

## Smoking Wiener's Cocky Hash Songs

Smokey Smoking Wiener

To the tune of

Oh I wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Wiener

Oh, I Wish I Were a smokey smoking Wiener,  
That is what I'd really like to be-e-ee,  
'Cause if I were a smokey Smoking Wiener,  
You'd like a wiener plug your cunt with me!

Oh, I Wish I Were a smokey Smoking Wiener,  
That is what I'd really like to be-e-ee,  
'Cause just like an Oscar Meyer Wiener,  
Everyone would love to swallow me.

On Top of Old Smoky

To the tune of

On Top of Old Smoky

(a Smoking Wiener original)

(this part is too be sung by the harriettes)

On top of old Smoky, his manhood aglow,  
I lost Smoking Wiener from stroking too slow.

Now, fucking is pleasure and cumming is brief,  
And a false-hearted hasher is worse than a thief.

For a hasher will fuck you and drink what you brought,  
But a false-hearted hasher will leave you with naught

And the grave will decay you and turn cunts to dust;  
One Wiener in a hundred a poor girl can lust.

(this part to be sung by the Hares)

They'll blow you and kiss you and tell you more lies,  
Than blowjobs on a hash run or stars in the skies.

So, come all you young maidens and try to mount me,  
Never place your privates round a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will die,  
You'll all get infections and never know why.



Oh! Susanna  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

I come from Alabama with my shlong down past my knee,  
I'm go-in to a Hashing , my true love for to see.  
I stroked all night the day I left, my pecker it was dry  
My cum so hot You'll freeze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

Oh! Susanna, Oh won't you cum with me,  
For I come from Alabama with my shlong down past my knee.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still;  
I thought I saw Susanna dear, a cumming on the hill.  
My long hard snake was in her mouth, some cum was in her eye,  
Says I, I'm coming in your mouth, Susanna, don't you cry.

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll fool around,  
And when I find Susanna, I'll fuck her on the ground.  
But if I do not find her, then I will surely die,  
And when my cock is buried, Oh, Susanna, don't you cry.

The Hashers go running one by one  
To the tune of  
The Ants go marching one by one.  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

The hashers go running one by one. On-On! On-On!  
The hashers go running one by one. On-On! On-On!  
The hashers go running one by one,  
the little one stops to shoot his cum.  
And they all go running down to the ground  
To get out of the shite, boom, boom, boom!

2 by 2 - have a screw  
3 by 3 - take a pee  
4 by 4 - slam a whore  
5 by 5 - go muff dive  
6 by 6 - pick up tricks  
7 by 7 - pinch eleven  
8 by 8 - masturbate  
9 by 9 - do a line

10 by 10 - get laid again

## CUNT, THE MAGIC PUSSY

To the tune of  
Puff, The Magic Dragon  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

Cunt, the magic pussy lived to be free  
And cocklicked in the shiggy mist in a land called Fuck-Me  
Little Robby Rubber, he loved that rascal Cunt  
And he brought her ropes and real hot wax and other kinky stuff

chorus:

O Cunt, the magic pussy lived by the sea  
And cocklicked in the shiggy mist in a land called Fuck-Me  
Cunt, the magic pussy lived by the sea  
And cocklicked in the shiggy mist in a land called Fuck-Me

Oh and together they would do it on a boat with billowed sail  
And Cunt she kept a lookout perched on Robby's giant tail  
Noble hares and harriettes would bow whene'er they came  
Pirate ships would lower their pants when Cunt called out their name

chorus

A pussy lasts forever but not so little boys  
Kinky things and gold cock rings make way for other joys  
One grey night it happened, Robby rubber came no more  
And Cunt that mighty pussy, she ceased her fearless roar

Robby's cock was bent in sorrow, pre-cum fell like rain  
Cunt no longer went to play along the cherry lane  
Without her life-long friend Cunt could not be brave  
So Cunt that mighty pussy gladly slipped it in her cave

chorus

Oh, Cunt the magic pussy LIVES by the sea (present tense!)  
And cocklicks in the shiggy mist in a land called Fuck-Me  
Oh, Cunt the magic pussy LIVES by the sea  
And cocklicks in the shiggy mist in a land called Fuck-Me

Hashin in the Woods  
To the tune of  
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

How many trails must a hasher lay down before they call him a piss-pot?  
How many hares must a harriette wet before she gets really hot?  
How many times must the cock and balls fly before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is hashin' in the woods  
The answer is hashin' in the woods.

How many beers must a hasher piss before it is washed to the sea?  
How many beers can some people enlist before they're allowed to go pee?  
How many times can a man stroke his head and pretend that she just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is hashin' in the woods  
The answer is hashin' in the woods

How many times must a man lap it up before he can lick a girl dry?  
How many years must one hasher cheat before he can do it on the sly?  
How many down-downs will it take till he knows that too many hashers are fried?

The answer, my friend, is hashin' in the woods  
The answer is hashin' in the woods.  
The answer is hashin' in the woods.

Leaving on a Hash Run  
To the tune of  
LEAVING ON A JET PLANE  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

All my flours packed, I'm ready to go  
I'm standing here outside your door  
I hate to tank you up and say goodbye  
But the trail is breakin', its early morn  
The hash is waiting, the're blowin' the horn  
Already I'm so thirsty I could cry.

(chorus)  
So chase me and cheer for me  
Tell me that you'll jeer (??? Leer) for me  
Chase me like you really want me so  
I'm leavin' on a hash run

I Don't know when I'll be back again  
Oh, beer, I hate to go.

There's so many times I've laid flour down  
So many times I've screwed around  
I tell you now, It's the best damned thing  
Every place I hash, I think of you  
Every Down I do, I do for you  
When I come back, I'll wear your cock ring.

(chorus)

Now the time has come to leave you  
One more time let me frig you  
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.  
Dream about the hash to come  
When I won't have to hash alone  
About the times, I won't have to say,

(chorus)

There Were Three Jolly Hashing (???? Hasher) Men  
To the tune of  
There were Three Jolly Fishermen  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

There were three jolly Hashing men,  
There were three jolly Hashing men,  
There were three jolly Hashing men,  
Hasher, Hasher, men, men, men,  
Hasher, Hasher, men, men, men,  
There were three jolly Hashing men.

The first one's name was (first name),  
The first one's name was (first name),  
The first one's name was (first name),  
Hasher, Hasher, on, on, on,  
Hasher, Hasher, on, on, on  
The first one's name was (first name),

The second one's name was (second name),  
The second one's name was (second name),  
The second one's name was (second name),  
Hasher, Hasher, on, on, on,  
Hasher, Hasher, on, on, on

The second one's name was (second name).

The third one's name was (third name),

The third one's name was (third name),

The third one's name was (third name),

Hasher, Hasher, on, on, on,

Hasher, Hasher, on, on, on

The third one's name was (third name).

(Number of Hasher verses, above, may be modified to the size of the group down-down)

They all went down on (insert name of Hare or Harriette),

They all went down on (insert name of Hare or Harriette),

They all went down on (insert name of Hare or Harriette),

They went, They went, down, down, down,

They went, They went, down, down, down,

They all went down on (insert name of Hare or Harriette).

They should have gone down on the beer

They should have gone down on the beer

They should have gone down on the beer

Drink it, Drink it, down, down, down,

Drink it, Drink it, down, down, down,

They should have gone down on the beer.

