

• @

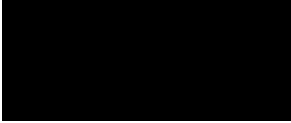
## Traditional Down-Down Songs

(Arranged alphabetically)

### **BRITISH SAILOR**

*Melody - Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking*

*Note: Should be sung in high voice with accent*



#### *CHORUS:*

Me no likey British sailor (Blitish sailor)  
Yankee pay five dollar more (five dolla mo)

Yankee calls me honey baby  
British calls me fucking whore

Yankee knocks upon my window  
British kicks in fuckin' door

Yankee cocks are sometimes limpy  
British cocks, they leave me sore

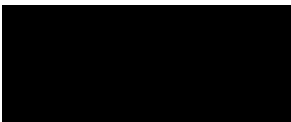
Yankee lays me on a pillow  
British fucks me on the floor

Yankee tender kissed my nipples  
British licks my pussy raw

Yankee treats me like his mother  
British fucks me on all fours

### **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!!

### **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 . . .

### **DOUGH, RAY, ME**

*Melody - Do, Re, Mi (Sound of Music)*

-

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 bar,  
 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,  
 Beer Beer Beer . . . (etc)

### **DOWN DOWN DOWN YOUR BEER**

*Melody - Row Row Row Your Boat*

Down Down Down your beer,  
 To pay for your crime.  
 Quit complaining about the taste,  
 There's no sperm this time.

### **DOWN DOWN DITTY**

Put it to your lips  
 Give the Mug a tip  
 Don't just take a sip  
 Drink it down, down, down . . .

### **GET IT UP, GET IT IN . . .** *Melody - Bonanza Theme*

Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do  
 You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around  
 Hit the spot, make me hot  
 I will scream out loud

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

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

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

### **GLORIOUS, VICTORIOUS (BEER, BEER, BEER)**

Beer, beer, beer, beer  
 Beer, beer, beer, beer  
 Drunk last night,

Drunk the night before,  
 Gonna get drunk tonight,  
 Like I've never been drunk before,  
 Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,  
 Cause we're all part of the Hash House family.

Oh the Hash Family  
 Is the best family  
 To ever  
 Come over  
 From Old Germany.

There's the High Hash Drunks  
 There's the Low Hash Drunks  
 There's the Asian Drunks  
 And the other damn drunks.

*CHORUS:*  
 Singing glorious,  
 Victorious!  
 Hey!!! One keg of beer for the four of us.  
 Singing Glory be to God that there are no more of us,  
 Cause one of us could drink it all alone  
 Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the Hash House Harriers!

### **GOD BLESS MY UNDERPANTS**

*Melody - God Save the Queen (God Bless America)*

-

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

### **HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

*Melody - Addams Family Theme*

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 . . .

**HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_ (BASIC DOWN-DOWN SONG)**

*Melody - Itself*

**VERSION # 1 (line variations)**

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 turned out gay, (but he went the other way / in a long, long way)  
 So drink it down, down, down . . .

**VERSION #2**

*Melody - Ach, Du Lieber Augustin*

Here's to brother (sister) hasher,

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

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

*Variation:*

Here's to Brother Johnny, brother Johnny, brother Johnny,  
 Here's to brother Johnny who's with us tonight.  
 He beats it, he eats it, he often mistreats it,  
 Here's to Brother Johnny who's with us tonight.

**HE'S THE MEANEST**

*Melody - Itself (similar to Okinawa HHH 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 . . .

*Variation:*

She's superior,  
 She's got class,  
 She's superior,  
 She's a horse's ass.  
 Drink it down, down, down . . .

**HE WANKS HIS CRANK**

*Melody - Itself*

He wanks his crank in the morning  
 He wanks his crank in the night  
 He wanks his crank with his left hand  
 and he cleans it up with his right.

### **HER LEFT TIT**

*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 . . .

### **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.

### **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.

### **I LOVE BEER**

*Melody - Barney Theme Song*

I love Beer,  
 Can't you see?  
 When I drink I am happy!  
 Pale Ale, Dark Lager, tasty foamy brew,  
 I lift my glass and drink to you!

### **IT• FS A SMALL DICK**

*Melody - It's a Small World*

-

Well it isn't long and it isn't thick,  
 It gets hard too slow and it cums too quick,  
 It gets lost in her twat,  
 But it's all that he's got,  
 It's a small, small, dick.

It's a small dick after all,  
 It's a small dick after all,



Always limp from alcohol,  
It's a small, small, dick!

### JAPANESE KEITAI SONG (MOSHI, MOSHI)

*Melody London Bridges Falling Down*

*(Translation)*

-

Moshi, Moshi ano, Ne!	,à,μ,à,μ, ,Ì,Ë• I	<i>(Hello, Hello ummm!)</i>
Ano ne! Ano ne!	, ,Ì,Ë• I, ,Ì,Ë• I	<i>(Ummm let's see!)</i>
Moshi, Moshi ano, Ne!	,à,μ,à,μ, ,Ì,Ë• I	<i>(Hello Hello ummm)</i>
Asshole desu ka?	, , ,»,Á,·,©• B	<i>(Are you an asshole?)</i>

### LOVE ME TENDER

*Melody - Love Me Tender*

-

Love me tender, love me sweet  
Wrap your lips around my meat  
Watch me smile and watch me grin  
As the cum rolls down, down, down, down, down etc . . .

