

FIW

FIW

FIW

FIW

## Tonight's Songs

<b>1</b>	Hyvät Ystävät . . . . .	4
<b>2</b>	Dear Friends . . . . .	4
<b>3</b>	Io Vivat . . . . .	4
<b>4</b>	Coats off . . . . .	4
<b>5</b>	Wasted . . . . .	5
<b>6</b>	Syphilis . . . . .	5
<b>7</b>	The Bells of Notre Dame . . . . .	6
<b>8</b>	This Feeling . . . . .	6
<b>9</b>	Helan Går . . . . .	7
<b>10</b>	Henkilökunta . . . . .	7
<b>11</b>	Drunken Student . . . . .	7
<b>12</b>	Far Over . . . . .	7
<b>13</b>	Paratrooper . . . . .	8
<b>14</b>	Just Drink . . . . .	8
<b>15</b>	Yogi Bear . . . . .	9
<b>16</b>	Minne . . . . .	10
<b>17</b>	Ein Prosit . . . . .	11
<b>18</b>	My Bonnie . . . . .	11
<b>19</b>	Twelve Days of Christmas (but with booze of course) . . . . .	11
<b>20</b>	Pom popom popom . . . . .	12
<b>21</b>	The Lion Sleeps Tonight . . . . .	12
<b>22</b>	Diggy Diggy Hole . . . . .	13
<b>23</b>	Roll Me Over . . . . .	14
<b>24</b>	La Tristitude . . . . .	15
<b>25</b>	Ko-Ko-Ko-Koskenkorva . . . . .	16
<b>26</b>	Lake Geneva . . . . .	16
<b>27</b>	Internationalen . . . . .	16
<b>28</b>	Eurovision . . . . .	17
<b>29</b>	Fast Food and Other Things . . . . .	18
<b>30</b>	Jingle Bells . . . . .	18
<b>31</b>	Cursed Christmas Song . . . . .	19
<b>32</b>	Beer Cannon . . . . .	19
<b>33</b>	Livet är Härligt . . . . .	19
<b>34</b>	The Big Bang Theory . . . . .	20
<b>35</b>	Soft Kitty . . . . .	20
<b>36</b>	YUROP . . . . .	20
<b>37</b>	Let the Sunshine in . . . . .	21
<b>38</b>	Les Lacs du Connemara . . . . .	21
<b>39</b>	Erasmus . . . . .	22
<b>40</b>	Auld Lang Syne (Modern English) . . . . .	23
<b>41</b>	Who is a Freshman . . . . .	23

When your drunk tablemate spills their  
beer on your songbook



# What is Sitsit?

A Sitsit is a form of dinner that is very popular in universities across Scandinavia, where students gather to share a meal, while a host leads them in all kinds of crazy songs and games as the night goes. It is especially beloved by *Teekkaris* (engineering students) in Helsinki, Finland, which is where this form of Sitsit originates from.

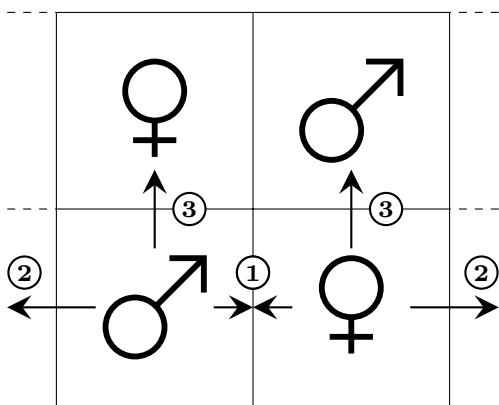
## The Rules

1. The party is led by the Songmasters. Please pay attention to them; they worked hard for this.
2. **Be a Lady/Gentleman throughout the event.** It implies to remain seated, and also to not eat, drink or talk during songs, speeches and other activities.
3. When a new drink arrives, please wait until after we've sung about it to drink it.
4. After every song it is customary to toast (see instructions below).
5. Don't be afraid to sing out loud; this is not a singing test!
6. **Yes, this songbook is yours.** You are allowed to bring it home, so stop asking us about it! We hope you will enjoy keeping it as a souvenir and that it will maybe inspire you to spread Sitsit at home just like we did it here!

## Toasting

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

It is nearly impossible to have the same number of boys and girls. Therefore, you might be in a seat of the opposite gender, and should thus toast accordingly!



