

DEEP THOUGHTS AND OTHER RUBBISH Alexpetty@Compuserve.com
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I'm Glad I'm A Man

I'm glad I'm a man, you better believe;
 I don't live off of yogurt, diet coke, or cottage cheese.
 I don't bitch to my girlfriends about the size of my breasts
 I can get where I want to - north, south, east or west.
 I don't get wasted after only 2 beers
 and when I do drink I don't end up in tears.
 I won't spend hours deciding what to wear,
 I spend 5 minutes max fixing my hair.
 and I don't go around checking my reflection
 in everything shiny from every direction.
 I don't whine in public and make us leave early
 and when you ask why get all bitter and surly.
 I'm glad I'm a man, I'm so glad I could sing
 I don't have to sit around waiting for that ring.
 I don't gossip about friends or stab them in the back.
 I don't carry our differences into the sack.
 I'll never go psycho and threaten to kill you
 or think every guy out there's trying to steal you.
 I'm rational, reasonable, and logical too,
 I know what the time is and I know what to do.
 And I honestly think its a privilege for me
 to have these two balls and stand when I pee.
 I live to watch sports and play all sorts of ball
 It's more fun than dealing with women after all.
 I won't cry if you figure out it's not going to work
 I won't remain bitter and call you a jerk.
 Feel free to use me for immediate pleasure
 I won't assume it's permanent by any measure.
 Yes, I'm glad I'm a man, a man you see
 I'm glad I'm not capable of child delivery.
 I don't get all bitchy every 28 days
 I'm glad that my gender gets me a much bigger raise.
 I'm a man by chance and I'm thankful it's true
 I'm so glad I'm a man and not a woman like you!

I'm Glad I'm A Woman

I'm glad I'm a woman, yes I am, yes I am
 I don't live off of Budweiser, beer nuts and Spam.
 I don't brag to my buddies about my erections
 I won't drive to Hell before I ask for directions
 I don't get wasted at parties and act like a clown
 and I know how to put the damned toilet seat down!
 I won't grab your hooters, I won't pinch your butt
 my belt buckle's not hidden beneath my beer gut.
 And I don't go around "readjusting" my crotch
 or yell like Tarzan when my head-board gets a notch.
 I don't belch in public, I don't scratch my behind
 I'm a woman you see -- I'm just not that kind!
 I'm glad I'm a woman, I'm so glad I could sing
 I don't have body hair like shag carpeting.
 It doesn't grow from my ears or cover my back

SONGS.TXT

When I lean over you can't see 3 inches of crack.
And what's on my head doesn't leave with my comb
I'll never buy a toupee to cover my dome.
Or have a few hairs pulled from over the side
I'm a woman, you know -- I've got far too much pride!
And I honestly think its a privilege for me
to have these two boobs and squat when I pee
I don't live to play golf and shoot basketball
I don't swagger and spit like a Neanderthal.
I won't tell you my wife just does not understand
stick my hand in my pocket to hide that gold band
or tell you a story to make you sigh and weep
then screw you, roll over and fall sound asleep!
Yes, I'm glad I'm a woman, a woman you see
you can forget all about that old penis envy.
I don't long for male bonding, I don't cruise for chicks
join the Hair Club For Men, or think with my dick.
I'm a woman by chance and I'm thankful it's true
I'm so glad I'm a woman and not a man like you!

Alcoholic's Anthem
(Alcoholic's Anthem Tune: Men of Harlech)

What's the use of drinking tea,
Indulging in sobriety,
And teetotal perversity?
It's healthier to booze.
What's the use of milk and water?
These are drinks that never oughter,
Be allowed in any quarter.
Come on, lose your blues,
Mix yourself a shandy,
Drown yourself in brandy, Sherry sweet,
Or whisky neat,
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.
There's no blinking sense in drinking,
Anything that doesn't make you stinking,
There's no happiness like sinking,
Blotto to the floor.
Put an end to all frustration,
Drinking may be your salvation,
End it all in dissipation,
Rotten to the core.
Aberrations metabolic,
Ceilings that are hyperbolic,
There are for the alcoholic,
Lying on the floor.
Vodka for the arty,
Gin to make you hearty,
Lemonade was only made,
For drinking if your mother's at the party,
Steer clear of home-made beer,
And anything that isn't labeled clear
There is nothing else to fear,
Bottom's up, my boys.