### KINOKO SONG (THE MUSHROOM SONG)

*Melody- Itself*

*(Translation)*

Kinoko no ko	‘ù,Ì,±	<i>(Mushrooms shroom shroom• j</i>
Noko Genki kinoko	,Ì,±E³<C,Ì,±	<i>(Horny Mushrooms shroom shroom)</i>
Asa Dachī Mai Nichi	’©,¾,¿,~“ú	<i>(Everyday having morning wood)</i>
Buchi Sugoiī	,Ô,¿• !,¢	<i>(Is so so very good)</i>

### MASTURBATION

*Melody - Alouette*

-

*(Song to a male)*  
Masturbation, he loves masturbation  
Masturbation, it's what he loves to do  
First he'll use his right hand

Then he'll use his left hand  
 Right hand  
 Left hand  
 Right hand  
 Left hand  
 Masturbation, it's what he'd rather do.  
 So drink it down down down down . . .

*(Song to a female)*

Masturbation, we love masturbation  
 Masturbation, it's what we love to do  
 First we'll use our three fingers  
 Then we'll use our dildo  
 Three Fingers  
 Dildo  
 Three Fingers  
 Dildo  
 Masturbation, while thinking about you.  
 So drink it down down down down . . .

### **MEET THE HASHERS**

*Melody - Flintstones Theme*

-

Hashers, meet the hashers,  
 They're the biggest drunks in history,  
 From Iwakuni, Ni- Hon,  
 They're the leaders in debauchery.  
 Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years,  
 Watch them as they down a lot of beers,  
 Down down, down down down down,  
 Down down down down down down down down,  
 Down down, down down down down,  
 Down down down down down down down down.

### **PUT YOUR LEFT LEG OVER MY SHOULDER**

*Melody - Side by Side*

-

Put your left leg over my shoulder,  
 Put your right leg over my shoulder,  
*(wag tongue between a V sign made with 2 fingers)*

La la la la la, la la la la, la la la.

Put your left tit over my shoulder,  
Put your right tit over my shoulder,  
(shake head)  
Bla bla bla bla bla, bla bla bla bla, bla bla bla.

### **SEX IS BORING**

*Melody - Frère Jacques*

-

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Gonna cut my fingers off,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Pulling out my pubic hairs,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Poking out my eyes,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Cutting off my gonads,  
One by one . . .

### **SHORT HYMN**

*Melody - Amen (with reverence)*

Hymn, hymn, (Her, her,)  
Fuck him . . . (Fuck her . . .)

### **SOLDIER SONG**

*Melody - Itself*

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I will be,  
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee,  
For cunt, for cunt, to fight for my country,  
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,  
A soldier I will be.

Drink it down, down, down . . .

### **SOUND OF HASHERS**

*Melody - Do, Re, Mi (Sound of Music)*

-

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.

### **THANK GOD SHE FINALLY SHUT UP**

*Melody - Looney Tunes Theme*

-

Thank God she finally shut up,  
She's always fuckin' bitchin',  
Now drink your beer, get out of here,  
Get back into the kitchen!

### **THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD**

*Melody - Itself*

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, asshole,  
He puckered up his little asshole.

### **THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON**

*Melody - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*

-

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 . . .

### **THIS IS YOUR DOWN-DOWN SONG**

*Melody - Ta-Rah-Rah-Boom Te-Ay*

-

This is your Down-Down song,  
 It isn't very long. . . drink it down down down

### **THE TIRED HASHER**

*Melody - Itsy Bitsy Spider*

-

The tired White Snake Hasher,  
 Went trudging up the hill,  
 Stopped at the Beer Check,  
 And there he drank his fill,  
 And when the trail was over,  
 His shoes were muddy brown.  
 Though he was drunk already,  
 He had to drink it down, down, down, down . . .

### **WHO NEEDS SEX?**

*Melody - Three Blind Mice*

-

*(sung to harrier)*

Who needs sex?

Who needs sex?

It's no fun,

It's no fun,

You chase after women and what do you get?

You grumble and fumble and break out in sweat,

You wake up at daylight just deeper in debt,

So who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?

Who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?  
It's no fun,  
It's no fun,  
You meet a new women and go on a date,  
You hug and you kiss and you think that it's great,  
She gives you blue balls and you masturbate,  
So, who needs sex?

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

### **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.  
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 . .

## Post Down-Down Songs

(sung to hashers taking too long to drink or not paying attention)

### WHY ARE WE WAITING?

*Melody - Asdeste Fideles(O'Come All Ye Faithful)*

-

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

### 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!

### ZIGGY-ZAGGY

*The purpose of the ziggy-zaggy chant is to point out breaches in circle etiquette - members of the circle surround the offender and repeat chant loudly:*

Ziggy-zaggy, ziggy-zaggy,  
 Oi, Oi, Oi!  
 Ziggy-zaggy, ziggy-zaggy,  
 Oi, Oi, Oi!  
 Ziggy-zaggy, ziggy-zaggy,  
 Oi, Oi, Oi!

