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## WARM-UP SONGS

### **Father Abraham**

*old camp song melody*

Father Abraham  
Had seven sons  
Seven sons had Father Abraham  
And they never laughed  
And they never cried  
All they did was go like this  
With the right

*(Wave right hand in time to the melody; add the following lines to the end of each verse as the song progresses:)*

...And the left (*Wave left hand*)  
...And the right (*Kick right foot out*)  
...And the left (*Kick left foot out*)  
...And an "OOH!" (*Thrust butt backwards*)  
...And an "AAH!" (*Thrust pelvis forwards*)

*Final run of chorus, all motions included; end with:*

"OOH! AAH!"

### **Father Birmingham**

*variation on Father Abraham,  
written by The JizzMoppa*

Father Birmingham  
Likes altar boys  
Altar boys like Father Birmingham  
'Cause he makes 'em laugh  
And he makes 'em cry  
When he touches them in the rectory  
With the right finger

*(Jab right finger, in time to the melody; add the following lines to the end of each verse as the song progresses:)*

...And the left finger (*Jab left finger*)  
...And the right toe (*Kick right toe out*)  
...And the left toe (*Kick left toe out*)  
...And an "AAH!" (*Thrust butt backwards*)  
...And a "MEN!" (*Thrust pelvis forwards*)

*Final run of chorus, all motions included; end with:*

"AAH! MEN!"

### **Head, Shoulders, Tits and Ass**

*melody: old camp song*

Head, shoulders, tits and ass, tits and ass  
Head, shoulders, tits and ass, tits and ass (...)  
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose (...)  
Head, shoulders, tits and ass, tits and ass (...)

*(Touch each body part as it is named)*

### **The Hokey Pokey**

*melody: same*

*(As in the traditional song, do the actions as called out in the verses)*

You put your right tit in  
You take your right tit out  
You put your right tit in  
And you shake it all about  
You do the hokey pokey  
And you turn yourself around  
That's what it's all about

*Other verses/body parts:*

Left tit, ass/right cheek/left cheek, balls, dick,  
hoo-hah, etc...

### **My Name Is Joe/Button Factory**

*chant, no melody*

Hi, my name is Joe  
And I work in a button factory  
I've got a wife ("She's a bitch!")  
And three kids ("They're all brats!")  
*(Alternate response: "One's gay, that's okay...")*  
One day  
My boss comes up to me and says,  
"Joe!  
Are you busy?"  
I said, "No..."  
He said, "Could you push a button with your..."

*(RA picks person out from circle, who will name a body part. Song repeats from beginning, while a punching motion is made with said body part. At the end of each verse, a new person/body part are added until one of two things happens:*

*1) somebody selects the tongue as a body part; the last chorus is chanted with tongue out, sounds very silly... or 2) the combined button punching motions/body parts become too spastic to maintain. In either case, the last line is:)*

..."Joe!  
Are you busy?"  
I said, "YES!!"

## CALLS TO THE CIRCLE

### **A Prayer/Balls To Mr. Bengelstein**

*starts as chant; melody part is Ach Du Lieber*

*Chant (à la Gregorian monks):*

A prayer, a prayer  
A prayer for the dehydrated  
BEER!

A prayer, a prayer  
A prayer for the constipated  
SHIT!

A prayer, a prayer  
A prayer for the frustrated  
FUCK!

A prayer, a prayer  
A prayer for the castrated  
BALLS...

*Transition to melody:*

Balls to Mr. Bengelstein  
Bengelstein, Bengelstein  
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein  
Dirty old man

He sits on the steeple  
And shits on the people  
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein  
Dirty old man

He keeps us all waiting  
While he's masturbating  
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein  
Dirty old man

### **The Hairs Of Her Dickey Di Do**

*melody: Ach Du Lieber*

*Chorus:*

And the hairs, and the hairs  
And the hairs of her dickey di do  
Hung down to her knees

*Verse:*

One black one, one white one  
And one with a little shite on  
And one with a tiny light on  
To show us the way

*Repeat chorus*

*Other verses:*

She came down from Taunton  
All lurid and wanton  
And the hairs of her dickey di do... (etc.)

Her name now was Lydia  
She was wracked with chlamydia...

She sits on the waterfront  
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt...

She married an Italian  
Who was hung like a stallion...

She divorced the Italian  
And married the stallion...

It's icky, it's gooey  
It tastes like chop suey...

I've stroked `em, I've poked `em  
I've rolled `em up and smoked `em...

You'd have to be a coal miner  
To find her vagina...

I folded her lips back  
And I found a six-pack...

If she were my daughter  
I'd give her vinegar and water...

Her hairs were so mangled  
Her first-born was strangled...

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

I reached into her thing  
And I found my class ring...

She came down to Boston  
With a cunt you could get lost in...

## DOWN-DOWN SONGS

### **Why Are We Waiting?**

*melody: O Come, All Ye Faithful*

*(This should be sung at the end of every down-down song if the accused is taking too long to consume his beverage)*

Why are we waiting?  
We could be masturbating [/fornicating]  
Oh why are we waiting  
So fucking long?  
WHY are we waiting?  
We could be masturbating [/fornicating]  
Oh why are we waiting  
Oh why are we waiting  
Oh WHY-Y-Y ARE WE WAITING  
So fu-cking long?

### **Here's To...**

*melody: unknown*

Here's to [the hasher(s)/virgin(s)/newly named]  
They're true blue  
They are hashers [/He/She's a hasher] through  
and through  
They are pisspots [/He/She's a pisspot] so they  
say  
Tried to go to heaven, but they [/he/she] went  
the other way [/turned out gay]  
So drink it down down down down... *(etc.)*

### **A Short Hymn**

*chant*

Him!  
Him!  
Fuck him!  
Drink it down down down down... *(etc.)*

### **Another Short One**

*melody: Ta Ra Ra Boom-De-Ay*

This is your down-down song  
It isn't very long  
Down down down DOWN da-down  
Down down down DOWN da-down... *(etc.)*

### **Bullshit**

*melody: chorus of My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean*

*(Good for false accusations or other screw-ups)*

Bull-shit, bull-shit  
It sounds like bullshit to me, to me  
Bull-shit, bull-shit  
It sounds like bullshit to me!  
Drink it down down down down... *(etc.)*

