



Pittsburgh Hash House Harriers - PGH-H3

Hash Hotline: 412-381-6709

The Original Drinking Club with a Running Problem

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Ain't Masturbatin'

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by Whiff

Don't buff the bishop,
 Don't wax my bean,
 Don't choke the chicken,
 I think you know what I mean.
 Ain't masturbatin',
 Savin' all my load for you.

Don't stroke my bony
 one-eyed baloney,
 My Mannon yogurt is
 For your consumption only.
 Ain't masturbatin',
 Savin' all my load for you.

I'm forsakin' shakin' bacon.
 Trouser snakin' just ain't my style.
 My jiz is the fizz in your Sperm-o-dent smile.
 Ooo - go easy.

I don't like workin'
 Gland in glove.
 No jerkin' gherkins -
 It's your lips I'm thinkin' of.
 Ain't masturbatin',
 Savin' all my load for you.

Don't fling the phallus,
 Won't flog the frog.
 No squeezin' mustard
 From my Oscar Meyer dog.
 Ain't masturbatin',
 Savin' all my load for you.

Ain't whippin' up no
 warm Baby Gravy,
 Don't got a discharge
 from the white-knuckle navy.
 Ain't masturbatin',
 Savin' all my load for you.

I skip the hand jive,
 Don't give "low-fives,"
 Lube the tube or make the bread rise.
 My crotch chowder's seasoned 'specially for you.
 Mmm - believe me.

Won't milk the lizard,
 Don't baste my ham.
 Let Mr. Wizard in
 To soak your tonsils, ma'am.
 Ain't masturbatin',
 Savin' all my spunk for -
 Ain't masturbatin',
 Savin' all my jiz for -
 Ain't masturbatin',
 Savin' all my load for you.

Are Yinz From Pittsburgh

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Are yinz from Pittsburgh?
 I said from Pittsburgh
 Where the emphysema rate is so high
 Where streets are narrow
 Like Mia Farrow
 And flocks of pigeons shit in your eye
 Are yinz from Baldwin or Monroeville or from Aspinwall?
 Or do you come from South Side with your bowling ball?
 Are yinz from Pittsburgh?
 I said from Pittsburgh.
 'Cause we're from Pittsburgh too.

We know our city
 Is not so pretty
 But so what if we've nothing unique
 There's still Apollo
 And Panther Hollow
 And floods each year along Chartiers Creek.
 When you die they put your name upon the voting list
 And hashing is just fine if you're a masochist.
 Are yinz from Pittsburgh?
 I said from Pittsburgh.
 'Cause we're from Pittsburgh too.

The Autohash Down-Down

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(to the Beatles' Drive My Car, by Whiff)

Baby, you can drive my car,
We're not going very far-
Only to the next bar.
So baby, it's down down...
Down-down, down-down, yeah!
Down-down, down-down, yeah!

Dahn Dahn

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(think Petula Clark, by Whiff and Moon)

When you don't care
If there's beer in your hair,
You know that you've done--
a Down Down!

So much fun that
You keep on wearing your hat,
And do another one--
Down down!

It may be Miller Lite,
Honey Brown or Yuengling Porter.
Just don't take all night
'Cause our attention spans get shorter...
After a few.

So wait till we
Give you the sign,
'Cause you can't raise your glass
'Til we finish our rhyme...
And then--

Down Down!
Here in the circle where--
Down Down!
you can't come up for air.
Down Down!
If you do, you must wear your
Down down...down down....down down...

DEBAUCHERY TONIGHT

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Melody: Comedy Tonight
by Whiff

Something for lunkheads,
Something for drunk heads,

Something for everyone –
Debauchery tonight!

Something that's kinky,
Something that's stinky,
Something for everyone –
Debauchery tonight!

Nothing for pimps,
Nothing for prudes.
Bring on the luses,
Flashers and nudes!

Inebriation
And fornication,
This time we'll maybe get it right...
Sobriety tomorrow, debauchery tonight!

Plenty of hooters
And naval shooters.
Something for everyone –
Debauchery tonight!

Pussies and peckers
In triple deckers,
Something for everyone
Debauchery tonight!

Oceans of beer
Nothing too light.
This bacchinalia's
Rocking all night!

Some masturbation
And copulation,
An -ation for everybody's taste...

Chooches and wankers,
Nymphos with chancres,
Sex kits and goodies,
Fat boys with woodies!
Philanderers!
Manhandlers!,
Inebriants
And deviants!
Mistakes,
Fakes,
Mugs,
Chugs,
Nuzzlers,
Muzzlers,
Puzzlers,
Guzzlers!

Outrageous sex,
Beer by the quarts.
And there's a midnight

Nude run, of course!

What is the moral?
 Something immoral –
 Skippy the squirrel
 Rules the night!