#### *Alternate verses*

Shiggy shaggy, shiggy shaggy---Oi, Oi, Oi!  
 Motorcycle, motorcycle---Vroom, Vroom, Vroom!  
 Locomotive, locomotive,--Choo, Choo, Choo!  
 Helicopter, helicopter,---Whirl, Whirl, Whirl! (or Whop, Whop, Whop!)

Submarine, submarine---Glug, Glug, Glug!  
 Motorcar, motorcar---Beep, Beep, Beep!  
 Telephone, telephone---Ring, Ring, Ring!  
 Penis, penis---Cum, Cum, Cum!

### HEAD CHANT

*(Yelled whenever mistakenly mentions the word • ghead• h)*

Head? Who said head?  
 I'll take some of that!  
 Ooh-rah!  
 And I did, and it was good,  
 And there was much rejoicing.  
 And then we fucked. We fucked for hours,  
 Uprooting trees, bushes, and flowers.  
 Frightening small children and woodland animals.  
 We fucked with power tools.  
 Swinging from chandeliers standing on stools  
 We fucked like Vikings, with horns on our head.  
 Head? Who said head?  
 I'll take some of that!  
 Ooh-rah!

## Songs for Specific Down-Downs

*(Arranged in the order of the circle)*

**HARES** *(sung to bring up the hares)*

**MAYOR OF BAYSWATER'S DAUGHTER**

*Melody - The Ash Grove*

*(Take turns leading verses)*

The Mayor of Bayswater,  
 He has a lovely daughter,  
 And the hairs on her dickie-di-doe,  
 Hang down to her knees.

*CHORUS:*

*Leader:* And the hairs,  
*Pack:* And the hairs,  
*Leader:* And the hairs,  
*Pack:* And the hairs,  
*Leader:* And the hairs,  
*Pack:* On her dicky-di-doe,



Hang down to her knees.  
 One black one, one white one,  
 \*And one with a bit of shite on,\*  
 And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,  
 Hang down to her knees.

*\*VARIATIONS\**

and one forty pound strength one  
 and one I caught a trout on  
 and one I found on a bar of soap  
 and one that blocked the storm drain  
 and one she used as dental floss  
 and one she uses for macramé  
 and one dripping in olive oil  
 and one she towed my car with  
 and one that smelt of clitty litter  
 and one to start the mower with  
 and one they use in gunsights  
 and one with a drop of piss on  
 and one covered in algae  
 and one I start my outboard with  
 and one I broke a tooth on  
 and one I found in my mug of beer  
 and one the crabs are stuck on  
 and one she winched her Jeep with  
 and one she marked the trail with  
 and one she tied her Nikes with  
 and one she tied her whistle on  
 and one she roped the calves with  
 and one she pulled her trailer with  
 and one they hanged a horse thief with  
 and one she climbed a cliff with  
 and one she whipped the orphans with  
 etc . . .

*VERSES:*

I've smelt it, I've felt it,  
 It's just like a bit of velvet.

I could not believe my eyes,  
 When I peered down between her thighs.

I she were my daughter,  
 I'd have her cut them shorter.

I've seen it, I've seen it,  
 I've lain right in between it.

I stroked 'em and poked 'em,

I rolled 'em and smoked 'em.

You'd need a Welsh coal miner,  
To find her vagina.

She lives on the mountain,  
and pees like a bloody fountain.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,  
And came like a bloody avalanche.

She says she is not a whore,  
But she bangs like a shithouse door.

She lives on malted milkshake,  
and roots like a bloody rattlesnake.

She married an Italian,  
With balls like a fucking stallion.

She divorced the Italian,  
And married the stallion.

She married a Spaniard,  
With a prick like a bloody lanyard.

She divorced the Spaniard,  
And ran off with the bloody lanyard.

The split of her beaver,  
Looks just like June Cleaver's.

She slept with a demon,  
Who drowned her with semen.

Her cat's name is Boris,  
And it plays with her clitoris.

The aroma it lingers,  
It smells like fish fingers.

(She sat/We finished) on the waterfront,  
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt.

I've licked it and kissed it,  
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

You can drive a Morris Minor,  
Right up her vagina.

It was always hit-or-miss,  
Whether I could find her clitoris.

She went to Arabia,  
And got camel drool on her labia.

She stayed in Seattle,  
And went down on cattle.

The light is so glitorous,  
When it shines off her clitoris.

Her vagina was squishy,  
And smelled a bit fishy.

She went with a Hash House Harrier,  
Who fucked her but wouldn't marry her.

*(MORE HASH VERSES,)*

She slept with a Hash House Harriette,  
Who played melodies upon her clit.

She wooed the Grand Master,  
But he couldn't satisfy her.

Grand Mistress gave her a go,  
She used an electric dildo.

Three Joint Masters did sport in concert,  
But they couldn't reach her G-spot.

She went out with the RA,  
But he proved to be a lousy lay.

She seduced the Song Master,  
But he couldn't outlast her.

Hare Raiser did sleep with her,  
But got all tangled in her fur.

The hares swived her with great intent,  
But they soon were limp and spent.

She depantsed the OnSec,  
And scoffed at her tiny clit.

She rogered the Hash Scribe,  
And begat an entire tribe.

She stripped for the Beermeister,  
He shot off all over her.

