

DOES A HASHER?

Melody--Do Your Balls Hang Low?

Does a hasher like to walk,  
Does a hasher like to run,  
Does a hasher like to be where they're having all the fun?  
Can he drink a 12-ounce beer,  
while his friends all sing and cheer,  
Now your time has come.  
So drink it down, down, down . . .

To the slow drinker:  
All this time that you're taking,  
I know that you're faking,  
We could be masturbating,  
I fear.  
Now we've run out of song,  
And we won't get along,  
Until you finish,  
That fucking beer!

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Melody--The Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive and  
Their running is convulsive,  
They're morally repulsive,  
The Hash House Harriers.

Chorus: Da da da da (snap fingers twice)  
Da da da da (snap fingers twice)  
Da da da da, da da da da, da da da da

Their flatulence is rude and  
Their genitals protrude when  
They're running in the nude in  
The Hash House Harriers.

They're always shiggy tracking  
From constantly bush-whacking,  
Intelligence they're lacking,  
The Hash House Harriers.

Da da da da, Down Down, etc . . .

Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Her left tit hangs down to her belly,  
Her right tit hangs down to her knee.  
If her left tit did equal her right tit,  
She'd get lots of weenie from me.  
Drink it down, down, down . . .

HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_  
Melody--Itself

VERSION # 1  
Here's to  
He's true blue, (he's a blue)  
He's a Hasher,

Through and through,  
He's a pisspot, (he's an asshole)  
So they say,  
Tried to go to heaven, (he'll never get to heaven)  
But he went the other way, (in a long, long way)  
So drink it down, down, down . . .

VERSION # 2

Here's to  
She's a damn fine gal,  
Here's to  
She's a damn fine gal,  
So drink, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,  
chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,  
Here's to  
She's a horse's ass.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, etc . . .

HERE'S TO BROTHER HASHER(S)  
Melody--Ach, Du Lieber Augustin  
Contributed by Zippy, Pike's Peak H4

Here's to brother (sister) hashier,  
Bother hashier, brother hashier,  
Here's to brother hashier,  
May he chug-a-lug.

He's happy, he's jolly,  
He's fucked up by golly,  
Here's to brother hashier,  
May he chug-a-lug.

So drink motherfucker,  
Drink motherfucker,  
Drink motherfucker,  
Drink motherfucker,  
Here's to brother hashier,  
May he chug-a-lug.

HE'S A HASHER, HE'S OKAY  
Melody--Lumberjack Song

He's a hashier, he's okay,  
works all day, comes out to play,  
Drinks it down without complaint,  
Or he wears it well.  
Drink it!  
Wear it!  
Drink it!  
Wear it!  
etc . . .

HE'S THE MEANEST  
Melody--Itself (similar to Okinawa H3 melody)  
He's the meanest,  
He sucks the horse's penis,  
He's the meanest,  
He's a horse's ass.

All he does is pound it,  
Ever since he found it,  
He's the meanest,  
He's a horse's ass.

He's always pissing on us,  
He's rotten and dishonest,  
He's the meanest,  
He's a horse's ass.

So drink it down, down, down . . .

HIS ONE-SKIN  
Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

His one skin hangs down to his two skin,  
His two skin hangs down to his three,  
His three skin hangs down to his foreskin,  
His foreskin hangs down to his knee.  
Drink it down, down, down . . .

(optional verses)  
Roll back, roll back,  
Roll back his foreskin for him, for him.  
Roll back, roll back,  
Please roll back his foreskin for him.

His body lies over the ocean,  
His body lies over the sea,  
His father lies over his mother,  
And that's how they created him.

INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN  
Melody--Swing Low, Sweet Chariot  
Note: gestures accompany words

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
A band of angels coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.

Chorus:  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
But still my soul feels heavenly bound.  
Comin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Tell all my friends that I'm coming too,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
(repeat with variations: humming and motions only, silence and motions only,  
double-time)

SOUND OF HASHERS  
Melody--Do, Re, Mi

Give (name) a beer, a really big beer,  
We will watch him drink it down.  
Girls, you know if he drinks it all,  
He will never get it up.  
Oh, the stories sad to tell,

It picked up and then it fell.  
You would die if you could see,  
(name), slap his tiny wee-wee.

THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD  
Melody--Itself  
(good song for multiple violators)

There was a little bird,  
No bigger than a turd,  
A-sittin' on a telephone pole.  
He ruffled up his neck,  
And shit about a peck,  
He puckered up his little asshole.  
(point at violators): Asshole, asshole, asshole,  
He puckered up his little asshole.

THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON  
Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean  
(another one for violators)

They ought to be publicly pissed on,  
They ought to be publicly shot,  
They ought to be tied to a urinal,  
And left there to fester and rot,  
Drink it down, down, down . . .

VIRGIN SERENADE  
Melody--Ball of Kerryair  
Composed by Dr D, Ft Eustis H3

Four and twenty (or however many there are) virgins,  
Came out to this old hash,  
And when the hash was over,  
There were four and twenty less.

chorus: Singing, balls to your partner,  
Arse against the wall.  
If ye canna get laid at this old hash  
Ye'll never get laid at all.

optional verses (use as appropriate):  
This fine young virgin SHE was there,  
She had drank a bit too much,  
Showing us her titties,  
But sayin' we couldna touch.

This cocky virgin HE was there,  
Drinking Old Milwaukee's Best,  
Showing the girls his tiny dick,  
The girls they weren't impressed.

This other virgin SHE was there,  
Talkin' 'bout givin' head,  
But when it came to swallowin',  
She would spit instead.

This other virgin HE was there,  
Askin' 'bout toe sucks,  
The harriettes frowned and then they said,  
"What do you want for three bucks?"

The other virgin SHE was there,

Givin' us all a great view,  
while dancing on the table,  
she said she'd do the crew.

This other virgin HE was there,  
Getting drunk as he could be,  
And by the time the circle broke up,  
He'd pissed a gallon of pee.

This fine young virgin SHE was there,  
with legs all firm and tan,  
Her shorts rode up her ass so tight,  
They squeaked whenever she ran.

WHY ARE WE WAITING?  
Melody--Come Let Us Adore Him

why are we waiting,  
Could be fornicating (masturbating, etc),  
Oh, why are we waiting,  
So fucking long, etc . . .

WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?  
Melody--Itself

why was he born so beautiful?  
why was he born at all?  
He's no fuckin' use to anyone,  
He's no bloody use at all.

(optional verses)  
They say he's a joy to his mother,  
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,

He's fresh as a daisy,  
He drives me crazy,

So drink it down, down, down . . .

WHY WAS SHE BORN A BITCH?  
Melody--1st verse: Itself  
2nd verse: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

why was she born so beautiful?  
why was she born a bitch?  
She's no bloody use to anyone,  
She's only got one tit.

She ought to be publicly pissed on,  
She ought to be publicly shot,  
She ought to be tied to a urinal,  
And left there to fester and rot.

So drink it down, down, down . . .

HASH ANTHEMS

AGANA (GUAM) HASH HOUSE HARRIER CHANT  
Contributed by Babble-On

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit,  
Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your mother's tit.

2004.07.06-from-www.beer4kelly.com--pfh3--hymn.txt

We're the Agana Hash, all the others suck,  
Agana Hash, Agana Hash, rah, rah, fuck!

COPENHAGEN FULL MOON HOWLERS ANTHEM

Melody--Sejle Opad Aaen (traditional Danish melody, whatever the hell THAT is . . .)  
Composed by Bogey, CFMHH3

We are the full m00n ho-o-o-o-o-ow lers  
Sly mid-night prow-lers are we,  
we "m00n" the spooks,  
Drink wit-ches' brew,  
'Cause we're sons of bit-ches just like you,

We live by the ca-nine co-o-o-o-o-o-odex  
Hear up, we'll teach it to you:  
"If you can't eat  
or screw it, then  
Piss on it, Piss on it, once a-gain!"

For we are the full m00n ho-o-o-o-o-ow lers  
HO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-WL

MEN OF THE H, H, 3  
Melody--???

Eyes right, foreskins tight,  
Cockstands to the front,  
We're the men of the H, H, 3.  
We're in search of fun,  
We're the heroes of the night,  
We'd rather fuck than fight,  
We're the men of the H, H, 3.

Chorus: Rolling along, rolling along,  
By the light of the silvery moon.  
Happy is the Hash,  
with my finger up her snatch,  
By the light of the silvery moon.

Oh, (repeat from beginning)

CREAK GOES THE MUSCLE OH  
Melody--Green Grow the Rushes O

who'll give me one oh?  
Creak goes the muscle oh,  
what is your one oh?

One for the arrow up the steps never to be trusted,  
Two, two, the jogging shoes all clogged up with mud, Ho Ho!  
Three, three, the checkbacks we all missed,  
Four for the worn out running kit,  
Five for the toes of the worn out hashers,  
Six for the pools of vomit,  
Seven for the down downs after the run,  
Eight for the ones who turned up late,  
Nine for hashers lost at the check,  
Ten for the virgins oh so cute,  
Eleven for the hare who set the course,  
Twelve for the mismanagement of the pack.

HARRIETTES, THEY PLAY ONE  
Melody--This Old Man

Harriettes, they play one,  
All they want to do is cum,

Chorus: with a knick knack, slap her ass, poke her with my bone,  
This drunk hare will stumble home.

Harriettes, they play two,  
We just want to speckle you,

Harriettes, they play three,  
won't you swallow my cum for me,

Harriettes, they play four,  
we like to see you on all fours,

Harriettes, they play five,  
If you don't swallow you'll get hives,

Harriettes, they play six,  
we just want to slap you with our dicks,

Harriettes, they play seven,  
But they all just wish it was eleven,

Harriettes, they play eight,  
we all know you masturbate,

Harriettes, they play nine,  
All they do is whinge and whine,

Harriettes, they play ten,  
we're not boys, we're harrier men,

Harriettes, they play eleven,  
But all they can handle is only seven.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN R J?  
Melody--Has Anybody Seen My Gal?  
By Tongueless, Gypsies in the Palace H3  
Note: R J is Rong Jon, a living hash legend

Five foot two, eyes of blue  
He'll always be more drunk than you.  
Has anybody seen R J?

Eyes of red, almost dead,  
Gutters are his favorite bed.  
Has anybody seen R J?

Holy Ghost, he's the most,  
Cheese and crackers when he's the host.  
Has anybody seen R J?

Talk to him, he's no fool,  
He'll end up floating in your swimming pool.  
Has anybody seen R J?

He has written a sacred book,  
A record of every drink he took,  
Has anybody seen R J?

Whiskey, beer, gin, or rye,  
He will come and drink you dry.  
Has anybody seen R J?

He wears thorns for a crown,  
Women scream when he goes down,  
Has anybody seen R J?

If they nailed him to a cross,  
It would be every barman's loss.  
Has anybody seen R J?

Special Cyprus verses:

Viking horn on his head,  
Don't help much when he's in bed.  
Has anybody seen R J?

In Cyprus Pecker Picker picked his pecker,  
Didn't know it was a double decker.  
Has anybody seen R J?

