTOP.....

THE APE IS SMALL AND RATHER SLOW,
ERECT HE STANDS A FOOT OR SO.
BUT WHEN HE COMES IT'S TIME TO GO,
AS HE REVELS IN THE JOYS OF FORNICATION.

AS I WAS WALKING

AS I WAS WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS,
I SHIT MYSELF, I KNEW I WOULD.
I CRIED FOR HELP, BUT NO HELP CAME,
AND SO I SHIT MYSELF AGAIN.

AS I WAS WALKING THROUGH ST. PAUL'S
THE CURATE GRABBED MY BALLS
I CRIED FOR HELP BUT NO HELP CAME,
AND SO HE GRABBED MY BALLS AGAIN.

DIAMOND LILY

ON HER NAME IS DIAMOND LILY
SHE'S A WHORE IN PICADILLY,
AND HER BROTHER HAS A BROTHEL IN THE STRAND.
HER FATHER SELLS HIS ASSHOLE
AT THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE
THEY'RE THE RICHEST FUCKING FAMILY IN THE LAND.

There was an old farmer

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,
Shaking and waving his big hairy ...
List at the ladies next door at the Ritz,
Who taught the young children to play with their ...
Kite strings and marbles and all things galore,
Along came a lady who looked like a
Recent young lady, but walked like a duck,
He thought she'd invented a new way to ...
Bring up the children, to sew and to knit,
The boys in the stable were shovelling ...
Litter and paper from yesterday's hunt,
And old Farmer Peltter was having some...
Take in the parlor and singing this song,
If you think it's dirty, you're fucking well wrong.

Roedean School

We are from Roedean, good girls are we
We all take pride in our virginity.
We take precautions and avoid all abortions,
For we are from Roedean School.

Chorus: Up school, Up school, Up school,
Right up school!
La, la, la-la-la-la-la-la.
La, la, la-la-la-la-la-la.

Our school master, he is a fool,
He only has a loony weeny tool.
It's all right for keyholes and little girl's peeholes,
But not for girls at Roedean School

Our head Prefect, her name is Jane
She only likes it now and again
And again and again and again and again
For she is from Roedean School.

is for asshole all covered on shit
Heigh-he says Rowley
B is the bugger who revels in it.
Singing rolly polly up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh-he, says Anthony Rowley

C is for cunt all dripping with piss
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss

is the eunuch with only one ball
is the fucker with no balls at all

G is for goiter, gonorrrhea, and gout.
is the harlot who spreads it about.

I is for insertion, injection, and itch.
J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch.

is the Whore who thought fucking a farce, And X, Y, and Z you can share on

When we go down to the beach for a swim
People all remark on the size of our quim
You can bet a dollar, it's as big as a horse's collar
For we are from Roedean School.

Those girls from Chilternham, they are just sissies,
They get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles and long broom handles
For we are from Roedean School.

Heigh-he Says Rowley

K is the knight who thought fucking a bore.
L is the lesbian who came back for more.

M is the maidenhead all tattered and torn.
N is the noble who died on his horn.

O is for orifice all cunningly concealed
P is the penis all pulled back and peeled.

Q is the Quaker who shot in his hat
R is the Rajah who rogered the cat

S is the shit pot all filled to the brim.
T are the turds all floating within.

U is the usher who taught us at school
Y is the virgin who played with his tool

THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd,
And he sat upon the telephone pole.
He stuck out his little neck,
And shit about a peck,
As he puckered up his little asshole.
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole.

Asshole

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I will be,
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee,
Fuck You, Fuck you, For curiosity
My cunt, my cunt, my country 'tis of thee.
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
A soldier I will be.

Would You Like to Live in a Bar?

by Thar She Blows

Would you like to live in a bar?
Carry Yucca 'round in a jar?
Is there an ON ON foot on your car?
If so, a hasher's what you are.

Do you fuck on first dates?

Blown too much of my time
Buyin' dinner and wine
And my money on flowers and lollies
Only to find that what's on my mind
Isn't on hers and she's sorry

Do you sleep in the nick
Do you give head very often
If we can decide, your place or mine,
So that we can fuck often.

So I made up some lines
To save wastin' time
And to keep me from spendin' my brass
I'm ever so cool, I just pull up a stool
Right next to her and I ask:

So when you happen to see
A good looking Sheila
And you'd give a week's pay just to hold her
Don't sit actin' dumb, just face her full on,
And remember the lines that I told ya

**** Chorus ****

Now this method of mine
Might not work every time
But then again no method will
I've been spat at and slapped, and kneed in the nar
But then I've had a few fucks as well.

Do you fuck on first dates?
Does your dad own a brewery?
Can I feel your tits,
Or will you show them to me?

**** Chorus ****

'Cause you got a nice head,
And you look pretty honest.
This face'll be leavin' in quarter of an hour,
I'd like you to be on it.

If the answer is no
To these questions above
Be a good sport, give me the name
Of a girlfriend who does.

Well you know how it feels
When you first meet a Sheila
And all the Bull Shit you go through,
Like callin' her up, and tellin' her you love her,
When all that you love is a screw.

And how she wants to hold hands
And you to meet her old man
And sit around for hours and talk,
But my new method is to cut through the jizz,
And cut to the goodies straight off.

**** Chorus ****

I Don't Want To Join A Convent
Tune: I Don't Want to Join the Army

I don't want to join a convent,
Purity is really quite a bore,
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,
Living off the earnings of an off- shore expat,
I don't want to waste my life a virgin,
I don't want to count my rosary,
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

Monday I got myself deflowered,
Tuesday I moved into his house,
On Wednesday I declared, you Hashers aren't so bad,
Thursday a climax! Oh, gor blimey,
Friday he told me he was leaving,
Saturday he flew to Singapore,
And Sunday starts the party,
To celebrate his parting,
And now I've got eight weeks to fuck around, gor blimey.

I don't want to raise a family,
I'm not cut out for nine to five,
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,
I don't care if I don't go to heaven,
I don't want to go there all alone,
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.



Little Gomez, the Mexican Chihuahua

Well, I used to have a doggie and his name was Little Gomez,
Cause you see he was a Moxican Chihuahua.
There wasn't much of him, but what there was, was all cajones.
He was certainly a randy little fella'

Large dogs, small dogs, it mattered not to him
The canine equivalent of Errol Flynn.
At the drop of a sombrero he'd jump up and get stuffed in
Taking Gomez out for walks, it was embarrassing.