(Followed by Why are we Waiting)

I've Got That Hashing Spirit

To the tune of

Iv'e Got that Scouting Spirit ( I don't recall the original song)

(a Smoking Wiener original)

I've got that Hashing spirit down in my head,  
down in my head, down in my head.

I've got that Hashing spirit down in my head,  
down in my head to stay.

2. She's got that Hashing spirit deep in her throat.
3. We've got that Hashing spirit deep in the woods.
4. We've got that Hashing spirit all over us.

Happy Hasher

To the tune of

Happy Wanderer

(a Smoking Wiener original)



I love to go a-hashing  
along the mountain track,  
And as I go,  
I love to throw  
Flour from my sack..

Chorus  
Valdaree, valdarah, valdaree,  
Valdarah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha  
Valdaree, valdarah  
Throwing flour from my sack

I love to wander by the stream  
that dances in the sun  
so joyously  
it calls to me  
"Come join our happy throng."

I tip my hat to all I meet,  
and they wave back to me  
The blackbird call  
so loud and sweet  
from every dogwood tree.

High overhead the Skylark wings.  
He never stays at home.  
And just like me,  
he loves to sing  
as over the whores he roams.

Oh may I go a-hashing  
until the day I die.  
Oh may I always  
drink and sing  
beneath God's clear blue sky.

Chorus

Hash on the Range  
To the tune of  
Home on the Range  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

Oh give me a home where the hasher does roam,  
Where the hare and the harriette play,

Where seldom is heard a Puritan word,  
And the draft beer is cold all day.

Chorus

Hash, hash on the range, where the queer and the cantaloupe play,  
Where seldom is heard a Puritan word,  
And the draft beer is cold all day.

You're a Grand Old Fag  
To the tune of  
You're a Grand Old Flag  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

You're a grand old fag, you're a tights wearing fag,  
Forever your piece may you wave.  
You're the emblem of, the man I love,  
The home of the free spirit knave.  
Every hand beats you till you're red, white, and blue,  
Where there's never a boast or a brag.  
But should old acquaintance be forgot,  
Keep your eye on the grand old fag.  
(wearers of tights down-down song)

The Ballad of Rocket Shitty  
To the tune of  
The Ballad of Davy Crocket  
(a Smoking Wiener original)  
(Rocket Shitty HHH of Huntsville, AL.)

Born on mounty-sano in Alabam  
Craziest Hash in the whole damned land  
Runnin' in the woods so's we knew ev'ry tree  
Went to a bar when we was only three.

Rocket, Rocket Shitty, King of the hash Frontier!

Down on your Knees  
To the Tune of  
Down in the Valley  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

Down on your knees, your knees so low  
Hang your head over, feel your lips blow  
Feel your lips blow, dear, feel your lips blow

Hang your head over, feel your lips blow

Writing this letter, cumming three times  
Answer my question, will you blow mine?  
Will you blow mine, dear, will you blow mine?  
Answer my question, will you blow mine?

Write me a letter, send it by mail  
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail,  
Birmingham jail, dear, Birmingham jail  
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail

Hashers love sunshine, Hashers love dew  
Hashers in Heaven know I love to screw  
I love to screw, dear, I love to screw  
Hashers in Heaven Know I love to screw

I've been laying out a hash trail  
To the tune of  
I've been working on the railroad  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

I've been laying out a hash trail  
All the livelong day  
I've been laying out a hash trail  
Just to pass the time away

Can't you hear the whistles blowing  
Runners up so early in the morn  
Can't you hear the hashers shouting  
Dinah, blow my horn

Dinah, won't you blow  
Dinah, won't you blow  
Dinah, won't you blow my horn  
Dinah, won't you blow  
Dinah, won't you blow  
Dinah, won't you blow my horn

Someone's at the beer near with Dinah  
Someone's at the beer near I know  
Someone's at the beer near with Dinah  
Humping on my old girl Ho, and singing

Fie, fi, infidelity

Fie, fi, infidelity  
Fie, fi, infidelity  
Humping on my old girl Ho.

Throw down some Flour  
To the tune of  
Beer barrel polka  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

Throw down some Flour,  
We'll have a barrel of fun.  
Throw down some Flour,  
We've got the pack on the run.  
Down Down on-on-on  
Sing out a song of lewd cheer,  
Now's the time to throw down some flour  
For the pack's all here.

If I Only Had half a Brain  
to the tune of  
If I Only had a Brain  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

I could hash away the hours, runnin' through the flowers  
Consultin' with the rain.  
And my balls I'd be scratchin' while my friends were busy hashin'  
If I only had half a brain.  
I'd unravel every riddle for any individ'le,  
Doubled over or in pain.  
With the thoughts you'll be thinkin' you could be another Clinton  
If you only had half a brain.  
Oh, I could tell you why The Dogman never scores.  
I'd do lots of things, I'd never done outdoors.  
And then I'd sit, and drink some more.  
It would not be just a hash' my head all full of trash'  
My shoes all full of rain.  
I would dance and be merry, life would be so Fuckin merry,  
If I only had half a brain.

"Shiggy Spot"  
To the tune of  
Rocky Top  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

Wish that I could hash old Rocky Top  
Down in the Tennessee hills.  
Ain't no shiggy shit on Rocky Top  
Ain't no fuuuckin hills.  
Once I had a girl on Rocky Top  
Half bear, the other half cat,

Sure did stink, but her cherry popped  
I still dream about that.

Chorus:

Rocky Top, you'll always be

Hash sweet hash to me.

Good old Rocky Top,

Rocky Top, Tennessee.

Rocky Top, Tennessee.

Once some strangers hashed old Rocky Top

Lookin' for a brewers still.

Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top,

Reckon they never will.

Barley won't grow at all on Rocky Top

Dirt's too rocky by far.

That's why all the folks on Rocky Top

Get their barley from a bar.

(Repeat Chorus)

I've had years of fucked up Huntsville life,

Trapped like a dogman in a pen.

All I know is it's a pity life

Can't be simple again.

(Repeat Chorus)

Rocky Top, Tennessee!

"Somebody Come and Hash"

To the tune of

Somebody Come and Play (from Sesame Street)

(a Smoking Wiener original)

Somebody come and hash.

Somebody come and hash today!

Somebody come and run the miles,

And sing lewd songs,

It won't take long.

Somebody come and hash today.

Somebody come and hash.

Somebody come and hash our way!

Somebody come and sing lewd songs,

And drink down-downs,

It won't take time.

Somebody come and hash today.

Somebody come with me and see the pleasure in the wind.

Somebody come before it gets too late to begin.

Somebody come and hash.  
Somebody come and hash today!  
Somebody come and be my friend,  
And watch the sun Til we hash again.  
Somebody come and hash today.

Somebody come and hash.  
Somebody come and hash today!  
Somebody come and run the miles,  
And sing lewd songs,  
It won't take long.

La, La, La, La, La, La,  
La, La, La, La, La, La.

Somebody come with me and see the pleasure in the wind.  
Somebody come before it gets too late to begin.  
Somebody come and hash.  
Somebody come and hash today!  
Somebody come with me again,  
And watch the sun Til we hash again.  
Somebody come and hash today.

"Smoking Wiener" (sung by harriets)  
To the tune of  
Rubber Ducky (Sung by Ernie on Sesame Street)  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

Smoking Wiener (can replace with Hares name), you're the one,  
You make hashtime lots of fun,  
Smoking Wiener, I'm awfully fond of you;

(woh woh, bee doh!)