## 1 *Hyvät Ystävät*

Hyvät ystävät juhla voi alkaa  
Sankarille me nostamme maljaa  
::: Tääll' ei juodakaan kolmosen kaljaa  
Meille viihdyn suo samppanja vaan :::

Hauska juomia kurkkuun on suistaa  
Siten teekkariaikoja muistaa  
::: Yhteinen juomalaulumme luistaa  
Juhlamieli on parhaimmillaan :::

## 2 *Dear Friends*

*To the tune of "Mozart's Figaro – Non più andrai"*

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. :::

## 3 *Io Vivat*

Io vivat! Io vivat!  
Nostrorum sanitas  
Hoc est amoris poculum  
Doloris est antidotum  
Io vivat! Io vivat!  
Nostrorum sanitas

Io vivat! Io vivat!  
Nostrorum sanitas  
Nos jungit amicitia  
Et vinum praebet gaudia  
Io vivat! Io vivat!  
Nostrorum sanitas

Io vivat! Io vivat!  
Nostrorum sanitas  
Jam tota Academia  
Nobiscum amet gaudia  
Io vivat! Io vivat!  
Nostrorum sanitas

## 4 *Coats off*

*To the tune of "Takki Pois"*

Well now it's time for coats to come off,  
That's just the way we do it here.  
::: And then let's sing to top this all off,  
Our mighty song's a cause for fear. :::

We shall not cease our song for no cause,  
Before the night breaks into dawn.  
∴ We will not leave, we'll seal shut all doors,  
We will just drink, no-one will yawn. ∴

But now that all our coats have come off,  
Our hands are free to crack that beer.  
∴ For as this night is near its takeoff,  
The time has come for us to cheer. ∴

## 5 *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...

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK!

Hang-hang-hang-hangover, hangover...

RETURN OF THE JEDI!

Wasted...

THE SEQUELS?

Well that was quite a shit-show,  
Might as well have shot myself in the knees.  
But at least we got porn parodies,  
My Skywalker rose and the Force flowed through me.

## 6 *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 on my way to score a goal.  
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.

## **7** *The Bells of Notre Dame*

Morning in Paris, the city awakes  
To the bells of Notre Dame  
The fisherman fishes, the bakerman bakes  
To the bells of Notre Dame  
To the big bells as loud as the thunder  
To the little bells soft as a psalm  
And some say the soul of the city's  
The toll of the bells of Notre Dame

Dark was the night when our tale was begun  
On the docks near Notre Dame  
Four frightened gypsies slid silently under  
The docks near Notre Dame  
But a trap had been laid for the gypsies  
And they gazed up in fear and alarm  
At a figure whose clutches  
Were iron as much as the bells of Notre Dame

See there the innocent blood you have spilt  
On the steps of Notre Dame  
Now you would add this child's blood to your guilt  
On the steps of Notre Dame  
You can lie to yourself and your minions  
You can claim that you haven't a qualm  
But you never can run from  
Nor hide what you've done from the eyes of Notre  
Dame

## **8** *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 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!

## 9 *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! Hej!

## 10 *Henkilökunta*

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

## 11 *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...

## 12 *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!

**13**

## *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!

**14**

## *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...

### LEAN LEFT AND RIGHT

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...

LEAN BACK AND FORTH

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...

STAND UP AND SIT DOWN

Trink, trink...

## 15 *Yogi Bear*

*To the tune of "Camptown Races"*

I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi,  
I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi bear.  
::: Yogi, Yogi bear :::  
I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi bear.

Yogi has a Swedish friend, Puppe, Puppe,  
Yogi has a Swedish friend, Puppe Puppeström.  
::: Puppe Puppeström :::  
Yogi has a Swedish friend, Puppe Puppeström.

Puppe likes it up the ass, up the, up the,  
Puppe likes it up the ass, up the, up the ass  
::: up the, up the ass :::  
Puppe likes it up the ass, up the, up the ass

Yogi has a girlfriend, Cindy, Cindy,  
Yogi has a girlfriend, Cindy, Cindy bear.  
::: Cindy, Cindy bear :::  
Yogi has a girlfriend, Cindy, Cindy bear.

Cindy likes it from behind, frombe, frombe,  
Cindy likes it from behind, frombe, from behind.  
::: Frombe, from behind :::  
Cindy likes it from behind, frombe, from behind.

Yogi has an enemy, ranger, ranger,  
Yogi has an enemy, ranger, ranger Smith  
::: Ranger, ranger Smith :::  
Yogi has an enemy, ranger, ranger Smith

Ranger Smith fucks animals, ani, ani,  
Ranger Smith fucks animals, ani, animals  
::: Ani, animals :::  
Ranger Smith fucks animals, ani, animals

Yogi likes it in the fridge, polar, polar,  
Yogi likes it in the fridge, polar, polar bear,  
::: Polar, polar bear :::  
Yogi likes it in the fridge, polar, polar bear.



## 16

### *Minne*

*To the tune of "Memory"*

Minne!