I remember one day in the park his tally rose by four,
While in the square, a crowd was amassing.
Two highly strung French Poodles, a golden Labrador,
And a Raccoon who just happened to be passing.

I tried every way to curb his carnal appetite.
I kept him on a leash by day and locked him up at night.
I even put saltpeter in his doggie Meaty Bites,
But the only thing that might have worked was kryptonite.
The only thing that might have worked was kryptonite.

Then came that fateful day, when he tried to consummate
A liaison with a St Bernard called Broadwin.
And although he was fighting quite well above his weight,
He didn't let this awful prospect daunt him.
He nearly pulled it off, Oh what an acrobat.
Then Broadwin deposed and down she sat.

They say that after making love, you often feel quite flat
I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.
I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.

I buried Little Gomez in the park, his happy hunting ground.
A sad but fitting finale.
I had to dig a grave that was shallow, flat and round
Cause he looked like a squashed tamale.

But I really miss my wee Chihuahua chum,
So I went down to the pet shop to get another one.
I went in feeling happy, but I came out feeling glum,
Cause the man down at the pet shop liked corny puns.
The man down at the pet shop liked corny puns.

And he said, "Yes, we have no chihuahuas.
We have no Chihuahuas, today.
We have dalmations, creations, results from all flirtations,
A half Pekingese, and a Char-pei.
But, Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.
We have no Chihuahuas, today.

25

THE BALL OF KIRRIEMUIR

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
And when the affair was over there were four and twenty less.

Chorus: Singing Balls to your partner, her ass against the wall
If you never get laid on a Saturday night, you'll never get laid at all.

The village cripple, he was there,
He wasn't up to much.
He lined the women against the wall
and fucked 'em with his crutch.

There was fucking in the parlor
Fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the mass of Public Hairs

The village bobby, he was there,
The pride of all the force,
Till they caught him behind the stable
Jacking off his horse.

Sister Superior, She was there
She had the crowd in fits
Jumping off the mantelpiece
And landing on her tits.

The Village magician, he was there,
He finally came at last
He pulled his foreskin over his head
And vanished up his ass.

The village idiot, he was there,
Doing this and that,
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And catching it in his hat.

The village butcher, he was there,
His cleaver in his hand,
And every time he turned around
he circumcised the band.

There was fucking in the kitchen
Fucking in the halls;
You couldn't hear the music
For the swishing of the bells.

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

The village giant, he was there.
A mighty man was he
He lined the maids against the wall
And fucked them, three by three.

The queen was in the pantry
Getting milk and honey,
The King was in the Chambermaid
And she was in the money.

First lady forward
Second lady back,
Third lady's finger
Up the fourth lady's crack.

Little Jimmy, he was there
The leader of the choir
He hit the bells of all the boys
To make their voices higher.

The Village Vicar, he was there,
Dressed in holy shroud,
Swinging on the chandelier,
And pissing on the crowd.

The vicar's son, he was there
But he was only eight.
He was too young to enjoy the fun,
So he had to masturbate.

The village harlot, she was there,
A lying on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs
The suction closed the door.

There was fucking in the hallway
Fucking in the oats;
Some were doing lassies
But most were doing goats.

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

The second Smithy, he was there
Tending to his fire,
Making prophylactics
Out of motorcycle tire.

And when the ball was over
The maidens all confessed
Although they like the music
The fucking was the best

26

The Tinker (To the Tune of Ghostriders In The Sky)

The lady of the manor
Was dressing for the ball.
When she spied a tinker.
Pissing up the wall.
Chorus: With his bloody great kidney wiper,
And his balls the size of three,
And a yard and a half of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knees.

Hanging low, swinging free
And a yard and a half of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knees.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you sir, than his lordship anyway.

Chorus

The tinker got the letter, and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester, and his prick began to bleed.
Chorus

He mounted on his donkey, and rode up to the Strand.
His balls across his shoulders and his penis in his hand.
Chorus

He rode up to the mansion, he rode up to the hall.
The butler cried, "God save us! He's come to fuck us all."
Chorus

He fucked the cook in the kitchen, he fucked the maid in the hall.
And then he fucked the butler, the dirtiest trick of all.
Chorus

And then he fucked the mistress, in ten minutes she was dead.
With a yard and a half of foreskin, hanging round about her head.
Chorus

The tinker now is dead, sir and they say he's gone to hell.
Some say he's fucked the devil, and I bet he fucked him well.
Chorus.

The Happy Wanderer

When I was a little girl, I had a little thing
I'd play with it and when all alone I stuck my finger in,

Finger in, finger in, finger i-i-i-i-i-i-i-in, finger in
I stuck my finger in.

I've grown into a woman now, and my thing has lost its charm
I can stick my finger in, and half my fucking arm,

Fucking arm, fucking arm, fucking e-e-e-a-a-a-e-e-e-arm, fucking arm,
And half my fucking arm.

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

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

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

Who can take some shackles
Chain you to the walls
Fill a glass with sperm
By lancing both your balls.

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

Last Verses of Moose Song

All the men Hashers they lie and lie,
They can't get it up no matter how hard they try,
But a moose is stiff for hours on end,
That's why a Moose is my only boyfriend,

Now that I'm older and on in my years,
I'll have you know I shed me no tears,
While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateuse,
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose.



I Don't Want to Join the Army
Tune: I Don't want to Join the Army

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady...

I don't want a bayonet up my asshole,
I don't want my ballocks shot away,
I'd rather stay in England,
In ruddy, bloody England,
And fornicate me fuckin' life away, gor blimey...

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday much success, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I saw it (gor blimey!)...
Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak,
And on Sunday after supper, I rammed the bugger up her,
And now she wants it seven days a week.

Wimmin's verse;
I don't want to be a housewife,
I'd much rather be a whore,
I'd rather turn some tricks, involving foot long pricks,
Housework is a bore, gor blimey...

I don't want to do his laundry,
I don't want to cook his fucking food,
And if I'm getting laid,
I should be getting paid,
Or else I must be truly getting screwed, gor blimey...

Call up the Provincial Territory,
Call up the navy and the marines,
Call up me mother, me sister, and me brother,
But for fuck's sake don't call me-Gaw Blimey....