### **A Soldier I Will Be**

*melody: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik (Mozart)*

Ass-hole, ass-hole  
A soldier I will be  
Two-piss, two-piss  
Two pistols on my knee  
For cunt, for cunt  
For country and for Queen  
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole  
A soldier I will be  
Drink it down down down down... *(etc.)*

### **The Gravity Test**

*melody: unknown*

When accused of hash offenses  
You know what your defense is:  
Throw your hat upward bound  
Jurisprudence says it's the gravity test  
You're only guilty if it falls down down down  
down... *(etc.)*

### **He's The Meanest**

*melody: unknown*

*(Can be sung as "She's the meanest", or "They're the meanest")*

He's the meanest  
He sucks the horse's penis  
He's the meanest  
He's a horse's ass  
Ever since he found it  
All he does is pound it  
He's the meanest  
He's a horse's ass  
Drink it down down down down... *(etc.)*

### **Meet The Hashers**

*melody: The Flintstones theme*

Hashers  
Meet the hashers  
They're the biggest drunks in history  
From the  
Town of *(shout out your home kennel's town)*  
They're the leaders in debauchery  
Half-minds  
Trailing shiggy through the years  
Watch them  
As they drink 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

### **Put It In Your Hands, Mrs. Murphy**

*melody: Red River Valley*

Put it in your hands, Mrs. Murphy  
It only weighs a quarter of a pound  
It's got hair 'round its neck like a turkey  
And it spits when you shake it up and  
Down down down down... (etc.)

### **Put Your Left Leg Over My Shoulder**

*melody: For He's A Jolly Good Fellow*

Put your left leg over my shoulder  
Put your right leg over my shoulder|  
(Cover mouth with hand, poke tongue  
through split fingers)  
Mleh-mleh MLEH mleh mleh-mleh MLEH MLEH  
Drink it down down down down... (etc.)

### **S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L**

*melody: Mickey Mouse Club theme*

S-H-I... T-T-Y... T-R-A-I-L  
Shitty trail, shitty trail  
The motherfucker[s] laid a shitty trail  
  
Now's the time for you to pay  
For all our misery  
S-H-I... T-T-Y... T-R-A-I-L  
Down-down DOWN, down-down DOWN... (etc.)

*Other verses:*

I would rather drink a beer  
Than run your shitty trail  
S-H-I... T-T-Y... T-R-A-I-L  
Down-down DOWN, down-down DOWN... (etc.)

F-U-C... K-E-D... A-G-A-I-N  
Fucked again, fucked again  
Bend over, grab your ankles, here it comes  
Down-down DOWN, down-down DOWN... (etc.)

### **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  
("Bang-bang!")  
They ought to be tied to a urinal  
And left there to fester and rot  
Drink it down down down down... (etc.)

### **Twenty Toes**

*melody: unknown*

There is a game called twenty toes  
It's played all over town  
The women play with ten toes up  
The men with ten toes down down down... (etc.)

### **Visitors**

*melody: Ach Du Lieber*

Here's to brother [/sister] hashers  
Brother [/sister] hashers, brother [/sister]  
hashers  
Here's to brother [/sister] hashers  
May they chug-a-lug  
They're happy, they're jolly  
THEY'RE FUCKED UP, BY GOLLY!  
Here's to brother [/sister] hashers  
May they chug-a-lug  
Drink it down down down down... (etc.)

### **What A Wank**

*melody: William Tell Overture/Lone Ranger Theme*

What a wank, what a wank  
What a wank wank wank  
What a wank, what a wank  
What a wank wank wank  
What a wank, what a wank  
What a wank wank wank  
What a WA-A-ANK  
Oh what a wank wank wank

Drink it down, drink it down  
Drink it down down down... (etc.)

### **Why Were They Born So Beautiful**

*melody: unknown*

Why was they she born so beautiful?  
Why was they born at all?  
They're no fucking good to anyone  
They're no fucking good at all  
They may be a joy to their mother  
But they're a pain in the asshole to me  
Drink it down, down, down, down... (etc.)

### **Ziggy-Zoggy**

*chant*

Ziggy-zoggy, ziggy-zoggy  
Hoy hoy hoy!  
Ziggy-zoggy, ziggy-zoggy  
Hoy hoy hoy!

Motorcycle, motorcycle  
Vroom vroom vroom!  
Motorcycle, motorcycle  
Vroom vroom vroom!  
Drink it down down down... (etc.)



## VARIOUS OTHER SONGS AND CHANTS

### **A Frenchman Went To The Lavat'ry**

*melody: La Marseillaise*

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry  
To have himself a shit, shit, shit  
He took his jacket and trousers off  
So that he could revel in it, it, it

But when he reached for the paper  
He found that someone had been there before  
"Ou est le papier? Ou est le papier?  
Monsieur, monsieur, je fai-ai-ais manure!  
Ou est le papier??"

### **Alouette**

*melody: same (traditional French song)*

*(This should be done with a harriette volunteer)*

*Chorus:*

Alouette, gentille Alouette  
Alouette, je te plumerai

*Verse:*

*Leader:* Does she have the scraggly hair?  
*Pack:* Yes, she has the scraggly hair!  
*Leader:* Scraggly hair?  
*Pack:* Scraggly hair!  
*Leader:* Alouette?  
*Pack:* Alouette!  
*All:* Oh oh oh oh...

*Repeat chorus; add the following lines to the end of each verse*

*Other verses (verse structure as above):*

*L:* Does she have the unibrow?  
*P:* Yes, she has the unibrow!  
*(etc.)*

*L:* Does she have the wooden eye?  
*P:* Yes, she has the wooden eye!  
*L:* Wooden eye?  
*P:* YES, I WOULD!!

Does she have the broken nose?  
Does she have the blowjob lips?  
Does she have the cum-stained teeth?  
Does she have the chin to rest my nuts on?  
Does she have the GREAT BIG SWINGING TITS?  
Does she have the beer belly?  
Does she have the furry thing?  
Does she have the rug-burned knees?  
Has she been a real good sport?

