

Template Songbook Cover

SONGBOOK

Format:
Half A4 sheet
(10.5 x 29.7 cm)

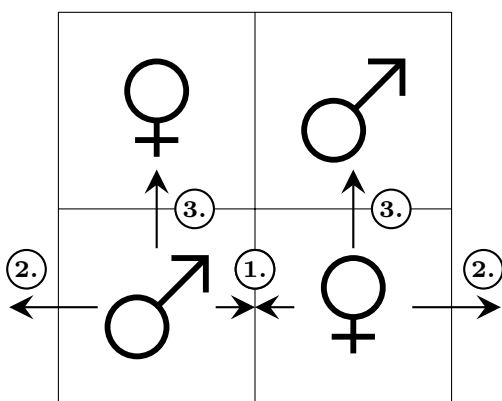
The Rules

1. The party is led by the Songmasters.
2. **Do not eat, drink or talk when a Songmaster is speaking**, someone is giving a speech or if there is a show/competition. This is very important so that people can enjoy the event!
3. Sitsit normally begins with the song "Dear Friends" and ends with "Who is a Freshman".
4. Do not touch your filled glass before we sing about it. There will be a song for every drink available.
5. After every song it is customary to toast (see instructions below).
6. Don't be afraid to sing out loud; this is not a singing test!
7. **Remember to behave!** Sitsit is supposed to be a fun event – let's keep it that way! Have an amazing night!

Toasting

As the image shows, first you toast with the person on your side (left for girls, right for boys), then with the person on the other side and finally with the person in front. You should always look the person you're toasting with in the eyes!

Remember that since it is almost impossible to have the same number of boys and girls, you might be in a seat of the opposite gender, and should thus toast accordingly!



1 *Dear Friends*

My dear friends our grand feast will begin here,
Our glasses we raise with a wild cheer.
::: But tonight we won't drink any light beer
Just champagne will put us in the mood :::

All night drinks down our throats we'll be pouring,
We'll remember good times, not the boring.
::: Through the ceiling our song will be soaring
Finnish spirits are much more than good :::

When friends drink too much with one another
They make new memories more than rather.
::: You can trust everyone like your brother!
We won't run out of drinks, maybe food :::

2 *This Feeling*

(To the tune of "Everytime we touch")
I still feel the symptoms,
Do you get them too?
Am I just different or is it a flu?
I should go see a doctor, so I could be sure
But I just don't want to get cured!

'Cause every time I drink, I get this feeling
With every single sip I swear I can fly!
Can't you feel my thirst build so
I want it to grow,
So I can drink some more

'Cause every time I drink I feel extatic
And when I've drunk one down I run to the bar
I need to have some more drinks fast
I want this to last
Tonight I'm sure I'll score!

3 *Wasted*

::: Wasted, wa-wa-wa-wasted, wa-wa-wa-wasted,
we're gonna get :::

First I will drink down two bottles of sparkling wine,
Which gets me feeling more than fine!
And then a barrel of Whisky Rye is all I need,
To finally get me up to running speed!

Wasted...

4 *Henkilökunta*

::: Henkilökuntaa, henkilökuntaa, parlevuu. :::
Henkilökuntaa (x4)
::: Henkilökuntaa parlevuu. :::

::: Bring us brandy... :::
::: Where is my food... :::
::: Beer is fine, too... :::

5 *Drunken Student*

(To the tune of "Drunken Sailor")
What shall we do with the drunken student? (x3)
Early in the morning
Hooray and up he rises (x3)
Early in the morning

Take him and shake him and try to wake him...
Take him to an 8 AM math lecture...
Take his phone and look at all his pictures...
Duct tape him to the dormroom ceiling...
Wake him up with a glass of Vodka...
That's what we do with a drunken student...

6 *Fizzy Cider*

(To the tune of "Bob the Builder")
Fizzy cider, CAN WE DRINK IT?
Fizzy cider, YES WE CAN!

Students all know it and freshmen too,
Cider is cheap but tastes like glue.
After your taste buds have gone numb,
Drinking more cider ain't that dumb!

Fizzy cider...

7 *Helan Går*

(Songmaster solo:)
En liten fågel satt en gång,
Och sjöng i furuskog.
::: Han hade sjungit dagen lång,
Men dock ej sjungit nog! :::

Vad sjöng den lilla fågeln då?
JO!