I don't want to join the army.....etc.

PEG OF MY HEART

PEG O' MY HEART, YOU VEX ME,
PEG O' MY HEART, YOU SEX ME,
WHEN WE'RE ALONE, I RAISE A BONE,
SO PUT YOUR ASS AGAINST THE RAFTER,
IT'S YOUR HAIRY HOLE I'M AFTER, PEG O' MY HEART.

MARY ANN BURNS

MARY ANN BURNS IS THE QUEEN OF ALL THE ACROBATS;
SHE CAN DO TRICKS, THAT COULD GIVE A GUY THE SHITS.
SHE CAN SHOOT GREEN PEAS THROUGH HER FUNDAMENTAL ORIFICE
DO A BACK FLIP AND CATCH THEM ON HER TITS.
SHE'S A GREAT BIG SON-OF-A-BITCH, TWICE AS BIG AS ME.
SHE'S GOT HAIR ON HER ASS LIKE BRANCHES ON A TREE.
SHE CAN SHOOT, FIGHT, FART, FUCK, ROW A BOAT; DRIVE A TRUCK.
MARY ANN BURNS IS THE GIRL FOR ME.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART,
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU.
LET ME SQUEEZE YOUR TITTIES
TIL THEY'RE BLACK AND BLUE.
LET ME RUB YOUR PUSSY
TIL IT'S FILLED WITH GOO
LET ME RUN MY WHIZZER UP YOUR OLD WAZOO.

I LOVE MY WIFE

I LOVE MY WIFE, YES I DO, YES I DO
I LOVE HER TRULY;
I LOVE THE HOLE, SHE PISSES THROUGH.
I LOVE HER RUBY RED LIPS
AND HER LILY-WHITE TITS
AND THE HAIR AROUND HER ASSHOLE.
I'D EAT HER SHIT, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, CHOMP, CHOMP
WITH A RUSTY SPOON
WITH A RUSTY SPOON.

Side by Side

We got married last night, then
I had the shock of my life when,
Her teeth and her hair, she laid on the chair,
Side by Side.
Imagine my suprised look,
When one glass eye so small,
An arm, a leg, a bosom, she laid on a chair by the wall.

I was so broken-hearted
Most of my wife had departed
So I slept on the chair,
There was most of her there,
Side by Side, it didn't take long.
Side by Side.



DEAD WHORE

(TO THE TUNE OF MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN)

I PASSED A DEAD WHORE ON THE ROADSIDE
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY SHE WAS DEAD.
FOR THE SKIN ON HER STOMACH WAS FLAKING
SHE HADN'T A HAIR ON HER HEAD, HER HEAD
SHE HADN'T A HAIR ON HER HEAD, HER HEAD

I THOUGHT OF A WAY OF PRESERVING
MY DEAD WHORE FOR POSTERITY
I'D DRY HER LIKE A PIECE OF BEEF JERKY
WITH A LEATHERY TYAT JUST FOR ME, FOR ME
WITH A LEATHERY TYAT JUST FOR ME, FOR ME

BRING BACK, BRING BACK, OH BRING BACK MY DEAD WHORE TO ME, TO ME.
BRING BACK, BRING BACK, OH BRING BACK MY DEAD WHORE TO ME.

I FIRST MET MY DEAD WHORE AT MITCH'S
WITH A HORRIBLE SNAIL-SUCKING FACE
SHE'D ROLL THEM AROUND ON HER TONGUE ONCE
AND BARF THEM BACK UP IN YOUR FACE.
AND BARF THEM BACK UP IN YOUR FACE.

I FRENCH-KISSED MY DEAD WHORE NAMED MERLY
I THOUGHT SHE HAD A VERY ACTIVE TONGUE
BUT AFTER AN EVENING OF KISSING
I REALIZED IT WAS MAGGOTS FROM HER LUNG
I REALIZED IT WAS MAGGOTS FROM HER LUNG

BRING BACK.....

BRING BACK.....

MY DEAD WHORE LOOKED INTO A GAS TANK
THE CONTENTS OF IT FOR TO SEE
I LIT A MATCH TO ASSIST HER
OH BRING BACK MY DEAD WHORE TO ME, TO ME
OH BRING BACK MY DEAD WHORE TO ME,

ONCE UPON THINKING IT OVER
I REALIZED MY TERRIBLE SIN
SO I STUCK MY LIPS TO HER ASSHOLE
AND SUCKED OUT THAT YAD I SHOT IN, SHOT IN
AND SUCKED OUT THAT YAD I SHOT IN.

BRING BACK.....

BRING BACK.....

WHILE NIBBLING MY DEAD WHORE'S FESTERED NIPPLES
A HORRIBLE THING TO DISCUSS
I THOUGHT IT WAS MILK I WAS SUCKING
BUT TURNED OUT IT WAS SYPHLYTIC PUS, GREEN PUS
BUT TURNED OUT IT WAS SYPHLYTIC PUS, GREEN PUS

BUT BEFORE I COULD EXTRACT THAT JISM
MY DEAD WHORE WAS PREGNANT AND MORE
INSIDE THE MATERNITY MORGUE
SHE GAVE BIRTH TO A DEAD BABY WHORE,
SHE GAVE BIRTH TO A DEAD BABY WHORE,

BRING BACK.....

BRING BACK.....

MY DEAD WHORE'S VADINA WAS SYELLING
A CONDITION I THOUGHT SOON WOULD PASS
I STUCK IN MY PECKER TO EXPLORE IT
AND SHE FARTED GREEN GAS FROM HER ASS
SHE FARTED GREEN GAS FROM HER ASS

(TO THE TUNE OF BORN FREE)
BORN DEAD, YOUR BABY WAS BORN DEAD
THREE FINGERS AND NO HEAD
BORN DEAD TO LIVE IN A JAR
STAY DEAD, DON'T COME BACK TO HAUNT ME;
YOU REALLY DON'T WANT ME,
BORN DEAD TO LIVE IN A JAR.

BRING BACK,.....

