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001 Barnacle Bill The Sailor

(Sung to the tune of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor")

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE:

Oh, it's only me from across the sea.
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Why are you knocking at my door?
Why are you knocking at my door?
Why are you knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE:

'Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough.
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Will you take me to the dance?
To hell with the dance down with your pants.

You can sleep upon the floor.
I'll not sleep on the floor you dirty whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.
Oh, bugger the mat you can't fuck that.

You can sleep upon the stairs.
Oh, fuck the stairs they haven't got hairs.

What's that running up my blouse?
It's only me mitt to grab yer tit.

You can sleep between my tits.
Oh, bugger your tits they give me the shits.

You can sleep between my thighs.
Bugger your thighs they're covered in flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.
Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt.

What's that running in and out?
It's only me cock, it's as hard as a rock.

What's that running down my leg?
It's only me shot that missed yer twat.

What if my parents should find out?
We'll eat your ma and blow your pa.

What if my mother should disagree?
If yer ma'll agree we'll make it three.

What if we should get VD?
We'll pick the sores and fuck some more.

What if we should get the (clap!)?
Gotta be willin' to take penicillin.

What if I should have a child?
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

What if we should have a girl?
We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch.

What if we should have a boy?
He'll play rugby and fuck like me.

What'll we do when the baby's born
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

What if you should go to jail?
I'll pick the lock with my ten-foot cock.

What if we should go to prison?
I'll swing my balls and knock down the walls.

002 Bestiality's Best

(Sung to the tune of "Wallaby Song")

CHORUS: Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's best.
Fuck a wallaby!
Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's best.
Fuck a wallaby!

Blow your rocks in an ox boys, blow your rocks in
an ox.
Fuck a wallaby!
Blow your rocks in an ox boys, blow your rocks in
an ox.
Fuck a wallaby!

In the spunk of a skunk boys, in the spunk of a
skunk.
Fuck a wallaby!
In the spunk of a skunk boys, in the spunk of a
skunk.
Fuck a wallaby!

In the rear of a deer boys, in the rear of a deer.
Fuck a wallaby!
In the rear of a deer boys, in the rear of a deer.
Fuck a wallaby!

003 Be Kind To Your Web-Footed Friends

(Sung to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever")

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother
Be kind to your friends in the swamp
Where the weather is cool and damp
Now you may think that this is the end
Well it is ...

004 Bill Bailey

(Sung to the tune of "Bill Bailey")

CHORUS: Rip roar a tie-tie-ay,
Rip roar a tie-tie-ay,
Rip roar a tie-tie.
Rip roar a tucky-tucky,
Rip roar a tucky-tucky-aaaay.

I saw Bill Bailey
Out with the ladies
Under a starry sky
Then along came his wife
With a bloody great knife
And she chopped off the end
Of his tooral-ly-ay, Hey!

Off to the courthouse
He was lumbered
Charged with adultery
But the charge wouldn't stick
For he hadn't a prick
Cause she chopped off the end
Of his tooral-ly-ay, Hey!

005 Black Velvet Band

(Sung to the tune of "Black Velvet Band")

CHORUS: Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
They call her the Queen of the land.
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprentice to trade I was found,
Many an hour sweet happiness,
Have I spent in this neat little town,
A sad misfortune came over me,
Which caused me to stray from the land,
Far away from my friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

I took a stroll down Broadway,
Meaning not long for to stay,
When who should I meet,
But this pretty fair maid,
Came a strolling along the highway,
She was both fair and handsome,
And her neck it was just like a swan,
And her hair it hung it over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a strole with this pretty fair maid,
And the gentleman passing us by,
Well I knew she meant the doing of him,
By the look in her roguish black-eye,
The gold watch she took from his pocket,
And placed it right into my hand,
And the very first thing that I said was,
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

006 Boy Meets Girl

Boy meets girl, holds her hand,
Visions of a promised land,
Tender words, cling and kiss,
Crafty feel, heavenly bliss,
Nibble nipples, squeeze thighs,
Gets a beat, feels a rise,
Eyes ablaze, drawers down,
Really starts to go to town,
Legs outspread, virgin lass,
Fanny foams like bottled Bass,
Ram it home, moans of joy,
Teenage love, girl meets boy,
Love's a jewel, pearls he's won,
Shoots his **load**, what's he done,
Comes the pay off, here's the rub,
He's got her in the pudding club,
Comes the wedding, bridesmaids flap,
Love and cherish, all that crap,
A tubby tum, weighty gain,
Prams and nappies, labour pain,
Begins to realize what he **did**,
Nagging wife and screaming kid,
Sweats his prick off, works his stint;
Only pleasure is evening time,
When mattress creaks she's off again,
Can't forsake those sexy habits,
Breeding kids like bloody rabbits.

