

Songbook Cover

Tonight's Songs

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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.

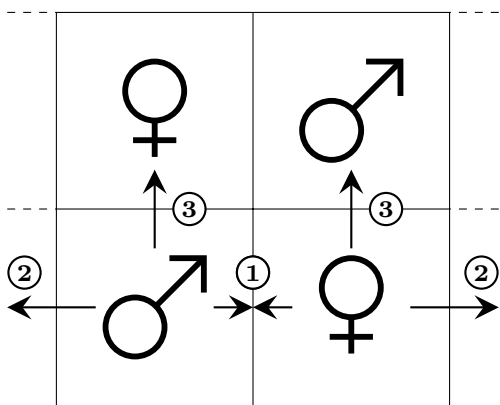
The Rules

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

*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. :::

2

*Wasted**To the tune of "Star Wars Theme"*

::: 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.

3

*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.

4

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!

5

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!

6

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!

7

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...

8

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 (x3)

And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory...

He was the last to leave the plane but first to hit the
ground (x3)

And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory...

He hit the ground and turned into a ten-by-ten feet
square (x3)

And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory...

They scraped him off and sent him to the ketchup
factory (x3)
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory...

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!

9 *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...

Trink, trink...

10

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.

11

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 tätar 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!

12 *Ein Prosit*

::: Ein Prosit, ein Prosit,
Der Gemütlichkeit! :::

Eins! Zwei! Drei! G'SUFFA!

13 *The Engineers' Drinking Song* *To the tune of "The Son of a Gambolier"*

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers,
We can, we can, we can, we can, demolish forty
beers.

Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum all day, and come
along with us,

'Cause we don't give a damn for any old man who
don't give a damn for us!

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park,
The Engineer was working on some research after
dark,

His scientific method was a marvel to observe,
While his right hand held the figures, his left hand
traced the curves.

We are, we are, we are, we are...

Princeton's run by Wellesley, and Wellesley's run by
Yale

And Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail
Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by
hand

But M.I.T. is run by Engineers, the finest in the land

We are, we are, we are, we are...

MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup,
And MIT will be MIT when Harvard's time is up,
And any Harvard son of a bitch who thinks he's in
our class,
Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the Beaver's ass.

We are, we are, we are, we are...

A Harvard lad in robes was clad and set to graduate.
A pompous gleaming spectacle he was upon that
date.

But not a quarter hour after he got his degree,
He was serving fries to engineers from good old MIT!

We are, we are, we are, we are...

An MIT surveyor once found the gates of Hell,
He looked the devil in the eye, and said "You're
looking well".

The devil looked right back at him, and said "Why
visit me -

You've been through Hell already; you went to
MIT!"

We are, we are, we are, we are...

Rapunzel let her hair down for two suitors down
below,
So one of them could grab a hold and give the old
heave-ho.

The prince began to climb at once, but soon came
out the worst,

For the Engineer rode up a lift, and reached
Rapunzel first.

We are, we are, we are, we are...

3.141 is pi and 2.7's e.

The root of -1 is i the speed of light is c.

And I can rattle off these numbers 'til infinity,

But the only thing that's constant is the work at
MIT!

We are, we are, we are, we are...

14

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...

15

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!

16 *Spanish Toast*

Arriba! (*glasses up*)
Abajo! (*glasses down*)
Al Lado! (*to the left*)
Al Otro! (*to the right*)
Al Centro! (*to the center*)
Para Dentro! (*drink*)

17 *Staffan's song* *To the tune of "Staffanvisan"*

Staffan var en stalledräng,
men inte någon stjärna.
Han gilla' inte att gå hem,
dit gick han inte gärna.
Ingen dager synes än,
därför stannar jag till fem, sa Staffan!

Staffan was a stableboy,
but not a very good one.
He did not like to go home,
he did not like to go there.
No dawn is yet seen
so I will stay until five, said Staffan!

18 *Procrastinate* *To the tune of "O crhistmas tree"*

Procrastinate,
can't concetrate,
I'd rather date or celebrate.

Procrastinate,
can't concentrate,
I'd rather date or celebrate.

Just one more Netflix episode,
who cares about the study load.

Procrastinate,
can't concentrate,
oh, will I ever graduate.

19 *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...

20 *Twelve Days of Binge Drinking* *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,

21 *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... :::

22 *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...

23 *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 woaaaaoh,
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 kfjql.

La Tristitude...

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...

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!

26

Eurovision

To the tune of "Eurovision Theme"

The French drink Champagne and Chardonnay,
In Germany they drink beer,
In Russia they drink Vodka,
In Sweden 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,~~
and Russia propaganda,
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!

27

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!

28

Beer Cannon

To the tune of "Frère Jacques"

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

29

Soft Kitty

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

30

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.

31

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... :::

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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

LOGO