NELLIE HAWKINS

I FIRST MET NELLIE HAWKINS BY THE OLD KENT ROAD
HER DRAVERS WERE HANGING DOWN
'CAUSE SHE'D BEEN WITH CHARLIE BROWN.
I SLIPPED A FILTHY TEN-SPOT IN HER FILTHY BLEEDING HAND
'CAUSE SHE'S A LOV-DOWN WHORE. 2-3-4
SHE WORE NO BLOUSES AND I WORE NO TROUSERS
WE BOTH WORE NO UNDERWEAR. HEY-HEY-HEY
AND WHEN SHE CARRESSED ME SHE NEARLY UNDRRESSED ME
WHAT A BLESSING NO ONE KNOWS (NO ONE KNOWS)
WELL, I WENT TO THE DOCTOR; HE SAID WHERE HAVE YOU F---ED HER?
I SAID, "DOWN WHERE THE GREEN GRASS GROWS."
HE SAID, "IN LESS THAN A TWINKLE, THAT PIMPLE ON YOUR WINKLE
WILL BE BIGGER THAN A RED. REF. PAGE "

THE DOG'S MEETING

ALL THE DOGS HELD A MEETING,
THEY CAME FROM NEAR AND FAR,
SOME CAME BY MOTORCYCLE,
AND SOME BY MOTORCAR
WHEN EACH DOG PASSED THE ENTRANCE,
EACH DOG THEN SIGNED THE BOOK,
AND THEN HE HUNG HIS ASSHOLE,
UPON HIS VERY OWN HOOK.

ONE DOG WAS NOT INVITED,
IMAGINE HIS GREAT IRE,
SO HE RAN INTO THE MEETING
AND PROMPTLY SHOUTED "FIRE!"

IT THREW THEM IN CONFUSION
WITHOUT A SECOND LOOK
EACH DOG AS HE LEFT TOOK AN ASSHOLE,
FROM OFF ANOTHER HOOK.

AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY, SIR,
WHEREVER ANY DOGS ROAM
DOGS SNIFF EACH OTHER'S ASSHOLE
TO SEE IF IT'S REALLY HIS OWN.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

T WAS ON THE GOOD SHIP VENUS
MY GOD, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN US
THE FIGUREHEAD WAS A WHORE IN BED
AND THE MAST WAS THE CAPTAIN'S PENIS.

CHORUS: FRIGGING ON THE RIGGING
WANKING ON THE PLANKING
MASTURBATING IN THE GRATING
THERE'S FUCK-ALL ELSE TO DO.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE WAS MABEL
WHENEVER SHE WAS ABLE
SHE SERVED THE CREW MENSTRUAL STEW
AND SCREWED THEM ON THE TABLE.

THE FIRST MATE'S NAME WAS HOPPER
BY GOD HE HAD A WHOPPER
TWICE ROUND HIS NECK, ONCE ROUND THE DECK,
HIS ASS FOR A STOPPER.

THE FOURTH MATE'S NAME WAS MORGAN
A HOMOSEXUAL GORGON
A DOZEN CROWS- IN ROWS - WOULD POSE
UPON HIS SEXUAL ORGAN.

WILL YOU MARRY ME

IF I GIVE YOU HALF A CROWN,
CAN I TAKE YOUR KNICKERS DOWN?
WILL YOU MARRY, MARRY, MARRY, MARRY
WILL YOU MARRY ME?
IF YOU GIVE ME HALF A CROWN
YOU CAN'T TAKE MY KNICKERS DOWN
YOU CAN'T MARRY, MARRY, MARRY, MARRY,
YOU CAN'T MARRY ME.

IF I GIVE YOU FISH AND CHIPS
WILL YOU LET ME SQUEEZE YOUR TITS?
WILL YOU MARRY, MARRY, MARRY, MARRY
WILL YOU MARRY ME?

IF YOU GIVE ME FISH AND CHIPS
I WON'T LET YOU SQUEEZE MY TITS.
I WON'T MARRY, MARRY, MARRY, MARRY,
I WON'T MARRY YOU.

IF I GIVE YOU MY BIG CHEST
AND ALL THE MONEY I POSSESS
WILL YOU MARRY, MARRY, MARRY, MARRY
WILL YOU MARRY ME?

IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR BIG CHEST
AND ALL THE MONEY YOU POSSESS
I WILL MARRY, MARRY, MARRY, MARRY
I WILL MARRY YOU.

GET OUT OF THE DOOR, YOU LOUSY WHORE.
MY MONEY WAS ALL YOU WERE LOOKING FOR.
I'LL NOT MARRY, MARRY, MARRY, MARRY
I'LL NOT MARRY YOU.

THE CABIN BOY'S NAME WAS KIPPER.
A CUNNING LITTLE NIPPER.
HE LINED HIS ASS WITH BROKEN GLASS
AND CIRCUMCISED THE SKIPPER.

THE SECOND MATE'S NAME WAS CARTER
BY GOD HE WAS A FARTER.
WHEN THE WIND WOULDN'T BLOW AND THE AND UP
SHIP WOULDN'T GO, WE'D GET CARTER THE
FARTER TO START 'ER.

SO NOW WE END THIS SERIAL
THROUGH SHEER LACK OF MATERIAL
WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK BUT WE WISH YOU LUCK
FROM DISEASES VENEREAL.



My First Time

My First Time Ever, How Dark The Sky
All Alone Just Her And I
Her Hair So Soft, Her Eyes So Blue
I Knew Just What She Wanted To Do

Her Skin So Soft, Her Legs So Fine
I Ran My Fingers Along Her Spine
I Didn't Know How, But I Tried My Best
I Started By Placing My Hand On Her Breast

I Remember My Fear, My Fast Beating Heart
She Slowly Spread Her Legs Apart
And When I Did I Felt No Shame
All At Once The White Stuff Came

And now It's Finished, It's All Over Now
My First Time Ever, I Milked A Cow!!!!

Toast to Female Anatomy

Here's to the hole
that never heals.
The more you rub it
the better it feels.
Not all the soap
and water in hell
Can wash away
that fishy smell.

IN MOBILE

OH THE EAGLES THEY FLY HIGH IN MOBILE, IN MOBILE
OH THE EAGLES THEY FLY HIGH IN MOBILE, IN MOBILE,
OH THE EAGLES THEY FLY HIGH IN MOBILE
AND THEY SHIT RIGHT IN YOUR EYE,
THANK THE LORD THAT COW'S DON'T FLY IN MOBILE.

