

Head!, Who said head?
I'll take some of that!
And i did, and it was good, and there was much rejoicing
And then we f--ked, again and again and again
We uprooted trees, and shrubbery
And the ground shook, and the mountains rumbled
And we wore helmets on your head, head! Who said head? I'll

Scrotum, scrotum
Just an ugly bag of skin scrotum, scrotum something to keep my testes in raggly, straggly, covered
with hair what would i do if it wasn't there? Scrotum, scrotum just an ugly bag of skin
Drink it down, down

My one-skin hangs down to my two-skin my two-skin hangs down to my three my three-skin hangs
down to my foreskin my foreskin hangs down to my knees roll back, roll back, roll back my
foreskin for me, for me roll back, roll back, roll back my foreskin for me d~@ it down, down

Hash house harriers
Tune: Adams family

Their drinking is compulsive and
Their running is convulsive
They're morally repulsive,
The hash house harriers
[(da da da da)(snap fingers twice)repeat]

Their flatulence is rude and
Their genitals protrude when
They're running in nude in
The hash house harriers
[(da da da da)(snap fingers twice)repeat]

They're always shiggy tracking,
From constantly bushwhacking
Intelligence they're lacking
The hash house harriers
[(da da da da)(snap fingers twice)repeat]

Switch to da da da da, down down, da da da ddown, down for ceremonies

Swilligan's island
Tune: gillilan's island theme

Just sip your brew and you'll hear a tale
A tale of a drunken hash.
That started with a keg of beer
And everyone got trashed, (repeat)

The first hare was a brainless cooch,
His co-hare was half as smart.
Two hundred some odd half-minds
Took off in a cloud of farts. (repeat)

The hills got steep, the shiggy deep,
The back checks had them fooled.
Then someone found the beer stop
And everybody drooled. (repeat)

The mud had sucked their sneakers off,
Their legs were ripped a lot.
But once they had their nectar,
The trail they soon forgot. (repeat)

The moral is no matter how
Much shiggy's on your trail,
A hashin' twit don't give a shit
While he's swilling his ale.

S&M girl
Tune: the candy man

Who takes jumper cables,
Attaches 'em to her tits,
Connects them to a mack truck,
And has orgasmic fits?
It's the S&M girl.

Chorus: oh, the S&M girl,
The S&M girl because she mixes it with love,
And makes the hurt feel good (the hurt feel good).

Who can jump a flagpole,
Land right up on top,
Wiggle down and squeeze so tight,
The ball on top pops?
It's the S&M girl.

Who can take a buzz saw.
Hold it to her that,
Rev up the engine,
And perpetually squat?
It's the S&M girl.

Who sleeps on barbed wire,
Tossing left and right,
Just to see how many stitches,
She can earn each night?
It's the S&M girl.

Who can shave her body,
Pubic parts and all,
Swim around all day,
In a pool of alcohol?
It's the S&M girl.

Who rubs down with honey,
Just to have a chance,
To lay out on the lawn,
And be a picnic for the ants?
It's the ~s&m girl.

Who ties down her sweetie,
Every single day,
Covers him with rats,
And lets the kitties in to play?
It's the s&m girl.

Who can take some shackles
Chain you to the walls
Fill a glass with spenm
By lanching both your balls?
It's the s&m girl.

Chicago (version 1)

Tune: the bear went over the mountain

Chorus:

I used to work in Chicago, in an old department store.
I used to work in Chicago. But i don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a computer (a computer from the store)
A computer she wanted; my wang she got, and i don't work there anymore.