Jag har tappat mitt minne!

Är jag svensk eller finne?

Kommer inte ihåg.

Inne!

Är jag ut eller inne?

Jag har luckor i minne.

Sån' där små alkohål.

Men besinn er,

Man tatar med det brännvin man får,

Fastän minnet och helan går!

Minne?

Muisti hävis, mutt' minne?

Juhlista selvisimme

Muistikatkoja on.

Minne,

Lähtisin vaikka minne,

Kunhan selvittäisimme

Mitä tapahtunut on.

Mutta tiedän mä keinon

Mikä auttaapi tuo:

Ota ryyppy, ja muistis juo!

Oh where

Are my memories? Oh where?

Well as far as I'm aware

Last night's naught but a blur.

Anywhere

I'd go near about anywhere

To get my mem'ries back there

In my head as they were.

But now they're gone, and it just seems  
That I'll never learn...  
I'll just drink more and hope they return!

## **17** *Ein Prosit*

Ein Prosit, ein Prosit  
Der Gemütlichkeit  
Ein Prosit, ein Prosit  
Der Gemütlichkeit.

OANS! ZWOA! DREI! G'SUFFA!

## **18** *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...

## **19** *Twelve Days of Christmas (but with booze of course)*

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

My first day of Christmas started happily,  
With a large Long Island Ice Tea.

My second day of Christmas 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 Christmas was a sight to see,  
With twelve shots of Absinthe,

## **20** *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... :::

## **21** *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...

## 22 *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.

BANG THE DRUMS!

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!

BANG THE DRUMS!

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.

BANG THE DRUMS!

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!

BANG THE DRUMS!

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

## **23** *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...

## 24 *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,  
C'est tenter un tope-la avec un malvoyant,  
Et ça fait mal.

La *Suissitude*,  
C'est avoir quatre langues sans pouvoir  
communiquer,  
C'est quand tu dis "tailai" au lieu de dire télé,  
C'est être neutre et vendre des armes à l'étranger,  
Ca fait du blé.

La Tristitude,  
C'est moi, c'est toi,  
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 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 faire une soirée pour des gens de toute  
l'Europe,  
Avec une organisation qui est au top,  
Et exploser tout ton budget sur des enveloppes,  
C'est ESN.

La Tristitude...

La Tristitude,  
C'est quand ton karaoké dit "instrumental",  
C'est quand tout ton OC finit à l'hôpital,  
When you don't get the song but try to act social,  
Et ça fait mal.

La Tristitude,  
C'est quand t'as choisi GC à l'EPFL,  
C'est quand le studio s'appelle "Jacquie et Michel",  
C'est quand au Scrabble t'as K, F, J, Q, X et L,  
Et ça fait kfjqxl.

La Tristitude...

## 25 *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!  
...

Fififinlandia vovovovodka,  
What an inferior way to get totally, totally drunk!  
...

## 26 *Lake Geneva* *To the tune of "Take Me Home, Country Roads"*

Almost Heaven, Lake Geneva,  
Pelican Beach, PGs near the water.  
Life is good there, lying with my beer,  
Brighter when together, that's why we're all here.

Country roads, take me home,  
To the place I belong.  
Lake Geneva, student drama,  
Take me home, country roads.

And just over the blue water,  
Science campus, Rolex Learning Center.  
Witty students, writing their theses,  
Buildings beyond reason, many more than trees.

Country roads...

While besides it, close to nature,  
Hippie students, sheep despite the weather.  
Climate marches, vegetable diets,  
Banana libraries, Nobel laureates.

Country roads...

All my memories gather 'round it,  
Lakeside parties, Titanic Lémanique.  
Sailing under the Sun or the snow,  
Whatever the weather, I shall always go.

Country roads...

## 27 *Internationalen*

Mera brännvin i glasen,  
Mera glas på vårt bord,  
Mera bord på kalasen,  
Mera kalas på vår jord.  
Mera jordar kring månen,  
Mera månar kring mars,  
Mera marscher till Skåne,  
Mera Skåne, bevars bevars bevars!



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!

## 28

### *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!

I've heard they eat snow in Helsinki,  
In Norway rotten raw fish,  
In Russia frozen Vodka,  
Thus if you're into cold food,  
Well Sitsit is the place to be!

Germany smokes their Bregenwurst,  
In Norway they smoke salmon,  
In Brazil they smoke forests,  
The Netherlands smoke everything,  
So let's all roll a joint 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!