CHORUS: IN MOBILE, IN MOBILE.
IN-MO, IN-MO, IN-MO, IN MOBILE
IF YOU'RE EVER THROWN IN JAIL....
WELL THERE'S NO NEED FOR BAIL
CAUSE THE SHERIFF'S WIFE FOR SALE IN MOBILE.

OH THE GIRLS THEY WEAR TIN UNDIES...
AND THEY TAKE THEM OFF ON SUNDAYS
YOU SHOULD SEE THE BOYS ON MONDAYS, IN MOBILE.

THE VIRGINS THEY ARE RARE...
WHEN THEY GET THEIR PUBIC HAIR
THEY'RE DEFLOWERED BY THE MAYOR, IN MOBILE.

THERE'S A GIRL WITH NO AMBITION...
AND WHEN SHE ISN'T WISHIN
SHE GETS IT IN THE KITCHEN
FROM THE LOCAL OBSTRETICIAN IN MOBILE.

OH I CHASED THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTOR...
AND I SHAGGED HER WHEN I CAUGHT HER
NOW THE DAUGHTOR'S GOT A DAUGHTOR
I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE CAUGHT HER IN MOBILE.

MAYOR'S DAUGHTOR

THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER, HE HAD SUCH A PRETTY DAUGHTOR,
AND THE HAIRS OF HER DICKY-DI-DOWN HUNG DOWN TO HER KNEES.

CHORUS: AND THE HAIRS, AND THE HAIRS, AND THE HAIRS OF HER DICKY-DI-DOWN HANG DOWN TO HER KNEES
ONE BLACK ONE, ONE WHITE ONE, AND ONE WITH A LITTLE SHITE ON, AND ONE WITH A LITTLE LITE
ON TO SHOW US THE WAY.

I'VE SMELT IT, I'VE FELT IT
IT'S JUST LIKE A PIECE OF YELVET.
IF SHE WERE MY DAUGHTOR
I'D HAVE THEM CUT SHORTER.

SHE STAYED ON A CATTLE RANCH
AND COMES LIKE A BLOODY AVALANCHE.

SHE MARRIED AN ITALIAN
WITH BALLS LIKE A BLOODY STALLION.

SHE WENT WITH A HASH HOUSE HARRIER
HE FUCKED HER BUT WOULDN'T MARRY HER.

SHE SITS ON THE WATERFRONT
WITH THE WAVES LAPPING UP AND DOWN HER CUNT.

THERE'S A GIRL BY THE NAME OF DINAH...
WHO THINKS THERE'S NOTHING FINER
THAN A PRICK UP HER VAGINA, IN MOBILE

OH THE VICAR IS A BUGGER.....
AND THE CURATE IS ANOTHER
AND THEY BUGGER ONE ANOTHER, IN MOBILE.

OH THE HASHERS GET NO TAIL....
SO FOR WANT OF RECREATION
THEY INDULGE IN MASTURBATION
IT'S A HELL OF A SITUATION IN MOBILE.

THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF GOOD WHORES...
BUT THERE'S KEYHOLES IN THE DOORS
AND KNOTHOLES IN THE FLOORS IN MOBILE.

THERE'S A LAD NAMED DIRTY DANNY...
AND HE LIKES A BIT OF FANNY
SO HE GETS IT OFF HIS GRANNY IN MOBILE.

OH MEN OF DRINKING GLASSES...
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH YOUR GLASSES
YOU CAN SHOVE THEM UP YOUR ASSES IN MOBILE.

OH THE CHEMISTS ARE THE KEY MEN...
SELLING DEHYDRATED SEMEN,
TO EMASULATED HE-MEN IN MOBILE.

I'VE LOOKED AT AND SEEN IT
I'VE EVEN BEEN IN BETWEEN IT.
SHE LIVED ON A MOUNTAIN
SHE'D COME LIKE A BLOODY FOUNTAIN.

SHE SAYS SHE'S NOT A WHORE
BUT SHE BANGS LIKE A SHIT-HOUSE DOOR.

SHE MARRIED A SPANIARD
WITH A PRICK LIKE A BLOODY LANYARD.

IT WOULD TAKE A COAL MINER
TO FIND HER YAGINA.

HER HAIRS WERE SO TANGLED
HER FIRST-BORN WAS STRANGLER.

HYMN

GUIDE ME OH, MY GREAT JEHOVAH, PILGRIM IN THIS BARREN LAND.
WE ARE MEEK, BUT THOU ART MIGHTY; GUIDE US WITH THY POWERFUL HAND.
BREAD OF HEAVEN, BREAD OF HEAVEN, FEED US TIL WE WANT NO MORE
FEED US TIL WE WANT NO MORE.

ALWAYS EAT WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY, ALWAYS DRINK WHEN YOU ARE DRY.
ALWAYS SLEEP WHEN YOU ARE TIRED, DON'T STOP BREATHING OR YOU'LL DIE.
BREAD'S FROM COMMISSARY, MILK MAGNOLIA, COLD BEER FROM SAN MIGUEL
COLD BEER FROM SAN MIGUEL.

LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE, FROM THE CRADLE TO THE TOMB.
FATHER'S GOT AN ANAL STRICTURE, MOTHER'S GOT A FALLEN WOMB.
FALLEN WOMB, FALLEN WOMB, MOTHER'S GOT A FALLEN WOMB.
MOTHER'S GOT A FALLEN WOMB.

SISTER SUE HAS BEEN ABORTED FOR THE FORTY-SECOND TIME.
BROTHER BILL HAS BEEN REPORTED FOR A HOMOSEXUAL CRIME
FOR A HOMO, FOR A HOMO, FOR A HOMOSEXUAL CRIME,
FOR A HOMOSEXUAL CRIME.

GRANDPA HARDLY EVER LAUGHS NOW; FACT HE HE NEVER EVER SMILES.
FOR HIS ONLY OCCUPATION'S, CRUSHING ICE FOR GRANDPA'S PILES.
CRUSHING ICE, CRUSHING ICE, CRUSHING ICE FOR GRANDPA'S PILES
CRUSHING ICE FOR GRANDPA'S PILES.

NEVER EVER BE DOWN-HEARTED, NEVER BE FUCKED ABOUT.
BROTHER TOM HAS ONLY FARTED, TURNED HIS ASSHOLE INSIDE OUT.
TURNED HIS ASSHOLE, TURNED HIS ASSHOLE, TURNED HIS ASSHOLE INSIDE OUT.
TURNED HIS ASSHOLE INSIDE OUT.