Smoking Wiener, joy of joys,  
When I squeeze you, you make noise!  
Smoking Wiener, you're my very best fuck, it's true!

(doo doo doo doooo, doo doo)

CHORUS: Every day when I  
Make my way to the tubby  
I find a hung fella who's  
Cute and bloody and chubby

(rub-a-dub-a-dubby!)

Smoking Wiener, you're so fine  
And I'm lucky that you're mine  
Smoking Wiener, I'm awfully fond of you.

(repeat chorus)

Smoking Wiener, you're so fine  
And I'm lucky that you're mine  
Smoking Wiener, I'm awfully fond of -  
Smoking Wiener, I'd like a whole pond of -  
Smoking Wiener, I'm awfully fond of you!

(doo doo, be doo.)

"The Hashers In Your Neighborhood"  
To the tune of  
The People In Your Neighborhood (Sesame Street)  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

Oh, who are the Hashers in your neighborhood,  
In your neighborhood, in your neighborhood.  
Say who are the hashers in your neighborhood--  
The people that you see each day?

Oh, the hare always runs like a snail  
Through rain or snow or sleet or hail.  
They'll run, and run the whole day through  
To lay a shiggy trail for you.

Cause a hare is a person in your neighborhood,  
In your neighborhood, he's in your neighborhood.  
A hasher is a person in your neighborhood--  
A person that you see each day.

Oh, an R A is brave it's said.  
His Rod, it's a shiny red.  
If there's a horny bitch about.  
Well, He'll be sure to whip it out!

Cause a hare is a person in your neighborhood,  
In your neighborhood, he's in your neighborhood.  
And an R A is a person in your neighborhood--



Well they're the hashers that you meet  
When you're running down the street  
They're the hashers that you meet each day!

Oh, DogMan is a hasher too.  
He'd much rather run than screw.  
Always throwing flower down.  
Wearing nothing but a frown!

Cause a hare is a person in your neighborhood,  
In your neighborhood, he's in your neighborhood.  
And an R A is a person in your neighborhood--  
And DogMan is a person in your neighborhood--  
Well they're the hashers that you meet  
When you're running down the street  
They're the hashers that you meet each day!

Oh, BB likes to lay out trail.  
As you watch her sweet titties flail.  
She'd tell you that she'd rather fence,  
But she's truly just a hashing wench!

Oh, Shortcut  
Has a cute little butt.  
But she's really such a raving slut.  
That I'd rather shag a mangy mutt!

Oh, Prickless is a college Prof  
And she'd really like to get us off  
But there's only one fact that's true  
She doesn't give a Dick 'bout you.

"I Love Hash" (sung by Oscar the Grouch)  
To the tune of  
I Love Trash (Sesame Street)  
(a Smoking Wiener original)

Oh, I love hash!  
Anything dirty or shiggy or musty.  
Any trail ragged or hilly or dusty.  
Yes, I love hash.

I have here a sneaker that's tattered and worn.  
It's all full of shiggy and the laces are torn...  
A gift from Grand Master the day I was born.

I love it because I hash.

Oh, I love hash!  
Anything dirty or shiggy or musty.  
Any trail ragged or hilly or dusty.  
Yes, I love hash.

I have here a global trash thirteen months old.  
I've wrapped some fish inside it, it's smelly and old.  
But I wouldn't trade it for a big pot o' gold!  
I love it because I hash

Oh, I love hash!  
Anything dirty or shiggy or musty.  
Any trail ragged or hilly or dusty.  
Yes, I love hash.

I've a watch that won't work,  
And an old megaphone.  
A broken old rubber, a long hard hot bone...  
And I am delighted to call them my own!  
I love them because I hash

Oh, I love hash!  
Anything dirty or shiggy or musty.  
Any trail ragged or hilly or dusty.  
Yes, I love, I love, I love them because I hash!

For Three-Tits

Her one tit hangs down to Her two tit.  
Her two tit hangs down to Her three.  
Her three tit hangs down to Her Pink Clit  
Oh pull back that Labia for me.  
(Or, Please show that pink clit to me)

pull back, pull back,  
pull back that Labia  
For all to see  
pull back, pull back,  
Oh, pull back that Labia for me  
(OR, Please show, please show  
Please show that pink clit  
to me, to me  
Please show, please show

Oh, please show that pink clit to me)

I Love You  
(From Barney)  
A Smoking Wiener Original

I love you!  
You love me!  
We'll go hashing, wait and see!  
With a great big mug!  
And a beer from me to you!  
First we'll down down, then we'll screw!

God Bless My Underwear  
Sung during the throw of the dart or for the underwear down down..  
[Tune: God Bless America]

God bless my underwear, my only pair.  
Stand beside them, and guide them,  
Through the rips, through the holes, through the tears.  
From the washer, to the dryer, to the clothesline in the air.  
God bless my underwear, my only pair.

They've Got the World Cup in Their Hands  
Sung to "He's got the whole world in his hands"  
(Lyrics by Smoking Wiener & HeBlows)

They've got the world cup in their hands  
They've got the world cup in their hands  
They've got the world cup in their hands  
They've got the world cup in their hands  
2. They've got their jerseys off and in their hands  
3. They've got their little bitty breasts in their hands  
4. They've got our old leather balls in their hands  
5. They've got their huge old vibrator in their hands  
They've got our big equipment in their hands

We're a Couple of Hashshits (lyrics by SW)

Original song from Rudolf the Red-nosed Reindeer:  
We're a Couple of Misfits  
(Sung by Rudolph and Hermie - not in the movie, but on the soundtrack)

We're a couple of Hashshits  
We're a couple of Hashshits  
what's the matter with Hashshits  
That's where we fit in  
We're not daffy and dilly  
Don't run round willy nilly  
Seems to us kind of silly  
When we don't on in  
We may be  
Different from the rest  
Who decides the test  
Of what is really best  
We're a couple of Hashshits  
Not a couple a half wits  
What's the matter with Hashshits  
That's where we fit in

Hashers We Have Heard Are High  
A smoking wiener rendition of :  
Angels We Have Heard On High

Hashers we Have Heard are High ,  
Sweetly running o'er the plains  
And the mountains in reply  
Echoing their aches and pains. Gloria...

Chorus:

Gloria, In a drunken stupor

RA, why this jubilee,  
Why your joyous strains prolong  
What the gladsome tidings be,  
Which inspire your down-down song?

Come out to our hash and see,  
Him whose trail the angels claim  
Much much much too long for me,  
DogMan, Lord of hashing fame.

See him under, table laid,  
Whom the choirs of hashers praise  
HeBlows, Fluffy, lend your aid,  
While our mugs in love we raise.

In honor of Just Jackie.

### A Smoking Wiener Original

To the tune of Go Tell it on the Mountain.

(Written shortly after one of our hashers ended up overnight in the hospital)

Just Jackie took a spill of about 10 feet into a concrete ditch during her naming hash. She went on-in via ambulance and spent the night in the hospital. Needless to say, her naming was postponed. She is now affectionately known as Ditch Bitch

#### Verse 1

When I was a hasher  
I hashed both night and day,  
I asked the Hare to help me,  
And he showed me the way.

#### Chorus

Go run around the City,  
Over the hills and everywhere,  
Go run around the City,  
Just Jackie's name is born.