Hash Shyster did groan, oh,  
As he serviced her pro bono.

She gave head to the Hash Cash,  
And she ejaculated in a flash.

The Snackmeister she tried to lay,  
But she came during foreplay.

She mooned the Haberdasher,  
Who fainted at the sight of her.

An SCB dove in her muff,  
But found he hadn't tongue enough.

She said to the FRB,  
"Do it doggie style with me."

The walkers were red and sore,  
She shagged them right across the floor.

She had it off with a Ranger,  
But he went DOT inside of her.

To a Whiner she took a shiner,  
But he cried, "Any one but her."

She took on the entire pack,  
She was hot but they were slack.

She was brisk with young (*hasher's name*),  
But he came much too quickly.

So she tried (*hasher's name*),  
But he couldn't get it up for her.

She had group sex with the Circle,  
Next day our parts turned purple.

**HARES** (*sung for down down*)  
**SHITTY TRAIL**  
(*to: The Mickey Mouse Club Song*)

S, H, I, — T, T, Y  
 T, R, A, I, L  
 Shitty Trail, Shitty Trail  
 The tricky hares gave us crappy trail  
 I would rather drink some beer,  
 Than hash your shitty trail.  
 S, H, I, — T, T, Y  
 T, R, A, I, L

**FIRST IN AND LAST IN**  
**FIRST IN AND LAST IN SONG**

(He/She/They) is/are stupid  
 (He/She/They) is/are dumb  
 (He/She/They) come(s) too early  
 (He/She/They) can not come.

**VIRGINS**  
**WE'VE GOT VIRGINS**  
*Melody - Frère Jacques*

-

We've got virgins,  
 We've got virgins,  
 At our hash,  
 At our hash,  
 Gonna get 'em drunked up,  
 Gonna get 'em fucked up,  
 Down the hatch,  
 Up the ass,  
 So drink it down, down, down . . .

**VIRGINS**  
**BYE BYE CHERRY**  
*Melody - Bye Bye Blackbird*

-

Back your ass against the wall,  
 Here I come, balls and all,  
 Bye, bye, cherry!

Won't your mother be disgusted,

When she finds your cherry's busted,  
Bye, bye, cherry!

Wrap your legs around a little tighter,  
I can feel my load is getting lighter,  
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits,  
Till my little pecker spits,  
Cherry, bye bye!

## **MILESTONES**

### **GET A LIFE**

*Melody- William Tell Overture*

*(usually this song will lead into another down-down song)*

-

Get a life, get a life, get a life  
Life life life  
Get a life, get a life, get a life  
Life life life  
Get a life• c• c life life life!

## **HASHUS-INTERUPTUS**

### **WHERE WERE YOU LAST WEEK?**

*Melody - Where Oh Where Were You Last Night (from Hee Haw)*

Where, Oh Where were you last week?  
Why did you make us hash all alone?  
You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.

Down, Down, Drink it all Down  
Drink it all Down, Drink all of that Beer

You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.  
Drink it down, down, down, down . . .

## **HASHUS-INTERUPTUS**

### **YOU ARE OUR \_\_\_\_\_**

*Melody - You Are My Sunshine*

-

You are our \_\_\_\_\_, our only \_\_\_\_\_,  
 You make us happy when skies are bleak.  
 You'll never know \_\_\_\_\_, how much we like you,  
 Please keep coming to Hash ev'ry week.  
 Drink it down, down, down . . .

• @

## **RETURNING**

### **RETURNER'S SONG**

*Melody - It's a Small World After All*

-

They've returned to us, some from far away,  
 Some fucking excuse, each of them did say,  
 As we listen to it,  
 We know they're full of shit,  
 They are assholes, after all.

They are assholes, after all,  
 They are assholes, after all,  
 They are assholes, after all,  
 Fuck you all, assholes.  
 Drink it down, down, down, down . . . etc.

## **DEPARTING**

### **PISS OFF, YA WANK**

*Melody - Auld Lang Syne*

-

Piss off, ya wank, piss off, ya wank,  
 Piss off, ya wank, piss off,  
 Piss off, ya wank, piss off, ya wank,  
 Piss off, ya wank, piss off.

## **BIRTHDAYS**

### **BIRTHDAY SONG**

*Melody - Happy Birthday to You*

Happy birthday, fuck you,  
 Happy birthday, fuck you,  
 Happy birthday, you asshole,  
 Happy birthday, fuck you.

Drink it down, down, down . . .

## **SPECIFIC VIOLATIONS**

### **AUTOHASHING**

**AUTOHASH SONG** (*used to honor autohashers*)

*Melody - Dear Lord, Won't You Buy Me a Mercedes-Benz (Janis Joplin)*

• @

-

*(Japanese version)*

Dear Lord, won't you give me a ride to the beer,  
My friends are all drinking, and I'm stuck out here,  
I'll ride in a Honda, Nissan, or Mazda,  
If you drive me there I'll throw in a down, down, down, down . . .

*(International version)*

Dear Lord, won't you give me a ride to the beer,  
My friends are all drinking, and I'm stuck out here,  
I'll ride in a lorry, rickshaw, or tuk tuk,  
If you drive me there I'll throw in a down, down, down, down . . .