007 Brother Johnny

("Johnny" is replaced by the name of the person who messes up a solo.)

Here's to Brother Johnny, Brother Johnny, Brother Johnny.
Here's to Brother Johnny who's with us tonight.
He beats it, he eats it, he often mistreats it.
Here's to Brother Johnny who's with us tonight.

008 Bye, Bye, Blackbird

(Sung to the tune of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird")

Once a boy was no good,
Took a girl into a wood,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

Laid her down upon the grass,
Pinched her tits and slapped her ass,
Blackbird Bye, Bye,.

Took her where nobody else could find her,
To a place where he could really grind her,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

Rolled her over on her front,
Shoved his prick right up her cunt,
Blackbird Bye, Bye,.

But this girl was no sport,
Took her story to a court,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

Told her story in the morn,
All the jury had a horn,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

Then the judge came to his decision,
This poor sod got eighteen months in prison,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

So next time, boy, do it right,
Stuff her cunt with dynamite,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

009 By The Light

(Sung to the tune of "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon")

By the light,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
Of the flickering match,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
I saw her snatch,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
In the watermelon patch,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish.
By the light,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
Of the flickering match,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
I saw her gleam, I heard her scream,
you are burning my snatch,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
With your God damned match,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish.

010 Cal Drinking Song

Oh, we had a little party down in Newport,
There was Harry, there was Larry, there was
Grace.

Oh, we had a little party down in Newport,
And we had to carry Harry from the place.

Oh, we had to carry Harry to the ferry,
And we had to carry him to the shore.
And the reason that we had to carry Harry to the
ferry,
Was that Harry couldn't carry anymore.

For San Fernando, for San Fernando,
The hills resound the cry, we're out to do or die.
For San Fernando, for San Fernando,
We'll win the game or know the reason why.

And when the game is over we will buy a case of
booze,
And we'll drink to San Fernando 'til we wallow in
our shoes.
So drink, tra-la-la
Drink, drank, drunk last night
Drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight like we've never been
drunk before
'Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
For I'm a member of the Souse family.
Oh, the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the Highland Dutch and the Lowland
Dutch,
And the goddamn Dutch and the Irish.

Sing Glorious! Victorious!
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Sing Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone, damned
near.

Here's to the Irish. Dead drunk!
The lucky stiffs.
They had four fifths,
And a six pack, too. Brew 102.

011 Can You Walk A Little Way With It In?

(Sung to the tune of "She'll Be Coming Round
The Mountain")

Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in?
Can you walk a little way with it in?
"Oh," she answered with a smile,
"I can walk a fucking mile,
With it in, with it in, with it in."

012 Cathusalem

CHORUS: Hi ho Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Cathusalem,
Hi ho Cathusalem, Harlot of Jerusalem.
In the days of old there lived a maid,
She was the Mistress of her trade,
A prostitute of high repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Though she screwed for many a year,
Of pregnancy she had no fear,
She washed her passage with beer,
The best in all Jerusalem.

Now in a hovel by the wall,
A student lived with but one ball,
Who'd been through all, or nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.

His phallic limb was lean and tall,
His phallic art caused all to fall,
And victims lined the Wailing Wall,
That goes around Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
With customary whore-lust he,
Made up his mind to call and see,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

It was for her no fortune good,
That he needed to root his pud,
And chose her out of all the breed,
Of harlots of Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look
He took out from its filthy-nook,
His organ stisted like a crook,
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He put the whore against the slum,
And tied her at the knee and bum,
Just where the strain would come,
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bun,
And rattling like a Lewis gun,
He sewed the seed of many a son,
Into the fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,
With warty balls smeared with shit,
He'd sworn he would ball that night,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,
With roars of rage he rent the air,
Vowed that he would soon take care,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by his crook,
And with a single look,
Flung him over Kedren's Brook,
That babbles past Jerusalem.