A man came in for a telephone (a telephone from the store)
A.T.T. he wanted; TIT. he got (visual aids help), and i don't work there

And: a *woman* came in for a: doughnut - glazed she -wanted. Cream filled she got
Elevator - my shaft
Carpet - laid
Spring - boinged
Screwdriver - screwed
Hammer - nailed
T-bone - my boneless round
Carpet - pile she wanted, shag she got
Gun - banged
Nylons - hosed
Floppy disk - my hard drive
Metaphysical conversation - fucked
Cigarette - camel, humped
Plastic - rubbers
Plumbing-, - my pipe
Pipe - hosed
Stockings - hosing
Liquid plumber -pipes cleaned
Canned ham - porked
Gift wrapping - packed butter - spread
Seafood - lobster , crabs
Beer - 6-pack,.ale
Fabric - silk, felt

Also: a *man* came in for a:
Balloon - blown
Doughnut - my hole
Lollipop - sucked
Horse - ridden
Carpet - shag he wanted, piles he got
Wheels - rimmed
Beer - bush (w/visual aids)

Yank my doodle
Tune: i'm a yankee doodle dandy

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,

Yank, my doodle 'till i die,
Make that wiener shoot some fireworks,
Just like the fourth of july.

I've got a yankee doodle boner,
I've had it since you rubbed my thigh
So yank my doodle if you please.
That bulge is not a pony
Just stick your fingers up my ass,
And stroke my macaroni.

Yank- my doodle it's so big,
Cleary it's a dandy
Stick that sucker in your mouth,
You'll swear it tastes like candy.

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,
Yank- my doodle 'till i die,
Lick that lizard 'till it's standing tall,
Right through my pubic hair.
If you like yankee doodle peckers,
I've got one that i can spare.

So yank my doodle 'till it cums,
Just point it towards your titties,
They say that stuff is beauty cream,
Let's make your titties pretty.

Yank my doodle it's so big,
Baby it's a dandy,
Jerk- that turk and make it squirt,
And keep a Kleenex handy.

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,
Yank my doodle 'till i die ...

Drunken sailor
Tune: drunken sailor

Sailor

What shall w,e do with the drunken sailor,
What shall w,e do with the drunken sailor,
What shall w,e do with the drunken sailor,

Early in the morning?

Chorus:

Way hey and up she rises,

Way hey and up she rises,

Way hey and up she rises,

Early in the morning?

Put him into bed with the captain's daughter

(repeat 3 times)

Early in the morning?

Hang him by the balls in a running bowline,

(repeat 3 times)

Early in the morning?

Shave his crotch with a rusty razor,

(repeat 3 times)

Early in the morning?

Shove a hose pipe up his asshole,

(repeat 3 times)

Early in the morning?

Tie his prick in a double half-hitch,

(repeat 3 times)

Early in the morning?

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor,

(repeat 3 times)

Early in the morning?

Sex is boring,
Tune: Frere Jacques

Sex is boring, sex is boring

Pain is fun, pain is fun

Gunna cut my fingers off,

Gunna cut my fingers off

One by one, one by one

This song act is performed by the choir master and two stooges. The choir master sets up the circle into four groups then starts the song with group two singing the first line while group one is already on the second line and so on. The choir master then loses his rag at the bad singing and calls out stooge one and instructs him to go and get a bad singer. He then brings on stooge two who is wearing a rubber glove attached to his hand filled with raw sausages and tomato ketchup. Start the singing again and stooge two screams like shi~t while you produce a nice pair of garden shears or scissors and cut of his fingers one by one while stooge one holds him in a headlock. This is to inspire the choir as a whole but be careful you get the correct hand though.

The twelve days of Ramadan

Tune: twelve days of Christmas

(sing like twelve days of Christmas going down through all the Previous verses each time)

On the first day of Ramadan king Kalid gave
To me..