Sobriety tomorrow,
 Debauchery,
 Debauchery,
 Debauchery,
 Debauchery,
 Debauchery...
 Tonight!!!

Dope Ray Me

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Melody: Do Re Mi, from The Sound of Music
 by Whiff

Dope, some dope,
 Some Mexican dope.
 Re, the guy who sells me dope.
 Mi, someone, who needs some dope.
 Fa, a long long way from dope.
 So, I think I'll smoke some dope.
 La, la la la la laaa.
 Ti, Ray told me this was dope!
 Which brings us back to dope, dope, dope...

HASHIN'

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(To the Grateful Dead's "Truckin")
 by Whiff

Hashin' – along the Conamaugh
 Scratched up – till my legs are raw
 Was that – a beer I just saw?
 And is there any more . . . for me?

What in the world ever became of Big Beef?
 You know, he hasn't hashed in a year and a half.
 I heard some Eerie germ's been giving him big grief.
 I guess that's why they named him "Chief of Staph".

Hashin' – over field and street,
 Bimbos – suck their toes and feet
 Fat boys – like to beat their meat
 And everybody's beggin' for . . . more beer.

The Americas Interhash '99 Welcum Song

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(like the Beauty and the Beast show-stopper, by Whiff and Moon)

Be our guests, you'll be blessed
 With all the beer you can ingest.

While you're chugging, we'll keep lugging
Extra kegs for you to test.

On the runs when those buns
Clad in spandex make you cum,
The confection your erection
Spurts will make the bimbos hum.

Suck a teat or some meat,
Find your G-spot - ooo, how sweet!
Shoot some jism, Hedonism
Is the motto-of-the-week.

Let your juices splash
This year at Interhash!
And be our guests!
Be our guests!
Be our guests!

Be our guests - bare your breasts!
Everybody get undressed!
When you're naked, you can't fake it -
you leave nothing to be guessed.

Grab a beer. Have no fear
If you take it up the rear.
'Cause your rectums, we'll inspect 'em,
Making sure the way is clear.

Grab your crotch, be debauched.
We don't care - we like to watch!
Your libido is our credo,
Let us crrank it up a notch!

Let your juices splash!
Come to the Interhash
And be our guests!
Be our guests!
Be our guests!

I'VE ONLY HALF A BRAIN

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Melody: *If I Only Had a Brain* (From the Wizard of Oz)
By Whiff; officially premiered at the Eerie (PA) H3 1st Anniversary Hash in July 1994

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

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

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

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

Chorus: I'll do down-downs till the keg begins to spit,
 Then I'll fire one up and take a little hit,
 I'll impress the women with my charming wit,
 As I shout out, "Show us your tits!"

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

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

MOONDANCE

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(Yes, *that* Moondance!)
 by Whiff

Well, it's a marvelous night for a mooning
 With the beer flowing out of your glass.
 A fantabulous night for a moon, yeah,
INTERHASH sure is crawling with ass.

...Where all the beavers on the bimbos are calling
 To the hundreds of boners that grow.
 'Cause all the beavers and the boners like balling,
 And the buns on the runs really show.

And the ni-i-ight's magic
 Seems to quiver your bush,
 And all the so-o-oft moonlight
 Really shines (dah-dah-dah!)
 On your tush! (dah-dah-dah!)

Can I just see your moon tonight,
 Your sweet, precious butt?
 Can I just have one more moon shot
 From you, you slut?!

Oh You Wankers

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(to tune of Oh Suzannah, by Bwana)

Well, we bushwhacked up from Pittsburgh,
 'Cause we heard there's halfminds here.
 And we won't get on the Interstate
 Until we've kicked the beer.

We drank all night the day we left,
 The brewskies made us high.

Now we're hashin' here in Eerie
And we're gonna suck you dry.

Oh, you wankers! Go fetch another beer,
'Cause we hashed up here from Pittsburgh
And we gotta have more beer.

(Men's Chorus)
I had a dream the other night--
The room began to spin.
I dreamed a horny bimbo came
And sat upon my chin.

Her buckwheat cake was in my face,
Her juice was in my eye.
I said, "I won't cum in your mouth."
I always fuckin' lie!

Oh, you wankers! Go fetch another beer,
'Cause we hashed up here from Pittsburgh
And we gotta have more beer.

S&M MAN verses

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Who can take some dentures,
Sharpened with a file,
And bite your genitalia with a sabertooth smile?
The S &MMan...

(Chorus)

S &Mstrikes everyone he likes
With a blend of love and malice.
So don't you ever call him callous
As he hammers on your phallus.

Who can take a plunger,
Pack it full of shit
And clamp it on your mouth until he makes you vomit?
The S &MMan...

(Chorus)

S &Msquirts you every time he hurts you
With a half a quart of jism.
Overflowing with sadism,
He just needs your masochism.

