

Father Benedict

Father Benedict

Loved altar boys

Altar boys loved Father Benedict

And they always laughed

And they never cried

All they did was go like this

With a Right

And a Left

And another Right

And another Left

And an OOOOOOO

And an Ahhhhhhhh

Incest Time in Texas

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

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

Rubber Dicky

Rubber Dicky

You're the one

Who makes bedtime

So much fun

Rubber Dicky

I'm awfully fond of

Rubber Dicky

You're a magical wand of

Rubber Dicky you're the only

One for me

Drink

Tune: Sing!

Drink,

Drink a beer,

Belch out loud,

Belch out clear,

Drink of good times, we run,

Drink of plenty, not one.....

Drink,

Drink the brew,

Down it quickly, this beer we give to you,

Don't worry that it's not good enough,

For anyone else to down,

Just drink,

Drink the beer.....

Burp, burp, burp, burp, burp, etc...

When the End of the Month Rolls Around

Tune: [The Caissons Go Rolling Along](#) (The Army Song/The Field Artillery Song)

*You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the blotch that she's got a leaky crotch
When the end of the month rolls around.*

CHORUS:

*For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Tampon factory,
Shout out your sizes loud and strong:
Junior, Regular, Super-Duper, Bale of Hay!
For where e're we go you will always know
When the end of the month rolls around.*

*You can tell by the stain that she's in a lot of pain
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her stance she's got cotton in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.*

*You can tell by her stance that she's bleeding in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell that it itches by the way she always bitches
When the end of the month rolls around.*

*You can bet it ain't sweat when her underwear is wet
When the end of the month rolls around.*

*You can tell by the stink that she isn't in the pink
When the end of the month rolls around.*

Twelve Days of Hashmas (Version 3)

Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas

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

Dead Whore

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

*II passed a dead whore on the roadside
I knew right away she was dead.
For the skin on her stomach was flaking
She hadn't a hair on her head
She hadn't a hair on her head.*

Chorus:

*Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my dead whore to me
Bring back, bring back,*

*While nibbling my dead whore's festered nipples
A horrible thing to discuss
I thought it was milk I was sucking
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus, green pus
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus.*

Chorus...

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

Chorus...

Hanky Panky

Tune: 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*

Chorus

*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,*

Chorus

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

Chorus

*You put your pelvis in
You put your pelvis out*

*Go a little faster
And you grind it all about*

Barney's Hash Song

Tune: I Love You

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!

Hash House Harriers

Tune: [The Addams Family](#)

Lyrics by: Jim "Whiff" Mpntgomery, Pittsburgh H3

Their drinking is compulsive and

Their running is convulsive

They're morally repulsive,

The Hash House Harriers

[(Da Da Da Da)(Snap fingers twice)Repeat]

Their flatulence is rude and

Their genitals protrude when

They're running in nude in

The Hash House Harriers

[(Da Da Da Da)(Snap fingers twice)Repeat]

Hot Vagina

Tune: [Yellow Rose of Texas](#)

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

Leprosy

Tune: Yesterday

*Leprosy, bits and pieces falling off of me
I'm not half the man I used to be
Since I acquired leprosy.*

*Syphilis, feels like razors everytime I piss
Who the hell's to blame for this
It's agony this syphilis.*

*Pregnancy, there's a shotgun hanging over me
Why has this bulge got to be
I should have used one silly me*

*CHORUS:
Why I had to cum,
I don't know she wouldn't blow
I did something wrong,
Now I long for birth control.*

Dough, Ray, Me

Tune: [Do, Re, Mi](#)

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

Our Lager

Spoken

Our Lager

Which art in barrels

Hallowed be thy drink,

Thy will be drunk, (I will be drunk)

At home as in the tavern

Give us this day our foamy head

And forgive us our spillages,

As we forgive those who spill against us

And lead us not into incarceration

But deliver us from hangovers

For thine is the beer,

The bitter and the lager

Forever and ever

On-On