### **As I Was Walking Through St. Paul's**

*melody: Old Hundredth (traditional hymn)*

As I was walking through St. Paul's  
The vicar grabbed me by the balls  
I cried for help, but no help came  
And so he grabbed my balls again

As I lay sleeping in the grass  
Some bastard rammed it up my ass  
I cried for help, but no help came  
And so he rammed it up again

As I was walking through the wood  
I shat myself, I knew I would  
I cried for help, but no help came  
And so I shat myself again

A-a-a-me-e-en...

### **At The Gang Bang**

*melody: Bandstand March*

*Chorus:*

I'd like to gang bang, oh yes I would  
Because a gang bang makes me feel 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 twice a day

*Leader:* Knock, knock!

*Pack:* Who's there?

*Leader:* Anita

*Pack:* Anita who?

*Leader:* Anita blowjob before the gang bang...

*Repeat chorus*

*Other verses (verse structure as above):*

Police/Police gimme a quickie before the...  
Mister Bush/Missed her bush and came on her stomach...  
Ben/Ben dover and have another...  
Turner/Turner over and have another...  
Ranger/A ranger her for best entry at the...  
Oliver/Oliver clothes were off at the...  
Dolly Parton/Dolly's partin' her thighs at the...  
Kissinger/Kissinger's great but fuckin' her's better at the...  
Betty/Betty'll have a sore dick at the...  
Extinct/Extinct like fish at the...  
Eileen/Eileen her over the sofa at the...  
Sharon/Sharon share alike at the...  
Ima/I'm-a glad we had this...  
Eisenhower/Eisenhower late for the...  
Witchy/Witchy one you 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...

## **The Bagpipe Song**

*melody: Scotland The Brave*

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assie  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Boston Hash

### *Chorus*

*(Make droning sound and tap throat while singing):*

Na na na na na na,  
Na na na na na na,  
Na na na na na na,  
Na na na na...

Here's to the jockey with his upstandin' cocky  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Boston Hash

### *Repeat chorus*

Here's to the Yankee who was wankin' in his hanky  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Boston Hash

### *Repeat chorus*

Here's to the queerie who was leerin' through his beerie  
At the sight o' the Yankee who was wankin' in his hanky  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Boston Hash

### *Repeat chorus*

Here's to the harlot who was workin' in the car lot  
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his beerie  
At the sight o' the Yankee who was wankin' in his hanky  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Boston Hash

### *Repeat chorus*

Here's to the hasher who was posin' as a flasher  
Hustlin' tricks from the harlot who was workin' in the car lot  
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his beerie  
At the sight o' the Yankee who was wankin' in his hanky  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky

Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Boston Hash

### *Repeat chorus*

Here's to the wenchy doin' down-downs on a benchie  
For the pleasure o' the hasher who was posin' as a flasher  
Hustlin' tricks from the harlot who was workin' in the car lot  
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his beerie  
At the sight o' the Yankee who was wankin' in his hanky  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Boston Hash

### *Repeat chorus*

Now the moral o' this ditty is when you're in Boston City  
And you're with your favorite girlie, chasin' hairs all short and curly  
Just remember to take her hashin' and to give her a good bashin'  
And keep her away from the wenchy doing down-downs on the benchie  
For the pleasure o' the hasher who was posin' as a flasher  
Hustlin' tricks from the harlot who was workin' in the car lot  
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his beerie  
At the sight o' the Yankee who was wankin' in his hanky  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Boston Hash

### *Repeat chorus*

## **Bestiality's Best**

*melody: Tie Me Kangaroo Down*

### *Chorus:*

Bestiality's best, boys  
Bestiality's best  
Bestiality's best, boys  
Bestiality's best

### *Verse:*

Stick your log in a dog, boys  
Stick your log in a dog  
Stick your log in a dog, boys  
Stick your log in a dog  
Because...

### *Repeat chorus*

### *Other verses (verse structure as above):*

Rub your mound on a hound, girls...  
Shoot your juice in a moose...  
Blow your load in a toad...  
Stick your dick in a tick...  
Get in deep with a sheep...  
Stick your log in a frog...  
Shoot your juice in a goose...  
Try your luck with a duck...  
Chuck your sperm in a worm...  
Down the throat of a goat...  
Drink the pee of a bee...  
Get it out for a trout...  
Give some cock to a croc...  
Go the whole way with a moray...  
Have a deer from the rear...  
Have a frig with a pig...  
Have a shag with a stag...  
Intercourse with a horse...  
In the sack with yak...  
Jam your cam in a ram...  
Make a llama a mama...  
Move your tool in a mule...  
Put it through a gnu...  
Put your noodle to a poodle...  
Put your spear in a deer...  
Rub your box on a fox, girls...  
Rub your clitty on a kitty, girls...  
Shoot your spunk in a skunk...  
Sixty-nine with a swine...  
Stick your rod up a cod...  
Stick your cock in a hawk...  
Stick your dork in a stork...  
Up the ass of a bass...  
Up the back of a yak...  
Up the box of a fox...  
Up the flue of a shrew...  
Up the hole of a mole...  
Up the spout of a trout...  
Up the tail of a whale...  
Blow your rocks in an ox...

## **By The Light Of The Flickering Match**

*melody: By The Light Of The Silvery Moon*

By the light  
("By the light, by the light...")  
of a flickering match  
("Of a flickering match...")  
I saw her snatch, by the light of that  
fli-cker-ing match  
By the light  
("By the light, by the light..")  
Of a flickering match  
("Of a flickering match...")  
I saw it gleam, I heard her scream  
"You are burning my snatch,  
with your fucking match!"

## **Do Re Mi**

*melody: same, as in The Sound of Music*

Dos, a beer, a Mexican beer  
Ray, the guy that buys me beer  
Me, the guy that drinks the beer  
Fa, a long long way for beer  
So, I think I'll have a beer  
La, la la la la la  
Tea? No thanks, I'll have a beer  
Which will bring us back to  
Dope dope dope dope  
  
Dope, some dope, some Mexican dope  
Ray, the guy that buys me dope  
Me, the guy that smokes the dope  
Fa, a long long way for dope  
So, I think I'll smoke some dope  
La, la la la la la  
Tea? You said that this was dope!  
Which will bring us back to  
Fuck fuck fuck fuck  
  
Fuck a duck, a female duck  
Screw a baby kangaroo  
Finger-bang an orangutang  
Let an elephant do you  
Feel! the penis of an eel  
Whack! the asshole of a yak  
Masturbate with a gnu  
Which will bring us back to  
You you you you you!