*(USA version)*

Dear Lord, won't you give me a ride to the beer,  
My friends are all drinking, and I'm stuck out here,  
I'll ride in a Chevy, a Ford or a truck,  
If you drive me there I'll throw in a down, down, down, down . . .

### **NO WHISTLE**

**NO BLOW SONG** (*Used for honoring hashers who have forgotten their whistles*)

*Melody - Looney Tunes Theme*

-

You seem somewhat forgetful,  
Remind you? Maybe this'll,  
Next time you come, don't be so dumb,  
Just bring your fucking whistle!

## **CIRCLE CLOSING SONG**

**INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN** (*Note: gestures accompany words*)

*Melody - Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*



CHORUS:

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

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:

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.

CHORUS:

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)*

## Extended Down-Down Songs

*(For those who feel brave or wish to torment the drinkers Arranged alphabetically)*

### **COME AND SIT ON MY FACE IF YOU LOVE ME (TAKE IT IN YOUR HAN, MRS. MURPHY)**

*Melody - Red River Valley*

Come and sit on my face, if you love me,  
 Come and sit on my face, if you care,  
 And I'll drink from your Red River Valley,  
 And munch on your curly pubic hairs.

Oh, if I had the wings of an eagle,

And the balls of a hairy baboon,  
I would fly to the ends of creation,  
And I'd butt-fuck the Man in the Moon.

Oh, take it in the hand, Mrs Murphy,  
It feels just like a rolling pin.  
But if you roll it between your hands,  
It'll take some time to be useful again.

Oh, take it in the mouth, Mrs Murphy,  
It only weighs a quarter of a pound.  
It's got hairs round its neck like a turkey,  
And it spits when you shake it up and down.

Oh, take it between the breasts, Mrs Murphy,  
And look it straight in its one eye.  
It will lie at peace between your bosom,  
Until finally milk-tears you cry.

Oh, place it between your legs, Mrs Murphy,  
It is just aching to crawl inside.  
It has a helmet on its head like a soldier,  
And it will shoot all its ammo, then die.

Oh, but never touch *(hasher's name)*'s, Mrs Murphy,  
It seems his is covered with scabs.  
His has warts all over like a horny toad,  
And is protected by an army of crabs.

### **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.

### **HASHER MEN (AND WOMEN)**

*Melody - This Old Man*

-

#### *HARRIETTES' VERSES:*

White Snake men, they play one,  
They think they have all the fun.

#### CHORUS:

With a knick knack, paddy whack, give themselves a bone,  
White Snake men have sex alone.

White Snake men, they play two,  
They can't get it up to screw.

White Snake men, they play three,  
They think they get sex for free.

White Snake men, they play four,  
They can't get it up to score.

White Snake men, they play five,  
They don't have enough sex drive.

White Snake men, they play six,  
Little men with little dicks.

White Snake men, they play seven,  
Masturbation is their heaven.

White Snakemen, they play eight,  
They can't get their dicks in straight.

White Snake men, they play nine,  
They take theirs up from behind.

White Snake men, they play ten,  
Little boys who think they're men.

*HARRIERS' VERSES:*

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

CHORUS:

With a knick knack, paddy whack, give themselves a tickle,  
White Snake women use a pickle.

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

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

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

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

White Snake women, they play six,  
They're never satisfied with our pricks.

White Snake women, they play seven,  
Life without sex is their idea of heaven.

White Snake women, they play eight,  
They always seem to have a headache.

White Snake women, they play nine,  
Their sex lives are in decline.

White Snake women, they play ten,  
If they were better looking they might get some men.

### **HASHERS GO RUNNING ONE BY ONE**

*Melody - When Johnny Comes Marching Home*

-

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!

Two by two - have a screw  
Three by three - take a pee  
Four by four - slam a whore  
Five by five - go muff dive  
Six by six - pick up tricks  
Seven by seven - pinch eleven  
Eight by eight - masturbate  
Nine by nine - do a line  
Ten by ten - get laid again

### **I AM A HASHER, HOW 'BOUT YOU?**

*Melody - Yankee Doodle Dandy*

-

I'm a dirty smelly hasher, chasing hares is what I do.  
I check down trails in the afternoon, drink by the light of the moon.  
I love mud and blood and brambles, toxic waste and smelly goo.  
Dirty shoes and bloody knees and a real bad case of scabies,  
I am a hasher, how 'bout you?

I'm a drunken beer soaked hasher, draining kegs is what I do.  
For breakfast I must have some oatmeal stout, for lunch it's a Guinness or two.  
For dinner I must do some thinking, Sam's or Pete's or maybe microbrew.  
But when I'm hashing give me Schaeffers, give me Busch or Miller,

Cause I am a drunken hasher. Are you a drunken hasher?  
I am a drunken hasher too.

I'm a horny sex-starved hasher, chasing tail is what I do.  
 I came to Iwakuni just to get a lay, ended up (screwing a ewe) or (with PayPerView),  
 I love kinky sex and spankings, naval shots and butt chugs too.  
 }Give me dildoes, give me butt plugs, give me whips and bondage.  
 Cause I am a horny hasher! Are you a horny hasher?  
 I am a horny hasher too!