Do Your Balls Hang Low?

Do your balls hang low?
Do they swing to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder, *

SONGS.TXT

Like a Continental soldier? *
Can you do the double shuffle,
when your balls hang low?

CHORUS:

Ting-a-ling,
God damn, Find a woman if you can.
If you can't find a woman,
Find a clean old man.
If you're ever in Gibraltar,
Take a flying f*ck at Walter.
Can you do the double shuffle,
when your balls hang low?

Do they make a lusty clamor,
when you hit them with a hammer?

Can you bounce 'em off the wall,
Like an Indian rubber ball?

Do they have a hollow sound,
when you drag 'em on the ground?

Do they have a mellow tingle,
when you hit 'em with a shingle?

Do they have a salty taste,
when you wrap 'em 'round your waist?

Do they chime like a gong,
when you pull upon your dong?

Do you balls HANG LOW!

Bagpipe Song

Bagpipe Song Tune: Scotland The Brave

Here's to the lassie with the big fat hairy as*ey
who was lifting up her kilty at the Famous Glasgow party.
Then there was the jockey with his upstanding cocky
who was riding on the lassie with the big fat hairy as*ey
who was lifting up her kilty at the Famous Glasgow party .
Then there was the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
who was riding on the lassie with the big fat hairy as*ey
who was lifting up her kilty at the Famous Glasgow party .
Then there was the qu*erie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
who was riding on the lassie with the big fat hairy as*ey
who was lifting up her kilty at the Famous Glasgow party .
Then there was the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' qu*erie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
who was riding on the lassie with the big fat hairy as*ey
who was lifting up her kilty at the Famous Glasgow party .
Then there was the HASHER who was posing as a flasher
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
who was riding on the lassie with the big fat hairy as*ey

SONGS.TXT

who was lifting up her kilty at the Famous Glasgow party .
Then there was the wenchy doing down-down on a benchy
Making money for the HASHER who was posing as a flasher
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
who was riding on the lassie with the big fat hairy as*ey
who was lifting up her kilty at the Famous Glasgow party .
Now the moral of this ditty is that when in Famous Glasgow City
And you're with your favorite girlie chasing hairs all short and curly
Just remember to take her hashing and to give her a good bashing
And keep her away from the wenchy doing down-down on a benchy
Making money for the HASHER who was posing as a flasher
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
who was riding on the lassie with the big fat hairy as*ey
who was lifting up her kilty at the Famous Glasgow party .

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Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold,
The harlots the fairest of fair,
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik,
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir.
A traveling brothel came down from the north,
'Twas privately run for the Tsar,
who wagered a hundred no one could out-shag,
Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.
A day was arranged for the spectacle great,
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar,
And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned,
To Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.
All hairs they were shorn,
no frenchies were worn,
And this suited Abdul by far,
And he'd quite set his mind on a fast action grind,
To beat Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.
They met on the track with cocks at the slack,
A starter's gun punctured the air,
They were both quick to rise,
the crowd gaped at the size,
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.
They worked all the night in the pale yellow light,
Old Abdul he revved like a car,
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.
So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,
He bent down to polish the pair,
when something red hot up his back passage shot,
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.
The harlots turned green,
the crowd shouted "Queen",
They were ordered apart by the Tsar,
'Twas bloody bad luck for poor Abdul was stuck,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.
The cream of the joke came when they broke,

SONGS.TXT

'Twas laughed at for years by the Tsar,
For Abdul the fool has left half of his tool,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

The King Of England.

Oh, the minstrels sing of a French King,
Of many long years ago,
He ruled his land with an iron hand,
And his mind was weak and slow.

He loved to hunt the royal stag,
Around the royal wood,
But better by far he loved to sit,
And pound the royal pud.

CHORUS:

He was lousy and dirty and covered in fleas,
The hair on his balls hung down to his knees,
And he had his women in twos and threes.
God bless the Bastard King of France.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane,
And a sprightly wench was she,
She longed to fool with the royal tool,
From far across the great divide.
So she sent a royal message,
With a royal messenger,
To invite the King Phillip, of France over and across,
To spend the night with her.

Now 'ol' Henry VIII of England, he heard by chance,
Within his royal court,
And he swore, "She loves my rival best,
Because my tool is short,
To give the Queen a dose of clap,
To pass it on to the Bastard King of France.