#### Verse 2

He made me a lame one  
Fell from a city wall,  
And if I'm a named Hasher,  
I'm the best damned named of all.

#### Chorus

Go run around the City,  
Over the hills and everywhere,  
Go run around the City,  
Just Jackie's name is born

### Joy To The World

#### Verse 1

Joy to the world! the Hare is come;  
Let the hash receive the Jerk;  
Let every harriette prepare their Womb,  
And hares and hashers sing,  
And hares and hashers sing,  
And hares, and hares and hashers sing.

#### Verse 2

Joy to the earth! the SongMaster reigns;  
The hash their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains

Repeat the raucous joy,  
Repeat the raucous joy,  
Repeat, repeat the raucous joy.

Verse 3

So let more vines and briars grow,  
And thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His flour flow  
Far as the trail is found,  
Far as the trail is found,  
Far as, far as the trail is found.

Verse 4

The RA rules the hash with whip and mace,  
And makes the hashers grovel  
With down downs to His righteousness,  
And wonder if He's just,  
And wonder if He's just,  
And wonder, wonder if He's Just.

Away ye Hash Mongers (Lyrics by SW)  
(to the tune of Away In A Manger)

Verse 1

Away ye hash mongers, no time for some head,  
The little hare Hare's name ran down a creek bed.  
The moon in the sky looked down where flour lay,  
The little hare Hare's name headed that way.

Verse 2

The whistles are blowing, the whiner awakes,  
But little hare Hare's name no bad trail he makes.  
I love Thee, hare \_\_\_\_\_, Come down from your high,  
And stay by our circle til morning is nigh.

Verse 3

Be near me, hare \_\_\_\_\_, I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever, and love me, and play.  
Bless all the dear hashers in thy tender care,  
And take us to interhash, to hash with Thee there.

Saturday in the Park  
(Lyrics by Smoking Wiener)  
Original Lyrics by Chicago

Saturday in the park  
I wish it was the Fourth of July  
Saturday in the park  
I wish it was the Fourth of July  
People running, people hashing  
A hare throwing flour  
Singing bawdy songs

Can you dig it (yes, I can)  
And I've been waiting such a long time  
For Saturday

Saturday in the park  
You'd wish it was the Fourth of July  
Saturday in the park  
You'd wish it was the Fourth of July  
People shiverin, really freezin  
A hare laying true trail  
Running from us all  
Will you help him lay the trail  
Can you lay it (yes, I can)  
And I've been waiting such a long time  
For today

Slow drunken runners fly the colours of the day  
A drunk man still can lay trail his own way  
Listen children you are not lost  
All are not lost

Freezing days in the park  
Every day's the Fourth of July  
Freezing days in the park  
Every day's the Fourth of July  
Hashers drinking, hashers groping  
A real celebration  
Waiting for us all  
If we want it, really want it  
Can you down down (yes, I can)  
And I've been waiting such a long time  
For the day

MARGARITAVILLE Jimmy Buffett  
(Lyrics by Smoking Wiener)

Nibblin' on rum cake,  
watchin' the sun bake;  
All of those hashers covered with beer.  
Strokin' my big thing on my front porch swing.  
Smell those virgins--  
They're beginnin' to fear.

Wasted away again in South Huntsville,  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
Some people claim that there's a harriett to blame,  
But I know it's not my fault.

Don't know the reason,  
Hashed here all season  
With nothing to show but this on-on tatoo.  
But it's a real beauty,  
A fleet-footed cutie, how it got here  
I haven't a clue.

Wasted away again in South Huntsville,  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
Some people claim that there's a harrette to blame,  
Now I think,-- hell it can't be my fault.

I blew my achilles,  
Fell down to my knees;  
Iced my heel, had to run on back home.  
But there's beer in the ice chest,  
And soon I'll feel some breast  
That sexual attraction that helps me hash on.

Wasted away again in South Huntsville  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
Some people claim that there's a harriette to blame,  
But I know, it's the beers damn fault.  
Yes, and some people claim that there's a woman to blame, And I  
know it's the beers damn fault.

The Rain, The Park And Other Things  
(Lyrics by Smoking Wiener)  
(I Love the Flower Girl)

I saw her sitting in the rain



Golddrops falling on her  
She didn't seem to care  
She sat there and smiled at me  
Then I knew she could make me horny  
(She could make me very horny)  
Golden Shower in her hair  
Golden Showers everywhere

I love my shower girl  
Oh, I don't know just why  
She simply caught my eyes  
I love my shower girl  
She seemed so kind and sweet  
She slipped onto my meat

I knew I had to say hello  
(Raindrop, raindrop)  
She smiled up at me  
Then she took my thang  
And we walked through the park alone  
Then I knew she had made me horny  
(She had made me very horny)  
Golden Shower in her hair  
Golden Showers everywhere

I love my shower girl  
Oh, I don't know just why  
She simply peed in my eye  
I love my shower girl  
She seemed so kind and sweet  
She slipped onto my meat

Suddenly the sun broke through  
(See the sun)  
I turned around, she was gone  
(Where did she go?)  
And all I had left was a little urine in my hair  
But I knew she had made me horny  
(She had made me very horny)  
Golden Shower in her hair  
Golden Showers everywhere

I love my shower girl  
Was she reality  
Or just a wet dream to me?  
I love my shower girl

Her love showed me the way  
To have a kinky day

I love my shower girl  
Was she reality  
Or just a wet dream to me?

Man In A Troubled Marriage (a Smoking Wiener Original)  
To the tune of:  
Bridge Over Troubled Water (Paul Simon)

When you're weary\_\_feelin' small,  
When tears are in your eyes,  
I'll dry them all, I'm by your side.  
Oh, when trails get rough.  
And friends just can't be found,  
Like A Man in a Troubled Marriage,  
I will screw around,  
Like a Man in a Troubled Marriage,  
I will screw around.

When you're down and out\_\_and kicked out on the street,  
When evening falls so hard  
I will comfort you,  
I'll steal your heart.  
Oh, when darkness comes\_\_\_\_  
And pain is all around,  
Like A Man in a Troubled Marriage,  
I will screw around,  
Like a Man in a Troubled Marriage,  
I will screw around.

Sail on Silver girl, sail on by.  
Your time has come to shine,  
And your divorce is on it's way,  
See how you shine.  
Oh, if you need some love  
I'm sailing right behind, (I'll take you from behind)  
Like A Man in a Troubled Marriage  
I will screw around,  
Like a Man in a troubled Marriage,  
I will screw around.

Another version of Bridge Over Troubled Water

Lyrics by HeBlows of RSH3

When you're weary\_\_feelin' sore,  
When sweat is in your eyes,  
I'll give you beer, I'm on your side.  
Oh, when the shiggy gets rough.  
And true trail just can't be found,  
Like A Sewage Pipe Over Troubled Water  
I will make you cross,  
Like A Sewage Pipe Over Troubled Water  
I will make you cross,

When you're at the on-out\_\_when you're on true trail,  
When ever I get so hard  
I will come for you,  
I'll take your pants.  
Oh, when the down-downs come\_\_\_\_  
And beer is all around,  
Like A Sewage Pipe Over Troubled Water  
I will make you cross,  
Like A Sewage Pipe Over Troubled Water  
I will make you cross,

Shag on Hashing girl, shag on me.  
Your time has come to swallow,  
All your beer is on its way,  
See how it foams.  
Oh, if you need a friend  
I'm shagging your behind,  
Like A Sewage Pipe Over Troubled Water  
I will make you cross,  
Like A Sewage Pipe Over Troubled Water  
I will make you cross,

The Morning After  
--- Maureen McGovern & Smoking Wiener

There's got to be a morning after  
If we can hash on through the night  
We have a chance to drink some moonshine  
Let's keep on running through the night

Oh, can't you see the naked bodies?  
They're waiting right outside the tent

Why don't we start this trail together  
And find a place to get really bent?