### **I PUT MY HAND**

*Melody - When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again*

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*

-

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 Harriette, 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 Harriette, 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 Harriette, 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 SONG**

*Melody - Funiculi, Funicula*

-

*HARRIERS VERSES*

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,  
 It felt so good, I knew it would.  
 Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,  
 It felt so nice, I did it twice.  
 You should have seen me on the short strokes,  
 It felt so grand, I used my hand,  
 And you should have seen me on the long strokes,  
 It felt so neat, I used my feet.  
 Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,  
 Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door,  
 Some people seem to think that fornication's grand,  
 But for all-around enjoyment, I prefer to use my hand!

*HARRIETTE'S VERSES*

Next door, I laid and masturbated,  
 It did me good, I knew it would.  
 All night, the bed springs they vibrated,  
 I think it's canny, to rub my fanny.  
 You should have seen me on the short strokes,  
 It felt so grand, she used her hand.  
 You should have seen me on the long strokes,  
 Around and round, and up and down.  
 Eased it, teased it, slid along the floor,  
 Rubbed it, scrubbed it, tickled it to the core.  
 Some people say that being fucked is very grand,  
 But for personal enjoyment, I would rather use her hand.

**ODE TO A HASHER**

*Melody - Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star*

.

Starkle Starkle little twink,  
 Who the hell are you I think,  
 I'm not as drunk as thinkle peep,  
 I'm just a little slort of sheep,  
 A few brewkies make a guy,  
 Fool so feelish, don't know why,  
 Really don't know who's me yet,  
 The drunker I stay the longer I get,  
 So just one more to fill my cup,  
 I've all day sober to Sunday up.



**THE LASSIE WITH THE BLACK HAIRY ASSEY**

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Iwakuni White Snake Hash.

*Bagpipe sounds:*

*(Nah nah)*

Then there was the jockey with his upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Iwakuni White Snake Hash.

*(bagpipe)*

Then there was the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Iwakuni White Snake Hash.

*(bagpipe)*

Then there was the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Iwakuni White Snake Hash.

*(bagpipe)*

Then there was the Harlot making money in the car lot,  
To support the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Iwakuni White Snake Hash.

*(bagpipe)*

Then there was the Hasher who was posing as a flasher,  
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,  
To support the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Iwakuni White Snake Hash.

*(bagpipe)*

Then there was the Wenchy doing down-downs on a benchy,  
 Slaking the thirst of the Hasher who was posing as a flasher,  
 Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,  
 To support the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
 At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
 At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
 Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
 Who was lifting up her kilty at the Iwakuni White Snake Hash.

*(bagpipe)*

Now the moral of this ditty is when in San Francisco City,  
 And you're with your favorite girlie, chasing hairs all short and curly,  
 Just remember to take her hashing and to give her a good bashing,  
 And to avoid the Wenchy doing down-downs on a benchy,  
 Making money for the Hasher who was posing as a flasher,  
 Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,  
 To support the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
 At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
 At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
 Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
 Who was lifting up her kilty at the Iwakuni White Snake Hash.

*(bagpipe)*

## SPECIAL SONGS

### Warm Up Songs

(Usually sung before the run)

#### 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 another right! (extend right leg)*

*With another left! (extend left leg)*

*And a HEEEE! (hump pelvis)*

*And a HUUHH! (turn around, drop pants, moon pack)*

## **HANKY PANKY**

*Melody - Hokey Pokey*

-

You give the right eye wink  
You give the left eye wink  
You give the "come here" wink  
And he buys us both a drink

### CHORUS:

You do the hanky panky  
Get his trousers down  
That's what it's all about

You do the top lip lick  
You do the bottom lip lick  
You give a little giggle'  
Cause he thinks you'll lick his prick

You put your right tit out  
You put your left tit out  
Nipples getting harder  
So you shake them all about

You put your right cheek out  
You put your left cheek out  
You give a little wobble  
Watch his eyes pop out

You put your right leg out  
You put your left leg out  
Spread them at the knees

So he can see what it's about

You put the right hip out  
 You put the left hip out  
 Grab him by the ballocks  
 And you squeeze until he spouts

You put your pelvis in  
 You put your pelvis out  
 Go a little faster  
 And you grind it all about

You give the right ear groan  
 You give the left ear groan  
 Grind a little faster  
 'Cause he's going to drop his load

You give a right cheek kiss  
 You give a left cheek kiss  
 Hate to be a liar  
 But you tell him it was bliss

We've done the hanky panky  
 Got his trousers down  
 So fuck off!

### **MONDAY IS A WANKING DAY**

*Leader:* Today is Monday!

*All:* Today is Monday!

*Leader:* Monday is a wanking day! (*wanking motion*)

*All:* Monday is a wanking day! (*wanking motion*)

*CHORUS:*

*Leader:* Are we gonna have a good time?

*All:* You bet your ass we are!

*All:* (raise cups over heads and make one complete turn while humming) Da da dut da da, da da dut da da

*Leader:* Today is Tuesday!

*All:* Today is Tuesday!