(Everyone:)
::: Helan går,
Sjung hopp-falderallan-lallan-lei! :::
Och den som inte helan tar,
Han ej heller halvan får.
Helan går!
Sjung hopp-falderallan-lallan-lei!

8 *Hell and Gore*

(To the tune of "Helan Går")

Hell and gore
Sing hop Father Allan, Allan lay
Hell and gore
Sing hop Father Allan lay
And handsome in the hell and tar
Handsome in the half and four
Hell and gore
Sing hop Father Allan lay
Hey!

9 *An Irish Tale*

There was only one bar...
A MILE LONG!

They didn't serve pints...
ONLY BUCKETS!

There was only one barmaid...
FOR EVERY MAN!

The guards came...
A BEAN GARDA!

She was wearing glasses...
AND NOTHING ELSE!

She took me to jail...
IT WAS FULL OF HOOKERS!

They cost a fiver...
I HAD A TENNER!

There was a plant...
A HASH PLANT!

It had no leaves...
I SMOKED THEM ALL!

And that's the end...
'TILL NEXT WEEK!

10 *Syphilis*

(To the tune of "Yesterday")
Syphilis, it just started with a simple kiss.
Now it hurts to even take a piss...
Oh how did I get syphilis?

Why her box was sick,
I don't know she wouldn't say.
Now my dripping dick,
Won't get hard like yesterday.

Yesterday, my cock was always coming out to play.
Now it needs two weeks to hide away.
Oh I believe in yesterday.

Birth control, all my troubles seem so far away,
When I'm going up my girlfriend's hole.
Oh, I believe in birth control.

Suddenly, there's a shotgun hanging over me.
It was unexpected pregnancy.
Oh, I believe in birth control.

Why, I had to come.
I don't know she wouldn't blow.
I stayed in too long,
How I long for birth control.

Leprosy, that old rotten man just touched my knee,
Now my flesh is falling off of me.
Oh, I think I got leprosy.

Suddenly, I'm just half the man I used to be,
There are pieces coming off of me.
Yes, leprosy came suddenly.

Why'd my arm fall off?
I don't know, no one will say.
I know something's wrong,
'Cause my leg just walked away.

11 *Far Over*

Far over the Misty Mountains cold,
To dungeons deep and caverns old.
We must away, ere break of day,
To find our long forgotten gold.

The pines were roaring on the heights,
The winds were moaning in the night.
The fire was red, it flaming spread,
The trees like torches blazed with light.

The dwarves of yore made mighty spells,
While hammers fell like ringing bells.
In places deep, where dark things sleep,
In hollow halls beneath the fells.

Far over the Misty Mountains grim,
To dungeons deep and caverns dim.
We must away, ere break of day,
To win our harps and gold from him!

12 *Paratrooper*

(To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")
My brother was a paratrooper in the US Marines
(x3)

And he ain't gonna jump no more.
Gory, gory what a hell of a way to die (x3)
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

He jumped from eighteen thousand feet without a
parachute...
He was the last to leave the plane but first to hit the
ground...
He hit the ground and turned into a ten-by-ten feet
square...
They scraped him off and sent him to the ketchup
factory...

(Songmaster solo:)
So think of my dear brother when you eat at Burger
King's (x3)

(Everyone:)

Cause he ain't gonna jump no more!

13 *Just Drink*

If your wife tells you not to drink,

Just drink, just drink!

If she says you've had too much of beer,

Just drink, just drink!

And if she keeps nagging just go ahead 'n ditch her,

There's plenty of fish in the ocean to capture,

Just drink and sing and drink and sing and drink

and sing and drink and sing and...

Trink, trink, Brüderlein trink

Lass doch die Sorgen zu Haus!

Trink (HEY!), trink (HEY!), Brüderlein trink

Leere dein Glas mit mir aus!

Meide den Kummer und meide den Schmerz

Dann ist das Leben ein Scherz

Zu lieber Augustin!

Kauf dir ein Auto und fahr gegen Baum

Dann ist das Leben ein Traum!

When soldiers march to war, you'll see:

They drink, they drink!

And generals in their bunkers then?

They drink, they drink!

Cause war is pure hell and they know it's quite
rotten,

When one guy can end it by pushing a button,

So drink and sing and drink and sing and drink and
sing and drink and sing and...

Trink, trink...

(Songmaster solo:)

High up in a fir tree right under the branches,

There lives a small squirrel with its little stashes.