East or West, North or South,  
No woman has a sorer mouth.  
Has anybody seen R J?

HASHER MEN (AND WOMEN)  
Melody--This Old Man

Harriers' verses by Flying Booger, in the interest of sexual equality

(\_\_\_\_\_ = your favorite hash)

Harriettes' verses:

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play one,  
They think they have all the fun.

Chorus: with a knick knack, paddy whack, give themselves a bone,  
\_\_\_\_\_ men have sex alone.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play two,  
They can't get it up to screw.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play three,  
They think they get sex for free.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play four,  
They can't get it up to score.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play five,  
They don't have enough sex drive.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play six,  
Little men with little dicks.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play seven,  
Masturbation is their heaven.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play eight,  
They can't get their dicks in straight.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play nine,



They take theirs up from behind.

\_\_\_\_\_ men, they play ten,  
Little boys who think they're men.

Harriers' verses:

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play one,  
They don't know how to get it on.

Chorus: With a knick knack, paddy whack, give themselves a tickle,  
\_\_\_\_\_ women use a pickle.

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play two,  
They say, "Not now, I've got the flu."

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play three,  
They say, "Not now, I've got to pee."

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play four,  
They say, "Not now, who's at the door?"

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play five,  
They'll cut your dick off with a knife.

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play six,  
They're never satisfied with our pricks.

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play seven,  
Life without sex is their idea of heaven.

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play eight,  
They always seem to have a headache.

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play nine,  
Their sex lives are in decline.

\_\_\_\_\_ women, they play ten,  
If they were better looking they might get some men.

I'VE ONLY HALF A BRAIN

Melody--If I Only Had a Brain (From the Wizard of Oz)

By Jim "Whiff" Montgomery of the Pittsburgh H3, officially premiered at the Eerie  
(Erie, PA) H3 1st Anniversary Hash in July 1994

I could wile away the hours,  
Searchin' hills for flour,  
Across a wide terrain.

I'd be chipper, and I'd be cheerful,  
If my stomach had a beerful,  
'Cause I've only half a brain.

With my arms and legs akimbo,  
I'll be chasing after bimbos,  
Through mud, thorns, and rain.

I'll be making lots of passes,  
As I fondle all their asses,  
'Cause I've only half a brain.

Chorus: I'll do down-downs till the keg begins to spit,  
Then I'll fire one up and take a little hit,

I'll impress the women with my charming wit,  
As I shout out, "Show us your tits!"

Then my beer I will be sharing,  
With them as their breast they're baring,  
Our urges unrestrained

Oh, our language will be rude as,  
We exchange bod-i-ly fluids,  
'Cause we've only half a brain.

ONLY REAL MEN RUN THE SOUTHSIDE  
Melody--walkin' in a winter wonderland  
Malibog's adaption of Ros-eh's NZ Interhash song, "Walkin' 'Round in Womens'  
Underwear" (see the Hash Holidays section for that one)

Lacy things, have gone missing,  
Didn't ask her permission,  
They're wearing her clothes, her silk panty-hose,  
And running 'round in womens' underwear.

Chorus: Okay guys, if you wanna,  
You can dress like Madonna,  
Put on some eyeshade, make a SouthSide parade,  
Go running 'round in womens' underwear.

On ET, there is a teddy,  
Little straps, like spaghetti,  
It hugs him real tight like Primo's handcuffs at night,  
He's running 'round in womens' underwear.

The SouthSide GM, he's a fancy fella,  
He likes to put them onto auto-pay,  
About blokes in dresses--he says "No way!  
"But running in your high heels, that's Okay."

Over the hills, see them coming,  
SouthSide Hashers are running,  
Dressed up like Bo-Peep, cause they're all into sheep,  
And running 'round in womens' underwear.

On SouthSide Hash, there's a guy called Panda,  
He likes to pretend that he's not gay,  
He says, "Are you ready?" We say, "No way!  
Well--do you think these shoes will be okay?"

Come and join SouthSide Hashers,  
They don't mind if you're flashers,  
They'll dress you all up, put on a "B" cup,  
And run around in womens' underwear.

(Slower)  
For they're not adverse,  
To dressing reverse,  
And running 'round in womens' underwear.

SHE AIN'T GONNA FUCK NO MORE  
Melody--Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the whore,  
who had fucked all round Jakarta, but had never come before,  
She'd fuck and suck most anything and she had a running sore,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Chorus: Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She hung around the Tankard and she danced at Tanamour,  
And with all the fucking that she'd done, she'd never come before,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She almost quit then in despair, but then she had a flash,  
She said "I've tried most everything, but haven't tried the HASH!  
And all those wankers are so pissed up, they'll never see the rash,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And so one steaming Monday night, she found the Anker truck,  
She could see by the crazed looks in their eyes that she would have some luck,  
So she strolled into the circle and challenged anyone to a fuck,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Hash Master was in control and so he stepped up first,  
But sadly the man had drunk too much and overquenched his thirst,  
when he pulled his flaccid penis out, she laughed like she would burst,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Joint Hash Masters took a turn, they stepped up one by one,  
But with each prick she gave a sigh, for still she hadn't come,  
She said, "You're no good at fucking, you'd best go back and run,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Masters of Music tried their hands but couldn't do a thing,  
One was so tired from running, all that he could do was sing,  
The other tried a shortcut, got his prick lost in her ring,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Hash Cash stepped hard into the fray and tried to fill the breach,  
But when he put it up inside she said it wouldn't reach,  
So she grabbed the Secretary and she sucked him like a leech,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Scribe stepped up and cried, "The pen is mightier than the sword,"  
But when he jumped upon her she just lay there looking bored,  
She said, "You're really nothing when you've whored like I have whored,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Religious Advisor said a prayer and called upon the Gods,  
The only way to make her come was with his divine rod,  
But even with celestial help, he was like the other sods,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

All in the circle took their turns, the Germans and the Frogs,  
The Aussies, Yanks, and Pommies and even a couple of dogs,  
But the Dutchmen were the last in line to shed their running togs,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

When they all had finished she said, "There's something I must tell,  
I've laid here in the circle and watched all your pricks swell,  
But for all the good you've done for me, you can all go straight to hell,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

They each had tried her one by one as she lay upon the grass,  
They'd jammed it up her cunt and mouth and some had tried her ass,  
The one thing that they hadn't tried, was to fuck her all en masse,

But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

what alone they didn't do, they accomplished it in sum,  
with three pricks between each finger and eighteen up her bum,  
And sixteen each in cunt and mouth, she said, "I think I'm gonna come,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The city bells began to peel, her body began to shake,  
Exploding rockets lit the sky, the earth began to quake,  
That one massive orgasm was all that she could take,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And when they climbed down off her and they looked upon the ground,  
Nothing of her could be seen and nothing could be found,  
They said though she was one good fuck, she'd never be a Hash House Hound,  
For she ain't gonna fuck no more.

#### SIXTEEN MILES

Melody--Sixteen Tons  
(attributed to the Houston H3)

Chorus: You run sixteen miles, and what do you get?  
Another day older and covered in shit.  
Great Hasher don't you call me, cause I can't go,  
I short cut the trail and I've miles to go.

well, I woke up this morning in a bed--not mine,  
with my Nikes in my hands, left for On-Ons to find,  
I started with my buddies at half past three,  
But I short cut the trail, now I'm an SCB.

well, I looked for trail all over the place,  
I could of followed Ons but I wanted to race,  
Thought I'd get ahead, thought it'd be so boss,  
But I followed my ass, now I'm hopelessly lost.

well, I asked the Hare how much further to run,  
He held up both hands, said "Let me show you, son,  
Just count these and multiply by nine."  
Oh, Great Hasher, please show me a sign!

So I've run for hours under blazing sun,  
I really don't know how far I've gone,  
I wanted a cold beer but I'll settle for wine,  
Oh, Great Hasher--for some fruit of the vine!

Great Hasher won't you call me?  
I'm having fits,  
I've short cut the trail,  
And now I'm covered in SHIT!

#### SWILLIGAN'S ISLAND

Melody--Gilligan's Island Theme  
From Whiff, Pittsburgh H3

Just sip yer 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.

TWELVE DAYS OF INTERHASH  
Melody--Twelve Days of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Interhash,  
My true love gave to me--

Twelve twats a'twitching,  
Eleven leaping lesbians,  
Ten torn testicles,  
Nine gnawed off nipples,  
Eight aching assholes,  
Seven sucking sisters,  
Six sixty-niners,  
Five pubic hairs!  
Four calling girls,  
Three French whores,  
Two shit house doors,  
And a lube job in her fur tree.

---

Twelve heinous sins,  
Eleven hashers drinking,  
Ten tits a-swinging,  
Nine S. C. B.'s swimming,  
Eight whistles blowing,  
Seven long B. T.'s,  
Six puffs of flour,  
Five frosty beers!  
Four bimbos walking,  
Three hares a-laying,  
Two D. O. T.'s,  
And a trail with a lot of shiggy.

TWO HASHERS (HARRIETTES)

Melody--This Old Man

Composed by Flamin' Asshole, Nabob, Porno Pretzle, and Party Hats, Emerald Coast H3,  
Florida; contributed by M.I.A.

Two hashers, drove for miles,  
From the Emerald Coast to Tybee Isle.

Chorus # 1: with a couple of cunts and a cooler full of beer,  
How the fuck did we get here?

Two harriettes, drove for miles,

From the Emerald Coast to Tybee Isle.

Chorus # 2: with a couple of cocks and a cooler full of beer,  
How the fuck did we get here?

Two hashers, in a truck,  
One got blown and one got sucked.

Two harriettes, in a truck,  
One got banged and the other got fucked.

Two hashers, on the road,  
while they drove they lost their load.

Two harriettes, on the road,  
while they drove their tits they showed.

Four hashers, stopped to dine,  
At mile marker sixty-nine.

Chorus # 3: with cunts and cocks and a cooler full of beer,  
we fucked and sucked our way to here.

Four hashers, they came late,  
Nabob stopped to masturbate.

All you hashers in the crowd,  
Hear us now and hear us loud,  
when you cum to Intercourse you'd better bring a date,  
So you won't have to masturbate!

YESTERDAY  
Melody--Yesterday  
Contributed by Zippy, Pike's Peak H4

Yesterday,  
All my muscles seemed to feel OK,  
Now my body doesn't work today,  
Oh I went hashing yesterday.

Muscles ache,  
They'd be better if I'd stayed in bed,  
Now it feels as if they're made of lead,  
wish I had stayed at home instead.

why I ran that hash,  
was so rash,  
But what the heck?  
Now it's clear,  
I'm a mere,  
Physical wreck.

Bloodshot eyes,  
And my tongue is twice its normal size,  
It's at times like this I realize,  
Hashing isn't all that wise.

why I drank that beer,  
Isn't clear,  
It's just a blur.  
I don't feel so young,  
And my tongue,  
Is lined with fur.

Yesterday,  
Hashing seemed a healthy game to play,  
Now my body is in disarray,  
Oh I went hashing yesterday  
(mmm-mm-mmm.....)