The student gave a furious roar,
And rushed to even up the score,
And with his swollen cock did bore,
The rapist of Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rags and fight,
He pushed the bastard Onanite,
And rubbed his face in Cathy's shit,
The foulest in Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she knew her part,
She closed her ass and blew a fart,
That sent him flying like a dart,
Right over old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee,
He flew straight out towards the sea,
But caught his asshole in a tree,
That grows in old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see,
His asshole hanging from that tree,
Let that to you a warning be,
When passing through Jerusalem.

And when the moon is bright and red,
A castrated fern sails overhead,

Still raining curses on the head,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick,
To hear him grunt so fast & quick,
As he tore with his crooked dick,
The womb of fair Cathusalem.

As for the student and his lass,
Many a playful night did pass,
Until she joined the V.D. class,
For harlots of Jerusalem.

013 Cats On The Rooftop

CHORUS: Singing cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the clap and cats with the piles,
Cats with their asses wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

When you wake up in the morn with the devil of a stand,
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary gland,
If you haven't got a woman use you own horny hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife,
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of sexual joy,
And your wife has got the rag on and your daughter's rather coy,
Then jam it up the arse hole of your favorite choirboy,
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.

The ostrich on the pampas is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But whenever it does it slips in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The elephant's dong is big and round,
A small one weighs a thousand pound,
Two together shake the ground,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell the he from the she,
But he can tell and so can she,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,
He hardly ever gets a poke,
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The hippopotamus so it seems,

Rarely, if ever, has wet dreams,
But when he does he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,
His night is made when he is done,
He always gets two humps for one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The flea cavorts among the trees,
And there consorts with whom he please,
To fill the land with bastard fleas,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The ape is small and rather slow,
Erect he stands a foot or so,
So when he comes it's time to go,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The orangutan is a colorful sight,
There's a glow on its arse likke a pilot light,
As it jumps and it leaps in the night,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Long-legged curates grind like goats,
Pale-faced spinsters shag like stoats,
And the whole damn works stands by and gloats,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To sit and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Revelling in the joys of fornication.

014 Charlotte The Harlot

(Sung to the tune of "Sweet Betsy From Pike")

CHORUS:She's filthy, she's nasty,
She spits on the floor,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

Way out in the wild west where the bullshit lies
thick,
Where the women are women and the cowboys
come quick,
There lives a fair maiden of forty or more,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

She's handy, she's bandy, she screws in the street,
Whenever you meet her she's always in heat,
If you leave your fly open she's after your meat,
And the small of her cunt knocks you right off your
feet.

She's easy, she's breezy, she's my hearts delight,
I'll fuck her by day and fuck her by night,
And each time I fuck her she shouts out, "Encore,"
I call that great fucking and I want some more.

One night on the prairie while riding along,
One hand on my pistol and one on my dong,
What should I spy but the maid I adore,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls,
What should I see but Charlotte using a stick,
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's prick.

One night on the desert her legs opened wide,
A rattlesnake saw it and climbed up inside,
Now all the cowboys on Saturday night,
Come see the vagina that rattles and bites.

I leapt from my saddle and reached for her crack,
But the damn thing was rattling and bit me back,
I pulled out my six gun and aimed for its head,
But the damn thing misfired and shot Charlotte
instead.

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down
there,
And parted the tresses of curly brown hair,
Inserted the penis of my sturdy horse,
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Charlotte rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did backfire,
And shot Charlotte right into the mire.

He got Charlotte all covered in muck,
And said, "Oh dear, cowboy, what a glorious fuck,"
She stepped a pace forward and fell flat on the
floor,
And that was the end of the cowpuncher's whore.

The funeral procession was forty miles long,
And all of the cowboys were singing the song,
"Here lies a maiden who never kept score,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore."

015 Charlotte The Harlot Lay Dying

CHORUS:"I've been had by the army, the navy,
By a bullfighting toreador,
By dages and dronges and dinges,
But never by maggots before,
So roll back your dirty old assholes,
And give me the cream of your nuts."
So they rolled back their dirty old assholes,
And played "Home Sweet Home" on her guts.

Charlotte the Harlot lay dying,
A piss-pot supported her head,
The blow-flies were buzzing around her,
She lay on her left tit and said:

Charlotte the Harlot repented,
She'd never have another bang,
She wanted to go to heaven,
So she rolled on her right tit and sang:

Charlotte the Harlot was buried,
The town was much quieter than before,
But one night at the local brothel,
Her ghost appeared in the beer.