*Leader:* Tuesday is a finger day! (*fingering motion*)

*All:* Tuesday is a finger day! (*fingering motion*)

*Leader:* Monday is a wanking day! (*wanking motion*)

*All:* Monday is a wanking day! (*wanking motion*)

*Chorus*

(*now that you've got the idea, here are the rest of the days*)

Wednesday is a drinking day! (*raise glass in salute*)

Thursday is a hmmm day! (*stick tongue between 2nd & 3rd fingers*)  
 Friday is a fucking day! (*humping motions, cheering, happiness*)  
 Saturday is a hashing day! (*running motions, cheering, happiness*)  
 Sunday is a day of rest (*low key, almost quiet*)

### **SINGING IN THE RAIN (CHIANG MAI PRAYER)**

*Melody - Singing in the Rain*

-

#### *CHORUS:*

Ah-zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah,  
 Zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah.  
 We're singing in the rain,  
 Just singing in the rain,  
 What a glorious feeling,  
 We're hap! hap! happy again,

Verse/action: Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!  
 Arms out!

Repeat chorus adding new line and action each time:

Hands together!  
 Thumbs up!  
 Elbows bent!  
 Shoulders back!  
 Chest out!  
 Stomach in!  
 Ass out!  
 Knees together!  
 Heels together!  
 Toes together!

## **Party Songs**

*(sung during on on ons, campouts or hashing events for entertainment or to see who can't keep up, everyone has to lead a verse if they mess up they drink)*

### **CHICAGO (Two Versions)**

*Melody - The Bear Went Over the Mountain*

-

*CHORUS:*

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

*(Take turns leading verses)*

**VERSION # 1:**

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 # 2:**



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 pussy)*  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for some deodorant,  
Some deodorant from the store,  
Right Guard he wanted,  
My right tit he got,     *(expose a tit)*  
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 scrotum)*  
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 left tit)*  
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,     *(expose dick)*

I don't work there any more.

### THE ENGINEER'S DREAM

*Melody - The Great Wheel*

-

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 wrists to the head of the bed (three times),  
He tied her feet 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!

**GANG BANG**

*Melody - Ta-Ra-Ra-Ra-Ra, Boom-De-Ay*

-

**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,

### CHORUS

#### 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)

### MASTURBATION (FORNICATION)

*Melody - Alouette*

.

#### 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 . . .

**MORE BEER**

*Melody - Amazing Grace*

CHORUS:

A nice cold beer, How sweet it sounds.  
 To save a drunk like me.

*(stop, drink a beer, catch your breath and resume)*

I finished 1, but I'm not done,  
 More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my wife, I love my beer.  
 But if I had to choose.  
 My dear old wife, who I love with my life,  
 Would most undoubtedly lose.

*(CHORUS)*

I finished off 2, but I'm not through,  
 More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my truck, I love my beer  
 But if I had to choose,  
 I'd sell my 4X4, Of which I do adore.  
 For beer I'd walk to the store.

*(CHORUS)*

I finished off 3, now I have to pee  
 More beer, More beer, More beer.  
 I love to fuck, I love my beer

but If I had to choose  
It's beer for me, unless her pussy,  
tastes like more beer, more beer.

*(CHORUS)*

I finished off 4, but still want more,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my dog, I love my beer,  
but if I had to choose,  
I sell my pet, to the vet,  
A dog for beer more beer.

*(CHORUS)*

I finished off 5, I'm still alive,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love my MOM, I love my beer  
but If I had to choose,  
That drunken whore, It's me she bore,  
Still I choose more beer more beer.

*(CHORUS)*

I finished off 6, I've had my fix, *(Or: "still need my fix"...to those who can't sing!)*  
Now you all must drink more beer.

*MORE VERSES:*

I love my house, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
My house might might burn down, But I could still pound  
More beer, more beer, more beer

*(CHORUS)*

I just had 7, not yet to 11  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love my guns, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If my aim is bad, then I'm still glad  
To have more beer, more beer

*(CHORUS)*

I just had 8, it's not to late  
To drink more beer, more beer

I love fishing, I love my beer

But if I had to choose  
If I lost my line, I wouldn't whine  
I'd drink more beer, more beer

*(CHORUS)*

I just had 9, I'm feeling fine  
More beer, more beer, more beer

I love NASCAR, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If I lost the race, I'd get shit-faced  
More beer, more beer, more beer

*(CHORUS)*

I just had 10, Don't know when to say when  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love my porch, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
My rocking chair, won't always be there  
So I count on beer, more beer

*(CHORUS)*

I just had 11, but I'm still getting  
More beer, more beer, more beer

I love my tools, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If my power-drill exploded, I'd go get loaded  
On beer, more beer, more beer

*(CHORUS)*

I just had 12, from off my shelf  
More beer, more beer, more beer

As you can tell, I love my beer  
I'm such a drunk, you see?  
When I fall down, you can drink my next round  
More beer, more beer, more beer!!

*ADDITIONAL VERSES*

I love the Queen, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
The royal family I'd slaughter, for wheat, hops and water  
More beer more beer more beer

I love my husband, I love my beer  
 But if I had to choose  
 I'd take half his money, and say goodbye honey  
 More beer more beer more beer

I love my car, I love my beer  
 but if I had to choose  
 I'd dump my car, In Exeter (or, and head to the bar)  
 More beer more beer more beer

### **MY NAME IS JACK (NECROPHILIA SONG)**

*Melody - Itself*

My name is Jack (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I'm a necrophiliac (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I fucks dead wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 And I fills 'em full of jism.  
 I get frustrated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 When they're cremated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Cause try as I must (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I can't fuck dust!