SANTA CLAUSE IS CUMMING ON YOU

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Melody: *Santa Clause is Coming to Town*
by Whiff

Oh, you better beware –
It could be your turn.
You better prepare
To be showered with sperm.

Santa Claus is cumming — on you!

He's got a trenchcoat,
'Cause he's wearing no pants.
He'll bugger you good
If you give him a chance.

Santa Claus is cumming — on you!

He'll sieze you when you're sleeping,
He'll fuck you wide awake.
He'll leave you wet and dripping,
So lock your door, for goodness sakes!

He's got a big fist
And jerking it twice.
He'll pop a big load —
That's his favorite vice.

Santa Claus is cumming — on you!

SKIPPY THE SQUIRREL

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Melody: Frosty the Snowman

By Satan and Bwana; "Skippy" is based upon true events of Pittsburgh's 550th Anniversary at the Lithuanian Club.

Skippy the Squirrel is a jolly happy soul,
With his smashed out brains and his broken nose,
And some gravel up his hole.

Skippy the Squirrel is a hasher's tale they say,
He was just too slow and the hashers know,
He was squished to death one day.

There must have been some magic,
In that old dead squirrel they found,
For when they tied him to the bus he began to fly around.

Oh, Skippy the Squirrel is as dead as he can be,
But the hashers say he can hash and play,
Just the same as you and me.

(happy whistle interlude)

Skippy the Squirrel knew the sun was hot that day,
So he said, "Lets run,
And we'll have some fun, before I rot away."

Down to the Apres, with a rope tied to his tail,
Flying here and there, all around the square,
Saying , "You'll go straight to hell."

He led them down the trail that day,
Right to a parking lot,
Where Monster Bator licked a girl,

Whose father called a cop.

Monster and Skippy had to hurry out of there,
But they waved good-bye,
Sayin ', "Don't you cry, we'll be back again next year."

Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump,
Hear those squirrelies die,
Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump,
Look at Skippy fly!

(I Can't Get No) Shiggy Traction

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(Stones' tune, by Whiff)

I can't get no - shiggy traction
I can't get no - Nike action
'Cause I tried,
But I slide.
I just slide,
So I cried -

I can't get no -
Shiggy traction!

I was hashing just last week
When the "On-On" came from over the hill.
But I kept splashing in some creek
'Cause the bank was churned into muddy swill.

I was slippin' on the stones,
'Cause there was slimy algae everywhere.
I was lost and hashing alone,
Which is nothing new, but - I was the hare!

I can't get no -
I can't get no -
"Are you?" reaction...
No shiggy traction...

SWILLIGAN'S ISLAND

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Melody: *Gilligan's Island* theme
By Whiff

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

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

The hills got steep, the shiggy deep,
The back checks had them fooled.

Then someone found the beer stop,
And everybody drooled. (Repeat)

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

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

THE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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Melody: The Addams Family
by Whiff

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

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

They're always shiggy-tracking
From constantly bushwhacking.
Intelligence they're lacking.
The Hash House Harriers!

Duh-duh-duh-duh-down-down
Duh-duh-duh-duh-down-down
Duh-duh-duh-duh
Duh-duh-duh-duh
Duh-duh-duh-duh-down-down!

THE PITTSTONES

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Written by our own WHIFF, really!

Melody: The Flintstones (Duh!)

Hashers, Meet the Hashers,
We're the biggest drunks in history.

From the, town of Pittsburgh,
We're the leaders in debauchery.

Halfminds, trailing shiggy through the years.
Watch them as they down a lot of beer...

Down down
Down down down down,
Down down down down down down down down,

Down down down down down
Down down down down down doooooon!

The ThunderChicken Song

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(by Whiff)

When you're hashin' through the shiggy,
And you're gruntin' like a piggy,
'Cause your pussy's beggin' for a lickin' --

There is something you should know,
When there is no one else to ho' you,
Caaaall for Thunderchicken!

And if you think that
You can do it better,
He'll tell you go ahead and
Write the next newsletter.

He will drink another beer
Until he cumes upon your rear.
And he will leave your buttocks wet and stickin'.

There is one thing you should learn,
When there is no one else to sperm you,
Caaall for Thunderchicken!

Walking 'round In Women's Underwear

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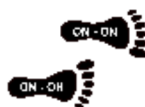
(Tune: Walking In a Winter Wonderland)

Lacy things the wife is missin'
Didn't ask for her premission
I'm wearin' her clothes, silk pantyhose
Walkin' round in woman's underwear

In the store there's a teddy
With little straps like spagetti
It hold me in tight, like handcuffs at night
Walkin' round in woman's underwear

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

Later on if you wanna
We can dress like Madonna
Put on some eyeshade and join the parade
Walkin' round in woman's underwear
Walkin' round in woman's underwear
Walkin' round in woman's underwear



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