BITCH A DOG  
Melody--Do, Re, Mi

Bitch, a dog, a female dog,  
Itch, a place for you to scratch,  
Hitch, I pull my knickers up,  
Grab, another word for snatch,  
Bath, a place for making gin,  
Sex, another word for sin,  
Prick, a needle going in,  
And that will bring us back to  
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch . . .

THE CUCKOO  
Melody--Itself

The cuckoo is a funny bird,  
who sits in the grass,  
with his wings neatly folded,  
And his beak up his ass.  
In this strange position,  
He can only say, "Twit!"  
'Cause it's hard to say, "Cuckoo,"  
with a beak full of shit.

FUCK (A DUCK)  
Melody--Do, Re, Mi

Fuck a duck,  
A female duck,  
Screw a baby kangaroo,  
Finger bang an orangutan,  
Let an elephant eat you,  
FEEL the penis of an eel,  
WHACK the asshole of a yak,  
MASTURBATE with a gnu,  
That will bring us back to  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck . . .  
Repeat with motions, humming, silence, etc

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL  
Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

(Take turns leading verses)  
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 sphincter  
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,  
which accounts for the hump on the camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Chorus: Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,  
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.  
Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,

Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.

In the process of civilization,  
From the anthropoid ape down to man,  
It is generally held that the Navy  
Has buggered whatever it can,  
Yet recent extensive researches  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,  
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog  
Has never been buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion  
Is incontrovertibly shown,  
That comparative safety on shipboard  
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.  
Why haven't they done it at Spithead,  
As they've done it at Harvard and Yale,  
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,  
By shaving the spines off its tail?

So come all you hashers,  
And to the occasion arise,  
Grab yourselves a hedgehog,  
And enjoy a real surprise.  
The following instructions,  
Will ensure you do not fail,  
Simply ream out its ass with a hosepipe,  
And shave the spines off its tail.

The sexual life of the ostrich,  
Is hard to understand.  
At the height of the mating season,  
It buries its head in the sand,  
And if another ostrich finds it,  
Standing there with its ass in the air,  
Does it have the urge to grind it,  
Or doesn't it bloody well care?

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,  
The eunuchs all standing there,  
A hundred dusky maidens,  
Combing their pubic hair.  
When along came Father Christmas,  
Striding down the marble halls,  
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,  
The eunuchs all answered, "Our balls!"

Oh, the old men were having a birthday,  
Standing at the bar,  
Thinking about the old times,  
Thinking back so far.  
When along came a youthful maiden,  
By Christ she was so fair,  
When she asked what they'd like for their birthday,  
The old men all shouted, "Hair!"

#### YOGI BEAR SONG

Melody--Camptown Races

(I first heard this performed by Orange County, CA, hashers, and believe it may have originated there)

(Take turns leading verses)  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,



Yogi, Yogi,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Chorus (repeat previous verse): Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Other verses:

Yogi has a little friend, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo  
Boo-Boo has a girlfriend, Cyndi, Cyndi  
Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi  
Cyndi has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly  
Cyndi wears crotchless undies, Teddy, Teddy  
Cyndi likes it on the ice, Polar, Polar  
Cyndi gets what she deserves, Pregnant, Pregnant  
Suzi likes it up the rear, Dirty, Dirty  
Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth, Gummi, Gummi  
Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese, Camel, Camel  
Suzi she has great big tits, More than, More than (I can bear)  
Suzi gets four bits an hour, Jingle, Jingle  
Cyndi's tampon has no string, Cotton, Cotton  
Yogi didn't use a condom, Daddy, Daddy  
Boo-Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala  
Boo-Boo has a twelve-inch cock, Cindy's a lucky bear  
Boo-Boo's only three feet tall, Yogi's a lucky bear  
Boo-Boo likes it up the butt, Yogi's a lucky bear  
Yogi didn't wipe his butt, Brown, Brown  
Yogi uses Afro-Sheen, Black, Black  
Yogi got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy  
Yogi lights Kuwaiti farts, Saddam, Saddam  
Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, wanker, wanker  
Yogi also likes young boys, Poofter, Poofter  
Song ender: Yogi he has HIV, Dying, Dying . . .

ALI BOOGIE  
Melody--???

Chorus: I boogied last night,  
And the night before,  
I'm goin' back tonight,  
And boogie some more.

Mama's on the bottom,  
Papa's on the top,  
Baby's in the attic,  
Fillin' rubbers with snot.

Mama's on the bottom,  
Papa's on the top,  
Baby's in the cradle yellin',  
"Shove it to 'er, Pop!"

Mama's in the hospital,  
Papa's in jail,  
Sister's in the corner cryin',  
"Pussy for sale!"

I got a gal,  
About six-foot four,  
She fucks everything,

Like a two-bit whore.

I got a gal,  
She lives on a hill,  
She won't fuck,  
But her sister will.

Papa's got a watch,  
Mama's got a ring,  
Sister's got a baby,  
From shakin' that thing.

One and one makes two,  
Two and two makes four,  
If the bed breaks down,  
We'll fuck on the floor.

THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

Melody--The Ball of Kerrymuir

Also known as "The Ball of Ballyknure"--see Appendix for a very long version

(Take turns leading verses)

Four and twenty virgins  
Came down from Inverness,  
And when the ball was over  
There were four and twenty less.

Chorus: Singing, balls to your partners,  
Arseholes against the walls,  
If you never got laid on a Saturday night,  
You'll never get laid at all.

Four and twenty prostitutes  
Came up from Glockamore,  
And when the ball was over  
They were all of them double bore.

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

The Queen was in the parlor,  
Eating bread 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.

The village policeman he was there,  
The pride of all the force,  
They found him in the stable,  
Wanking off his horse.

The village plumber he was there,  
He felt an awful fool,  
He'd come eleven leagues or more  
And forgot to bring his tool.

There was humping in the hallways

And humping in the ricks,  
You couldn't hear the music  
For the swishing of the dicks.

'Twas ballocks in the kitchen,  
And ballocks in the halls,  
You couldn't hear the music  
For the clanging of the balls.

'Twas fellatio in the anteroom,  
Cunnilingus on the stairs,  
You couldn't see the carpet  
For the cunts and curly hairs.

Sandy McPherson he came along,  
It was a bloody shame,  
He fucked a lassie forty times,  
And wouldna take her haim.

The parson's daughter she was there,  
The cunning little runt,  
With poison ivy up her bum,  
And thistle up her cunt.

The vicar's wife, well she was there,  
A-sitting by the fire,  
Knitting rubber johnnies  
Out of India rubber tire.

The village idiot he was there,  
Sitting on a pole,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head  
And whistled through the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,  
She had the crowd in fits,  
A-jumping off the mantelpiece  
And bouncing on her tits.

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

The village magician he was there,  
Up to his favorite trick,  
Pulling his arsehole over his head,  
And standing on his prick.

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

The blacksmith's brother he was there,  
A mighty man was he,  
He lined them up against the wall  
And buggered them three by three.

Now farmer Giles he was there,  
His sickle in his hand,  
And every time he swung around  
He circumcised the band.

The vicar's wife she was still there,  
Back against the wall,  
"Put your money on the table, boys,  
I'm fit to do ye all."

The vicar and his goodly wife  
Were having lots of fun,  
The parson had his finger  
Up another lady's bum.

The village doctor he was there,  
He had his bag of tricks,  
And in between the dances  
He was sterilizing dicks.

Father O'Flanagan he was there,  
And in the corner he sat,  
Amusing himself by abusing himself,  
And catching it in his hat.

The vicar's wife was yet still there,  
Dressed in a long white shroud,  
Swinging on the chandelier  
And pissing on the crowd.

They was shagging in the couches,  
They was shagging in the cots,  
And lying up against the wall  
Were rows of grinning sots.

Farmer Brown he was there,  
A-jumping on his hat,  
For half an acre of his corn  
Was fairly now fucked flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick,  
We canna let it pass,  
He showed a lass his mighty prick,  
Then shoved it up her arse.

Bayard Stockton he was there,  
Drunk beyond a doubt,  
He tried to stuff the parson's wife,  
But couldna get the root.

Jockie Stewart did his business  
Right upon the moor,  
It was, he thought, much better  
Than pissing on the floor.

A couple of Hashers they were there,  
A-looking for a fuck,  
But every cunt was occupied  
And they were out of luck.

Mike McMurdock when he got there,  
His stand was long and high,  
But when he'd shagged her forty times,  
His balls were squeezed and dry.

MCTavish, oh yes, he was there,  
His piston long and broad,

And when he'd stroked the furrier's wife  
She had to be rebored.

McCardew-Roberts he was there,  
His flagpole all alert,  
But when half the night was done,  
It was dragging in the dirt.

The chimney sweep he was there,  
They had to throw him out,  
For every time he passed his wind,  
The room was filled with soot.

The doctor's daughter she was there,  
She went to gather sticks,  
She couldna find a blade of grass,  
For cunts and standing pricks.

The village builder he was there,  
He brought his bag of tricks,  
He poured cement in all the holes,  
And blunted all the pricks.

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

Now little Tommy he was there,  
But he was only eight,  
He couldna root the women,  
So he had to masturbate.

The village postman he was there,  
The poor man had the pox,  
He couldna shag the ladies,  
So he fucked the letterbox.

The village idiot he was there,  
A-leaning on the gate,  
He couldna find a partner  
So he had to flatulate.

The blacksmith's father he was there,  
A-roaring like a lion,  
He'd cut his rod off in the forge,  
So he used a red-hot iron.

A pregnant woman she was there,  
Her belly was well hung,  
And when I tried to eat her,  
A tiny hand grabbed my tongue.

And so the ball was over,  
They all went home to rest,  
And the music had been exquisite,  
But the fucking was the best.

CHAPPED HIDE  
Melody--Rawhide

Ballin', ballin', ballin',  
That boy he keeps on callin',

His crabs, they keep on crawlin',  
Chapped hide!

You thought he was the right one,  
But he was a one-night stand one,  
He's shootin' blanks with his gun,  
Chapped hide!

Pick him up, take him home, ride him hard, make him moan!  
Wake him up, saddle up, Send him home!  
Chapped hide . . . Yee Haw!!

THE ENGINEER'S DREAM  
Melody--Itself

An engineer told me before he died,  
Ah-humm, ah-humm,  
An engineer told me before he died,  
Ah-humm, ah-humm,  
An engineer told me before he died,  
I have no reason to believe he lied.  
Ah-humm, ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm,

He had a wife with a cunt so wide (three times),  
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel (three times),  
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel.

The balls of brass he filled with cream (three times),  
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

He tied her ankles to the foot of the bed (three times),  
He tied her wrists above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck (three times),  
He shook her hand and wished her luck.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel (three times),  
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam (three times),  
Down and down went the level of cream.

Till at last the maiden cried (three times),  
"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"

(Slowly . . .)  
Now we come to the tragic bit (three times),  
There was no way of stopping it.

(Back to speed . . .)  
Round and round went the bloody great wheel (three times),  
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam (three times),  
Down and down went the level of cream.