016 Christopher Columbo

CHORUS:His balls they were so round - o
His cock hung to the ground - o
That fornicating, copulating
Son-of-a-bitch Columbo.
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
A man whose name was Chris
Stood by the Trevi fountain
Indulging in a piss.

Along did come the Queen of Spain
And glimpsing there his dong,
Forthwith was smitten with desire
And knew not right from wrong.

"Oh, Isabelle," Columbo said,
A-waving of his balls,
"The world is round as these are,
I feel that duty calls."

"Just wait a bit," said Isabelle,
"And don't forget essentials,
For I've a mind to have a grind
And check on your credentials."

She gave her guest no time for rest,
The pace was fairly killing,
With legs apart he gave the tart
A cream and cherry filling.

With lustful shout they ran about
And practiced copulation,
And when they left to sail away
They'd doubled the population.

And when his men pulled out again,
And reckoned all their score up,
They'd caught a pox from every box
That syphilized all Europe.

Three ships set sail that sunny day,
They all were triple deckers,
The queen she waived her handkerchief
Columbo waived his pecker.

For forty days and forty nights
He sailed the broad Atlantic,
Columbo and his scurvy crew
For want of a screw were frantic.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
That dirty little nipper,
He packed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised his skipper.

The first mate's name was John,
They loved him like a brother,
And every night in the pale moonlight
They corn-holed each other.

The third mate's name was Higgins,
And Higgins had a big 'un,
Twice round his neck, twice round the deck,
The rest was used for riggin.

The cook, that rotten man,
He was a dirty demon,
He served the crew a menstrual stew,
And flavored it with semen.

An Indian maid ran down the beach,
Columbo he pursued her,
The white of an egg ran down her leg,
Columbo he unscrewed her.

And when they got to Yankee land,
The spied a Yankee harlot,
When they came her arse was lily-white,
When they left her arse was scarlet.

017 Christopher Robin

(Sung to the tune of "Christopher Robin")

Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs
Clutched in his hand are a bunch of white hairs
Oh my just fancy that
Christopher Robin castrated the cat.

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed
Lily-white hands are caressing his head
Oh my couldn't be worse
Christopher Robin is shagging his nurse.

Little boy sits on the lavatory pan
Gently caressing his little old man
Flip flop into the tank
Christopher Robin is having a wank.

018 Clementine

(Sung to the tune of "Clementine")

CHORUS: I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin',
I owe my darlin' Clementine,
Three bent pennies and a nickel,
Oh my darlin' Clementine.

There she stood beside the bar rail,
Drinking pink gins for two bits,
And the swollen whiskey barrels
Stood in awe beside her tits.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water
As she sodden at me peer,
Dawns the daylight in her temple
With a fucking-warming leer.

Hung me guitar on the bar rail
At the sweetness of the sign,
In one leap lept out me trousers
Plunged into the foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was busty
She could match the great Buzoom,
As she strained out of her bloomers
Like a melon tree in bloom.

Oh the oak tree and the cypress
never more together twine,
Since that creeping poison ivy
Laid its blight on Clementine.

019 Cockles and Mussels

(Sung to the tune of "Molly Malone")

CHORUS: Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o
Singing cockles and mussels
Alive, alive-o.

In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel barrow, through streets
broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

She was a fishmonger, but sure twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled the barrow, through
streets broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets
broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

020 Courtin' in The Kitchen

CHORUS: Tooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy,
Tooral ooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy.

Come single belle and beau, unto me pay
attention,
Don't ever fall in love for 'tis the devil's own
invention.
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin',
Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's kitchen.

At the age of seventeen I was 'prenticed to a
grocer,
Not far from Stephen's Green where Miss Henry
used to go, Sir.
Her manners were sublime, she set me heart a
twitchin',
And she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen.

Next Sunday being the day we were to have the
flare up,
I dressed meself quite gay, an' I frizzed and oiled
my hair up.
The captain had n-o wife, faith, he had gone out
fishing,

So we kicked up high life down below stairs on
the kitchen.

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the
table,
She handed tea and cake and I ate while I was
able.
I drank hot punch and tea till me sides had got a
stitch in,
And the hours passed quick away with the courtin'
in the kitchen.

With me arms around her waist she slyly hinted
marriage,
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain
Kelly's carriage
Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was
spitting,
When the Captain at the door walked straight into
the kitchen.