## **Do Your Balls Hang Low?**

*melody: Turkey In The Straw*

Do your balls hang low?  
Do they wobble to and fro?  
Can you tie `em in a knot?  
Can you tie `em in a bow?  
Do they clang like a gong  
When you pull upon your dong?  
Do your balls hang low?

*Other verses:*

Can you throw `em over your shoulder?  
Do you need a boulder holder?

Do they make a lusty clamor  
When you hit `em with a hammer?

Can you bounce `em off the wall  
Like an Indian rubber ball?

Do they make a hollow sound  
When you drag `em on the ground?

## **Drive It Home**

*melody: unknown*

I gave her inches one  
She said, "Honey, this is fun,  
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches two  
She said, "You know what to do,  
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches three  
She said, "Is that all for me?  
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches four  
She said, "More, More, More!  
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches five  
She said, "Oh, I feel alive,  
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches six  
She said, "Fuck me with your prick,  
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches seven  
She said, "Oh, I'm in heaven,  
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches eight  
She said, "Oh, this is great,  
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches nine  
She said, "Bullshit, bullshit, it sounds like  
bullshit to me, to me  
Bullshit, bullshit, it sounds like bullshit to me..."

So I gave her inches ten  
She said, "Baby, that's the end,  
Put your pecker in your pants and drive it home"  
("Drive it home!")

## **The End Of The Month**

*melody: Caissons*

*Verse:*

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:*

So it's hi, hi, hee in the tampon factory  
Shout out your orders loud and clear  
We've got small, medium, large  
We've got rags to fit a barge  
When the end of the month rolls around

*Other verses (verse structure as above):*

You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling  
out...  
You can tell by her walk that you will get it –  
NOT!...  
You can tell by the stain that she's in a lot of  
pain...  
You can tell by her stance, she's got cotton in  
her pants...  
You can tell by her pain that you'll be beating off  
again...  
You can tell by the string, she's got something  
up her thing...  
You can tell by the flood that she's losing lots of  
blood...  
You can tell by the stench that there's trouble in  
the trench...  
You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling  
out...  
You can tell by her walk, all you're gonna do is  
talk...  
You can tell that it itches by the way she always  
bitches...  
You can bet it ain't sweat when her underwear is  
wet...  
You can tell by the stink that she isn't in the  
pink...  
You can tell by the red that you're only getting  
head...  
You can tell by the flies that are buzzing 'round  
her thighs...  
If she won't let you pump, you can do it in her  
rump...  
If your sex life's a loss and your cock is growing  
moss...

## **The Engineer Song**

*melody: Froggy Went A-Courtin'*

An engineer told me before he died, a-hum  
("Titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum...")  
An engineer told me before he died, a-hum  
("Titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum...")  
An engineer told me before he died  
I have no reason to believe he lied  
A-hum titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum, a-hum

He had a wife with a cunt so wide, a-hum  
("Titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum...")  
(Repeat x 2 as above)

He had a wife with a cunt so wide  
That she could never be satisfied  
A-hum... (etc.)

So he built a bloody great wheel...  
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel...

The balls of brass were filled with cream...  
The whole damn issue was driven by steam...

He tied her hands to the head of the bead...  
He tied her legs above her head...

There she lay, demanding a fuck...  
He shook her hand and wished her luck...

Round and round went the great big wheel...  
Up and down went the prick of steel...

Up and up went the level of steam...  
Down and down went the level of cream...

Until at last the maiden cried...  
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied!"...

Now we come to the gruesome bit...  
There was no way of stopping it...

She was torn from ass to tit...  
The whole damn room was covered in shit...

Now we come to the bit that's grim...  
It jumped off her and started on him...

The last time that the thing was seen...  
It was over in England bugging the Queen...

The moral of the story is clear...  
Never fuck with an engineer!

## **Follow The Hares**

*melody: unknown*

### *Chorus:*

Drink a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the hares  
Follow the hares with your tits in the air  
Drink a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the hares  
Follow the hares all the way

### *Verse:*

My girlfriend[/boyfriend]'s a postman, a  
postman,  
a postman  
A mighty fine postman is she[/he]  
All day she[/he] licks stamps, she[/he] licks  
stamps, she[/he] licks stamps,  
And when he comes home, she[/he]licks me

### *Repeat chorus*

### *Other verses (verse structure as above):*

Baker/creams puffs/creams...  
Milkman/milks cows/milks...  
Oilman/drills wells/drills...  
Ploughman/ploughs fields/plows...  
Glassblower/blows glass/blows...  
Mail clerk/licks stamps/licks...  
Nurse/takes temps/takes...  
Gymnast/strides poles/strides...  
Baker/kneads bread/needs...  
Dancer/does steps/does...  
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks...  
Cowboy/rides broncs/rides...  
Mechanic/screws bolts/screws...  
Guitarist/plays licks/licks...  
Carpenter/bangs nails/bangs...  
Truck driver/grinds gears/grinds...  
Postman/stuffs boxes/stuffs...  
Plumber/lays pipe/lays...  
Chef/eats this, he eats that/eats...  
Bricklayer/lays brick/lays...  
Dentist/drills you/drills...  
Taxidermist/stuffs dead things/stuffs...  
Lawyer/fucks you/fucks...  
Hooker/fucks you/goes to sleep...

