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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]