IN A SMALL BROWN PAPER PARCEL, WRAPPED IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.
IS AN IMITATION RECTUM GRANDAD USES TWICE EACH DAY.
USES TWICE, USES TWICE, USES TWICE EACH DAY.
USES TWICE EACH DAY.

EVEN NOW THE BABY'S STARTED HAVING EPILEPTIC FITS.
EVERY TIME IT COUGHS IT SPEWS, EVERY TIME IT FARTS, IT SHITS.
EVERY TIME, EVERY TIME, EVERY TIME IT FARTS, IT SHITS.
EVERY TIME IT FARTS, IT SHITS.

SUNSTROKE, SYPHILLIS, AND VARICOSE VEINS (CALYPSO)

CHORUS: YOU GOT SUNSTROKE, SYPHILLIS AND VARICOSE VEINS,
YOU GOT SUNSTROKE, SYPHILLIS AND VARICOSE VEINS,
YOUR WATER FEEL LIKE SHE GOT SHUT OFF AT THE MAIN,
YOU GOT SUNSTROKE, SYPHILLIS AND VARICOSE VEINS.

OH, I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING IN A TERRIBLE RAGE,
MY MOUTH SHE FEELS LIKE AN UNSWEPT CAGE.
I GO TO THE DOCTOR AND HE EXPLAIN,
YOU GOT SUNSTROKE, SYPHILLIS AND VARICOSE VEINS.
CHORUS

MY LEGS THEY FEEL LIKE THEY FAR FROM LIMBER,
MY TEETH THEY CHATTER LIKE A BABY MARIMBA.
I GO TO THE DOCTOR AND HE EXPLAIN,
I GOT SUNSTROKE, SYPHILLIS AND VARICOSE VEINS.,
CHORUS
THEY CALL IN THE SPECIALISTS FROM ALL OF THE NATIONS,
AND DEY EXPLAIN YOU GOT UNUSUAL COMPLICATIONS.
YOUR SYPHILIS SHE VANISH, YOUR SUNSTROKE SHE GAIN,
BUT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, YOU GOT VARICOSE VEINS.
CHORUS.

35

NATIONAL ANTHEM
(TO THE TUNE OF ROCKY MT HIGH)

SHE WAS BORN IN A GRASS HUT IN A FIELD NEAR CEBU
DESTINED TO A LIFE OF POVERTY,
BUT AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN, SHE HAD A CHANGE OF HEART,
AND SHE MOVED TO DOWNTOWN ANGELES,

AND THE BALIBAGO, MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH,
I'VE SEEN IT RAINING PESOS IN THE SKY.
SIT AROUND FIELDS AVENUE
AND SCREW THE TDY.
MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH, BALIBAGO
MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH, BALIBAGO

WELL, SHE HOPPED IN A JEEPNEY WITH A STUMP-BROKE CARIBAO
TO A PLACE SHE'D HEARD ABOUT BEFORE.
SHE'S LEARNED TO PICK UP PESOS FROM A BOTTLE OF SAN MIGUEL
WORKING OVERTIME GIVING BJ'S IN ASTRO PARK.

AND THE BALIBAGO, MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH.
I'VE SEEN IT RAINING PESOS IN THE SKY.
SIT AROUND FIELDS AVENUE
AND EAT A MORGAN'S PIE
MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH, BALIBAGO
MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH, BALIBAGO...

WELL, SHE HEARD THE PAY WAS BETTER DOWN IN SUBIC BAY
ESPECIALLY WHEN THE FLEET WAS IN
SO SHE HOPPED A VICTORY LINER ALL THE WAY TO OLONGAPO
AND LEARNED TO DO THE BANANA CUTTER SHOW

AND THE BALIBAGO, MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH.
I'VE SEEN IT RAINING PESOS IN THE SKY.
SIT AROUND FIELDS AVENUE
AND PUKE A MORGAN'S PIE.
MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH, BALIBAGO
MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH, BALIBAGO...

SHE LEARNED TO DO THE CIRCUIT FROM KIM HAE AND TAEGU
KEEPING HORNY TEAM SPIRIT TROOPS ALIVE.
SHE'S A GREAT TENT HEATER, AND SHE BLOWS WITHOUT KIMCHEE BREATH
ALL THE BOYS ALONG THE DMZ.

AND THE BALIBAGO, MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH.
I'VE SEEN IT RAINING PESOS IN THE SKY.
SIT AROUND FIELDS AVENUE
AND FUCK THE MORGAN'S PIE.
MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH, BALIBAGO
MOUNT ARAYAT HIGH, BALIBAGO

SHE FOUND HERSELF A LIEUTENANT AND GOT A VISA TO THE STATES
THE HOPE AND DREAM OF ALL THE BAR-GIRLS HERE.
BUT AFTER A WINTER IN MINOT
SHE FROZE HER OLD USED TWAT
SO SHE TOOK THE FREEDOM BIRD TO THE PHILIPPINES

Chorus

36

AIDS

I'VE GOT AIDS, BUT IT'M NOT, NO IT'M NOT A HOMOSEXUAL.
I'VE GOT AIDS, BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN SEXUAL.

AND I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME
BUT I SWEAR TO YOU IT'S TRUE.
AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME,
I'LL GIVE MY AIDS TO YOU

I'VE GOT AIDS, BUT IT'S NOT FROM BEING PROMISCUIS.
I'VE GOT AIDS FROM A ROCK HUDSON KISS.

THE ONLY ROCK THAT I WAS INTO WAS ROCK HUDSON

FOLLOW THE HARE

MY GIRLFRIEND'S A BRICKLAYER, A BRICKLAYER
A MIGHTY FINE BRICKLAYER IS SHE.
ALL DAY LONG SHE LAYS BRICKS, SHE LAYS BRICKS SHE LAYS BRICKS.
BUT WHEN SHE COMES HOME, SHE LAYS ME

Drink a little bit, Fuck a little bit
Follow the hare, follow the hare, follow the hare.
Drink a little bit, Fuck a little bit
Follow the hare, follow the hare all the way.