She flew up off my knees, full five feet up or
higher,
And over head and heels, threw me slap into the
fire.
My new Repeater's coast, that I bought from Mr.
Mitchell,
With a twenty shilling note, went to blazes in the
kitchen.

I grieved to see my duds, all smeared with soot
and ashed,
When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she
dashed.
As I lay on the floor and the water she kept
pitchin',
The footman broke the door, and marched down
into the kitchen.

When the Captain came downstairs, tho' he saw
my situation,
In spite of all my prayers, I was marched off to the
station.
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was
itchin',
But I had to tell the tale, how I came into the
kitchen.

I said she did invite me but she gave a flat denial,
For assault she did indict me and I was sent to
trial.
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her
screetchin',

And I got six months hard for me courtin' in the
kitchen.

021 Court of The Horny Five Sweetheart Song

CHORUS: In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
Up tight, and out of sight, and in the mood.

She's got nipples on her tits just as big as your
thumb.
She's got somethin' 'tween her legs to make a
dead man cum.
She's got shoo-fly pie - apple pandowdy,
Makes your balls rise up and makes your pecker
say "Howdy".
You can huff and you can puff and you can strut
your stuff,
But you can't eat enough of her wonderful muff!

Oh, the nipples on her tits are as big as my
thumb.
The wiggle of her ass will make a dead man cum.
She's a mean mother fucker and a great
cocksucker.
She's my girl; she fucks.

022 Daisy

(Sung to the tune of "Daisy")

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer do.
I'm half crazy,
Six inches into you.
It won't be a stylish entry,
I can't afford a frenchie.
But you'll look sweet,
Between the sheets,
When I'm six inches into you.

023 Darkie Sunday School

CHORUS: Young folk, old folk, everybody come
To the darkie Sunday School
And we'll have lots of fun
Bring your sticks of chewing gum
And sit upon the floor
And we'll tell you Bible stories
That you've never heard before.

Now Adam was the first man
So we're led to believe
He walked into the garden
And bumped right into Eve
There was no one there to show him
But he quickly found the way
And that's the very reason
Why we're singing here today.

The Lord said unto Noah
"It's going to rain today"
So Noah built a bloody great Ark
In which to sail away,
The animals went in two by two
But soon got up to tricks
So, although they came in two by two
They came out six by six.

Now Moses in the bullrushes
Was all wrapped up in swathe
Pharaoh's daughter found him
When she went down there to bathe
She took him back to Pharaoh
And said, "I found him on the shore"
And Pharaoh winked his eye and said
"I've heard that one before.

King Solomon and King David
Lived most immoral lives
Spent their time a-chasing
After other people's wives
The Lord spake unto both of them
And it worked just like a charm
'Cos Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And David wrote the Psalms.

Now Samson was an Israelite
And very big and strong
Delilah was a Philistine
Always doing wrong
They spent a week together

024 Diamond Lily

Oh her name is Diamond Lily
She's a whore in Piccadilly,
And her brother has a brothel in the Strand,
Her father sells his arse hole
At the Elephant and Castle,
They're the richest fucking family in the land.

There's a man deep in a dungeon
With his hand upon his prick
And the shadow of his prick upon the wall
And the ladies as they pass
Stick their hat-pins up his arse,
And the little mice play billiards with his balls.

There's a little green urinal
To the north of Waterloo
And another a little further up,
There's a member of the army
Playing tunes upon his dick
While the passers-by put pennies in his cup.

025 Did You Ever See

CHORUS: Did you ever see,
Did you ever see,
Did you ever see,
Such a funny thing before.

Oh, I got an Auntie Sissy,
And she's only got one titty,
But it's very long and pointed
And the nipple's double jointed.

I've got a cousin Daniel,
And he's got a cockerspaniel,
If you tickled 'im in the middle
He would lift his leg and piddle.

Oh, I've got a cousin Rupert,
He plays outside center for Newport,
The think so much about him
That they always play without him.

Oh, I've got a cousin Anna,
And she's got a grand piana,
And she ram aram arama,
Till the neighbors say "God Damn Her."

026 Dont Say No

(Chanted)

Oh, my darlin', don't say no,
Onto the sofa you must go.
Up with your petticoat,
Down with your drawers,
You tickle mine
And I'll tickle yours.

027 Do Yours Hang Low?Error!

Bookmark not defined.

(Sung to the tune of "Do Your Ears Hang Low")

Do your balls hang low?
Do they dangle to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you sling 'em o'er your shoulder
Like a Continental Soldier?
Do your balls hang low?