## **Friggin' In The Riggin'**

*melody: North Atlantic Squadron*

### *Verse:*

'Twas on the good ship Venus  
By god, you should have seen us  
The figurehead was a whore in bed  
And the mast was the captain's penis

### *Chorus:*

Friggin' in the riggin'  
Wankin' on the plankin'  
Masturbatin' on the gratin'  
There was fuck all else to do

### *Repeat chorus*

### *Other verses:*

The captain's wife was Mabel  
Whenever she was able  
She gave the crew their daily screw  
Upon the galley table

The cabin boy was Kipper  
A cunning little nipper  
He lined his ass with broken glass  
And circumcised the skipper

The ladies of the nation  
Arose in indignation  
They lined his bum with chewing gum  
A smart retaliation

The first mate's name was Cropper  
By christ, he had a whopper  
Once 'round the deck, once 'round his neck  
And up his ass for a stopper

The second mate was Wiggun  
By god, he had a big 'un  
We pounded his cock with a great big rock  
For friggin' in the riggin'

The third mate's name was Carter  
By god, he was a farter  
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship  
wouldn't go  
We got Carter the farter to start 'er

The captain's randy daughter  
She fell into the water  
And from her squeals, we knew that eels  
Had found her sexual quarter

The ship's dog's name was Rover  
The whole crew did him over  
We ground and ground that faithful hound  
From Singapore to Dover

'Twas in the Adriatic  
The water was quite static  
The rise and fall of ass and ball  
Was almost automatic

### **Give Me That Good Old Vino**

*melody: Cielito Lindo (Mexican song)*

*Verse:*

I like my gin – it helps me get in  
But give me a glass of vino  
I like my vino  
It gives me a stand supremo

*Chorus:*

Aye, yi-yi-yi  
Si, si, senora  
My sister Belinda, she pissed out the winder  
And filled up my brand new sombrero

*Other verses (verse structure as above):*

I like tequila – it helps me to feel her  
But give me a glass of vino... (etc.)  
  
I like my whisky – it makes me feel frisky...  
I like my brandy – it makes me feel randy...  
I like my Pucker – it helps me to fuck her...  
I like my martini – it's good for the weenie...  
I like my rum – it helps me to come...  
I like my liquor – it makes me come quicker...  
I like my Sam Adams – it gives me orgasms...  
I don't like my Schlitz – it gives me the shits...  
I don't like my Bud – it softens the pud...

### **Has Anyone Seen My Cock?**

*melody: unknown*

Has anyone seen my cock?  
My big Rhode Island Red  
He's mostly pink with a little bit of blue  
And purple on his head  
He stands straight up in the morning  
And gives my wife a shock  
Has anyone seen  
Has anyone seen  
Has anyone seen my cock?

### **The Hash House Harriers**

*melody: The Addams Family theme*

Their drinking is compulsive  
Their running is convulsive  
They're utterly repulsive  
The hash house harriers  
Da da da DUM (*Snap fingers twice*)  
Da da da DUM (*Snap fingers twice*)  
Da da da DUM  
Da da da DUM  
Da da da DUM

Their flatulence is rude and  
Their genitals protrude when  
They're running in the nude in  
The hash house harriers  
Da da da DUM (*Snap twice*)  
Da da da DUM (*Snap twice*)  
Da da da DUM  
Da da da DUM  
Da da da DUM

### **Head**

*chant*

Head?  
Who said "head"?  
I'll have some of that!  
And I did  
And it was good  
And there was much rejoicing  
And then we fucked  
We fucked for hours  
Uprooting trees and bushes and flowers and shit  
Like Vikings  
With horns on our heads  
Head?  
Who said "head"?  
I'll have some of that  
We don't want women with good taste  
We want women that taste good!

*Additional lines:*

And then she licked my ass  
And I quivered  
But it wasn't fun  
It wasn't funny  
It was dangerous!  
So I'm taking my wife, my dog, and my football  
And I'm going home!  
Fuck you, you fucking fucks...

### **Hot Vagina**

*melody: I've Been Working on the Railroad*

Hot vagina for my breakfast  
Hot vagina for my lunch  
Hot vagina for my dinner  
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch  
It's so tasty and delicious  
Bite-sized and ready to eat  
That's why every day is Wednesday  
Hot vagina can't be beat!

### **I Don't Want To Join The Army**

*melody: unknown*

I don't want to join the army  
I don't want to go to war  
I'd rather hang around  
The Boston underground  
Living off the earnings of a high born lady  
I don't want a bullet up me arsehole  
I don't want me buttocks blown away  
I'd rather hash with Boston  
In jolly, jolly Boston  
And fornicate my fucking life away, cor blimey

Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
Wednesday I confess  
I lifted up her dress  
Thursday I saw her you-know-what, cor blimey  
Friday I put me hand upon it  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak  
(*"Tweak! tweak!"*)

And Sunday after supper  
I put the old boy up `er  
Now she earns me 40 bob a week, cor blimey

Call on the regimental army  
Call on the navy and marines  
Call on me mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for fuck's sake don't call me, cor blimey  
I don't want to join the army  
I don't want to go to war  
I'd rather hash with Boston  
In jolly, jolly Boston  
And fornicate my fucking life away, cor blimey

I don't want to be a housewife  
I'd much rather be a whore  
I'd rather turn some tricks  
Involving foot long pricks  
Living off the earnings of a well-hung yuppie  
I don't want to do his fucking laundry  
I don't want to cook his fucking fo-o-ood  
And if I'm getting laid  
I should be getting paid  
And if I'm not, I'm truly getting screwed

### **I Love My Girl**

*melody: unknown*

I love my girl  
Yes I do, yes I do  
I love her truly  
I love that hole  
That she pisses through  
I love her lips  
Her lily-white tits  
Her nut-brown asshole  
I'd eat her shit  
(*"Gobble gobble gobble slurp..."*)  
With a rusty spoon  
(*"With a rus-ty spo-o-o-oon..."*)



## **I Used To Work In Chicago**

*melody: unknown*

### *Chorus:*

I used to work in Chicago  
In an old department store  
I used to work in Chicago  
I don't work there any more

### *Verse:*

*Leader:* A woman came into the store looking  
for a piano  
*Pack:* A piano from the store  
*Leader:* A piano she wanted, my organ she got!  
I don't work there any more

### *Repeat chorus*

### *Other verses (verse structure as above):*

*L:* A lady came in for some stockings  
*P:* Some stockings from the store  
Stockings she wanted, hosed she got... (*etc.*)

A lady came in for some nails,  
Nails she wanted, screwed she got...

A man came in for a balloon...  
Balloon he wanted, blown he got...

A lady came in for a floppy disk...  
A floppy she wanted, my hard drive she got...

A lady came in for some wool...  
Wool she wanted, felt she got...

A lady came in for some carpet...  
Shag she wanted, shagged she got...

A lady came in for some deep, meaningful  
conversation...  
Deep, meaningful conversation she wanted,  
fucked she got...

A man came in for a lollipop...  
A sucker he wanted, sucked he got...

A lady came in for drain cleaner...  
Drano she wanted, clean pipes she got...

A lady came in for a pony...  
Horse she wanted, ridden she got...