She was split from ass to tit (three times),  
And the whole fucking issue was covered in,  
Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,  
Covered all over from ass to tit,

Covered all over in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

Other endings (optional):

The moral of this story is mighty clear (three times),  
Never fuck an engineer.

The last time, sir, that prick was seen (three times),  
It was over in England fucking the Queen.

It jumped off her, it jumped on him (three times),  
And then it bugged their next of kin.

It jumped upon an uptown bus (three times),  
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss.

Nine months later a child was born (three times),  
with two brass balls and a bloody great horn.

Now we come to the bit that's grim (three times),  
It finished with her and started on him.

Now we come to the bit that's blue (three times),  
It finished with him and it's looking for YOU!

(I WANT A) GANG BANG  
Melody--Itself

Chorus: I want a gang bang if I could,  
Because a gang bang feels so good.  
When I was younger and in my prime,  
I used to gang bang all the time.  
Now I'm older and getting gray,  
I only gang bang once a day.

(Take turns leading verses)

Leader: Knock, knock.

Pack: who's there?

Leader: Ida.

Pack: Ida who?

Leader: Ida want another gang bang if I could,  
Because a gang bang feels so good, etc.

Other verses:

Mister Bush/Mister Bush and came on her stomach  
Ben/Ben dover and have another  
Turner/Turner over and have another  
Sam and Janet/Sam and Janet evening I'd have a  
Bob/Bob down and let's have another  
Orange/Orange you glad I didn't say Bob down and let's have another  
Ranger/A ranger her for best entry at the  
Oliver/Oliver clothes were off at the  
Peter Meter/My peter'll meet her at the  
Dolly Parton/Dolly's partin' her thighs at the  
Tijuana/Tijuana bring your mama to the  
Kissinger/Kissinger's great but fuckin' her's better at the  
Betty/Betty'll have a sore dick at the  
Europa/Europa to the bed post for the  
Extinct/Extinct like fish at the  
Eileen/Eileen her over the sofa at the  
Sharon/Sharon share alike at the  
Hedda/Hedda lotta sex at the  
Mason Dixon/Mason's Dixon's a girl at the  
Ima/Ima glad we had this

Eisenhower/Eisenhower late for the  
Witchy/Witchy one your gonna fuck at the  
Kenya/Kenya gimme directions to the  
M.R./M.R. some nice-a tits at the  
Charlie Pride/Charlie pried her legs apart at the  
Banana/Banana na na na na na . . .(and so on)

GIVE ME A CLONE

Melody--Home on the Range  
Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H4

Oh, give me a clone  
Of my own flesh and bone  
with its Y-chromosome changed to an X  
And when it is grown  
Then my own little clone  
will be of the opposite sex.

Chorus: Clone, clone of my own  
with your Y-chromosome changed to an X  
And when I'm alone  
with my own little clone  
we will both think of nothing but sex.

Oh, give me a clone  
Is my sorrowful moan,  
A clone that is wholly my own.  
And if she's an X  
Of the feminine sex  
Oh, what fun we will have when we're prone.

My heart's not of stone  
As I've frequently shown  
when alone with my own little X  
And after we've dined  
I'm sure we will find  
Better incest than Oedipus Rex.

Why should such sex vex  
Or disturb or perplex  
Or induce a disparaging tone.  
After all, don't you see  
Since we're both of us me  
When we're having sex, I'm alone.

And after I'm done  
She'll still have her fun  
For I'll clone myself ere I die.  
And this time without fail,  
They'll be both of them male,  
And they'll each ravish her by and by.

GOD BLESS MY UNDERPANTS  
Melody--God Bless America  
written by Jim "Soar Balls" Blomquist

God bless my underpants,  
Brand that I like,  
Stand inside them,  
And ride them,  
Between my buns when I run or I bike.

From the waistband,



To the legholes,  
To the fly flap,  
Wet with piss,  
God bless my underpants,  
They look like this.

HELLO PENIS  
Melody--Sound of Silence

Hello penis my old friend,  
I've come to play with you again,  
When those wet dreams come a-creeping,  
I spurt my seeds while I am sleeping,  
And with your helmet firmly planted in my hand,  
It will expand,  
While jerking off in silence.

In horny dreams I get a bone,  
I beat off on cobble stones,  
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,  
I see a whore who's getting very damp,  
For five hundred baht in a flash she's on her back,  
She spreads her crack,  
And twitches her twat in silence.

Those who see and do not know,  
How to make my penis grow,  
I whipped you out so she might eat you,  
I stuffed you up into her pussy spew,  
And then my sperm, like silent raindrops fell,  
And turned to gel,  
While jerking off in silence.

And the ants came out and played,  
In the fucking mess I'd made,  
But in heeding daddy's warning,  
That mum would find it in the morning,  
So I rolled out of bed and wiped it up with my shirt,  
God, what a squirt!  
Jerking off in silence.

HOT VAGINA  
Melody--Yellow Rose of Texas

Hot vagina for your breakfast,  
Hot vagina for your lunch,  
Hot vagina for your dinner,  
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.  
It's so speedy and nutritious,  
Bite-size and ready to eat,  
So take a tip, go eat your mom;  
Hot vagina can't be beat.

I LIKE COCK  
Melody--Three Blind Mice

I like cock,  
I like cock,  
See how they rise,  
See how they rise,  
They fit so nicely and feel so grand,  
They come in all sizes, all shapes and brands,  
There's nothing finer than making them stand,

'Cause I like cock,  
I like cock.

I LIKE CUNT  
Melody--Three Blind Mice

I like cunt,  
I like cunt,  
Ain't it cute,  
Ain't it cute?  
Up against railings I've often stood,  
Fucking young ladies and doing them good,  
It's so much better than pulling your pud,  
'Cause I like cunt,  
I like cunt.

INCEST TIME IN TEXAS  
Melody--Yellow Rose of Texas

When it's incest time in Texas,  
When there's no cunt to be found,  
Your mother's in the bathroom,  
With her panties halfway down,

No time for masturbation,  
No time to beat your meat,  
When it's incest time in Texas,  
Mother-fucking can't be beat!

I PUT MY HAND  
Melody--When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her toe,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're way too low,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her knee,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're teasin' me,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her tit,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're squeezin' it,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her twat,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you've hit the spot,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now she lies in a wooden box,

From sucking too many Hasher's cocks,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I PUT MY LIPS

Melody--When Johnny Comes Marching Home  
(Authorship claimed by Austin H3 Harriettes)

I put my lips upon his toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my lips upon his toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my lips upon his toe,  
He said, "Hey Harriet, you're way too low,  
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my lips upon his knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my lips upon his knee,  
He said, "Hey Harriet, you're teasin' me,  
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my lips upon his tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my lips upon his tit,  
He said, "Hey Harriet, I've just been bit,  
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his prick, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my lips upon his prick, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my lips upon his prick,  
He said, "Hey Harriet, you're really sick,  
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now he lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now he lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now he lies in a wooden box,  
From a severe case of small cox,  
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

MASTURBATION (FORNICATION)

Melody--Alouette

By Danny Ross Taylor, Austin H3

Chorus: Masturbation, I love masturbation,  
Masturbation, I love to masturbate.

Leader: How I like to choke my chicken,  
Pack: Yes, he likes to choke his chicken,  
Leader: Choke my chicken,  
Pack: Choke his chicken,  
Leader: Masturbate,  
Pack: Masturbate,

Chorus

Leader is now the next person on the right--lead goes around the circle with each new verse, and all old verses should be repeated, as in AAHLAWETA:

Leader: How I like to spank my monkey,

Pack: How he likes to spank his monkey,  
Leader: Spank my monkey,  
Pack: Spank his monkey,  
Leader: Choke my chicken,  
Pack: Choke his chicken,  
Leader: Masturbate,  
Pack: Masturbate,

Other verses:

Lope my mule  
Rub my nub  
Whip my lizard  
Swat my twat  
Tease the beaver  
Flog my log  
Stroke my snatch  
Tap my gap  
Beat my meat  
Pull my pony  
Yank my chain  
Use three fingers  
Moan and jerk  
etc . . .

This goes on until no one can think of new masturbation verses, at which point the song becomes "Fornication":

Chorus: Fornication, I love fornication,  
Fornication, I love to fornicate.

Leader: How I like to be on top,  
Pack: Yes, she likes to be on top  
Leader: Be on top,  
Pack: Be on top,  
Leader: Fornicate,  
Pack: Fornicate,

Other verses:

Do it standing up  
Hide the salami  
Drive it deep  
Bark like a dog  
Bump and grind  
Pump and hump  
Grind her mound  
Give jungle love  
Do it in the dirt  
etc . . .

RAWHIDE

Melody--Rawhide

Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
My dick is gettin' swollen,  
I got this doggie rollin', Rawhide.  
My knob is hard as leather,  
But I'll get it in whatever,  
I wish I could get the tip inside,  
I stab but I keep missin',  
This wasn't made for pissin',  
I'm waiting for this year's first ride.

Chorus: Pull 'em down, get 'em off,  
Get 'em off, pull 'em down,

Pull 'em down, Get 'em off, Rawhide.  
Stick it in, pull it out,  
Pull it out, stick it in,  
Stick it in, pull it out, Rawhide.

She's movin', movin', movin',  
Stops my manhood groovin',  
This doggie won't stop movin', Rawhide.  
It's gonna be sore later,  
But I've been a masturbator,  
All those years that I've just spent inside,  
My balls they are aching,  
From ages wanking, waiting,  
waiting to get this thing inside.

Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
I'm rootin' her assholin',  
We're mounted doggy style, Rawhide.  
I don't try to understand her,  
Just catch and grope and bang her,  
Now her twat is gettin' wet and wide,  
My foreskin's torn and tattered,  
Her pussy's worn and battered,  
At last I'll drop my load inside.

THE REAL STORY OF GILLIGAN'S ISLAND

Melody--Gilligan's Island Theme

Attributed to John Valby (aka Doctor Dirty), contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H4

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 period was late . . .  
But it was right on time!

THE RINGADANGDOO

Melody--How Dry I Am

Chorus: The ringadangdoo, pray what is that?  
It's furry and soft, like a pussycat,  
It's got a crack down the middle,  
And a hole right through,  
That's what they call the ringadangdoo.

I once knew a girl, her name was Jean,  
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen,  
She loved a boy who was straight and true,  
who longed to play on her Ringadangdoo.

So she took him to her father's house,

And crept inside as quiet as a mouse,  
And they shut the door and the window too,  
And he played all night on her Ringadangdoo.

The very next day her father said,  
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead!  
You can pack your bag and suitcase too,  
And bugger off with your Ringadangdoo."

So she went to town and became a whore,  
And hung a red light outside her door,  
And one by one and two by two,  
They came to play on her Ringadangdoo.

There came to that town a son of a bitch,  
who had the pox and the seven-year itch,  
He had gonorrhoea and syphilis too  
So that was the end of her Ringadangdoo.