(Everyone:)

It drinks and sings and drinks and sings and drinks
and sings and drinks and sings and...

Trink, trink...

14 *Twelve Days of Binge-Drinking*

*(To the tune of "Twelve Days of Christmas",
increasingly drunkenly)*

My first day of binge-drinking started happily,

With a large Long Island Ice Tea.

My second day of binge-drinking started happily,

With two Rum and Cokes,

And a large Long Island Ice Tea.

... Two Rum and Cokes,
... Three G and Ts,
... Four Jello shots,
... Five pints of Beer,
... Six Mai Tais,
... Seven Gin Martinis,
... Eight Bacardi Breezers,
... Nine Black Russians,
... Ten Raz' Mojitos,
... 'Leven nips of Whiskey,

My twelfth day of binge-drinking was a sight to see,
With twelve shots of Absinthe,

15 *Alcohol*

Alcohol
Alcohol
Alcohol alcohol alcohol
Hemos venido
A emborracharnos
El resultado nos da igual

16 *The Nations of the World*

United States, Canada, Mexico, Panama, Haiti,
Jamaica, Peru
Republic Dominican, Cuba, Caribbean, Greenland,
El Salvador too
Puerto Rico, Colombia, then Venezuela, Honduras,
Guyana, and still
Guatemala, Bolivia, then Argentina, and Ecuador,
Chile, Brazil.

Costa Rica, Belize, Nicaragua, Bermuda, Bahamas,
Tobago, San Juan
Paraguay, Uruguay, Suriname, and French Guyana,
Barbados, and Guam.

Norway and Sweden and Iceland and Finland and
Germany now in one piece
Switzerland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Turkey,
and Greece
Poland, Romania, Scotland, Albania, Ireland,
Russia, Oman
Bulgaria, Saudi Arabia, Hungary, Cyprus, Iraq, and
Iran.

There's Syria, Lebanon, Israel, Jordan, both
Yemens, Kuwait, and Bahrain
The Netherlands, Luxembourg, Belgium, and
Portugal, France, England, Denmark, and
Spain.

India, Pakistan, Burma, Afghanistan, Thailand,
Nepal, and Bhutan
Kampuchea, Malaysia, then Bangladesh, Asia, and
China, Korea, Japan
Mongolia, Laos, and Tibet, Indonesia, the
Philippine Islands, Taiwan
Sri Lanka, New Guinea, Sumatra, New Zealand,
then Borneo, and Vietnam.

Tunisia, Morocco, Uganda, Angola, Zimbabwe,
Djibouti, Botswana
Mozambique, Zambia, Swaziland, Gambia, Guinea,
Algeria, Ghana!

Burundi, Lesotho, and Malawi, Togo, the Spanish
Sahara is gone
Niger, Nigeria, Chad, and Liberia, Egypt, Benin,
and Gabon
Tanzania, Somalia, Kenya, and Mali, Sierra Leone,
and Algiers
Dahomey, Namibia, Senegal, Libya, Cameroon,
Congo, Zaire.

Ethiopia, Guinea-Bissau, Madagascar, Rwanda,
Maore, and Cayman
Hong Kong, Abu Dhabi, Qatar, Yugoslavia—
Crete, Mauritania, then Transylvania—
Monaco, Liechtenstein, Malta, and Palestine, Fiji,
Australia, Sudan!

17 *My Bonnie*

My Bonnie is over the ocean
My Bonnie is over the sea
My Bonnie is over the ocean
O bring back my Bonnie to me!

Bring back, bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me!
Bring back, bring back
O bring back my Bonnie to me!

O blow ye winds over the ocean
O blow ye winds over the sea
O blow ye winds over the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me!

Bring back...

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead!

Bring back...

The winds have blown over the ocean
The winds have blown over the sea
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me!

Bring back...

18 *Di-ya-ya-oh*

Au bord de la Sarine
Tout près de Château-d'Oex
Au flanc de la colline
Se trouve mon chalet
Autour de mon domaine
Tout est si verdoyant
Un beau sentier me mène
Jusqu'au Pont Turrian

Di ya ya di ya ya di ya ya oh (x3)
Di ya ya di ya ya oh
Ya oh, ya oh
Di ya ya di ya ya di ya ya oh
Ya oh, ya oh
Di ya ya di ya ya oh

Du rocher de la Sarouche
Avec ses grands sapins
Je domine la Louge
Le Pré et puis les Moulins
La large Laitemaire
Me ferme le vallon
Et plus en arrière
Les bois de Rodomont

Di ya ya di ya ya di ya ya oh...