It's not too late, we should be giving  
Only with lust can we climax  
It's not too late, not while we're living  
Let's take our clothes off, one last time

There's got to be a morning after  
We're running closer to the shore  
I know we'll be there by tomorrow  
And we'll escape the darkness  
We won't be groping any more

There's got to be a morning after  
(There's got to be a morning after)  
There's got to be a morning after  
(There's got to be a morning after)

#### MightyFine

(I don't know the origin of this one, but we sang something similar while in the Army)

Lyrics by Smoking Wiener

The hash trails that they lay here, they say are mighty fine,  
They told us it was 5 miles, it seemed like twenty-nine.

(Chorus)

Oh, I don't want no more of Hashing Life..  
Gee, Hare, I want to go, but they won't let me go;  
Gee, Hare, I want to go on-in

(Additional verses)

The hares that they have here, they say are mighty fine,  
But when you get up close to them, they empty your beer stein.

The girls in Rocket Shitty Hash, they say are mighty fine,  
You ask them for a Blowjob, they demand a 69.

The beer that they have here, they say is mighty fine,  
They fill you up on Dirt Cheap, at Six dollars, Ninety-nine.

The hash food that they serve you, they say is mighty fine  
When Whining Bitch tasted it, he began to Whine.

The pasta that they serve you, they say is mighty fine  
They rinse it the toilet and drain it on the line.

The down-downs they reward you, they say are mighty fine  
It's good for cuts and bruises and tastes like iodine.

The women that we cum with, they say are mighty fine  
But whoever said this has never cum with mine.

The songs that they sing here are the best that they can get  
Smoking Wiener wrote a new verse, it's the filthiest one yet.

Anticipation.

Carly Simon original

Lyrics by Smoking Wiener

We can never know about the ways to cum  
But we think about them anyway  
And I wonder if I'm toying with you now  
Or just chasing after some finer play.

Anticipation, Anticipation

Is making me quake

Is keeping me mating

And I tell you how easy it is to be with you  
And how right your lips feel around me.  
Bit I rehearsed those words just late last night  
When I was drinking, knowing how fun tonight might be.

Anticipation, Anticipation

Is making me quake

Is keeping me mating

And tomorrow we might not cum together  
I'm no prophet, I don't know nature's way  
So I'll try to sneak between your thighs right now  
And stay right here, 'cause these are the good old days.

I'm getting married in the morning.

Lyrics by Smoking Wiener

Stray Dog's getting married in the morning,  
Ding-dong his balls are going to chime,

Pull out her stopper,  
He claims to have a whopper,  
But get him to the church on time.

He's got to be there in the morning,  
Spruced up and his cock all primed,  
Girls come and kiss him,  
Show how you'll miss him,  
But get him to the church on time.

If he is straying,  
Give him a laying,  
If she is moo-ing,  
Send her a shoo-ing!

Oh, Stray Dog's getting married in the morning,  
Ding-dong his balls are going to chime,  
Kick up a rumpus,  
But don't lose the compass  
And get him to the church,  
Get him to the church,  
For G's sake,  
Get him to the church, on time.

Hasher DogMan

To the tune of "Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald"

Lyrics by Smoking Wiener

This was written for Dogman's six month anniversary of being hit by a car while bicycling home. Affectionately, the hash was titled "Gimp Limp"

The legend lives on from Monte Sano on down  
Of the big town they called Rocket Shitty  
The streets, it is said, never give up their dead  
When the skies of December turn gloomy  
With a load of iron several thousand tons more  
Than the Hasher Dogman weighed empty.  
That good hasher and true was a bone to be chewed  
When the rains of December came early.

His Bike was the pride of the Spring City side  
Coming back from some sight on the Ars'nal  
As Knight bikes go, it was faster than most  
With a rider a hasher well seasoned  
Concluding some terms with a couple of contractor firms  
When he left early headed for Home  
And later that night when the cars horn did sound

Could it be the north wind he'd been feelin'?

The rain in the spokes made a tattle-tale sound  
And a car broke over the shoulder  
And every man knew, as the hasher did too,  
T'was the witch of December come stealin'.  
The ascent came late and the rain couldn't wait  
When the Rains of December came slashin'.  
When dusk came it was a freezin' rain  
In the face of a hurricane west wind.

When the time came, the Ford Driver road on a-sayin'.  
Bikers, it's too rainy to see ya.  
At Five P.M. a main rainstorm started in, he said  
Fellas, it's been good t'know ya  
The hasher saw he had an Escort coming in  
And the good rider and hasher was in peril.  
And later that night when his lights were knocked outta sight  
Came the wreck of the Hasher Dogman.

Does any one know where the lost shoe had gone  
When the waves turned the minutes to hours?  
The police reports all say He'd have made Clinton Street  
If He'd put start five minutes earlier.  
He's pretty split up and his bike it's a wreck;  
May have broken his leg and took quite a beating.  
And all that remains is the braces and screws  
In the leg of the old hashing bastard

Bob Wallace rolls, Rocket Shitty sings  
In the gloom of his beaten down cycle.  
The Dogman steams with a young hasher's dreams;  
The trails and bikelanes are for hashers.  
And farther below Huntsville Hospital row  
Takes in what Bob Wallace can send her,  
And the iron cars go as the bikers all know  
With the Rains of December remembered.

In an old Chapel on Green Mountain they prayed,  
In the Hashers favorite setting.  
The church bell chimed till it rang sixteen times  
For each screw in the Tibia and Fibula.  
The legend lives on from Monte Sano on down  
Of the big street they call Bob Wallace'.  
Wallace, they said, never gives up her dead  
When the Rains of December come early!

Racked with Pain  
(King of Pain, The Police)  
Edited by Smoking Wiener

There's a little shiggy spot on the run today  
It's the same old shiggy as yesterday  
There's a fluffy pussy caught in a high tree top  
There's a female check and Whining Bitch won't stop

I have stood here before outside in pouring rain  
With the long hash circles running 'round my brain  
I guess I'm always hoping that I won't get a sprain  
But it's my destiny to be racked with pain

There's a little shiggy spot on the run today  
That's a down down there  
It's the same old shiggy as yesterday  
There's a down down there  
There's a fluffy pussy caught in a high tree top  
That's a down down there  
There's a female check and Whining Bitch won't stop  
That's a down down there

I have stood here before outside in pouring rain  
With the long hash circles running 'round my brain  
I guess I'm always hoping that I won't get a sprain  
But it's my destiny to be racked with pain

There's a Keg that's tapped on a high cliff wall  
There's a circle there  
There's another one cooling in a waterfall  
There's a circle there  
There's a hasher laying spinning in his bed  
There's a circle there  
There's another one getting a little HEAD  
There's a circle there

I have stood here before outside in pouring rain  
With the long hash circles running 'round my brain  
I guess I'm always hoping that I won't get a sprain  
But it's my destiny to be racked with pain

There's a hasher on a throne puking his dinner up



There's another one doing an up-up-up  
There's a Dogman sleeping underneath a bed  
There's a harriette choking, giving someone HEAD  
Racked with pain

There's some hash thrown down for the chasing pack  
There's some shiggy there  
There's Salty Balls holding a scrotum sack  
There's some shiggy there  
There's a little shiggy spot on the run today  
It's the same old shiggy as yesterday

I have stood here before outside in pouring rain  
With the long hash circles running 'round my brain  
I guess I'm always hoping that I won't get a sprain  
But it's my destiny to be racked with pain

Racked with pain  
Racked with pain  
Racked with pain  
I'll always be racked with pain

Hasher (can replace hasher with Harriettes name)  
(Roxanne ,The Police)  
Edited by Smoking Wiener

Hasher  
You have to put on the red dress  
This hash isn't over  
You still have to dance and party into the night

Hasher  
You have to wear that red dress tonight  
Walk the streets for beer money  
I don't care if it's too short or if it's tight.