A man came in for some wheels...  
Wheels he wanted, rimmed he got...

A woman came in for a doughnut...  
Glazed she wanted, creme-filled she got...

A lady came in for a throw rug...  
Rug she wanted, rug-burned she got...

A lady came in for a T-bone...  
T-bone she wanted, boneless round she got...

A lady came in for toy sailors...  
Toy sailors she wanted, semen she got...

A lady came in for a canned ham...  
Ham she wanted, porked she got...

A woman came in for gift wrapping...  
Wrapping she wanted, a stuffing she got...

A lady came in for a beefsteak...  
Chuck she wanted, fucked she got...

A lady came in for a novel...  
Dickens she wanted, dick she got...

A lady came in for a video...  
Free Willy she wanted, Free Willy I did  
(*Singer does same*)...

A man came in for a pet...  
A puppy he wanted, my pussy he got  
(*Expose same*)...

A lady[/man] came in for some film...  
Color she[/he] wanted, exposed she[/he] got  
(*Expose dick/tits*)...

## **Jesus Saves**

### **(Free Beer For All The Hashers)**

*melody: Glory, Glory Hallelujah*

### *Chorus:*

Free beer for all the hashers  
Free beer for all the hashers  
Free beer for all the hashers  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves

### *Verse:*

All the girls love Jesus 'cause he always comes  
again  
(*Repeat x 2*)  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves

### *Repeat chorus*

### *Other verses (verse structure as above):*

Jesus can't go hashing 'cause his Father fixes  
trail...  
Jesus can't lay trail because the flour falls  
through his hands...  
Jesus can't go to college 'cause he got nailed on  
the boards...  
Jesus can't play hockey 'cause he gets nailed to  
the boards  
Jesus can't run trail because he shortcuts 'cross  
the lake...  
Jesus can't go hashing 'cause the Jew won't pay  
ten bucks...  
All the girls love Jesus 'cause he's hung like this  
(*Imitate crucifixion pose*)...  
Jesus, we are sorry, we were kidding  
(*Kneel and genuflect*)...

### *(May be followed by):*

Jesus, I'm not kidding, I am Jewish  
[/Pagan/Atheist]...

### **The Masturbation Song**

*melody: Funiculi, Funicula*

Last night, I stayed at home and masturbated  
It felt so good, I knew it would  
Last night, I stayed at home and masturbated  
It felt so nice, I did it twice  
You should have seen me on the short strokes  
It was so grand, I used my hand  
You should have seen me on the long strokes  
It was so neat, I used my feet

Smash it, bash it  
Throw it on the floor  
Wrap it 'round a bedpost  
Stick it in a door  
Some people think that sexual intercourse  
Is something very grand  
Me, I'd rather stay at home  
And jerk it off by hand

### **The Monks Of Saint Bernard's**

*melody: unknown*

The monks of Saint Bernard's, Saint Bernard's,  
Saint Bernard's  
They don't give a bugger at all  
They rise up bright early, bright early, bright  
early  
And piss through a hole in the wall  
The green leaves are yellow  
The green leaves are ye-e-llow  
The gre-e-en leaves are ye-llo-o-o-o-o-ow  
And so is the hole in the wall!

### **More Beer**

*melody: Auld Lang Syne*

More beer, more beer, more beer, more beer  
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er  
More beer, more beer, more beer, more beer  
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er

*First verse:*

Now I've had one, but I'm not done  
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er  
More beer, more beer, more beer, more beer  
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er

*More verses (verse structure as above):*

Now I've had two, but I'm not through  
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er... (etc.)

Now I've had three, I have to pee...  
Now I've had four, but I want more...  
Now I've had five, I'm still alive...  
Now I've had six, what rhymes with six?...  
Now I've had seven, and I'm in heaven...  
Now I've had eight, and I feel great...  
Now I've had nine, and I feel fine...  
Now I've had ten, I'm drunk again...

*(Verses can increment as long as the singer thinks of a rhyme to match the number, or until someone screws up)*

### **My Girl's A Vegetable**

*melody: My Girl's a Corker, She's a New Yorker*

*Chorus:*

My girl's a vegetable, she lives in a hospital  
I'd do most anything to keep her alive

*Verse:*

She's got no arms or legs, looks just like a pony  
keg  
I'd do most anything to keep her alive

*Repeat chorus*

*Other verses (verse structure as above):*

She's got a new TV, it's called an EKG...  
Her EKG, it does not rise, but she still spreads  
her thighs ...  
My girl has long blond hair, little patches  
here and there...  
She can't get out of bed, but she still gives real  
good head...  
I'm guaranteed a blow, because she can't say  
no...  
She lives in an iron lung, but she still gives real  
good tongue...  
My girl has leprosy, parts always stick to me...  
She's got a tracheotomy, just another hole for  
me...  
When I am low on cash, I rent her out to the  
[your home kennel] hash...

### **My One-Skin**

*melody: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean*

My one-skin hangs down to my two-skin  
My two-skin hangs down to my three  
My three-skin hangs down to my foreskin  
My foreskin hangs down to my knee  
Roll back, roll back  
Oh roll back my foreskin for me, for me  
Roll back, roll back  
Oh roll back my foreskin for me

### **My Penis Has A First Name**

*melody: Oscar Mayer commercial*

My penis has a first name  
It's F-O-R-E skin  
My penis has an address  
It's upstairs from her chin  
She loves to eat it everyday  
And if you ask her why, she'll say  
(Gargle)

*Women's version:*

My penis has a first name  
It's P-E-T-E-R  
My penis has a second name  
It's P-E-N-I-S  
I like to eat him everyday  
And if you ask me why, I'll say  
Peter Penis has a way with my V-A-G-I-N-A

## **On Trail One Day**

*melody: When Johnny Comes Marching Home*

*Verse:*

This harriette on trail one day  
Yo ho, yo ho  
This harriette on trail one day  
Yo ho, yo ho  
This harriette on trail one day  
She said, "Hey hasher, you wanna lay?"

*Chorus:*

Get in, get out, stop fucking about  
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho  
  
So I put my hand upon her toe  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*Repeat as above*)  
...She said, "Hey hasher, you're way too low!"

*Repeat chorus*

So I put my hand upon her knee  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*etc.*)  
...She said, "Hey hasher, stop teasing me!"