Un cirque de montagnes
Cray, Vanil et Rubli
Dominent nos campagnes
Offre aux chamois l'abri
La Gumfluh avec ses tourelles
Corjon et Planachaux
Forment les sentinelles
Du beau Pays-d'Enhaut

Di ya ya di ya ya di ya ya oh...

19 *March of the Water-Boys*

This we swear upon our lives or even death
That we will not drink at all that devilish alcohol
You may come and smell all of our brothers' breath
But you'll see our edge is straight!

Hooray, us jolly water playboys
We are sober everyday, boy
You're hung over? What a shame, boy.
Hooray, us jolly water playboys
We're as fresh as one can be (indeed!)

20 *La Tristitude*

La Tristitude,
C'est quand tu dois aller chez le prêtre à 12 ans,
Quand tu te rends compte que ton père est
suisse-allemand,
Quand y'a les gilets jaunes et que t'es Président,
Et ça fait mal.

La Tristitude,
C'est quand lors d'un voyage en Inde tu bois de
l'eau,
Quand t'es prise comme secrétaire chez Bernard
Nicod,
Quand Jamel Debbouzze fait un solo au piano,
Et ça fait rien.

La Tristitude,
C'est toi, c'est moi,
C'est nous, c'est quoi,
C'est un peu de détresse dans le creux de nos bras.
La Tristitude,
C'est hmmm, c'est wooooooh,
C'est eux, c'est vous,
C'est la vie qui te dit que ça va pas du tout.

La Tristitude,
C'est quand t'es choisi pour être gardien au
hand-ball,
Quand t'as le hoquet en assemblée générale,
When you don't get the song but try to act social,
Et ça fait mal.

La Tristitude,
C'est conjuguer "bouillir" au subjonctif pluriel,
C'est être un frère Dalton mais que t'es Averell,
C'est mettre du savon liquide dans le lave-vaisselle,
Ca fait des bulles.

La Tristitude...

La Tristitude,
C'est faire une hémiplégie mais des deux côtés,
C'est quand tu fais pipi debout dans l'TGV,
C'est quand à ton audition y'a un canapé,
Et ça fait mal.

La Tristitude,
C'est quand un 20 tonnes se rabat sur ta Vespa,
Quand ta femme fait de l'échangisme un peu sans
toi,
Quand ta grande sœur t'annonce que c'est toi le
papa,
Et ça fait Ch'ti.

La Tristitude...

La Tristitude,
C'est quand t'as choisi GC à l'EPFL,
C'est quand tes parents s'appellent Jacquie et
Michel,
C'est quand au Scrabble t'as K, F, J, Q, X et L,
Et ça fait kfjql.

La Tristitude,
C'est célébrer sa Bar-Mitzvah en '43,
C'est tenter d'ouvrir un bar gay au Nigeria,
C'est quand le DJ sait que tu t'appelles Dana,
Et ça fait DANS LA VALLÉE OOOOOO-OH...

La Tristitude...

21 *Tänään Otetaan*

::: Tänään otetaan, tänään otetaan,
Helvetin paljon viinaa. :::
::: Huomenna on, huomenna on,
Helvetin kova krapula. :::

::: Idag ska vi ta, idag ska vi ta,
Helvetes mycket brännvin. :::
::: I morgon ska vi ha, i morgon ska vi ha,
Helvetes kova krapula. :::

::: Today we shall get, today we shall get
Absolutely fucking wasted. :::
::: Tomorrow we will have, tomorrow we will have,
A hangover beyond reason. :::

22 *A Finnish Drinking Song*

Nyt!

23 *The Lion sleeps tonight*

O-wimoweh (x16)

In the jungle, the mighty jungle
The Lion sleeps tonight
In the jungle, the quiet jungle
The Lion sleeps tonight

O-wimoweh...

Near the village, the peaceful village
The Lion sleeps tonight
Near the village, the quiet village
The Lion sleeps tonight

O-wimoweh...

Hush my darling, don't fear my darling
The Lion sleeps tonight
Hush my darling, don't cry my darling
The Lion sleeps tonight

O-wimoweh...

24 *Roll Me Over*

This is number one
And the fun has just begun
Roll me over, lay me down
And do it again,
"I like the feeling"
Roll me over in the clover
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

This is number two
And my hand is on her shoe
Roll me over...