#### SQUARE DANCE

Up with the petticoat,  
Down with the pants,  
In with the pecker,  
Everyone dance.  
Girls with the rags on,  
Up against the wall.  
Guys with hardons,  
Promenade the hall.  
Gals grab your partners,  
Firmly by the balls.  
Make him holler, make him shout,  
Put your pretty ass, up against his snout.  
First lady go, second lady pass, third lady's finger up the fourth man's ass.  
Finger out, promenade the hall,  
Now release the poor gent's balls.  
Then down with the petticoat, up with the pants, for this is the end of the  
Old Square Dance.

#### FATHER ABRAHAM Melody--Itself

Leader: Father Abraham had seven sons,  
Seven sons had Father Abraham,  
And he never smiled,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this--with a right!

All (shout/actions): with a right! (extend right arm)

Leader: Father Abraham had seven sons,  
Seven sons had Father Abraham,  
And he never smiled,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this--with a right!

All (shout/actions): with a right! (extend right arm)

Leader: And a left!

All (shout/actions): And a left! (extend left arm)

More verses/actions:

with a right! (extend right leg)

with a left! (extend left leg)

And a HEEEE! (hump pelvis)  
And a HUUHH! (turn around, drop pants, moon pack)

FATHER DAMIEN

Melody--as for "Father Abraham"

Composed by Flying Booger in honor of Father Damien, who cared for the lepers of Molokai

Father Damien, had seven toes,  
Seven toes had Father Damien,  
And he decomposed,  
In bits and chunks,  
And he always went like this--with a right!

All (shout/actions): And a right! (kick out right leg)

Oops!

Father Damien, had six toes,etc . . .

MUSIC MAN

Melody--Itself

(Take turns leading verses)

Leader: I am the music man and I come from  
down your way, and I can play . . .

Pack: what can you play?

Leader: I can play the viola.

Chorus (singing & motions):

Oh, the vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

Leader: I am the music man and I come from down your way, and I can play . . .

Pack: what can you play?

Leader: I can play the piano.

Second Chorus:

Oh, the pia-pia-pia-no, pia-no, pia-no, pia-pia-pia-no, pia-pia-no,  
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

Other instruments:

Trom-bone, French Horn, Cym-balls, Pica-low, Sexa-phone, Big Bass Drum, Boss' Knob,  
Shit House Door, Natalie Wood, Michael Jackson, Grace Kelly, Pope John Paul, etc . .

.

FAMOUS HARRIETTES

AAHLAWETTA

Melody--Alouette

(Unsuspecting female volunteer needed)

Chorus: Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlawetta,  
Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlaw-way.

Leader: Does she have ze stringy hair?

All: Oui, she has ze stringy hair.

Leader: Stringy hair,

All: Stringy hair,

Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Chorus

Leader: Does she have ze furrowed brow?

All: Oui, she has ze furrowed brow,  
Leader: Furrowed brow,  
All: Furrowed brow,  
Leader: Stringy hair,  
All: Stringy hair,  
Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

wooden eye (Yes I would!) . . .  
Broken nose . . .  
Blow job lips . . .  
Two buck teeth . . .  
Double chin . . .  
Swinging tits . . .  
Beer belly . . .  
Bulbous butt . . .  
Furry thing . . .

Leader: Now isn't she a nice-a girl?  
All: Oui, she is a nice-a girl,  
Leader: Nice-a girl,  
All: Nice-a girl,  
Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Chorus

Leader/all: How I love her (repeat all)

DEAD WHORE (Two versions)  
Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean  
Second version by Dennis "Mu-Sick" Gill, Ft Walton Beach H3, Florida

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,  
I knew right away she was dead,  
The skin was all gone from her tummy,  
The hair was all gone from her head.

Chorus: Dead whore, dead whore,  
I knew right away she was dead, was dead.  
Dead whore, dead whore,  
I knew right away she was dead.

And as I lay down there beside her,  
I knew right away I had sinned,  
So I put my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the load I shot in.

Chorus: Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the load I shot in, shot in,  
Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the load I shot in.

---

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.

Chorus: Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my dead whore 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, oh,  
And barf them back up in your face, your face,  
And barf them back up in your face.

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.

while nibbling my dead whore's festered nipples,  
A horrible thing to discuss,  
I thought it was milk I was sucking,  
But no, it was only green pus, green pus,  
But no, it was only green pus.

My dead whore's vagina was swelling,  
A condition I thought would soon pass,  
I stuck in my prick to explore it,  
And she farted green gas from her ass, her ass,  
She farted green gas from her ass.

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 twat just for me, for me,  
with a leathery twat just for me.

I French-kissed my dead whore, named Merly,  
I liked how she wiggled her tongue.  
But after an evening of kissing,  
I realized it was maggots from her lung, her lung,  
I realized it was maggots from her lung.

Once, upon thinking it over,  
I realized my terrible sin.  
So I stuck my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the load I shot in, shot in,  
And sucked out the load I shot in.

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, baby whore,  
She gave birth to a dead baby whore.

(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.

LULU  
Melody--Good Night, Ladies

Chorus: Bang, bang, Lulu,  
Lulu's gone away,  
who's gonna bang bang,  
when Lulu's gone away?

Some girls work in factories,

Some girls work in stores,  
But Lulu works in a honky tonk,  
With forty other whores.

Lulu had a baby,  
It was an awful shock,  
She couldn't call it Lulu,  
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

I took her to the pictures,  
We sat down in the stalls,  
And every time the lights went out,  
She'd grab me by the balls.

She and I went fishing,  
In a dainty punt,  
And every time she caught a sprat,  
She'd stuff it up her cunt.

I wish I were the silver ring,  
On Lulu's dainty hand,  
Then every time she scratched her ass,  
I'd see the promised land.

I wish I were the chamber pot,  
Under Lulu's bed,  
Then every time she took a piss,  
I'd see her maidenhead.

Lulu had two boyfriends,  
Both were very rich,  
One was the son of a banker,  
The other a son-of-a-bitch.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
His name was Tommy Tucker,  
He took her down the alley,  
To see if he could fuck her.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
A funny little chap,  
Every time they had a bit,  
She'd get a dose of clap.

Lulu was a pretty girl,  
She had a lot of class,  
Mini-skirts she'd wear a lot,  
To show off her pretty ass.

Lulu had a bicycle,  
The seat was very sharp,  
Every time she sat on it,  
It would slip right in her arse.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
He was very fit,  
Working all day on the farm,  
His job was shoveling shit.

Lulu and a boyfriend,  
A stunted little runt,  
On day they went to have a bit,  
And he vanished up her cunt.

Lulu had a little lamb,  
She kept it in a bucket,  
Every time the lamb jumped out,  
The bulldog used to fuck it.

She and I went walking,  
We walked along the grass,  
She slipped on a banana peel,  
And fell down on her arse.

Lulu made some porridge,  
It was very thick,  
Lulu wouldn't eat it,  
She'd smear it on my dick.

Lulu's motorcycle,  
It's seat was very blunt,  
Every time she jumped on it,  
It would stick her in the cunt.

MY GIRL'S A VEGETABLE  
Melody--My Girl's a Corker, She's a New Yorker

My girl's a vegetable,  
She lives in a hospital . . .

Chorus: I'd do most anything,  
To keep her alive.

She has no arms or legs,  
She looks like a pony keg . . .

She's got a new TV,  
They call it an EKG . . .

Her EKG it does not rise,  
But she still spreads her thighs . . .

My girl has long blond hair,  
It's in patches here and there . . .

She can't get out of bed,  
Still, she can give me head . . .

She's got no arms or legs,  
She's got two wooden pegs . . .

I'm always guaranteed a blow,  
Because she can't say no . . .

She has no feet or hands,  
Her head's connected with rubber bands . . .

She might not live the night,  
That means that she won't fight . . .

My girl lives in an iron lung,  
But she can still give real good tongue . . .

My girl has leprosy,  
Parts are always sticking to me . . .

My girl had a tracheotomy,  
So she can breathe while she's blowing me . . .

ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE  
Melody--On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old Sophie,  
All covered in sweat,  
I've used fourteen rubbers,  
But she hasn't come yet.

For fucking's a pleasure,  
And farting's relief,  
But a long-winded lover,  
will bring nothing but grief.

She'll kiss you and hug you,  
Say it won't take long,  
But two hours later,  
You're still going strong.

So come all you lovers,  
And listen to me,  
Don't waste your erection,  
On a long-winded she.

For your root will just wither,  
And your passion will die,  
And she will forsake you,  
And you'll never know why.

THE S & M GIRL  
Melody--The Candy Man  
Recent twist on "S & M Man," below, origin unknown  
Lorena Bobbit verse contributed by Cheese Spread

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 twat,  
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 a big knife,  
And cause him lots of pain,  
And then get off in court,  
when she claims that she's insane?  
Lorena Bobbit can.

BARNACLE BILL  
Melody--Barnacle Bill the Sailor  
(also known as "Bollocky Bill")

who's that knocking at my door?  
who's that knocking at my door?  
who's that knocking at my door?  
Cried the fair young maiden.

It's only me from across the sea,  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

why are you knocking at my door?  
'Cos I'm young enough and ready and rough.

You can sleep upon the floor.  
Oh get off the floor, you dirty old whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.  
Oh bugger the mat, you can't fuck that.

You can sleep on the stairs.  
Oh bugger the stairs they ain't got hairs.

You can sleep between my tits.  
Oh bugger your tits, they give me the shits.

You can sleep between my thighs.  
Oh bugger your thighs, they're covered with flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.  
Oh bugger your cunt, but I'll fuck for a stunt.

what will we do when the baby's born?  
Oh we'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

FUCK THE GIANT PENIS  
Melody--Puff the Magic Dragon

Once a pure white virgin lived by the sea,  
She frolicked o'er pastoral fields, her name Virginité,  
A sweet young lass of just sixteen, a rosebud ripe and firm,  
She wandered o'er the verdant hills, not knowing of the sperm.

Well, Fuck the giant penis lived not far away,  
His cock was damn near two feet long; he poked one twice a day,  
He was an Ivy Leaguer with vest and pinstriped suit,  
He drove a roadster XKE, the sexed-up extrovert.

One day while he was reaming around the rural strips,  
He spied her picking flowers thereùthat lass with swinging hips,  
He jumped out of the driver's seat and grabbed her by the ass,  
He tore off all her clothing, and laid her in the grass.

Her maidenhead was busted, the ground ran bloodyred,  
He poked her till the twilight came, then took her home to bed,  
He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more and more,  
He turned that pure virginité into a God damned whore.

#### KING OF THE NERDS

Melody--King of the Road  
Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H4

Theorems to prove or not,  
Differentials get me hot.  
Got three advanced degrees,  
I don't pay no software fees.

I work hard on my code at nights,  
My system's fifty-million megabytes.  
Don't have much truck with words,  
'Cause I'm . . . King of the Nerds.

I know every engineer on every mainframe,  
Each fileserver, and all of their names,  
I know every BBS in every town,  
And who to call for service when the system is down.

You know I watch Star Trek, TNG,  
I follow Science Fiction Fantasy.  
I read PC news for thrills,  
I don't have no social skills.