Hasher  
You have to put on the red dress

I loved you since I knew you  
I would really love to screw you  
I have to tell you just how I feel  
I know your not just another boy  
I know my mind is made up  
So put away your make up  
Told you once I won't tell you again

I'm in a bad way  
Hasher  
You have to put on the red dress  
Hasher  
You have to put on the red dress

DRESS YOU UP (lyrics by Smoking Wiener)  
Madonna

You've got style  
That's what all the hares say  
Satin sheets  
And titties so fine  
All your suits are custom made in London  
I know somehow that you're really a dike

Gonna dress you up in my dress  
All over, all over  
Gonna dress you up in my dress  
All over your body

Feel the silky touch of my red dresses  
They will keep you looking ready to screw  
Let me cover you with Golden Tresses  
I'll create a look that's made for you

Gonna dress you up in my dress  
In my dress  
All over your body  
All over your body  
In my dress  
All over, all over  
From your head down to your toes

I Am Woman  
-Artist: Helen Reddy from "Helen Reddy's Greatest Hits": EMI ST 11467  
(Lyrics by Smoking Wiener)

I am hasher, hear me roar

In dresses too red to ignore  
And I've drank too much to say it's all pretend  
'cause I've done it once before  
And I've done down downs by the score  
No one's ever gonna wear this dress again

#### CHORUS

Oh yes I am wise  
But it's wisdom free from shame  
Yes, I've paid the price  
But look at my great frame  
If I want to, I can wear anything  
A have a thong (thong)  
I have mammaries (mammaries)  
I am woman

You can bend but never take me  
'cause it only serves to make me  
More determined to achieve my drinking goal  
And I come back even stronger  
Not a harlot any longer  
'cause you've deepened the conviction in my hole

#### CHORUS

I am hasher watch me run  
See me drinking, having fun  
As I spread my lovin' hash across the land  
But I'm still an embryo  
With a long long way to go  
Until I make the others understand

Oh yes I am wise  
But it's wisdom free from shame  
Yes, I've paid the price  
But look at my great frame  
If I want to, I can wear anything  
A have a thong (thong)  
I have mammaries (mammaries)  
Oh, I am woman  
A have a thong  
I have mammaries

Fade

I am woman  
I have a thong

I have mammaries  
I am woman

Limeric (by Smoking Wiener)

There once was a lad in a red dress,  
He looked really queer, as you'd guess.  
But when he pulled out his tool  
The women did drool  
And quite readily did they undress.

Hashes In The Sun  
To the Tune of "Seasons in the Sun"  
Lyrics by Smoking Wiener

Goodbye to you my hashing friend  
We've known each other since we acted nine or ten  
Together we hashed hills and creeks  
Learned of Huntsville and the ABC's  
Scraped our shins and skinned our knees.

Goodbye my friend it's hard to stay dry  
When all the hares are drinking on the sly  
Now that the spring is in the air  
Tasty beer is everywhere  
Pour one for me and I'll be there

We had joy we had fun  
We went hashing in the sun  
But the hills that we climb were all shiggy  
Most the time.

We had joy we had fun  
We went hashing in the sun  
But the wine and the beer like the seasons  
Have all gone.

Goodbye Wet Spot please pray for me  
You are the black sheep of rocket shitty  
You tried to teach me to do wrong  
Too much wine and too much song  
Wonder how we got along.

Goodbye Wet Spot its hard to stay dry

When all the hares are drinking on the sly  
Now that the spring is in the air  
Drunken hashers everywhere  
When you see them I'll be there.

Goodbye Wet Spot my little one  
You gave me laughs and helped me find some fun  
And every time that I was drinking down  
You would always clown around  
And get Stray Dog off on the ground.

Goodbye Wet Spot it's hard to stay dry  
When all the hares are drinking on the sly  
Now that the spring is in the air  
With new virgins everywhere  
I wish that we could both be there

All this year we had fun  
We went hashing in the sun  
But the bars we could reach  
Sadly weren't on the beach

Superstar (Jesus Christ, Superstar)  
Smoking Wiener

(Voice of the Pack)  
Ev'ry time I hash with you  
I don't understand  
Why you let the trail you lay  
Get so out of hand  
You'd have mis-managed better  
If you'd had it planned  
Now why'd you choose such a backward place  
And such a strange land?

If you'd come today  
You could have hashed a whole weekend  
Rocket Shitty in 4 BC  
Had no mass transportation  
(Don't you get me lost)  
Don't you get me lost  
(Don't you get me lost, now)  
Don't you get me lost  
(Don't you get me lost)  
Don't you get me lost

(Don't you get me lost, now)  
Don't you get me lost

(Only want to hash)  
Only want to hash  
(Only want to hash, now)  
Only want to hash  
(Only want to hash)  
Only want to hash  
(Only want to hash, now)  
Only want to hash

Jesus Christ  
Jesus Christ  
Who are you? What virgin have you sacrificed?  
Jesus Christ  
Jesus Christ  
Who are you? What virgin have you sacrificed?  
Jesus Christ  
Superstar  
Do you think you're as clever as they say you are?  
Jesus Christ  
Superstar  
Do you think you're what as clever as say you are?

Tell me what you think  
About your hashes to the top  
Now who d'you think besides yourself  
Was gonna climb an outcrop?  
Buddah was just too fat?  
Is he where you are?  
Could Mahomet hash a mountain

The Serenity Prayer  
Smoking Wiener

GOD, grant me the serenity  
to accept the things  
I cannot change,

Courage to change the  
things I can, and a  
half-mind to know the difference.

Living ONE RUN AT A TIME;

enjoying one trail at a time;  
Accepting hardship as the  
pathway through shiggy.

Running, as the hare did, this  
sinful route as it is,  
not as I would have it.

Trusting that He will make  
all checks right if I  
surrender to His markings;

That I may be reasonably happy  
in this pack, and supremely  
happy with Hashing forever in  
the next. On-On

HASH MOON RISING (Smoking Wiener)  
BAD MOON RISING (J.C. Fogerty)

I see the hash moon arising.  
I see hashers on the way.  
I see earthquakes and lightnin'.  
I see bad trails today.

CHORUS:  
Don't run around tonight,  
Well, it's bound to make for strife,  
There's a hash moon on the rise.

I hear the pack a'whistling  
I know the circles coming soon.  
I fear down-downs over flowing.  
I hear the voice of rage and ruin.

CHORUS  
All right!