028 Eskimo Nell

(Recited)

Gather round all you whorey
Gather round and hear this story.
When a man rows old, & his balls grow cold
And the tip of his prick turns blue,
It bends in the middle like a 1 string fiddle
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Go forth in search of fun
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick
And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Are sore, depressed and sad
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt
Bat the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Live down by Dead Man's Creek
And such was their luck they'd had no fuck
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,
And a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick
This fucking was mighty slow.

So do or dare this horny pair
Set forth for the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick
And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail
No man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride
A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande
At the height of a blazing noon,
And to slack their thirst and do their worst
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide
Both prick and gun flashed free.

According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,
You drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of Dead-eye Dick,
From Maine to Panama
So with scarcely worse than a muttered cur
Those dagos sought the bar.

The girls too knew his playful ways
Down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawer
At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete
Itch on the trigger grip
And they didn't wait, at fearful rate
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick
With lecherous snorts and grunts
So forty arses were bared to view
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty cunts and forty arses
If you can use your wits,
And if you're slick at arithmetic,
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight
For a man with a raging stand
It may be rare in Berkeley Square
But not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few
On the last preceding night,
This he had done just to show his fun
And to wet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,
As he backed and took a run
He made a dart at the nearest tart
And scored a hole in one.

He bore her to the sandy floor
And there he fucked her fine
And though she grinned
It put the wind up the other thirty-nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick
He's got no time to spare,
For speed & length combined with strength
He fairly singses hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,

When into that harlot's hell
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,
And her name it was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick
Well into number two
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,
She bawled to him, "Hey you."

He gave a flick of his muscular prick
And the girl flew over his head,
And he wheeled about with an angry shout.
His face and his prick were red.

She glanced our hero up and down,
His looks she seemed to decry,
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn
That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette
Over his steaming knob
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete
He failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell
In accents clear and cool,
"You cunt struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp.
You call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"
She sneered to those cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one
With an air of conscious pride
And as she stood in her womanhood
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on a table top
Where someone had left his glass,
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits
Between the cheeks of her arse.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,
And spread her legs apart,
With a friendly nod to the mangy sod
She gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,
He meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was fucking bliss
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his arse hole to and fro
And made his balls inflate
Until they looked like granite knobs
Up on a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,
His balls increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick
Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol,
And made it steaming hot
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob
With a cayenne pepperpot.

Then neither did he take a run
Nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight
Along his mighty tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons
On the mighty C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse.
Well, you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn
The ins and outs of the trick
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run
By a guy like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,
As good as whole harem
With the strength of ten in her abdomen
And the rock of ages between.

Amid stops she could take the stream
Like the flush of a watercloset,
And she gripped his cock like a Yale Lock
On the National Safe Deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick,
He meant to conserve his powers,
If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,
The grip of her cunt grew keener,

Squeezing her thigh she sucked him dry
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick
As to set in complete defiance
The basic cause and primary laws
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code
Which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the classic schools
In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end
Of copulation's classic
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick
And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor, and knew no more
His passions extinct and dead
And he did not shout as his prick fell out
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet
To avenge his pal's affront,
With jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt
He rammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip
And fired three times three
But to his surprise she closed her eyes
And smiled in ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet
"Bully", she said, "for you.
Though I had guessed that was the best
That you two poor cocks could do."

"When next, my friend, that you intend
To sally forth for fun
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick
And yourself an elephant gun.

"I'm going back to the frozen North,
Where the pricks are hard and strong.
Back to the land of the frozen stand
Where the nights are six months long.

"It's hard as tin when they put it in
In the land where spunk is spunk
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream
But a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand
What it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed
And the babies masturbate.

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,
Where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair
That's where they'll sing this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic Trail
Where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are
sold
Wrapped up in a ball of snow.

"In the valley of death with baited breath
That's where they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,
And the rotting corpses screw.

"Back to the land where men are men,
Terra Bellicum,
And there I'll spend my worthy end
For the North is calling: 'Come.'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

029 Eyes Right

(Chanted)

Eyes right,
Skin back tight,
Bollocks to the front.
We're the boys who make no noise,
When we go hunting cunt.
We're the riders of the night,
And we'd rather fuck than fight.
We're the riders of the (your team's name) RFC.