1. A book by Salman Rushdie
2. Yemenese (big spit)
3. Three ayatollahs (ayatollah, ayatollah, to the tune of hallelujah chorus with prayer bowing with arms up and down)
4. Four Iraqi minesweepers (put hands over ears and stamp with feet)
5. Five Iranian terrorists (jump forward and spray the crowd with machine gun fire
6. Six cruise missiles (we're coming to blow you away ha-ha, he-he, ho-ho. To tune of *there coming, to like me away ha -ha*
7. Seven U.S. soldiers (one, two, three, four i love the marine corps while marching up and down
8. Eight blindfold hostages (show me the way
To go home to tune of same while arms out and eyes closed wandering around)
9. Nine raving mullahs (Israel must go, Israel must go while shaking fist in the air)

10. Ten scud missiles (bleah, you missed me with fingers in ears waving)

11. Eleven open sewers (what a pong, what
A pong, what a pong, pong, pong to tune of *William Tell overture* while holding nose.)

12. Twelve circumcisions (ooh that ooh that hurts ooh that hurts ooh that hurts etc.
To tune of *the music man* while running around holding dick)

Hashmas carols
And so this is Hashmm
Tune: and so this is Christmas

And so this is hashmas
And a happy new year
Get in a drunk punch-up
And get socked in the ear
Aarh-aarh-aarh-aarh (holding ear)

And so this is hashmas
With a wink and a leer
Lets eat too much turkey
And drink lots of beer
Aarh, aarh, aarh, aarh (holding guts)

And so this is hashmas
No need to look glum
We'll drink too much whiskey
And fall on your bum (holding bum)

And so this is hashmas
What a load of old crap
Lets put it up your bottom
And come on your back
Oooh-aarh-aarh (demonstrating)

Bad King Hashmas
Tune: good king wenceslas

Bad king hashmas spent the lot

On some called Steven
Was the bloke out to lunch or what
The odds weren't nearly evens
Now that all the beer moneys spent
Life will seem quite cruel
Might as well go home to the wife
And send the kids to school

Merry Hashmas

Tune: We wish you a merry christmas

We wish you a merry hashmas
We wish you a merry hashmas
We wish you a merry f~iashmas
And a clappy new year

Bad tidings we bring
About the drip and the sting
We wish you a merry syphilis
And a happy gonorrhea

We wish you a merry syphilis
We wish you a merry syphilis
We wish you a merry syphilis
And a happy gonorrhea

Hark the- Rork Hard Angels Sing

Tune: Hark The Herald Angels Sing

Hark the rock hard angels sing
Its a lot of baht to stick it in
I'm here on break and feeling wild
Away from the rain and light and mild
I went to the rock hard in the sky
There a young maiden I espied
Tall and thin I'll tell you what
This lady had the blinking lot
Hark the rock hard angels sing
Its a lot of baht to stick it in

Hark the rock hard angels sing

A ladies drink please get them in
So we had a drink or five
She seemed sober, I was fine
Back on to my room we went
Under my pillow I'd stashed the rent
In the morning it had flawn
So had she, I was alone
Hark the rock hard angels sing
Its a lot of baht to stick it in.

Here's The Season

Tune: here's the season to be merry

Here's the season to be greedy
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
Eat untill you feel quite seedy
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
Lots of beer and food and lollies
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
In the morning you'll be sorry
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la

We always put up our Christmases stocking
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
Santa might give us something to cock in
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
Last year he said he wouldn't come round here
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
Some bastard stuffed it up his reindeer
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la

Get the maid under the mistle toe
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
If the wife sees you'll soon know
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
Is that what they mean by sticky pudd-in
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la
Serves you right if you get dripping
Tra-la-la la la-la la-la

Jingle Balls

Tune: Jingle Bells

Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way
Oh what fun it is to run around naked in this way
Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way
Oh what fun ft is to run round naked Christmas day

Dashing round the block not wearing any dacks
One hand on your cock to give your balls more slack
bouncing up and down as we run to and fro
We'll jingle with our genitals wherever we may go

Repeat first verse running on the spot with your dick in your hand

Silent Night
Tune: Silent Night

Silent night, foggy night
Somebody PHHHHHHI, smells like shit
Who's the bastard that dropped his guts
I hope it blew a hole in his nuts
That will make him sing high-er
And bring a tear to his eye