This is number three
And my hand is on her knee...

This is number four
And our clothes are on the floor...

This is number five
I'm surprised I'm still alive...

This is number six
And she says she likes my tricks...

This is number seven
And she thinks that she's in heaven...

This is number eight
And the doctor's at the gate...

This is number nine
And the baby wasn't mine...

This is number ten
And it's time to do it again ...

This is number twenty
And my gun is nearly empty...

This is number hundred
And the neighbors really wondered...

This is number 10'394
And oh my God she still wants more...

25 *Some say the Devil is Dead*

(Songmaster solo:)

Some say the Devil is dead, the Devil is dead, the
Devil is dead,
Some say the Devil is dead and buried in Killarney.
More say he rose again (x3)
And joined the British army.

(Everyone:)

Feed the pigs and milk the cow, milk the cow, milk
the cow,
Feed the pigs and milk the cow, so early in the
morning.
Tuck your leg up, Paddy dear.
Paddy, dear, I'm over here!
Tuck your leg up, Paddy dear,
It's time to stop your yawning

Some say the Devil is dead...

Katie, she is tall and thin, tall and thin, tall and
thin.
Katie, she is tall and thin, she likes a drop of brandy.
Drinks it in the bed at night (x3)
It makes her nice and randy.

Some say the Devil is dead...

My man is six foot tall, six foot tall, six foot tall,
My man is six foot tall, he likes his sugar candy.
Goes to bed at six o'clock (x3)
He's lazy, fat and dandy.

Some say the Devil is dead...

My wife, she has a hairy thing, a hairy thing, a
hairy thing.
My wife, she has a hairy thing, she showed it to me
on Sunday.
She bought it in the furrier shop (x3)
It's going back on Monday.

Some say the Devil is dead...

26 *Ko-Ko-Ko-Koskenkorva*

Ko-ko-ko-kosken ko-ko-ko-korvaa
Siitä aina kunnon räkä-kä-kännit saa.
Ko-ko-ko-kosken ko-ko-ko-korvaa
Siitä aina kunnon räkä-kä-kännit,
Aina kunnon räkä-kä-kännit,
Aina kunnon räkä-kä-kännit saa.

Kokokokosken kokokokorvaa,
What a wonderful way to get totally, totally drunk!
...

Lalalalappeen rarararanta,
What a wonderful place to get totally, totally drunk!
...

27 *Santiano*

C'est mon fameux grand mât plein comme un verre
d'eau

Hissez haut (Hissez haut!) Santiano!
Dix-huit pouces, droit comme un poireau
Je suis fier d'y être matelot

Tiens bon ma barre et tiens bon le vent
Hissez haut (Hissez haut!) Santiano!
Tous les deux, toujours par devant,
Nous irons jusqu'à San Francisco

Je pars pour de longs mois en emmenant Margot
Hissez haut (Hissez haut!) Santiano!
D'y penser j'avais le manche gros
En doublant les feux de Saint-Malo

Tiens bon...

On prétend que là-bas le vin coule à flots
Hissez haut (Hissez haut!) Santiano!
On s'prend tous au fond des ruisseaux
J'en ramènerai plusieurs photos

Tiens bon...

Un jour, je reviendrai chargé de cadeaux
Hissez haut (Hissez haut!) Santiano!
Au pays, j'ramènerai Margot
On espère avec aucun loupot

Tiens bon mon cap et tiens bon mon flot
Hissez haut (Hissez haut!) Santiano!
Et quand je reverrai Margot,
Nous irons jusqu'à San Francisco

28 *Fast Food and Other Things*

::: A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut,
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut :::
::: McDonald's, McDonald's,
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut :::

::: A Ford Escort, a Ford Escort,
a Mini, Mini, Mini and a Ford Escort :::
::: Ferrari, Ferrari,
a Mini, Mini, Mini and a Ford Escort :::

::: A Jumbo Jet, a Jumbo Jet,
a Heli, Heli, Heli and a Jumbo Jet :::
::: Concorde, Concorde,
a Heli, Heli, Heli and a Jumbo Jet :::

29 *Diggy Diggy Hole*

(Solo:) Brothers of the mine rejoice!
(All:) Swing, swing, swing with me!
(Solo:) Raise your pick and raise your voice!
(All:) Sing, sing, sing with me!