Hope you got your shit together.  
Hope you are quite prepared to die.  
Looks like we're in for nasty weather.  
Insert Hash Name is laying trail tonight..

CHORUS  
CHORUS

WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN (J.C. Fogerty and Smoking Wiener)

Long as I remember The rain been comin' down.  
Clouds of myst'ry pourin' Shiggy all over the ground.  
Good men through the checks, Tryin' to find the trail;  
And I'm haring, Still I'm haring, Who'll stop the rain.

I went down to an old barn, Seekin' shelter from the storm.  
Caught up in the stable, I watched the pack on on..  
Two month plans and new trails, Published in web chains.  
And I'm haring, Still I'm haring Who'll stop the rain.

Heard the singers bawdry', How we cheered for more.  
The crowd had circled together, Tryin' to keep warm.  
Still the rain kept pourin', Fallin' on my ears.  
And I'm haring, Still I'm haring Who'll stop the rain.

I Don't Know How To Lust Him  
From Jesus Chris Superstar  
(Smoking Wiener)

(Mary Magdalene)  
I don't know how to catch him  
What to do, how to find him  
I've been lost, yes really lost  
In these past few checks  
When I've seen the trail  
I don't see anyone else

I don't know how to take this  
I don't see why he loses me  
He's a hare  
He's just a hare  
And I've had so many  
Hares before  
In very many ways  
He's just one more

Should I track him down  
Should I scream and shout  
Should I speak of lust  
Let my feelings out?



I never thought I'd cum today  
What's it all about?

Don't you think it's rather funny  
I should be in this position?  
I'm the one  
Who's always been  
So calm so cool  
No hasher's fool  
Running very slow  
He scares me so

I never thought I'd come today  
What's it all about?

Yet  
If he said he lusted me  
I'd be lost  
I'd be frightened  
I couldn't grope  
Just couldn't grope  
I'd give him head  
Then back away  
I wouldn't want to know  
He scares me so  
I want him so  
I lust him so

Lady Madonna  
A Smoking Wiener original.

Lady Madonna, 5 children at your feet.  
Wonder how you manage to make ends meet.  
Who finds the money? When you pay the cash?  
Did you think that money wasn't for the hash ?

Friday night arrives without a hash trail.  
Sunday morning creeps in like the sun.  
Monday's hare has learned to lay true trail.  
See how they run.

Lady Madonna, hasher at your breast.  
Wonder how you manage to appease the rest.  
See how they run.

Lady Madonna, lying on the trail,  
Listening to the music as others follow trail.

The hash trail is never ending. (Or, "HeBlows trail is never ending")  
Wednesday morning hash trash didn't come.  
Thursday night your sport bra needed mending.  
See how they run.

Lady Madonna, hasher at your breast.  
Wonder how you manage to appease the rest.

Hash, hash, hash (Original title: Dance, Dance, Dance)  
(Smoking Wiener, Steve Miller)

My grandpa, he's ninety five  
And he keeps on hashin', he's still alive  
My grandma, she's ninety two  
She loves to hash and sing lewd too  
I don't know but I've been told  
If you keep on hashing you'll never grow old

{Refrain}

Come on, daddy', put a red dress on  
We're gonna go out tonight  
Hash, hash, hash  
Hash, hash, hash  
Hash, hash, hash, all night long

I'm a hard-workin' man, I'm a son of a bitch  
I've been hashin' all week and I've got an itch  
The whore's in the kitchen and my manhood's in the barn  
I'm all cleaned up and my whores are all done  
Gimme your hand and make me come  
Then let's go out and get us some

{Refrain}

Hash, hash, hash  
Hash, hash, hash  
Hash, hash, hash, all night long

Come on, hasher', don't look that way  
Don't you know when you smile I've got to say  
You're my honey pumping lover, you're my heart's delight

Don't you want to get laid tonight  
You're such a pretty lady, you're such a sweet man  
When you dance it hardens up my thang

{Refrain}

Hashing In The Moonlight  
King Harvest / Smoking Wiener  
(Sherman Kelly)

We get some almost every night  
When that ol' moon gets-a big and bright  
It's a heterosexual delight (or, It's a drinker's delight)  
Everybody's hashin' in the moonlight

Everybody here is out of sight  
They have a lark, and they're not uptight  
They keep things loose, they keep things light  
Everybody was hashin' in the moonlight

Everybody's hashin' in the moonlight  
Everybody's feelin' cool and right  
It's such a fine and natural sight  
Everybody's hashin' in the moonlight

We like our fun and we never fight  
You can't hash and stay uptight  
It's a heterosexual delight  
Everybody was hashin' in the moonlight

On His Bone Again, By Smoking Wiener  
To the tune of On the Road Again  
(To be sung by Harriettes)

On his bone again, I just can't wait to get on his bone again,  
The sex I love is makin' lovin with my friend,  
And I can't wait to get on his bone again.  
On his bone again, cummin' harder than I've never been,  
Doin' things that I may never do again,  
And I can't wait to get on his bone again.

CHORUS:

On his gland again, like a rock band groupie I go down on him that way.  
We're the best of friends,

Insisting that the world be screwin' our way,  
And our way, is on is on the floor again,  
Just can't wait to get on his bone again.  
The sex I love is makin' lovin with my friend,  
And I can't wait to get on his bone again.

repeat last line 2x

I Want To Hold Your Gland

The Beatles

Words and Music by John Lennon, Paul McCartney and Smoking Wiener

Oh yeah I tell you somethin'  
I think you'll understand  
When I see that somethin'  
I want to hold your gland  
I want to hold your gland  
I want to hold your gland

Oh please say to me  
You'll let me use my hand  
And please say to me  
You'll let me hold your gland  
Now, let me hold your gland  
I want to hold your gland

And when I touch you  
I want you inside  
It's such a feelin' that my love  
I can't hide  
I can't hide  
I can't hide

Yeah, you got that somethin'  
I think you'll understand  
When I see that somethin'  
I want to hold your gland  
I want to hold your gland  
I want to hold your gland

And when I touch you  
I want you inside  
It's such a feelin' that my love  
I can't hide  
I can't hide

I can't hide

Yeah, you got that somethin'  
I think you'll understand  
When I feel that somethin'  
I want to hold your gland  
I want to hold your gland  
I want to hold your gland  
I want to hold your gland

Ballad Of the Hash Today  
To the tune of Ballad of the Green Berets  
Artist: Ssgt. Barry Sadler  
Words and Music by Ssgt. Barry Sadler, Robin Moore, and Smoking Wiener

Horny hashers with open fly  
Drunken men who run and lie  
Men who don't mean what they say  
These crazed men, will hash today

CHORUS:  
Whistle lanyards upon their chest  
These are drinkers, America's best  
One hundred men will hash today  
But only three will find the way

Trained to run on nature's land  
Trained in party, beer-in-hand  
Men who drink by night and day  
Hashing fools on the trail today

CHORUS

Back at home a young wife waits  
Her hasher has stayed out late  
He has run with those oppressed  
Leaving her his last request

“Put whistled lanyard on my son  
Make him one of America's best  
He was born to run and play  
Have him lay hash trail someday”

(HASHIN' BY) THE DOCK OF THE BAY

To the Tune of “(Sittin By) The Dock Of The Bay”  
Written by Otis Redding, Steve Cropper, and Smoking Wiener

Hashin' in the mornin' sun  
I'll be hashin' when the evenin' come  
Watching the drunks run in  
And then I watch 'em run away again, yeah