## **29** *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 :::

## **30** *Jingle Bells*

Dashing through the snow  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
O'er the fields we go  
Laughing all the way  
Bells on bobtails ring  
Making spirits bright  
What fun it is to ride and sing  
A sleighing song tonight

Jingle bells, jingle bells  
Jingle all the way  
Oh, what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh, hey  
Jingle bells, jingle bells  
Jingle all the way  
Oh, what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh

A day or two ago  
I thought I'd take a ride  
And soon, Miss Fanny Bright  
Was seated by my side  
The horse was lean and lank  
Misfortune seemed his lot  
He got into a drifted bank  
And then we got upsot

Jingle bells...

A day or two ago  
The story I must tell  
I went out on the snow  
And on my back I fell  
A gent was riding by  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
He laughed as there I sprawling lie  
But quickly drove away

Jingle bells...

Now the ground is white  
Go it while you're young  
Take the girls tonight  
And sing this sleighing song  
Just get a bobtailed bay  
Two forty as his speed  
Hitch him to an open sleigh  
And crack, you'll take the lead

Jingle bells...

## 31 *Cursed Christmas Song*

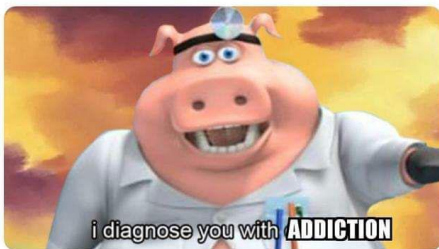
Dashing through the snow,  
With a pair of broken skis,  
Over the hills we go,  
Crashing through the trees!  
The snow is turning red,  
I think I might be dead,  
I woke up in the hospital,  
With stitches in my head!

9-1-1, 9-1-1, Santa Claus is dead!  
Rudolph pulled a .44 and shot him in the head!  
Barbie doll, Barbie doll, tried to save his life!  
But G.I. Joe, from Mexico, stabbed him with his  
knife!

## 32 *Beer Cannon*

::: Eichhof Lager :::  
::: Cardinal :::  
::: Heineken and Boxer :::  
::: Feldschlösschen :::

Boomers after seeing  
someone on their phone  
for 0.5 seconds



### **33** *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!

### **34** *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!)

### **35** *Soft Kitty*

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

### **36** *YUROP*

*To the tune of "Beethoven's 9th – Ode to Joy"*

Praise our Yuropean Yunion, ain't no land as great  
as She,  
I will always love our treasured land of peace and  
harmony.  
Sure did help to get all the states we nicked from  
the late C.C.C.P.  
Flying high our blue and yellow from Norway to  
Italy.

Polish trucks all over and there's vampires in  
Romania,  
Soccer-addict Portuguese and Viking Scandinavia.  
Latvia is just pissed that we always mix them with  
Lithuania,  
I was there last summer, wait I think it was Estonia.

Ireland is too drunk to be offended by this  
Symphony,  
Iceland has no ice while Greenland still can't grow a  
fuckin' tree.  
Bosnia likes a swim but Croatia snagged all the  
Adriatic Sea,  
Serbia still has nightmares when it hears  
"Austria-Hungary".

Dutch and French are waiting to get Flanders and  
Wallonia,  
Spain is still asleep and where the fuck is Macedonia.  
Czechs are tired of jokes on their name so Czech out  
their neighbor Slovakia,  
Moldova still high as fuck on that plane singing  
Mai-Ya.

Praise our Yuropean Yunion, ain't no better place to  
be,  
Everything is prosperous except the Greek economy.  
English as a choice for this anthem holds quite a bit  
of irony,  
Proud would our ancestors be to see us ruled by  
Germany.

### **37** *Let the Sunshine in*

We starve, look at one another short of breath  
Walking proudly in our winter coats  
Wearing smells from laboratories  
Facing a dying nation of moving paper fantasies  
Listening for the new told lies  
With supreme visions of lonely tunes

Somewhere, inside something, there is a rush of  
greatness

Who knows what stands in front of our lives  
I fashion my future on films in space  
Silence tells me secretly ev'rything, ev'rything

Singing my space songs on a spiderweb sitar  
"Life is around you and in you"  
Answer for Timothy Leary, deary

Let the sun shine  
Let the sunshine in  
The sun shine in

### **38** *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  
Etait 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...

**39**

*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... :::

## **40** *Auld Lang Syne (Modern English)*

Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We two have run about the braes,  
And pulled the daisies fine,  
But we've wandered many a weary foot,  
Since auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne...

We two have paddled in the stream,  
From noon 'till dinner time,  
But seas between us broad have roared  
Since auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne...

And there's a hand, my trusty friend!  
And give a hand of thine!  
We'll take a goodwill drink of ale,  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne...

And surely you'll pay for your pint,  
And I will pay for mine!  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

## **41** *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! :::

NOT