(Songmaster solo:)

Down and down into the deep,
Who knows what we'll find beneath?
Diamonds, rubies, gold and more,
Hidden in the mountain store.

(Everyone:)

Born underground,
Suckled from a teat of stone.
Raised in the dark,
The safety of our mountain home.
Skin made of iron,
Steel in our bones,
To dig and dig makes us free!
Come on brothers sing with me!

I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, diggy diggy hole!
I am a dwarf and I'm digging a hole,
Diggy diggy hole, digging a hole!

(Solo:) The sunlight will not reach this low,

(All:) Deep, deep in the mine!

(Solo:) Never seen the blue moon glow,

(All:) Dwarves won't fly so high!

(Songmaster solo:)

Fill a glass and down some mead!
Stuff your bellies at the feast!
Stumble home and fall asleep,
Dreaming in our mountain keep.

(Everyone:)

Born underground,
Grown inside a rocky womb.
The earth is our cradle,
The mountain shall become our tomb.
Face us on the battlefield,
You will meet your doom.
We do not fear what lies beneath!
We can never dig too deep!

::: I am a dwarf... :::

30 *Eurovision*

(To the tune of "Eurovision Theme")

The French drink Champagne and Chardonnay,
In Germany they drink beer,
In Russia they drink Vodka,
In Lausanne we drink everything,
So let's all raise a glass to that!

Austria exports kangaroos,
Swedes export IKEA,
Ukraine exports Crimea,
Germany exports refugees,
All Finland does is send them back!

Here we would've sung of the UK,
But they went on and did a stupid thing they call
"Brexit",
All hope is lost for England,
But Scots and Irish, welcome back!

31 *Beer Cannon*

(To the tune of "Frère Jacques")
Eichhof Lager, Eichhof Lager
Cardinal, Cardinal
Heineken and Boxer
Heineken and Boxer
Feldschlösschen
Feldschlösschen

32 *Internationalen*

Lisää viinaa mun lasiin
Lisää laseja pöydälle
Lisää pöytiä näihin juhliin
Lisää juhlia kansalle
Lisää kansaa Suomeen
Lisää Suomea päälle maan
Lisää maata Suomelle
Marssitaan, marssitaan, Karjalaan, KARJALAAN!

Mehr Sprit in die Gläser
Mehr Gläser auf den Tisch
Mehr Tische für dieses Fest
Mehr Feste für das Volk
Mehr Volk in den Wagen
Mehr Wagen auf die Bahn
Mehr Autobahnen für Europa
Gib Gas, gib Gas du Arsch!

More booze in our glasses
More glasses on the bar
More bars for this small town of ours
More towns for this Free State
More states in America
More Americans on this Earth
More Earth for us to pump oil from
Cheap gas is all we're worth!

Plus de vin dans nos verres
Plus de verres sur la table
Plus de tables sous nos baguettes
Plus de baguettes pour la France
Plus de France pour la grève
Plus de grèves pour nos enfants
Switch to "La Marseillaise"
Plus d'enfants pour la patrie
Le jour de gloire est arrivé! ARRIVÉ!

33 *Mandatory Russian Song*

Father Stalin, mother Krushchova,
Shared a kiss, with Vodka on the rocks!
::: I wish they would have done it a bit sooner,
Would have spared the Russians from their grief. :::

Where the fields grow seas of wheat and barley,
I once met young maiden Katyushka.
::: Katyushka had a nicely rounded bosom,
Radiation gave her extra tits. :::

I am just a simple old granny,
Not a single friend left in the world.
::: Men came here to take my chickens and cow and
sheep,
Now they're coming back to take my teeth. :::

34 *Gégène*

(Songmaster solo:)

Juste après m'être apprêté, avant de m'aventurer,
Je m'apprête à préparer mon beau sac d'aventurier,
Quels objets dois-je emmener ? Ai-je assez pour
m'équiper?
Au moment de tout lister, j'ai bien envie de pleurer,
Caaaaaar...

(Everyone:)

J'ai une épée molle, des bottes qui rigolent,
Un bouclier rose et bleu, une armure qui craint le
feu.
J'ai un casque en tôle, une ceinture qui colle,
Un caillou défectueux, une arbalète pour les vieux.
Et la suite n'est pas mieux...

J'ai des gants débiles, des sardines à l'huile,
Une cape qui sent le bouc, un chapeau qui me rend
plouc,
J'ai un arc en laine, un chandail en chêne,
Un couteau de 20 kilos, une hache pour fendre l'eau,
Et la suite c'est cadeau...