Ah, but cheap beer and take-out foods,  
Get me lots of geeks in party moods.  
Good grooming's for the birds,  
When you're King of the Nerds.  
And I'm King of the Nerds.

#### THE S & M MAN

Melody--The Candy Man  
A truly nasty piece of work, new verses constantly oozing to the surface, their  
authors anonymous

(Take turns leading verses)  
who will run through jagers (who will run through jagers),  
Ripping up his flesh (ripping up his flesh),  
And turn right around,  
And repeat the bloody mess?  
It's the S&M man.

Chorus: Oh, the S&M man,  
The S&M man because he mixes it with love,  
And makes the hurt feel good (Yes the hurt feel good)

who wears pants with zippers,  
And no underwear,  
Then pulls them up and down,  
And rips out his pubic hair?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a razor,  
And no shaving cream,  
Scrape her pussy bald,  
while he listens to her scream?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take an old saw,  
Rusty but still cuts,  
Pull it back and forth,  
Until he rips off his own nuts?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a bottle,  
Shove it up your ass,  
Hit it with a hammer,  
And line your ass with glass?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take your scrotum,  
Stick it with a pin,  
Hang on a bunch of weights,  
Till it drags down to your shins?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take your penis,  
Slam it in a door,  
Slam it in a door,  
So you can't fuck anymore?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a sander,  
Make sure it's Black and Decker,  
Rub it up and down,  
Until you've got a bleeding pecker?  
It's the S&M man.

who would take a condom,  
Put pepper in the ring,  
Use it on the wife,  
'Cause she twitches when it stings?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a mallet,  
Claim that he's a stud,  
Smash it on his pecker,  
Till it starts to ooze blood?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take your penis,  
Tie it in a knot,  
Tie it in a knot,  
Until the sucker rots?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take sandpaper,  
Rough like fifty grit,  
Rub it on her pussy,  
Until she has no clit?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take two ice picks,  
Stick one in each ear,  
And ride her like a Harley,  
while he roots her up the rear?  
It's the S&M man.

who takes jumper cables,  
Clamps one on each tit,  
Starts up the car,  
And electrocutes the bitch?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a young girl,  
Turn the lights down low,  
Flip on the video camera,  
And make like Rob Lowe?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a vagina,  
Suck out all the yeast,  
Spit it out into some dough,  
And serve bread at the hash feast?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a puppy,  
Hold it by the ears,  
Fuck it in the ass,  
Until it sheds those puppy tears?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a vice clamp,  
Clamp it on a tit,  
Squeeze the sucker down  
Till it pops just like a zit?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a cheese grater,  
Strap it to his arm,  
Fist fuck the bitch  
And make Vagina Parmesan?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a transient,  
Rip out one of his eyes,  
Skull fuck the bastard  
while he listens to his cries?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take some shackles,  
Chain you to the walls,  
Fill a glass with sperm,  
By lancing both your balls?  
It's the S&M man.

who can take a Coke bottle,  
Shove it up her ass,



Kidney punch the bitch,  
Until she's shitting blood and glass?  
It's the S&M man.

Special Chorus: Oh the S&M man,  
The S&M man makes all that he partakes,  
Satisfying and delicious,  
Fulfills all your erotic wishes,  
Sucks chrome off trailer hitches.

(Following verse based on "true" story)  
Who would use machinery,  
To masturbate at work,  
Rip off his left testis,  
And pretend it didn't hurt?  
It's the S&M man.

Song enders:  
Who can take a baby,  
Lay it on a bed,  
Turn the bugger over,  
Fuck the soft spot in its head?  
It's the S&M man.

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?  
It's the S&M man.

Who would put a kid's hand,  
In a socket on the wall?  
It's nice when they jerk,  
Up against his balls.  
It's the S&M man.

Who goes to the abortion clinic,  
Sneaks around the back,  
Digs through the dumpster,  
Until he finds a tasty snack?  
It's the S&M man.

Who gives children candy,  
Takes them round the block,  
And rips up their innards,  
With the ramming of his cock?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a baby,  
Throw it on a pile,  
And fuck it up its ass,  
Shis-ka-bob style?  
It's the S&M man.

Who would take your kiddies,  
Out to a picnic binge,  
Put them on the fire,  
And watch the fuckers singe?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a pregnant woman,  
Fuck her till she's dead,  
Leave his dick inside her,

Till the foetus gives him head?  
It's the S&M man.

THIS OLD MAN  
Melody--Knick Knack Paddy-whack

This old man, he fucked one,  
Don't you know he had such fun,

Chorus: with a knick-knack paddy-whack,  
He fucked his dog alone,  
Fucked his dog and made him groan.

This old man, he fucked two,  
A baby rabbit and a kangaroo

This old man, he fucked three,  
Put up mirrors so he could see

This old man, he fucked four,  
Three wasn't enough so he bought a whore

This old man, he fucked five,  
Two were dead and three alive

This old man, he fucked six,  
Has his sister turning tricks

This old man, he fucked seven,  
The youngest one was just eleven

This old man, he fucked eight,  
One sucked him raw and it felt great

This old man, he fucked nine,  
God, this orgy is just divine

This old man, he fucked ten,  
All he could say was, "Do it again!"

This old man, he fucked eleven,  
Died of V.D. and went to heaven,  
with a knick-knack paddy-whack,  
Now his dog's alone,  
No one left to make him groan.

VLAD  
Melody--Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star  
Attributed to John "Dr. Dirt" Valby of upstate NY fame

Chorus:  
Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew  
Nipple, bosom, hair-pie, finger-fuck, screw.  
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit,  
Sheep pussy, camel crack, pig lie in shit.  
AW VLAD, AW VLAD.

well, we went to a party and what did we do,  
we took off our socks and we took off our shoes,  
we took off our shirts and we took off our pants,  
I had a hunch we weren't gonna dance.

Chorus (faster)

Well, everybody everybody's ass was bare,  
No broads left just the queer over there,  
All of this didn't phase me a bit,  
I just jumped on the pile and grabbed me some tit.  
AW, VLAD

Chorus (faster)

Well you know my girl's a sports fan,  
She plays with balls whenever she can,  
Because her favorite sport you see,  
Is playing tonsil hockey.

Chorus (faster until only the fastest person is still singing)

DOUGH, RAY, ME  
Melody--Do, Re, Mi  
Contributed by Tracy Murphy

Dough, the stuff, that buys me beer,  
Ray, the guy who serves me beer,  
Me, the guy, who drinks me beer,  
Fa, a long way to the john,  
So, I'll have another beer,  
La, I'll have another beer,  
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer,  
And that brings us back to,  
Dough . . . (etc)

DRINK  
Melody--Sing!

Drink  
Drink the beer  
Belch out loud  
Belch out strong  
Drink of good times not bad  
Drink of plenty not one.  
Drink  
Drink the beer  
Down it quick to make it through the song  
Don't worry that it's not good enough  
For anyone else to down  
Just drink  
Drink the beer  
Burp, burp, burp, burp, burp, etc . . .

RYE WHISKEY  
Melody--Itself

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,  
Rye whiskey, I cry.  
If I don't get rye whiskey,  
I surely will die.

If the ocean were whiskey,  
And I were a duck,  
I'd swim to the bottom,  
And drink my way up.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,  
Sometimes I drink gin,

It doesn't really matter,  
The state that I'm in.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,  
Sometimes I drink rum,  
I only do that,  
When I want to come.

SALVATION ARMY SONG  
Melody--Itself  
(last verse by Flying Booger)

We're coming, we're coming,  
Our brave little band,  
On the right side of justice,  
We'll all take a stand.  
We don't smoke tobacco because we all think,  
That people who smoke are likely to drink.

Chorus: Away, away with rum by gum,  
With rum by gum, with rum by gum,  
Away, away with rum by gum,  
The song of the Salvation Army.  
Rum chug-a-lug, rum chug-a-lug, rum bum bum.

We never eat fruit cake,  
Cause fruit cake has rum,  
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.  
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight,  
Than a man eating fruit cake until he is light?

We never eat cookies,  
Cause cookies have yeast,  
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.  
Oh, can you imagine a greater disgrace,  
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

There's Viceroy cigarettes for people who think,  
And Ban deodorant for people who stink,  
But thinking and stinking are not right by me,  
I get my kicks from Saigon tea.

We never eat candy, 'cause candy has brandy,  
And brandy is known to make a drunk randy.  
Oh, can you imagine a sight more disgustin',  
Than a sot in the gutter with his loins a-thrustin'?

SINGHA COCK  
Melody--Those were the Days

Once there was a time that we'd fuck all night,  
Now any more than once a month, no way,  
I'm always asking for a little extra,  
But you shy away and say, "Oh, not today."

Chorus: 'Cause you've got Singha cock,  
Some girls have all the luck,  
They get it day and night for weeks on end,  
But you won't look at me,  
It's really sad to see,  
What that limp Singha cock has done to me.

I used to worry about another woman,

who was taking you away from me,  
But then I learned the cause of your deflation,  
wasn't someone else sat on your knee.

Chorus: It was that Singha cock, etc . . .

So boys as you swig upon that bottle,  
Please remember what we have to say,  
If you want to play when you go home horny,  
Push that one last bottle out of the way.

Chorus: Or you'll get Singha cock, etc . . .

CHIPMUNKS ROASTING ON AN OPEN FIRE  
Melody--The Christmas Song by Nat 'King' Cole  
(contributed by Zippy, Pike's Peak H4)

Chipmunks roasting on an open fire,  
Jack Frost ripping up your nose,  
Yuletide carolers being thrown in the fire,  
And folks dressed up like buffaloes.  
Everybody knows a turkey slaughtered in the snow,  
Helps to make the season right,  
Tiny tots with their eyes all gouged out,  
will find it hard to see tonight.  
They know that Santa's on his way,  
He's loaded lots of guns and bullets on his sleigh,  
And every mother's child is sure to spy,  
To see if reindeer really scream when they die.  
And so I'm offering this simple phrase,  
To kids from one to ninety-two,  
Although it's been said many times, many ways,  
Merry Christmas,  
Merry Christmas,  
Merry Christmas,  
Screw you.

CHIPMUNKS REDEUX  
Melody--The Christmas Song by Nat 'King' Cole  
Contributed by Derek Cashman

Chipmunks roasting on an open fire,  
Their eyes bulge out and then explode,  
Machine gun fire opens up on the crowd,  
And folks fall down like dominos.

Everybody knows, an Uzi and some hand grenades,  
Help to make the season bright.  
Tiny tots, bound and gagged in their beds,  
will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know that Santa's on his way,  
He's got a chainsaw, and he's gonna make them pay,  
And every mother's child is gonna spy,  
To watch their daddy shoot them reindeer from the sky.

And so I'm offering this simple phrase,  
For by now, the tots are turning blue,  
Although it's been said many times, many ways,  
Merry Christmas . . . to you.

END OF THE WORLD

Melody--Joy to the world  
Contributed by Derek Cashman

End of the world,  
The bomb has come,  
Let earth receive her due,  
Let every single reprobate,  
Evaporate, disintegrate,  
And buildings crumble too,  
All over me and you,  
All over, all over,  
Rush Limbaugh, too.