When news of this foul deed was heard,
Within the royal halls,
The King he swore by the royal whore,
He'd have to Frenchman's balls.
He offered half the royal purse,
And a piece of the Queen Hortense,
To any British subject,
Who could do the King of France.

So the noble Duke of Middlesex,
He took himself to France,
He swore he was a fairy,
So the king let drop his pants,
Then on King Philip's dong he slipped a throng,
Leaped on his horse and galloped along,
Dragging the Frenchman back,
To merry old England.

When he returned to London town,
Within fair England's shores,
Because of the ride King Philip's pride
Was stretched a yard or more.
And all the whores in silken drawers,
Came down to London town,
And shouted round the battlements,

"To hell with the French Crown."

And he alone usurped the throne,
His scepter was his royal bone,
with which he ditched the Bastard King of France.

Rule Britannia, Marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese crackers up your French ar*ehole,
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

Monster Hash

Monster Hash Tune: Monster Mash

I was running with the HASH on Halloween night
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight Poofsters and Back sliders
began to arrive And suddenly, to my surprise

(They did the HASH)
They did the Monster HASH
(The Monster HASH)
It was a graveyard HASH
(They did the HASH)
They caught on in a flash
(They did the HASH)
They did the Monster HASH {end-CHORUS}
From knee deep shiggy in the swamp that's east
To wading through the creek where the leaches feast
The poofsters all came when they heard the news
They could get some mud on their running shoes

(And do the HASH)
And do the Monster HASH
(The monster HASH)
And do the graveyard HASH
(To do the HASH)
They caught on in a flash
(To do the HASH)
To do the Monster HASH {end-CHORUS}

The trail was dark
the hares were not to be found
Igor unchained was running with the hounds
The local cops were about to arrive
with orders to take Hashers DEAD or ALIVE.

The Hashers were having fun (In-a-shoop-wha-ooo)
The party had just begun (In-a-shoop-wha-ooo)
The guests included WolfMan (In-a-shoop-wha-ooo)
Dracula and his son

Out from his pickup
the Tyrant's voice did ring
It seems he was worried 'bout just one thing
Opened the door and shook his fist, and said

"whatever hopped to those running club wimps?"

(They did the HASH)
They did the Monster HASH
(The Monster HASH)
It was a graveyard HASH
(They did the HASH)
They caught on in a flash

(They did the HASH)
They did the Monster HASH

Now everything's cool,
we found all of the pack
And the Monster HASH,
it will be coming back

For you, the sober,
this HASH was meant, too
When you get to the box,
tell them Boris sent you

(And you can HASH)
And you can Monster HASH
(The monster HASH)
And do the graveyard HASH
(And you can HASH)
You'll catch on in a flash
(Then you can HASH)
Then you can Monster HASH

Igor:
MMMM...HASH goooood! HASH good!

Boris:
Down Igor, you impetuous young boy.

Igor:
HASH goooood.

The North Atlantic Squadron

Away, away with fife and drum,
Here we come, full of rum.
Looking for women who peddle their bum,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.
When we arrived in Montreal,
She spread her legs from wall to wall.
She took the Captain balls and all,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.
A-sailing up and down the coast,
Now, here's the thing we love the most:
To f*ck the girls and drink a toast
In the North Atlantic Squadron.
Well, off the coast of Labrador,
We took on board a floating whore,
We f*cked here forty times or more,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.
A-sailing up to Newfoundland,
Each sailor had his prick in his hand.
Oh say, my boys, can you make it stand?
In the North Atlantic Squadron.
And when our ship's in drydock,
The whores around us all do flock.
It's every man unfurl your cock,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.
The ship's dogs name was Rover,
The whole crew did him over,
We ground and ground that faithful hound,
From Singapore to Dover.
The Captain's wife was Mabel,