*Repeat chorus*

So I put my hand upon her knee  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*etc.*)  
...She said, "Hey hasher, stop teasing me!"

*Repeat chorus*

So I put my hand upon her tit  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*etc.*)  
...She said, "Hey hasher, stop squeezing it!"

*Repeat chorus*

So I put my hand upon her twat  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*etc.*)  
...She said, "Hey hasher, you're hittin' the spot!"

*Repeat chorus*

So I put my tool into her mouth  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*etc.*)  
...She said, "mglph mmff glph"

*Repeat chorus*

And now she lies in a wooden box  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*etc.*)  
...From sucking too many hasher cocks!

*Repeat chorus*

We dig her up every now and then  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*etc.*)  
...We fucked her once, we'll fuck her again!

*Repeat chorus*

And now she's gone but not forgotten  
Yo ho, yo ho... (*etc.*)  
...We fucked her dead, we'll fuck her rotten!

*Repeat chorus*

## **Pissonya**

*melody: unknown*

Pissonya, pissonya, pissonya  
In Russian it means I love you  
If I had my way  
I'd piss on ya all day  
Pissonya, pissonya, pissonya

Shitonya, shitonya, shitonya  
In Russian it means I adore you  
If I had my way  
I'd shit on ya all day  
Shitonya, shitonya, shitonya

Cumonya, cumonya, cumonya  
In Russian it means I need you  
If I had my way  
I'd cum on ya all day  
Cumonya, Shitonya, Pissonya

## **The S&M Man**

*melody: The Candy Man*

*Verse:*

Who can take your grandma  
Fill her full of 'ludes  
Shove her in a biker bar  
That's full of horny dudes

*Chorus:*

The S&M Man, the S&M Man  
The S&M Man, 'cause he mixes it with love  
And makes the hurt feel good  
The hurt feel good

*Other verses:*

Who can take two icepicks  
Stick 'em in your ears  
Ride you like a Harley  
While he does you up the rear

Who can take a Catholic priest  
Bend him over a pew  
Fuck him up the ass  
Until he swears, "I'm a Jew!"

Who can take your sister  
Tie her to a tree  
Then tack up a sign that says  
"The pussy is for free!"

Who can take a pregnant lady  
Fuck her 'til she's dead  
Fuck her even more  
Until the fetus gives him head

Who can take a cheese grater  
Strap it to his arm  
Grind it up and down  
And make some pussy parmesan

Who can go to an abortion clinic  
Sneak around the back  
Rummage through the dumpster  
'Til he finds a tasty snack

Who can take a bicycle  
Remove the fuckin' seat  
Put your sister on it  
Push it down a bumpy street

Who can take a glass rod  
Stick it in your dick  
Lay it on the table  
And smash it with a brick

## **The Story Of The Boston Hashers**

*melody: Charlie On The MTA*

*Verse:*

Oh, let me tell you a story about the Boston  
Hashers  
They've been here for thirty years  
Each week they run on flour through shiggy for  
an hour  
In an effort to find a few beers!

*Chorus:*

But do we ever complain, no we never complain  
From whining we refrain ('cept for Rectal)  
We may run forever in the streets of Boston  
For the beer and shiggy terrain

*Repeat chorus*

*Other verses:*

Now Watergate, she was once the greatest  
grand-mattress  
'Cause she bitches, she moans, and she shits  
She'll slam down on the phone because she has  
PMS syndrome  
But we love her for her really big... HEART!

Now Sweet Molasses has the cutest of asses  
A nicer one you'll never find  
When her buttocks wiggle, it makes my old boy  
giggle  
That's why I like to come from behind!

Well, all night long Shine On waits at the station  
Crying, "What will become of me?  
How can I afford to see my boyfriend in Roxbury  
Or my cousins way out in Chel-sea?"

Now every Boston virgin will hear us all a-urgin'  
To tell us with who you came  
Then you'll hear Rectal holler, "Give me your ten  
dollars!"  
It's no wonder how he got his name

While Fat One's a-singin' and we're all here a  
drinkin'  
I've been thinking it's been a great day  
Then a voice cries out in a very loud shout  
"I'm Rectal, and you all must pay!"

Now with the circle, hash respect is what we  
expect  
On private parties we frown  
So if you can't shut up then we'll fill up your cup  
And make you drink it DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

When the Hare is Friar Fuck, we're all shit out of  
luck  
He doesn't know his flora at all  
So best you be ready to cut with a machete  
Through poison ivy ten feet tall

And then there's Ski Bobbit who sets hashes like  
a hobbit  
They're difficult, but they are fun  
Three, four hours gone, SEO makes the On-On,

shouting  
"Who fucking set this run?!"

Well, Piece of Tail waits at the Scollay Square station  
Every day at quarter past two  
And through the open window hands White Flash a down-down  
As the train goes rumbling through

Now Boston's got a thriller who'd be a lady killer  
Except he's hard on female egos  
'Cause when we grab his member, he DOESN'T REMEMBER!  
It's Narcoleptic Romeo

When French Tickler wants to pass, with great legs and ass  
Male hashers follow with glee  
But though she's fun and silly, you'd best tuck in your willy  
'Cause she's got a man in Paree

Now there ain't no hasher greater than our own Master Waiter  
It's impossible to get him lost  
Ever since that year when he ran right past the beer  
Found a chesty muddy river to cross

And this is the story of a hasher named Junky  
On a tragic and fateful day  
He put ten beers in pocket, kissed his wife and girlfriend  
And moved to Califor-ni-ay

Well, Meat Pie, she waits at the Scollay Square station  
Every day at quarter past two  
And through the open window hands No Hands a few brews  
As the train goes rumbling through

### **There Was A Little Bird**

*melody: unknown*

There was a little bird  
No bigger than a turd  
Sitting up on a telephone pole  
He ruffled up his neck  
And he shat about a peck  
As he puckered up his little asshole  
Asshole, asshole, asshole  
A-ass ho-o-o-o-o-ole (*Sustain*)  
As he puckered up his little asshole

### **There's A Skeeter On My Peter**

*melody: If You're Happy And You Know It*

There's a skeeter on my peter whack it off  
(*"Whack it off!"*)  
There's a skeeter on my peter, whack it off  
(*"Whack it off!"*)  
There's a dozen on my cousin, I can hear the fuckers buzzin'  
There's a skeeter on my peter, whack it off  
(*"Whack it off!"*)

*Women's version:*

There's a leech on my vagina, lick it off  
(*"Lick it off!"*)  
There's a leech on my vagina, lick it off  
(*"Lick it off!"*)  
There's a leech on my vagina, and I really like it, kinda  
There's a leech on my vagina, lick it off  
(*"Lick it off!"*)

### **When I Was A Little Girl**

*melody: The Happy Wanderer*

When I was a little girl, I had a little thing  
And if I tried, I could get my little finger in  
Finger in, finger in, finger IN  
Finger i-hi-hi-hi-hi-hi-in  
Finger in, finger in  
My little finger in!