HOLIDAY SONG  
Melody--Let it Snow

well, the weather outside is frightful,  
But my dick is so delightful,  
If you really want to see it grow,  
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

LET IT GLOW  
Melody--Let it Snow  
Contributed by Derek Cashman

Oh, it happened quite late this morning,  
The reactor gave a warning,  
So as the walls start to flow,  
watch 'em glow,  
watch 'em glow,  
watch 'em glow.

Officials began to wonder,  
with the fault line running under,  
If nukes were the way to go,  
watch 'em glow,  
watch 'em glow,  
watch 'em glow.

Oh, the units were built in threes,  
'Cause the number is funny and droll,  
And now we can see the Chinese,  
A-wavin' at us from the hole.

Now the little black smudge is Sister,  
And my dog is just a blister,  
But since it's their time to go,  
watch 'em glow,  
watch 'em glow,  
watch 'em glow.

Now the say the "event" was "unplanned,"  
Just a shift in the offshore shelf,  
And that's why my thyroid gland,  
Is driving a car by itself.

Now Grandmother ain't too pretty,  
And that hairless blob is Kitty,  
But she's eight more lives to go,  
watch 'em glow,  
watch 'em glow,  
watch 'em glow.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS  
Melody--The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Twelve hairy harlots,  
Eleven lecherous lesbians,  
Ten tired trollops,  
Nine naughty nuns,  
Eight useless eunuchs,  
Seven sex-starved sisters,  
Six convicted vicars,  
Five choir boys!  
Four windmill girls,  
Three boy scouts,  
Two virgin queens,  
And a pervert in a pantry.

THE TWELVE REDNECK DAYS OF CHRISTMAS  
Melody--The Twelve Days Of Christmas  
Contributed by ZipPy, Pike's Peak H4

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me,  
Twelve cans of Bud  
Eleven rasslin' tickets  
Ten tins of Copenhagen  
Nine years' probation  
Eight table dances  
Seven packs of Redman  
Six cans of Spam  
Five flannel shirts  
Four Mud Grip tires  
Three shotgun shells  
Two huntin' dogs  
And some parts to a Mustang GT.

WALKIN' 'ROUND IN WOMENS' UNDERWEAR  
Melody--Winter Wonderland

People have heard this on the radio, so it's a copyrighted song, but hashers mainly remember it as performed by Rose Eh and Sex Toy of the Hogtown H3 at World Interhash '94 and the Pissburgh 600th

Lacy things, the wife is missin',  
Didn't ask for her permission,  
I'm wearin her clothes silk panty hose,  
walkin' round in womens' underwear.

In the store, there's a teddy  
Little straps, like spaghetti  
It holds me so tight, like handcuffs at night  
walkin' round in womens' underwear.

In the office there's a guy named Melvin,  
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown,  
He'll say are you ready, I'll say whoa man,  
Let's wait until the wife is out of town.

Later on, if you wanna,  
We can dress like Madonna,  
Put on some eye shade and join the parade  
walkin' round in womens' underwear.

Lacy things the wife is missin',

Didn't ask for her permission,  
I'm wearin her clothesùsilk panty hose,  
Walkin' round in womens' underwear.  
Walkin' round in womens' underwear.  
Walkin' round in womens' underwear.

WE THREE KINGS

Melody--We Three Kings of Orient Are  
Contributed by Derek Cashman

We three kings of Orient are,  
One on a bicycle, one in a car,  
One on a scooter, banging his hooter,  
Following yonder star.

We three kings of Orient are,  
Smoking on a rubber cigar,  
One was loaded, it exploded,  
Now we're on yonder star.

We three kings of Madison Square,  
Trying to see this cheap underwear,  
They're fantastic, no elastic,  
Twenty-five cents the pair.

WE WISH YOU WOULD FIX THE BUDGET  
Melody--We Wish You a Merry Christmas  
Contributed by Derek Cashman

We wish you would fix the budget,  
We wish you would fix the budget,  
We wish you would fix the budget,  
For the fiscal year.

Impeachment we bring,  
To you and your kin,  
We wish you would fix the budget,  
Then get out of here.

We all like a balanced budget,  
we all like a balanced budget,  
we all like a balanced budget,  
And a guy who's sincere.

This whitewater deal,  
Has gotten surreal,  
Can you please stop the scandal,  
Then get out of here?

You can't play the saxophone, Bill,  
You can't play the saxophone, Bill,  
You can't play the saxophone, Bill,  
We cover our ears.

When Hillary's here,  
You live life in fear,  
Socks has more morals,  
Than you do, my dear.

You won't get re-elected,  
You won't get re-elected,  
You won't get re-elected,  
You'll be gone in two years.



We wish you would fix the budget,  
We wish you would fix the budget,  
We wish you COULD fix the budget,  
Now get out of here.

BALL GAME

Melody--Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Whip it out at the ball game,  
Wave it round at the crowd,  
Dip it in jello and Crackerjack,  
I don't care if you give it a whack,  
Because it's--  
Beat your meat at the ball game,  
If you don't come it's a shame,  
For it's one, two,  
And you're covered in goo,  
At the old ball game!

BORN DEAD

Melody--Born Free

Born dead!  
Your baby was born dead;  
All torso 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.

Brain dead!  
Your husband is brain dead;  
A vein popped in his head,  
That sucker's a mort.

CHICAGO

Melody--The Bear Went Over the Mountain  
Several verses by Flying Booger

Chorus: I used to work in Chicago,  
In a department store,  
I used to work in Chicago,  
I don't work there any more.

Version I:

(Take turns leading verses)  
A lady came into the hatshop,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Felt," she said,  
Felt her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a water-bottle,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Rubber," she said,  
Rub her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a sweater,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"

"Jumper," she said,  
Jump her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a ticket,  
I asked, "where would you like to go?"  
"Bangor," she said,  
Bang her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some coffee,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Ground," she said,  
Grind her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some gin,  
I asked "what kind would you like?"  
"Beefeater," she said,  
Eat her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a cake,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Layer," she said,  
Lay her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for some service,  
I asked, "How fast do you want it?"  
"Quick," she said,  
Prick her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some carpet,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Pile," she said,  
Shagged her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a diskette,  
I asked "what kind would you like?"  
"Floppy," she said,  
Hard drive her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a bath mat,  
I asked "what size would you like?"  
"Shower," she said,  
Show her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a down quilt,  
I asked "what kind would you like?"  
"Goose," she said,  
Goose her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some lamp oil,  
I asked "what kind would you like?"  
"whale," she said,  
Sperm her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a power drill,  
I asked, "what brand would you like?"  
"Black & Decker," she said,  
Deck her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a drink,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Liquor," she said,  
Lick her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some Air Wick,  
I asked, "what scent would you like?"  
"Mountain," she said,  
Mount her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a sleeper,  
I asked, "what berth would you like?"  
"Upper," she said,  
Up her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some china,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Bone," she said,  
Bone her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some dish soap,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Johnson & Johnson," she said,  
My Johnson she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for some wood shoes,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"Clog," she said,  
Flog her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a curtain,  
I asked "what kind would you like?"  
"Drape," she said,  
Rape her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a new coat,  
I asked "what kind would you like?"  
He said, "Something nice."  
He went home with lice.  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a rental,  
I asked, "what kind would you like?"  
"A U-Haul," he said,  
Haul his ashes I did,  
I don't work there any more.

Version II:

A lady came in for some stockings,

Some stockings from the store,  
Stockings she wanted,  
A hosing she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some carpet,  
Some carpet from the store,  
Carpet she wanted,  
Laid she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some nails,  
Some nails from the store,  
Nails she wanted,  
Screwed she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a balloon,  
A balloon from the store,  
Balloon he wanted,  
Blown he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some wool,  
Some wool from the store,  
Wool she wanted,  
Felt she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for some carpet,  
Some carpet from the store,  
Shag he wanted,  
Piles he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for metaphysical conversation,  
Metaphysical conversation from the store,  
Metaphysical conversation she wanted,  
Fucked she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a lollipop,  
A lollipop from the store,  
A sucker he wanted,  
Sucked he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for drain cleaner,  
Drain cleaner from the store,  
Drano she wanted,  
Clean pipes she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a pony,  
A pony from the store,  
Horse she wanted,  
Ridden she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for some wheels,  
Some wheels from the store,  
Wheels he wanted,  
Rimmed he got,

I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a doughnut,  
A doughnut from the store,  
Glazed she wanted,  
Creme-filled she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a throw rug,  
A throw rug from the store,  
Rug she wanted,  
Rug-burned she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a watchspring,  
A watchspring from the store,  
watchspring she wanted,  
Boinged she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a T-bone,  
A T-bone from the store,  
T-bone she wanted,  
Boneless round she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for toy sailors,  
Toy sailors from the store,  
Toy sailors she wanted,  
Semen she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a canned ham,  
Canned ham from the store,  
Armour she wanted,  
Porked she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for gift wrapping,  
Gift wrapping from the store,  
wrapping she wanted,  
A stuffing she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a beefsteak,  
Beefsteak from the store,  
Chuck she wanted,  
Fucked she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a novel,  
A novel from the store,  
Dickens she wanted,  
Dick she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for cigarettes,  
Cigarettes from the store,  
Camels she wanted,  
Humped she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for an iron,

An iron from the store,  
Steam she wanted,  
Reamed she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A widow came in for some sympathy,  
Sympathy from the store,  
Sympathy she wanted,  
Syphilis she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for assistance,  
Assistance from the store,  
Help she wanted,  
AIDS she got,  
I don't work there any more.

-bonus exhibitionist verses for harriers and harriettes-

A lady/man came in for some aspirin,  
Some aspirin from the store,  
Aspirin she/he wanted,  
Crack she/he got,  
(shoot moon)  
I don't work there any more.

A lady/man came in for some film,  
Some film from the store,  
Color she wanted,  
Exposed she got,  
(expose dick/tits)  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a computer,  
A computer from the store,  
Apple she wanted,  
My wang she got,  
(expose dick)  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a pet,  
A pet from the store,  
A puppy he wanted,  
My pussy he got,  
(expose same)  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for some deoderant,  
Some deoderant from the store,  
Right Guard he wanted,  
My right tit he got,  
(expose same)  
I don't work there any more.

A lady (or man) came in for some wrigley's,  
Some wrigley's from the store,  
Gum she (he) wanted,  
My bum she got,  
(shoot moon)  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for molasses,  
Molasses from the store,

Sorghum she wanted,  
My scrotum she got,  
(expose same)  
I don't work there any more.

A man came into Lost & Found,  
Lost & Found at the store,  
"My package, I left it."  
I showed him my left tit,  
(expose same)  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a video,  
A video from the store,  
Free Willy she wanted,  
Free Willy I did,  
(do same)  
I don't work there any more.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?  
Melody--Sailor's Hornpipe

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 fuck at Walter.  
Can you do the double shuffle when 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 over your shoulder like a European soldier?  
Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low?