SONGS.TXT

wherever she was able,
She gave the crew their daily screw,
Upon the galley table.
His wife was baptized Charlotte,
who was born and bred a harlot
Her legs at night were lily-white,
But in the morning they were scarlet
The cabin boy's name was Kipper,
A cunning little nipper.
He lined his ass with bro ken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.
And the ladies of the nation,
Arose in indignation,
They stuffed his bum with chewing gum,
A smart retaliation.
The First Mate's name was Hopper,
By Christ he had a whopper.
Twice round his neck once round the deck,
And up his ass for a stopper.
The Second Mate's name was Carter,
By God be was a farter.
when the wind wouldn't blow.
And the ship wouldn't go, Carter,
The farter, would start her.
The Third Mate's name was Wiggun,
By God he had a big 'un.
We bashed that cock,
with a bloody rocks,
For cumming in the riggin'.
The Fourth Mate's name was Morgan,
A homosexual Gorgon.
A dozen crows, in a row,
Could pose upon his organ.
The Fifth Mate's name was Slater,
He was a masturbator.
He'd pump and pump his massive stump,
And clean the mess up later.
The Sixth mate's name was Andy,
By God that man was randy.
we boiled his bum in red-hot rum,
For cumming in the brandy.
The Seventh mate s name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester.
Through hymen thick,
he'd shove his prick,
And leave it there to fester.
The cook, whose name was Freeman,
He was a dirty demon,
He served the crew with menstrual stew,
And fore skins fried in semen.
Another cook was O Malley,
He didn't dilly-dally.
He shot his bolt with a hell of a jolt,
And whitewashed half the galley.
Another cook s name was Herbert,
A gastronomical pervert.
He puts it in through thick and thin,
And whacks off in the sherbet.
Then there was the Navigator,
He was a fornicator.
The horny sod he took a broad,
And after he f*cked her, ate her.
The Captain of this lugger,

SONGS.TXT

By Christ he is a bugger.
He isn't fit to shovel sh*t
From one ship to another.
The Captain's randy daughter,
She fell into the water.
Delighted squeals revealed that eels,
Had found her sexual quarters.
'Twas on the China Station,
To roars of approbation,
We sunk a Junk with a load of spunk
By mutual masturbation.
The Captain was elated,
The crew investigated.
They found some sand in his prostate gland,
And he had to be castrated.
'Twas in the Adriatic,
where the water s almost static.
The rise and fall of ass and ball,
was almost automatic.
The ship s cat's name was Schmittty,
And through his ass was mighty sh*tty.
But sh*t or not, it had a twat,
Me Captain showed no pity.
The crew they were all whiney,
They'd drink up all their winey.
From bed to bed, they looked for head,
But settled for some Hiney.
So now we end this serial,
Through sheer lack of material.
We wish you scum all freedom from,
Diseases venereal.

The Sexual Life of a 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 Sphinx's posterior orifice,
is filled with the sands of the Nile,
which accounts for the hump on the camel,
and the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Oh, the sexual desires of the camel
Are stronger than anyone thinks;
One night in a sizure of passion
He tried to make love to the Sphinx.
Now the Sphinx is made out of sandstone
And rocks that stick out near the Nile,
which accounts for the hump of the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Mary had a little watch

Mary had a little watch.
She swallowed it one day.
Then she took some castor oil
To pass the time away.

But the caster oil it did not work
And Mary's watch won't pass.
So if you want to know the time,
Just look up Mary's uncle

SONGS.TXT

Jonestown
to the tune of Downtown,

when you're down and broke and your religions a joke,
why don't you go and see,
Jim Jones,
when your lifes' incomplete there's only one man to meet,
why don't you go and see,
Jim Jones,

Refrain-
watch him mix the cool-aid,
in the vat so lethal,
listen to the anguished cries,
of all the dying people
Everyone dies,
The rev's the most gracious host,
so lift up your glasses, it's the ultimate toast,
so lift up your glasses, is the dirge of the masses,
You're in Jonestown,
Drink with the Reverend Jim,
Jonestown,
Chances are mightly slim,
Jonestown,
People are dropping like flies,
Congressman Ryan on a mission of spy'in,
would not drink with.....

Jim Jones
Such a public disgrace, they had to blow off his face,
'cause he would not drink with,
Jim Jones
refrain-
First you cough and you wheeze, then you drop to your knees,
from drinking cool-aid, with...
Jim Jones.
You arrive back in the States, decomposed in your crates,
from drinking cool-aid with,
Jim Jones.
Refrain-
Jonestown, Jonestown, Jonestown.