MY WIFE IS A GLASSBLOWER, A GLASSBLOWER,
A MIGHTY FINE GLASSBLOWER IS SHE.
ALL DAY LONG SHE BLOWS GLASS, SHE BLOWS GLASS SHE BLOWS GLASS.
BUT WHEN SHE COMES HOME SHE BLOWS ME.

Drink a little bit, Fuck a little bit.....

MY SISTER'S A GOURMET, A GOURMET,
A MIGHTY FINE GOURMET IS SHE.
ALL DAY LONG, SHE EATS FOOD, SHE EATS FOOD SHE EATS FOOD.
BUT WHEN SHE COMES HOME SHE EATS ME.

Drink a little bit, Fuck a little bit.....

O'LEARY'S BALLS

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY
ARE WRINKLED AND HARY.
THEY'RE WEIGHTLY AND STATELY,
LIKE THE DOME OF ST. PAUL.
THE WOMEN ALL MUSTER
TO VIEW THAT GREAT CLUSTER.
OH THEY STAND AND THEY STARE
AT THE BLOODY GREAT PAIR
OF O'LEARY'S BALLS.

ALL QUEERS TOGETHER

I WENT FOR A RIDE ON THE RAILWAY.
IT WAS CROWDED AND I HAD TO STAND
WHEN A SWEET LITTLE BOY OFFERED HIS SEAT
I REACHED FOR IT WITH MY HAND.

'CAUSE WE'RE ALL QUEERS TOGETHER.
THAT'S WHY WE GO 'ROUND IN PAIRS.
YES, WE'RE ALL QUEERS TOGETHER.
EXCUSE US WHILE WE GO UPSTAIRS.

I WANTED TO SELL MY MOTORCAR
BUT TO A BAR I WENT FOR MY THIRST
A MAN THERE ASKED ME MY BOTTOM PRICE
I SAID, "LET ME SELL MY CAR FIRST."

'CAUSE WE'RE ALL.....

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(to the tune of Silent Night)

Sodomy, masturbate, fellatio, copulate,
Round the world and Hershey Highway,
Fornicating in the hay,
These are tricks that I lo--ove
These are tricks that I love.

Condom, prophylactic,
Spermicide does the trick.
IUD's and Birth Control Pills,
Pull it out and let it spill,
These will make it sa--afe,
These will make it safe.

Has Anybody Seen J.C.?

Five foot nine; He's divine;
Says He comes from Palestine.
Has anybody seen J.C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew
Covered with thorns.
Holes in his hands, spear in his side.
Man, that cat's been crucified!

Five foot nine; He's divine;
Changes water into wine.
Has anybody seen J.C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew
Covered with thorns.
Holes in his hands, spear in his side.
Man, that cat's been crucified!

Well, he is camp, he is cool
He will walk across your swimming pool.
Has anybody seen J.C.?

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

TEN POUNDS OF TITTY IN A LOOSE BRASSIERE
TWAT A TWITCHING LIKE A MOOSE'S EAR
EJACULATIONS IN MY GLASS OF BEER,
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.
NAKED COLR PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIBERACE
THE WAY YOU SAY TO ME "COME LICK MY CROTCHY!"
SYPHILITIC SCABS THAT MAKE MY FACE ALL BLOTCHY
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.

BY THE LIGHT

BY THE LIGHT TSH TSH-TSH TSH TSH-TSH YOUR
OF THE FLICKERING MATCH TSH TSH-TSH TSH
I SAW HER SNATCH TSH TSH-TSH TSH TSH-TSH
IN THE WATERMELON PATCH TSH TSH-TSH TSH
BY THE LIGHT TSH TSH-TSH TSH TSH-TSH
OF THE FLICKERING MATCH TSH TSH-TSH TSH
I SAW HER GLEAM, I HEARD HER SCREAM
YOU ARE BURNING MY SNATCH TSH TSH-TSH
WITH YOUR GOD DAMN MATCH.

A PUBIC HAIR IN MY BREAKFAST ROLL
A BLOODY KOTEX IN MY TOILET BOWL
THE FESTIC ODOR OF OF YOUR PINK ASSHOLE,
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.

AN UNBORN FETUS ON A MARBLE SLAB
ERECTED PENIS WITH A BROKEN SCAB,
A SLOPPY BLOW JOB IN A TAXI CAB,
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.

THE SMELL OF PERFUME FROM AN OLD FRENCH LETTER
A DOSE OF SYPHILLIS THAT WON'T GET BETTER!
AND WHEN I PISS IT STINGS
THESE FOOLISH THINGS...REMIND ME OF YOU.

ADELAIN SCHMIDT

I ONCE KNEW A MAIDEN NAMED ADELAIN SCHMIDT,
WHO WENT TO THE DOCTOR, 'CAUSE SHE COULDN'T SHIT.
HE GAVE HER SOME MEDICINE, ALL WRAPPED UP IN GLASS,
UP WENT THE WINDOW, AND OUT STUCK HER ASS.

Chorus: IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COVERED WITH SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

A HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER WAS WALKING HIS BEAT,
HE HAPPENED TO BE ON THAT SIDE OF THE STREET.
HE LOOKED UP SO HANDSOME; HE LOOKED UP SO SPRY,
AND A BIG PIECE OF SHIT HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE EYE. Chorus

HE TRAVELLED TO THE EAST AND HE TRAVELLED TO THE WEST
THEN A BLOODY GREAT TURD HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE CHEST
HE WALKED TO THE NORTH, THEN HE LOOKED TO THE SOUTH,
THEN ANOTHER BIG TURD HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE MOUTH. Chorus

THAT HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER, HE CURSED AND HE SWORE.
HE CALLED THAT YOUNG MAIDEN, A DIRTY OLD WHORE,
FOR 'NEATH LONDON BRIDGE, NOW, THAT COPPER DOES SIT
WITH A SIGN 'ROUND HIS NECK SAYING, "BLINDED BY SHIT!"

IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COVERED WITH SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.



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CHICAGO

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO; I WORKED IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.
I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO; I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE.

A LADY CAME IN; SHE ASKED FOR A CAKE.
I ASKED HER WHAT CAKE SHE' ADORED.
LAYER SHE SAID, SO LAY HER I DID,
AND I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE.

A LADY CAME IN; SHE ASKED FOR A HAT.
I ASKED HER WHAT HAT SHE ADORED.
FELT SHE SAID, SO FELT HER I DID,
AND I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE.