J'ai une bouillotte, une potion de flotte,
Un parchemin pour vèler, des godasses qui font
danser,
J'ai l'anneau magique qui rend alcoolique,
Et cet anneau le voici, grâce à lui je suis ici!

35 *The Big Bang Theory*

Our whole universe was in a hot dense state,
Then nearly fourteen billion years ago expansion
started. Wait...
The Earth began to cool,
The autotrophs began to drool,
Neanderthals developed tools,
We built a wall (we built the pyramids),
Math, science, history, unraveling the mystery,
That all started with the big bang (Bang!)

36 *My Favorite Drinks*

(To the tune of "My Favorite Things")
Negroni, Manhattan, Tequila sunrise,
Gin Tonic, Blue Angel, a Vodka on ice,
Campari orange, Ferrari, Tom Collins.
These are a few of my favourite drinks!

Screwdriver, Grasshopper, Apple Martini,
Black russian, White russian! Long island ice tea,
Little green fairies Absinthe on their wings.
These are a few of my favourite drinks!

When the glass breaks
Or my hand shakes
When I'm feeling sad
I mix up a few of my favourite drinks
And then I don't feel so bad!

37 *Livet är Härligt*

Livet är härligt, HEJ!
Tavaritj, vårt liv är härligt.
Vi alla våra små bekymmer glömmar,
När vi har fått en tår på tand.
En SKÅL!

Ta dig en Vodka, HEJ!
Tavaritj, en liten Vodka.
Glasen i botten vi tillsammans tömmer.
Det kommer mera efter hand.
En SKÅL!

38 *I Love Rock'n'Roll*

I love Rock'n'Roll
So put another dime in the jukebox, baby
I love Rock'n'Roll
So come an' take your time an' dance with me

39 *Thrift Shop*

I'm gonna pop some tags
Only got twenty dollars in my pocket
I, I, I'm hunting, looking for a come-up
This is fucking awesome!

::: I wear your granddad's clothes
I look incredible
I'm in this big ass coat
From that thrift shop down the road :::

I'm gonna pop some tags...

40 *La Tiaffe*

Y'a ceux qui n'aiment pas l'hiver,
Le ski et le grand air.
Y'a ceux qui n'aiment pas l'printemps,
Le rhume des foins, l'retour du beau temps!
Y'a ceux qui n'aiment pas l'automne,
Et les feuilles qui tombent, ces connes.
Moi c'est l'été qu'j'aime pas,
Car elle revient pour moi...

La tiaffe! Quand ça commence à coller
La tiaffe! Je sue de tous les côtés
Le tiaffe! Les grosses gouttes dans le dos
La tiaffe! J'vous jure c'est pas rigolo
La tiaffe! Les auréoles sous les bras
La tiaffe! Comme si j'sortais du sauna
Quand il commence à tiaffer,
Je suis trempé jusqu'aux pieds.

À Lausanne quand j'me promène,
Même si j'vais pas bien loin,
C'est toujours le meme problème,
Sont tout en pente, ces chemins!
La malette et l'costard de traviole,
C'est le déluge à chaque pas.
Je mouille même des guibolles,
Elle ne m'abandonne pas...

La tiaffe!...

Mais c'qui est déseperant,
C'est qu'la tiaffe, c'est permanent!

41 *À Poil*

::: Il descend de la montagne... À POIL! :::
Il descend de la montagne (x3)
À POIL!

42 *Pom popom popom*

::: Pom, popom, popom popom popom popom po :::

Tous les petits Kobolds dansent dans la forêt,
Moi et mes compagnons allons tous les crever!
Ne sont-ils pas mignons, embrochés morcelés,
Autour des champignons, on pourrait en manger!
OUAIS!

Pom, popom...

Tous les petits Gobelins, dansent dans la forêt,
Moi et mes compagnons, allons les approcher!
Ils sont vraiment mignons quand ils se font flécher,
Nous les achèverons à coups d'épées rouillées!
OUAIS!

Pom, popom...

Quand tous les petits Orques, dansent dans la forêt,
Moi et mes compagnons préférons nous cacher!
Ils ne sont pas mignons, ils sont bêtes à pleurer,
Mais nous les évitons pour pas finir broyés! OUAIS!

Pom, popom...