Each time I pass a cemetery gate,  
 I whip it out and masturbate.

My name is Judy (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 My favorite stiff's a beauty (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Though his pecker's soft and thin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I find his femur slips right in.  
 Most girls like their guys aware (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Me, I prefer Joe's lifeless stare (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Don't you call me a ghoul (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Just 'cause my Joe's real cool!

Each time I pass the mortuary gate,  
 My vagina starts to lubricate.

My name is Phil (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I likes my wimmen still (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I whack off in (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 An occupied coffin.  
 I love wrinkly wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Who are over sixty-five (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Especially if they died (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 At twenty-five!

Each day I try to copulate,  
 With my favorite deceased mate.

My name is Mary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I met my lover through an obituary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
So what if he's dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
At least he doesn't fart in bed.  
I like his leathery skin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I can poke it with a pin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And when the worms come out his butt (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I feed them to the mutt!

Every time I see a crematory urn,  
My genitals begin to burn.

My name is Ron (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I get a hard-on (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
When I see a redhead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Who's deader than dead.  
You don't polka or waltz (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
With a girl with no pulse (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I like my wimmen old (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I prefer my wimmen cold!

Each time I pass a mausoleum,  
My shorts fill up with cream.

My name is Denise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My man is deceased (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I think it's wise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
To love a man who's demised.  
I broke into his tomb (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Took him home to my room (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

My mother Doris (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Admires his rigor mortis!

Each time I pass the old graveyard,  
I find my nipples getting hard.

My name is Mitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And I dig a wealthy bitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Not because she's really rich (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
But 'cause she's in a six-foot ditch.  
Most like their ladies hot (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I rather fancy not (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Just in case you have forgotten (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I prefer my wimmen rotten!

Each time I pass a funeral pyre,  
My libido catches fire.

My name is Gertrude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Now you may think this rather rude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
But I don't find it crude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
To go down on a dead dude.  
He won't come in my mouth (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
His sex drive has gone south (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
He won't take my money (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And he'll never call me Honey!

Each time I hear a funeral dirge,  
I get the old carnal urge.

My name is Paul (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My girl doesn't move at all (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
It's not that she's frigid (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
It's 'cause she's rigid.  
Most like their wimmen quick (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Personally, the thought makes me sick (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I fairly dread (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Sleeping with the Undead!

Every time I see a hearse,  
My akey-breaky balls ache worse.

My name is Mary Beth (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I'm actually into death (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Once they're dead I don't get high (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I want them AS they die.  
As they start to come (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I crush their windpipes with my thumb (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
When my lovers have death spasms (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I enjoy multiple orgasms!

Each time I pass a burial plot,  
It stimulates my G-spot.

My name is Earl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Some people think I'm quite a churl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I once exhumed a little girl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I love the way her toenails curl.  
I take satisfaction (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
In advanced putrefaction (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Her toothy grin and concave cheek (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Her sexy decomposing reek!

Each time I pass a funeral wake,  
I grow a monster one-eyed snake.

My name is Monique (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I'm a necro-lesbian freak (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I love vaginal cavities (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Of expired celebrities.  
 Once in a very lusty mood (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I dug up Natalie Wood (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I used a casket hoist (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 And found her still delectably moist!

When I visit memorial parks,  
 My pussy starts emitting sparks.

My name is Brucie (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I'm weird and fey and swishy (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 My lover once was hetero (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 But in death he's my special homo.  
 I used to like to fist him (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I could get my whole hand in (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 But now he's overused (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 His rotting bum is simply huge!

Each time I pass a sarcophagus,  
 I'm seized with homosexual lust.

My name is Manfred (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Sheep are so hot when they're dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I hit and killed one on the road (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 And I shot off a mother-load.  
 I keep my decomposing lambkin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 Its starting to lose a lot of skin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 There's parts where you can see its skeleton (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 And other parts I like to put my tongue in!

Every time I pass a farm,  
 My skivvies fill with juices warm.

**SONG ENDER:**

My name is Gus (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I am incestuous (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I fucks my mother (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 And I bugger my brother.  
 And when they die *[slower tempo]*(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 And float to the Sky (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I'm just like Jack *{tempo speeds back up}*(deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
 I'm a necrophiliac

**THE S & M MAN**

*Melody - The Candy Man*

*(Take turns leading verses, the pack repeats the first 2 lines and then all sing the chorus)*

Who will run through briars (*who will run through briars*),  
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 glass rod,  
Shove up his dick,  
Lay it on the table,  
And smash it with a brick?  
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 over and over,  
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 can take two ice picks,  
Stick one in each ear,

And fuck her as a Harley,  
While shifting up through the gears?  
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.

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 goes to the abortion clinic,

Fuck sneaking around back,  
 Busts through the front door,  
 And snatches one right from her crack?  
 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.

#### **THE S & M GIRL** (*variation on S & M Man*)

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

#### CHORUS:

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

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

Who can take a buzz saw,

Hold it to her 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.

### **YOGI BEAR SONG**

*Melody - Camptown Races  
(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 . . .

Send mail to [3 Dogs Fucking](#) with questions or comments about this web site.  
 Last modified: 07/19/06