Death Nuts Roasting on an open fire
To the tune of Chestnuts roasting on an open fire

Death nuts roasting on an open fire,
Tear gas nipping at their nose,
The compound strung all around with barbed wire,
And agents dressed in kevlar clothes.
Everybody knows some ammo and some lantern oil
Help to make the fire bright.
Tiny tots with their flames all aglow --
we'll find their bodies baked just right
They know that tanks are on their way,
To batter holes in any wall that's in their way.
And every mother's child is going to try
To see if martyrs really know how to fry.
So I'm offering this simple phrase,
To cults and screwy leaders, too,
Although it's been said many times, many ways:
May the gods all ... f**k you.

The Bear

SONGS.TXT

The Bear went over the Mountain,
Because he had to pee,
But fire flew out of his ar*ehole,
as far as you could see.

The Penis Song (The Not Noel Coward Song), from Monty Python

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis,
Isn't it frightfully good to have a dong,
It's well to have a stiffy,
It's devine to won a dick,
From the tiniest little tadjure,
to the world's biggest prick.
So cheers for your willy or John Thomas,
Hooray for your one'eyed trouser snake,
Your piece of pork, your wife's best friend,
Your Percy, or your cock!
You can wrap it up in ribbons,
You canslip in on your sock,
But don't take it out in public,
Or they'll stick you in the dock!
And you won't come back.

white Gold
Sung to the tune of the Beverly Hillbillies

Come and listen to ma story 'bout a man named Jed,
Dumbest mountaineer t'ever wear a rubber on his head,
Then one day while he was screwin' Elly May,
Up from his nuts came a bubblin' spray.
white Gold. Texas Pee.

well then next thing ya know ole Jed's on the run,
Granny's after him with a big shotgun,
She says "The grave is where ya otta be!",
So he loaded up the truck and he fled to Tennessee,
Hills that is, mountains,trees, hide'n frum Granny.

The Lumberjack Song (Monty Phthon)

I'M A Lumberjack And I'm O.K.!
I sleep all night and I work all day

(Chorus of Mounties)
He's a lumberjack and he's O.K.,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,
I go to the lavoriteory,
On wednesday's I go shopping,
and have buttered scones for tea

(Chours of Mounties)

He cuts down tree, he eats his lunch,
he goes to the lavoriteory,
One wednesday's he goes shopping,
and has buttered scones for tea,
He's a lumberjack and he's O.K.,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,

SONGS.TXT

I like to press wildflowers,
I put on women's clothing, and hang around in bars,

(Chorus of Mounties)

He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,
He likes to press wildflowers,
He puts on women's clothing, and hangs around in bars???
He's a lumberjack and he's O.K.,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,
suspendies and a bra,
I wish I'd been a girlie, just like my dear Papa!

(Chorus of Mounties)

He cuts down trees, he wears high... heels?
suspendies and a BRA?!?!?

(Girl)

Oh! An I thought you were so manly!

(I want to live like) The Teletubbies
To the tune of "Common People" by Pulp.

She came from space, she had a taste for custard
She fell over and got very flustered
Thats when she
waved at me

She told me that her name was Laa Laa
I just smiled at her and I said "Ha, ha"
Oh it rhymed
And in twenty minutes time
I said

I want to live like Teletubbies
I want to go wherever Teletubbies go
I want to play with Tinky Winky
I want to play with Dipsy, Laa Laa and Po
And then, what do you know?

She said "Eh-oh!"

She took me to a flowery golf course
I dont know why, there were rabbits everywhere
Or where they...
Hares?

There was a windmill and a funny lady
And a sun that looked like a baby
Thet laughed
But he wasn't the only one laughing
How bizarre, I said

I want to live like Teletubbies
I want to eat whatever Teletubbies eat
I want to pig out on Tubby-custard
I want to munch Tubby-toast ten times a week
But they don't understand
They just smiled and all held hands

wear a hat upon your head
Get a handbag that's bright red

SONGS.TXT

Love your friend and give them hugs
Pretend you've never taken drugs
Still you'll never get it right
'Cos when you're all tucked up at night
Watching Noo Noo sweep the floor
You can switch it of or watch Channel Four

You'll never live like Teletubbies
You'll never see whatever Teletubbies see
Never have a telly on your tummy
Never get paid a wad from the BBC
Or dance and drink pink goo
Because you've better things to do

Sing along with the Teletubbies
Sing along and you might not feel so blue
Dance along with the Teletubbies
Even though they're better dancers than you
And the silly things that they do
Because alien chic is cool...