Other verses:

Do they make a lusty clamor when you hit 'em 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 you feel a mellow tingle when you hit 'em with a shingle?  
Do they squeal like dogs when you tromp 'em with your clogs?  
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 YOUR TITS HANG LOW?  
Melody--Sailor's Hornpipe  
Attributed to Twin Peaks & She Mussel Bitch, Austin H3

Do your tits hang low?  
Do they wobble to and fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot?  
Can you tie them in a bow?  
Can you throw them over your shoulder?  
Do you need a boulder holder?  
Do your tits hang low?

Are your tits real small?  
Are they flat just like a wall?  
Can you hide them with your hands?  
Can you see them there at all?  
would you look just like a male  
if it weren't for your pigtails?  
Are your tits real small?

Are your tits just right?  
Are your blouses kinda tight?

If you had a disagreement  
could you use them in a fight?  
Do the boys throw fits  
when you flash your tits  
Are your tits just right?

Do your tits go squish  
when you poke them like this?  
Do they feel just like  
a slimy jelly fish?  
Does your man's pecker stand  
when he holds them in his hand?  
Do your tits go squish?

Are your tits real hard?  
Could you use them as a guard?  
Do your nipples poke through  
your pink leotard?  
When its wet and cold  
do they stand out proud and bold  
Are your tits real hard?

Do your tits have hair?  
Do people stop and stare  
when you wear a french braid  
down to your underwear?  
Do people think your breasts  
are like your father's chest?  
Do your tits have hair?

Are your tits really real?  
Did it take them long to heal?  
Are they silicone  
or saline filled?  
Do the boys hearts race  
when you shake them in their face?  
Are your tits really real?

If your tits are teeny weenie  
or too big for your bikini  
no matter how they look  
no matter how they feel  
be glad that you got em  
cuz .you know the boys will want'em  
---Your TITS TITS TITS

I WISH I WAS IN ENGLAND  
Melody--Dixie

I wish I was in England,  
I do, I do,  
I'd go down to Trafalgar Square,  
To see Lord Nelson's statue,  
Get fucked! Get fucked! You one-armed pommie bastard!

I wish I was in Sydney,  
I do, I do,  
The finest town in all the world,  
Except for one small problem,  
The place! Is full! Of fucking Aussie bastards!

I wish I was in Paris,  
I do, I do,



I'd go down to the Moulin Rouge,  
To see the Can-Can dancers,  
Get off! Get off! Get off your Froggie panties!

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN  
Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

(Take turns leading verses)  
My father makes book on the corner,  
My mother makes illicit gin,  
My sister sells kisses to sailors,  
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,  
Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,  
Each night when the evening grows dim,  
She hangs out a little red lantern,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,  
With instruments long, sharp, and thin,  
He only does one operation,  
My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,  
His business in holes and in tin,  
He'll plug up your hole for a tenner,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a slum missionary,  
He saves fallen women from sin,  
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,  
He punctures the teats with a pin,  
For Grandma gets rich off abortions,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,  
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,  
She's stripping from morning till midnight,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,  
Teaching young girls to begin,  
She doesn't say where they will finish,  
My God how the money rolls in.

I've shares in the very best companies,  
In tramways, tobacco, and tin,  
And brothels in Rio de Janeiro,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother Jim whittles out candles,  
From wax that is exceptionally soft,  
He says it will come in real handy,  
If ever his business falls off.

PLASTIC JESUS  
Melody--Itself

A favorite of Janis Joplin in the 60s--to hear it performed, rent the Paul Newman movie "Cool Hand Luke"--contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H4

I don't care if it rains or freezes,  
Long as I have my plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car,  
Through my trials and tribulations  
And my travels through the nation  
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far

Plastic Jesus, plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
I'm afraid he'll have to go,  
His magnets ruin my radio  
And if I have a wreck, he'll leave a scar

Riding through the thoroughfare,  
with his nose up in the air  
A wreck may be ahead, but he don't mind  
Trouble coming, he don't see,  
He just keeps his eyes on me  
And any other thing that lies behind

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
Though the sun that shines on his back  
Makes him peel, chip, and crack  
A little patching keeps him up to par

When pedestrians try to cross  
I let them know who is boss  
I never blow my horn or give them warning  
I ride all over town,  
Trying to run them down  
And it's seldom that they live to see the morning

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
His halo fits just right  
And I use it as a sight  
And they'll scatter or they'll splatter near and far

When I'm in a traffic jam  
He don't care if I say Damn  
I can let all sorts of curses roll  
Plastic Jesus doesn't hear,  
For he has a plastic ear  
The man who invented plastic saved my soul

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
Once his robe was snowy white,  
Now it isn't quite so bright  
Stained by the smoke of my cigar

If I weave around at night  
And the policemen think I'm tight  
They'll never find my bottle, though they ask  
Plastic Jesus shelters me,  
For his head comes off, you see  
He's hollow and I use him for a flask

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
Ride with me and have a dram  
Of the blood of the Lamb  
Plastic Jesus is a holy bar

I don't care if it's dark or scary,  
Long as I have magnetic Mary,  
Ridin' on the dashboard of my car,  
I feel I'm protected amply,  
I've got the whole damn Holy Family,  
Riding on the dashboard of my car.

No, I don't care if it rains or freezes,  
Long as I have my plastic Jesus,  
Riding on the dashboard of my car,  
But I think he'll have to go,  
His magnet ruins my radio,  
And if we have a wreck he'll leave a scar.

I don't care if it bumps or jostles  
Long as I got the Twelve Apostles  
Bolted to the dashboard of my car  
Don't I have a pious mess  
Such a crowd of holiness  
Strung across the dashboard of my car

God made Christ a Holy Jew  
God made Him a Christian too  
Paradoxes populate my car  
Joseph beams with a feigned elan  
From the shaggy dash of my furlined van  
Famous cuckold in the master plan;

When I'm goin' fornicatin'  
I got my ceramic Satan  
Sinnin' on the dashboard of my Winnebago Motor Home  
The women know I'm on the level  
Thanks to the wild-eyed stoneware devil  
Ridin' on the dashboard of my . . .  
Sneerin' from the dashboard of my . . .  
Leering from the dashboard of my van.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER  
Melody--Oh, Sally, My Dear

If all the young girls were like fish in the ocean,  
I'd be a whale and I'd show them the motion.

Chorus: Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,  
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool,  
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool.

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie,  
I'd be a trout and I'd get me some nookie.

If all the young girls were like winds on the sea,  
I'd be a sail and I'd have them blow me.

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture,

I'd be a bull and I'd fill them with rapture.

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable,  
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able.

If all the young girls were like bricks in a pile,  
I'd be a mason and lay them in style.

If all the young girls were like bells in a tower,  
I'd be a clapper and bang them each hour.

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

If all the young girls were like gals down in Sydney,  
I ain't got much left but I've still got one kidney.

If all the young girls were like B-29s,  
I'd be a jet fighter and buzz their behinds.

If all the young girls were like coals in a stoker,  
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker.

If all the young girls were like statues of Venus,  
And I were equipped with a petrified penis.

If all the young girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,  
I'd be a G-string; oh boy, what I'd see.

If all the young girls were like sheep in the clover,  
I'd be a ram and I'd ram them all over.

If all the young girls were like pancakes in Texas,  
I'd be a Texan and eat them for breakfast.

If all the young girls were like grapes on the vine,  
I'd be a plucker and have me a time.

If all the young girls were singing this song,  
It'd be twice as dirty and five times as long.

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest,  
I'd be a woodsman and climb their clitoris.

If all the young girls were diamonds and rubies,  
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

If all the young girls were like little white flowers  
I'd be a bee and suck them for hours.

If all the young girls were linear spaces,  
And I were a vector, I'd aim for their bases.

If all the young girls wore dresses with patches,  
I'd tear off their patches to get at their snatches.

If all the young girls were vessels of clay  
I'd be a potter and make them all day.

THEY'RE MOVING FATHER'S GRAVE  
Melody--I Wish I Were an Oscar-Meyer Weiner

They're moving father's grave to build a sewer,  
Page 60

They're moving it regardless of expense,  
They're moving his remains to lay down shithouse drains,  
To satisfy some nearby residents.

Now, what's the use of having a religion?  
For when you die your troubles never cease,  
When some high-society twit needs a pipeline for his shit,  
They won't let poor father rest in peace.

My father in his life was ne'er a quitter,  
I'm sure that he'll not be a quitter now,  
He'll put on a white sheet and haunt the shithouse seat,  
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

Oh, won't there be some pains of constipation!  
And won't those shithouse bastards rant and rave!  
But they'll get what they deserve, for they had the bloody nerve,  
To bugger up a British workman's grave.  
Napalm sticks to kids  
we shoot the sick, the young, the lame,  
we do our best to maim,  
Because the kills all count the same,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chorus: Napalm sticks to kids,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low across the trees,  
Pilots doing what they please,  
Dropping frags on refugees,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Goods in the open, making hay,  
But I can hear the gunships say,  
"There'll be no Chieu Hoi today,"  
Napalm sticks to kids.

See those farmers over there,  
watch me get them with a pair,  
Blood and guts just everywhere,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've only seen it happen twice,  
But both times it was mighty nice,  
Shooting peasants planting rice,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Napalm, son, is lots of fun,  
Dropped in a bomb or shot from a gun,  
It gets the gooks when on the run,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on a farm,  
It won't do them any harm,  
Just burn off their legs and arms,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire,  
Montagnards around a fire,  
Napalm makes the fire go higher,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've been told it's not so neat,

To catch gooks burning in the street,  
But burning flesh, it smells to sweet,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Children sucking on a mother's tit,  
wounded gooks down in a pit,  
Dow Chemical doesn't give a shit,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Bombadiers don't care a bit,  
Just as long as the pieces fit,  
when you stuff the bodies in a pit,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a No Fire Zone,  
Rooks under arms and going home,  
Last in line goes home alone,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chuck in a sampan, sitting in the stern,  
They don't think their boats will burn,  
Those damn gooks will never learn,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun,  
Killing gooks is lots of fun,  
Get one pregnant and it's two for one,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Shoot civilians where they sit,  
Take some pictures as you split,  
All your life you'll remember it,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

NVA are all hard core,  
Flechettes never are a bore,  
Throw those PSYOPS out the door,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over town,  
By throwing candy on the ground,  
Then grease 'em when they gather 'round,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

#### STRAFE THE TOWN

Melody--Ring the Bells and Call the People  
"High drags" are bombs; "20 millimeter" (or "mike mike") are rounds from the  
aircraft's cannon

Strafe the town and kill the people,  
Lay your high drags in the square.  
Roll in early Sunday morning,  
Catch them while they're still at prayer.

Drop some candy to the orphans,  
watch them as they gather 'round.  
Use your 20 millimeter,  
Mow the little bastards down.

See the fat old pregnant women,  
Running through the field in fear.  
Run your 20 mike mike through them,  
Hope the film comes out real clear.

2004.07.06-from-www.beer4kelly.com--pfh3--hymn.txt

Strafe the town and kill the people,  
Hit them with your poison gas.  
See them throwing up their breakfast,  
As you make your second pass.