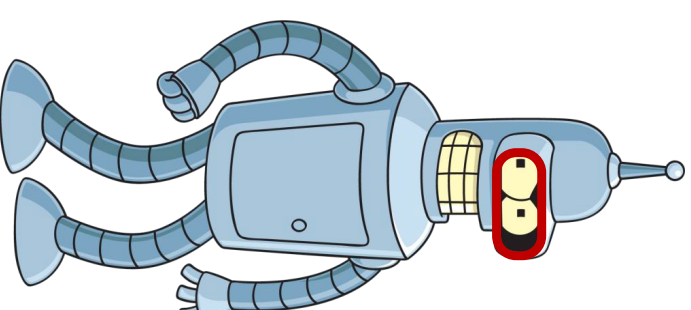




ANAPIC -O-RAMA

sångbok

23.02.2024



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TONIGHT ON EEVBIOL

FUNERAL AT THE LAB

After NEWS Ana Pico APVSG-59

MAGICALLY Dies HEAT

in BRUTAL EXPLOSION

Kilo-	Kilo- ¹²	10 ³
Mega-	M	10 ⁶
Giga-	G	10 ⁹
Tera-	T	10 ¹²
Schunga-	S	10 ¹⁵
Chetle-	C	10 ¹⁸
U-	U	10 ²¹
Humme-	H	10 ²⁴

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
Ma-y-a.

Praise our European Union, 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.

24 *JAS:en*
To the tune of "När månen vandrar"

Där flög en JAS över Västerbron
Men styrsystemet var trasigt
Piloten ut sköt sig med kanon
För planet vingla så knasigt
"Jag vill ju uppåt, jag vill ju ner"
Men planet svarte: "Jag ville ner
Mot alla hjon, på Västerbron"

25 *Beer Cannon*
To the tune of "Frère Jacques"

::: Eichhof Lager :::
::: Cardinal :::
::: Heineken and Boxer :::
::: Felschloossen :::

26 *Who is a Freshman*

::: Who is a freshman of XX,
Stand up on your chair. :::
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! :::

What is a Sittning?

A Sittning or Stust 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 on.

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.
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 Sittnings at home just like we did it here!



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.

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!

22 Eurovision

To the tune of "Eurovision Theme"

The French drink Champagne and Chandonnay,
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,
A Sittning 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!

23 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.

La Tristitude...

20 *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 Run and Cokes,
And a large Long Island Ice Tea.

... Two Run 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,

21 *Internationalen*

Mera brännvyn 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, gud, bevars bevars bevars!

Mehr Spirit 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!

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,
Plus d'enfants pour la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé! ARRIVÉ!

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 *Helan Går*

∴ Helan går,
Sjung hopp-faderallan-lallan-lei ∴
Och den som inte helan tar,
Han ej heller halvan får.
Helan går!
Sjung hopp-faderallan-lallan-lei! Hej!

5 *Here's the First*

To the tune of "Helan Går"

Here's the first,
Sing hopp-faderallan-lallan-lay
Here's the first,
Sing hopp-faderallan-lei.
The one who doesn't drink the first
Shall never, ever quench his thirst
Here's the first!
Sing hop-faderallan-lay! Hey!

6 *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!

7 Clap Your Hands

∴ If you are in Business class, clap your hands ∴
If you are in Business class, loads of money up your ass,
If you are in Business class, clap your hands.

If you are in Eco class / can't even afford the gas
If you've never took a plane / and you'd rather take a train

If the babies are the worst / out the window they all

must

If you want more alcohol / and you've given up control
If you know the Mile High Club / and you wanna take

a stab

If that's the flight of your life / and you'll cry when we arrive

If you've ever puked mid-flight / on the person to your right

If you're part of cabin crew / we all need a drop or two

∴ If you are the loudest class, raise your voice (THAT'S US) ∴

If you are the loudest class, then we gotta fill your glass
If you are the loudest class, raise your voice (THAT'S US)

8 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...

9 Write in C

To the tune of "Let It Be"

When I find my code in tons of trouble

Friends and colleagues come to me

Speaking words of wisdom:

Write in C

As the deadline fast approaches

And bugs are all I can see

Somewhere someone whispers:

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 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 **Suisse**,

C'est avoir quatre langues sans pouvoir communiquer,

C'est quand tu dis "tallaj" au lieu de dire télé,

C'est être neutre et vendre des armes à l'étranger,

Ça fait du ble.

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 hmnn, c'est woowoooooh,

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 Debbouze 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 "Jacque et Michel",

C'est quand au Scrabble t'as K, F, J, Q, X et L,

Et ça fait kifqxl.

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 *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 *Procrastinate*
To the tune of "O christmas tree"

Procrastinate,

Can't concentrate,

I'd rather date or celebrate.

Write in C ...

Write in C ...

Write in C ...

Write in C ...

LISP is dead and buried

Write in C

I used to write a lot of Matlab

For science it worked flawlessly

Try using it for graphics

Write in C

If you just spent nearly 30 hours

Debugging some assembly

Soon you'll be glad to

Write in C

Write in C ... **(4x)**

Only wimps use Python

Write in C

Write in C ... **(4x)**

Scala won't quite cut it

Write in C

Write in C ... **(4x)**

Don't even mention Java

Write in C

10 *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!

11 *Ein Prosit*

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

Eins! Zwei! Drei! G'SUFFEI

12 *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...

13 *The Pirate Bay*

To the tune of "The Wellerman"

SONGMASTER SOLO (ALL VERSES)

There once was honor in for honest fellows
But they made it hard to enjoy our shows
So I stood and declared: Yo-ho-ho
A pirate's life for me!" (huh)

EVERYONE

Soon may The Pirate Bay come
To bring us trackers and seeds and ROMs
One day, when the leeching is done
We'll take our files and go

Some firms online did rally, the crowds
And although we paid, they were ripe with ads
But among us were no cowardly lad
And thus our sails were raised (huh)

(All:) Soon may The Pirate Bay come ...

No filthy leech shall travel my stream
As pirates we're but a single team
You shall seed no less than what you glean
And that's how torrents flow (huh)

(All:) Soon may The Pirate Bay come ...

As the love games across the world spread
Achangel Gabriel offered a shed
There we moored out ships and full Steam ahead
We shop there to this day (huh)

(All:) Soon may The Pirate Bay come ...

If with companies' greed you do compare
We ain't the cheekiest rascals out there
We just won't pay for cheap shovelware
And neither should all of thee (huh)

(All:) Soon may The Pirate Bay come ...

14 *The Engineers' Drinking Song*

To the tune of "The Son of a Gambler"

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...

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...

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 GARDAI

She was wearing glasses...
AND NOTHING ELSE!

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