I'm hashin' by the dock of the bay  
Watching the tide roll away  
Ooo, I'm just hashin' by the dock of the bay  
Wastin' time

I left my home in Huntsville  
Headed for the Thiokol bay  
'Cause I've had nothing to live for  
And look like nothin's gonna come my way

So I'm just gonna run by the dock of the bay  
Watching the tide roll away  
Ooo, I'm hashin' by the dock of the bay  
Wastin' time

Look like nothing's gonna change  
Everything still remains the same  
I can't do what the shrink tells me to  
So I guess I'll remain insane, yes

Sittin here resting my bones  
And this Hangover won't leave me alone  
It's 'bout ten miles I roamed  
Just to find the on-on home

Now, I'm just gonna run by the dock of the bay  
Watching the tide roll away  
Oooo-wee, hashin' by the dock of the bay  
Wastin' time

(whistle)

Tennessee Valley Sunday  
To the tune of “Pleasant Valley Sunday”  
The Monkees and Smoking Wiener

Your local hash group down the street

Is trying hard to learn this song  
To serenade the weekend hare  
Who came out to throw flour down

Another Tennessee valley sunday  
Hashers running everywhere  
Marks of flour that are all the same  
And no one seems to care

See Mrs. Gray she's proud today  
Because her yeasts are in bloom  
And Mr. Green he's so serene  
He's got a girl in every room

Another Tennessee valley sunday  
Here in Rocket Shitty land  
Hashers complain  
About how hard trail is  
And the virgins just don't understand

Southern comfort shots  
They only give me the squats  
And make it hard for me to see  
My thoughts all seem to stray  
To places far away  
I need a change of scenery

(Ta ta ta ta....)

Another Tennessee valley sunday  
Hashers running everywhere  
Another Tennessee valley sunday  
Here in Rocket City land  
Another Tennessee valley sunday (repeat)

Hot Box  
To the tune of Squeeze Box by The Who, edited by Smoking Wiener

Mama's got a hot box  
She sports a big chest  
And when Daddy comes home  
He never gets no rest

'Cause she's fucking all night  
And her Pussy's real tight

Mama's got a hot box  
Daddy never sleeps at night

Well Mama likes Dad's meat  
And Daddy can't sleep  
There's no escape from the sounds  
In the whole damn street

'Cause she's fucking all night  
And her Pussy's real tight  
Mama's got a hot box  
Daddy never sleeps at night

She goes in and out and in and out and in and out and in and out

She's fucking all night  
And her Pussy's real tight  
Mama's got a hot box  
Daddy never sleeps at night

She goes, please me, come on and please me  
Come on and tease me like you do  
I'm so in love with you  
Mama's got a hot box  
Daddy never sleeps at night

She goes in and out and in and out and in and out and in and out

'Cause she's fucking all night  
And her Pussy's real tight  
Mama's got a hot box  
Daddy never sleeps at night

There's A Kind Of Hash  
To the tune of "There's A Kind Of Hush"  
Carpenters and Smoking Wiener

There's a group, a hash  
Running 'round town tonight  
All over the town  
you can hear the sounds of hashers on trail  
You know it's their screams

Just the hare and us  
and nobody else in sight



There's nobody else and I'm feeling good  
Just hashing tonight

So scout trail very carefully  
Careful now 'cause, were crossing a stream  
It's not a wet dream

The other sound that you will hear  
Is when I whisper in your ear, I want you  
I want sex on trail

Where Has All The Flour Gone  
To the tune of Where Have All The Flowers Gone"  
The Kingston Trio and Smoking Wiener

Where have all the hash marks gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the hash marks gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the hash marks gone?  
Gone to rain fall, every one!  
The last hash was long ago, the last hash was long ago.

Where have all the check marks gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the check marks gone, a long time ago?  
Where have all the check marks gone?  
They've been wind blown, every one!  
The last check was long ago, the last check was long ago.

Where have all the beer nears gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the beer nears gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the beer nears gone?  
Drank by vagrants, every one!  
When will hares ever learn, when will hares ever learn?

Where have all the hashers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the hashers gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the hashers gone?  
Gone to Bars, every one!  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

And where have the beer pitchers gone, long time passing?  
Where have the beer pitchers gone, long time ago?  
Where have the beer pitchers gone?  
Gone to hashers, every one!  
When will they ever leave, oh when will they ever leave?

I Think The Beers Gone Now  
To the tune of "I Think We're Alone Now"  
First verse

Hashers behave  
That's what they say when we hash together  
And watch how you play  
They don't understand and so we're...

Chorus

Running just as fast as we can  
Following a different band  
Trying to get away into the night and then we hit some shiggy  
and we tumble to the ground and then I say...  
Give Me A Blow Now  
There doesn't seem to be anyone around  
Give Me A Blow Now  
The beating of our hearts is the only sound

Second verse

We sure don't have to hide what we're doin'  
Just because we've been screwing and so we're...

Chorus

I Think The Beers Gone Now  
There doesn't seem to be any more around  
I Think The Beers Gone Now  
I can't really afford another round

Repeat twice

Rocket Man  
Elton John

Packed my flour bag last night  
Pre-flight,  
Zero hour, 3:00 p.m.  
And I'm gonna be high as a kite by then.

I miss the earth so much,  
I miss my wife.

It's lonely out in space  
On such a timeless flight.

And I think it's gonna be a long, long time  
Till down downs bring me round again to find  
I'm not the man they think I am at home.  
Oh, no, no, no,  
I'm a rocket man,  
Rocket man throwing out his flour on-out alone.

Mars ain't the kind of place to raise your mugs,  
In fact it's cold as hell  
And there's no hash there to raise them if you did.

And all this science,  
I don't understand.  
It's just my job, five days a week,  
A Rocket man.

## TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

John Denver

Almost On In, Rocket Shitty,  
Valley Mountains  
Tennessee River.  
Life is old there,  
Older than the trees,  
Younger than the mountains  
Growin' like a breeze.

### CHORUS

Country roads, take me home  
To the place where I belong:  
Rocket City, Monte Sano,  
Take me home, country roads.

All my memories gathered 'round beer,  
Hasher ladies, strangers to drinking water.  
Dark and dusty, hashing on the sly,  
Misty taste of moonshine,  
Flour in my eye.

### CHORUS

Country roads, take me home  
To the place I belong:

Rocket Shitty, Monte Sano,  
Take me home, country roads.

I hear her voice, in the mornin' hour she calls me,  
Whistles remind me of my home far away  
And running down the road I get a feeling  
I should have been home yesterday, yesterday

#### CHORUS

Country roads, take me home  
To the place where I belong:  
Rocket Shitty, Monte Sano,  
Take me home, country roads.

Hashing In The Moonlight  
King Harvest  
(Sherman Kelly & Smoking Wiener)

We get some almost every night  
When that ol' moon gets-a big and bright  
It's a supernatural delight  
Everybody's hashin' in the moonlight

Everybody here is getting tight  
The dogs bark, but they don't bite  
They keep things loose, they keep things light  
Everybody was hashin' in the moonlight

Everybody's hashin' in the moonlight  
Everybody's feelin' warm and right  
It's such a fine and unnatural sight  
Everybody's hashin' in the moonlight

We like our fun and we never fight  
You can't dance and stay uptight  
It's a supernatural delight  
Everybody was hashin' in the moonlight