I've grown into a woman now, my thing has lost  
its charm  
Now I can get five fingers in, and half my  
fucking arm  
Fucking arm, fucking arm, fucking ARM  
Fucking a-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-arm  
Fucking arm, fucking arm  
And half my fucking arm!

Now I'm an old woman, I'm halfway fucking dead  
The only way I can feel a thing's when you use  
your fucking head  
Fucking head, fucking head, fucking HEAD  
Fucking he-he-he-he-he-he-ead  
Fucking head, fucking head  
So use your fucking head!

Now I'm dead and buried  
There's just one thing I lack  
My only hope is to get dug up by a necrophiliac  
Philiac, Philiac, Phili-AAC  
Phili-a-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ac  
Philiac, Philiac  
A necrophiliac

### **When It's Hog Calling Time In Nebraska**

*melody: Red River Valley*

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska  
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska  
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska  
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska

*Repeat as above, ad nauseam*

*Other verses:*

When your food tastes like shit, use Tabasco  
(Repeat x 3)

When your girl tastes like shit, turn her over (...)

### **Whip It Out At The Ballgame**

*melody: Take Me Out To The Ballgame*

Whip it out at the ballgame  
Wave it round at the crowd  
Dip it in peanuts and crackerjacks  
I don't care if you give it a whack  
'Cause it's beat your meat at the ballgame  
If you don't come it's a shame  
For it's one, two, you're covered in goo  
At the old ball game

### **The Wild West Show**

*melody: unknown*

*Chorus:*

Oh, we're off to see the Wild West Show  
The elephants and the kangaroo-o-o-oos  
No matter what the weather, as long as we're  
together  
We're off to see the Wild West Show

*Verse:*

And in this corner, ladies and gentlemen, we  
have the amazing gee-raffe\*

*(Pack responds to first lines with the following  
chant: "The \*\_\_\_\_\_? Fan-tastic! Incredible!  
Holy hellfire shit, tell us about it, motherfucker!")*

The amazing giraffe is the most popular animal  
in the animal kingdom... Why? Every time he  
goes into the bar, he says, "The high-balls are on  
me!"

*Repeat chorus*

*Other verses:*

And in this corner... the Crooked Antique Dealer.  
(\*...) The crooked antique dealer is so named  
because he'll try to sell you a blood-stained sofa  
as a period piece!

*(The Wild West Show, cont'd.)*

...The Mathematical Impossibility. She's called  
the mathematical impossibility because she was  
ate before she was seven!

...A member of the Figawi tribe. (*Good for a  
shorter hasher.*) The Figawi tribe are only about  
so high (*gesture to top of short hasher's head*),  
and they live in a country where the grass is  
about this high (*gesture at least a foot or two  
above the short hasher's head*). So all day long,  
they wander around yelling, "Where the Figawi??  
Where the Figawi??"

...The Winky-Wanky Bird. The Winky-Wanky Bird  
has its scrotum attached to its eyelid, so when it  
winks, it wanks, and when it wanks, it winks...  
and no fair throwing sand in its eye!

...The Amazing Tattooed Woman. She is so  
named because she has "Thanksgiving" tattooed  
on the inside of one thigh, and "Christmas" on  
the inside of the other, and she invites all the  
hashers to cum between the holidays!

...The Amazing Tattooed Man. The amazing  
tattooed man has an "M" tattooed on one ass-  
cheek, and another "M" on the other ass-cheek.  
When he bends over he spells MOM. When he  
stands on his head he spells WOW. When he  
turns cartwheels, he spells WOW MOM WOW  
MOM...

## **The Woodpecker Song**

*melody: Dixie*

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Take it out, take it out, take it out,  
REMOVE IT!"

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's  
hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Put it back, put it back, put it back,  
REPLACE IT!"

*Other verses (verse structure as above):*

Replaced/turn it round/REVOLVE IT!  
Revolved/turn it back/REVERSE IT!  
Reversed/in and out/RECIPROCATE IT!  
Reciprocated/slow it down/RETARD IT!  
Retarded/once again/REPEAT IT!  
Repeated/let it go/RELEASE IT!  
Released/pull it out/RETRACT IT!  
Retracted/take a whiff/REVOLTING!

## **Yogi Bear**

*melody: Camptown Races*

*Verse:*

There's a bear in the deep dark woods  
Yogi, Yogi  
There's a bear in the deep dark woods  
Yogi, Yogi Bear

Yogi, Yogi Be-e-e-ar  
Yogi, Yogi Be-e-e-ar  
There's a bear in the deep dark woods  
Yogi, Yogi Bear

*Other verses (verse structure as above):*

Yogi has a little friend  
Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo...

Yogi has a girlfriend  
Cindy, Cindy...

Yogi's dick is long and green  
Cu-cum, cu-cum...  
...Cu-cum, cu-cum-bear

Yogi has a cheesy dick  
Cam-em, cam-em...  
...Cam-em, cam-em-bert

Cindy likes it upside-down  
Koala, koala...

Cindy likes it up the butt  
Brown bear, brown bear...

Cindy is a frigid bitch  
Polar, polar...

Cindy likes girl bears too  
Klondike, Klondike...

Yogi has a twelve-inch dick  
Black bear, black bear...

Boo-Boo says he has one too  
Liar, liar...

Cindy doesn't have any teeth  
Gummi, gummi...

Yogi joined the NRA  
Right to, right to... [bear]

Cindy has double-Ds,  
More than, more than...  
...More than I can bear [/Yogi's a lucky bear]