Quand tous les petits Trolls, dansent dans la forêt,
Moi et mes compagnons préférons nous barrer!
Ceux qui les trouvent mignons sont vraiment
dérangés,
Un jour ils finiront en compote de...

::: Pommes, popom... :::

43 *Soft Kitty*

Soft kitty, warm kitty,
Little ball of fur.
Happy kitty, sleepy kitty,
Purr, purr, purr.

44 *Erasmus*

(To the tune of "Wild Rover")
I've been on Erasmus for almost one year,
And I've spent all me money on party and beer.
French kissing and pimping are games for the best,
Erasmus Orgasmus is not for the rest.

And it's No, Nay, never,
SEX ON THE FLOOR!
No nay never, no more!
Will I share these hangovers,
No never, no more.

Satellite and Zelig are the places to be.
We usually think that the best is for free.
We told the bartender our money was spent,
But the poor drunken fellow did not understand.

And it's No, Nay, never...

I'll go home to me parents, confess what I've done,
My eternal hangover is finally gone.
Chopfab and Trois Dames are beers of our kind,
When we drink them together they fuck up our
mind.

::: And it's No, Nay, never... :::

45 *Switzerland Cuisine*

Je suis monté dans un avion direction le Japon
J'ai goûté le sushi et le sukiyaki
J'ai regardé le kabuki en buvant du Saké
Après dix jours, il a fallu rentrer

Tous les matins
J'bois mon café et mange mon pain
Et à midi, c'est mon plat de röstis
Quand vient le soir
Le fromage et la tarte aux poires
J'en ai assez, demain ça va changer

J'ai pris le train pour l'Italie et viva Napoli
J'ai goûté les spaghettis, les macaronis
Les pizzas aux pepperonis avec du parmesan
Après dix jours, il n'y avait plus d'argent

Tous les matins...

J'ai pris l'avion pour l'Angleterre et viva Manchester
J'ai dégusté le pudding de Sa Majesté
At five o'clock c'est l'heure du thé en levant le p'tit
doigt
Comme il pleuvait je suis rentré chez moi

Tous les matins...

Pour faire connaître mon pays, j'inviterai mes amis:
Les Italiens, les Anglais et les Japonais
Réunis dans un vieux chalet nous mangerons la
fondue
En Switzerland vous serez bienvenus
Tous les matins...

46 *Les Lacs du Connemara*

Terre brûlée au vent des landes de pierre,
Autour des lacs, c'est pour les vivants
Un peu d'enfer, le Connemara.

Des nuages noirs qui viennent du nord
Colorent la terre, les lacs, les rivières:
C'est le décor du Connemara.

Au printemps suivant, le ciel irlandais
Était en paix. Maureen a plongé
Nue dans un lac du Connemara.

Sean Kelly s'est dit : "Je suis catholique.
Maureen aussi." L'église en granit
De Limerick, Maureen a dit "oui".

De Tiperrary, Bally-Connelly
Et de Galway, ils sont arrivés
Dans le comté du Connemara.

Y avait les Connor, les O'Conolly,
Les Flaherty du Ring of Kerry
Et de quoi boire trois jours et deux nuits.

Là-bas, au Connemara, on sait tout le prix du
silence.

Là-bas, au Connemara, on dit que la vie
C'est une folie, et que la folie, ça se danse.

Terre brûlée au vent des landes de pierre,
Autour des lacs, c'est pour les vivants
Un peu d'enfer, le Connemara.

Des nuages noirs qui viennent du nord
Colorent la terre, les lacs, les rivières:
C'est le décor du Connemara.

On y vit aussi au temps des Gaels
Et de Cromwell, au rythme des pluies
Et du soleil, au pas des chevaux.

On y croit encore aux monstres des lacs
Qu'on voit nager certains soirs d'été
Et replonger pour l'éternité.

On y voit encore des hommes d'ailleurs
Venus chercher le repos de l'âme
Et pour le cœur, un goût de meilleur.

L'on y croit encore que le jour viendra,
Il est tout près, où les Irlandais
Feront la paix autour de la croix.

Là-bas, au Connemara, on sait tout le prix de la guerre.

Là-bas, au Connemara, on n'accepte pas

La paix des Gallois ni celle des rois d'Angleterre...

47 *Who is a Freshman*

::: Who is a freshman of XX

Stand up, stand up right now. :::

Take your drink into your hand

Then raise it up to your lips and

::: Drink up, drink up, drink up, drink up.

Drink up, drink bottoms up! :::

LOGO

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