A LADY CAME IN; SHE ASKED FOR SOME PENNYNAILS
SOME PENNYNAILS FROM THE STORE.
NAILS SHE WANTED, YET SCREVED SHE OOT
AND I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE.

A LADY CAME IN; SHE ASKED FOR SOME.....
SOMEFROM THE STORE
.....SHE WANTED;SHE OOT
AND I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL IS STRANGER THAN ANYONE THINKS.
AT THE HEIGHT OF THE MATING SEASON, HE TRIES TO BUGGER THE SPHINX.
BUT THE SPINX'S POSTERIOR ORIFICE IS FESTOONED WITH THE SANDS OF THE NILE,
WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE HUMP ON THE CAMEL AND THE SPHINX'S INSCRUTABLE SMILE.

IN THE PROCESS OF CIVILIZATION FROM THE ANTHROPOID APE DOWN TO MAN,
IT'S GENERALLY HELD THAT THE NAVY HAS BUGGERED WHATEVER IT CAN.
THEN RECENT EXTENSIVE RESEARCH BY DARWIN AND HUXLEY AND HALL
CONCLUSIVELY PROVED THAT THE HEDGEHOG HAS NEVER BEEN BUGGERED AT ALL.

WE THEREFORE BELIEVE OUR CONCLUSION IS INCONVERTIBLY SURE
THAT THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY ON SHIPBOARD IS ENJOYED BY THE HEDGEHOG ALONE.
WHY HAVEN'T THEY DONE IT AT VALLEY AS THEY'VE DONE AT HARVARD AND YALE
AND ALSO AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BY SHAVING THE SPIKES OFF ITS TAIL.

LUPE

'T WAS DOWN IN CUNT VALLEY WHERE THE RED RIVER FLOWS
WHERE COCKSUCKERS FLOURISH AND MAIDENHEADS GROW.
'T WAS THERE I MET LUPE, THE GIRL I ADORE,
SHE'S MY HOT FUCKING, COCK-SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE.

SHE'LL SUCK YOU, SHE'LL FUCK YOU, SHE'LL GNAW ON YOUR NUTS
AND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, SHE'LL SUCK OUT YOUR GUTS.
SHE'LL WRAP HER LEGS ROUND YOU 'TIL YOU THINK YOU WILL DIE.
OH, I'D RATHER EAT LUPE THAN SWEET CHERRY PIE.

SHE GOT HER FIRST AT THE RIPE AGE OF 8
AS SHE SWUNG BACK AND FORTH ON THE OLD GARDEN GATE.
THE CROSS-MEMBER BROKE AND THE UPRIGHT WENT IN
AND SHE'S LIVED EVER SINCE IN A WELTER OF SIN.

SHE'LL SUCK YOU,.....

NOW LUPE IS DEAD AS SHE LIES IN HER TOMB
AS THE MAGGOTS CRAWL INTO HER DECOMPOSED WOMB.
THE SMILE ON HER FACE SEEMS TO SAY, "GIVE ME MORE!"
SHE'S MY HOT FUCKING COCK-SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE.

The Chandler's Shop

A boy went into the Chandler's shop, some candles for to buy;
But when he got to the Chandler's Shop, no chandler did he spy.
He loudly knocked, he loudly cried, enough to wake the dead,
But all he heard was a Rat-A-TAT-TAT, right above his head.
But all he heard was a Rat-A-TAT-TAT, right above his head.

Now he was a very inquisitive youth, so up the stairs he sped,
And he was very surprised to find the Chandler's wife in bed.
For she was lyin' upon her back with a man between her thighs,
And they were having a Rat-A-TAT-TAT, right before his eyes.
And they were having a Rat-A-TAT-TAT, right before his eyes.

And when the deed was over, the wife, she raised her head.
And she was very surprised to find the boy beside the bed.
"Now if you can keep my secret, boy, to you I will be kind,
And you can have a Rat-A-TAT-TAT, whenever you feel inclined.
And you can have a Rat-A-TAT-TAT, whenever you feel inclined.

I like the Girls

I like the girls who say they will
And not the girls who won't,
And not the girls who say they will
And when it's time they won't.
But of all the girls that I despise,
Be it wrong or right
Are the Girls who say they never will,
But look as though they might!

Medicinal Compound

Chorus: So we'll drink-a-drink-a-drink to Lily the Pink-a-Pink-a-Pink
Savior of the human ra-a-ace
She invented medicinal compound
Efficacious in every case.

Oh, Mrs Millet had a peculiar ailment
She could hardly fill her blouse
So they rubbed her with medicinal compound
Now they milk her with the cows.

Chorus

Oh Miss Greer had acute nephritis
She could hardly raise a pee.
So they rubbed her with medicinal compound
Now they pipe her to the sea.

Chorus

Oh Little Herman had very small testicles
They were only the size of peas.
So they rubbed him with medicinal compound
Now they hang below his knees.

Chorus

Oh Millie Twitchett had a very small orifice,
She could hardly take a man at all.
So they rubbed her with medicinal compound
Now she takes them balls and all.

Chorus

There was a young sailor who looked through a glass
He spied a young mermaid with scales on her
Island where seagulls fly over their nests
As she combed the long hair that fell over her
Shoulders and caused her to tickle and itch,
Yelled a sailor, "Well I'll be a son of a
Beautiful mermaid out there on the rocks"
And the crew came a-running, their hands on their
Caps while they crowded four deep on the rail
All eager to share in this fine piece of
Talk which the captain soon heard from the watch
So he tied down the wheel and unbuttoned his
Crackers and cheese which he kept near the door
In hopes he might come on a sea-going
Happy, he knew he must use all his wits
So he called for a line to make fast to her
Tail, saying "Boys, we are finally going to find
Whether mermaids do better before or
Be brave, me good fellows," the captain next said
"And with luck we will soon break through her maiden
Heading to starboard," they tacked with dispatch
And caught that fair mermaid right by the
Side and then hustled her down below decks
Where each had a crack at this wonder of
Setting her free after each had a pass
They tossed her back in with a pat on her
After a while they all noticed some scabs
And soon they broke out with the pox and the
Cursing and scratching, you know what I mean
This song may be dull, but it's frightfully clean.



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