030 Fa La La

CHORUS: Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la
Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

I'll be up your flue in a minute or two,
'Cause I know where to find it.
It's around the front and it's called the cunt,
And the asshole's right behind it.

My darling Grace, I love your face,
I love you in your nightie.
When the moonlight flits across your tits,
Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty.

I'll be up your gash as quick as a flash,
'Cause I am Jack the Ripper.
Though some have hairs -and some are bald,
But they all smell like a kipper.

I'll be between your thighs despite your lies,
Because you love me deary.
I'll be up and down and in and out,
Until you are too weary.

You'll be on your knees and begging please,
Because you are so horny.
I'll be round about and up your spout,
And gone before the morning.

The very best time I ever had,
Is when I take out Lucy.
'Cause after we dine and after we dance,
I get to eat her pussy.

031 Fanny Bay

If you ever go across the sea to Darwin,
Then maybe at the closing of the day,
You will see the local harlots
at their business,
And watch the sun go down on Fanny Bay.

Some are black and some are white,
And some are brindle,
And some are young
and some are old and grey,
But what will cost you twenty quid
in Lower Crown Street,
Will cost you half a zac in Fanny Bay.

032 Farmer's Daughter

CHORUS: I had her, I had her, I had her away.
I had her, I had her, I had her away.
(Repeat last two lines of each verse.)

I knew a farmer and I knew him well.
He had a daughter and her name was Nell.
She was so pretty and only sixteen,
When I showed her the works of my Thrashing
Machine.

The barn door was open and I stepped inside.
Off in the corner so softly I spied.
She worked the throttle and I worked the steam,
As I showed her the works of my Thrashing
Machine.

Well, three months went by and all was not well.
Something had happened to our little Nell.
For under her pinny could clearly be seen,
The diabolical works of my Thrashing Machine.

Now, nine months went by and a doctor was
called.
Unto sweet Nellie a baby was born.
And under his nappy could clearly be seen,
A brand new, twin cylinder Thrashing Machine.

033 Fuck Him

(Chanted)

He ought to be publicly pissed on.
He ought to be publicly shot. Bang! Bang!
And stuffed in a bloody urinal,
To lay there to fester and rot.
So him, him, FUCK HIM!

034 Gentlemen Should Please Refrain

(Sung to the tune of "Poisoning Pigeons in the Park")

Gentlemen should please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station for a while.
We encourage contemplation
While the train is in the station,
Cross your legs and grit your teeth and smile.

If you wish to pass some water
You should sing out for a porter
Who will place a basin in the bog;
Tramps and hoboes undeneath
Get it in the eye and teeth,
But that's what comes from being underdog.

Drinking while the train is moving
Is another way of proving,
That control of eye and hand is sure;
We like our clients to be neat,
So please don't wet upon the seat,
Or, even worse, don't splash upon the floor.

If the Ladies' Room be taken,
do not feel the least forsaken,
Never show the sign of sad defeat,
Try the Gents across the hall,
and if some man has felt the call
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts are in vain,
then simply break the window pane,
This novel method's used by very few,
We go strolling through the park,
a-goosing statues in the dark
If Peter Pan can take it, why can't you?

035 Glorious Beer

(Sung to the tune of "Food" from the opera Oliver)

CHORUS: Beer, beer, glorious beer,
Fill yourself right up to here.
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it.
Stick to your old fashion beer,
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it.
Now all together a cheer,
Up with sale of it, down with a pale of it.
Glorious, glorious beer.

Now I won't sing of Sherbet and water
For Sherbet and beer will not rhyme
'ne working man can't afford Champagne
It's a bit more than two D a time
So I'll sing you a song of a garle
A garle that I love so dear
I all owe to that grand institution
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer.

It's the daddy of all lubricators
The best thing there is for the neck
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By persons of every sect
Now we know who the goddess of wine was
But was there a goddess of beer
If so let's drink to her health boys
And wish that we'd got her here, here, here.

So up, up with Brandies and sodas
But down and down with the beer
It's good for you when you're hungry
You can eat it without any fear
So mop up your beer while you're able
Of four-half let's have our fill
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to my dear uncle Bill, Bill, Bill.

036 Harlequin's Lament

Scrum halves and centers and forwards, too.
Thumbs up their assholes with fuck-all to do.
Drinking our beer in the company of fools.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.

The first thing we ask for, we ask for is beer.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious beer.
If we can have one beer, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a brewery?
Why can't we own a brewery?
Why can't we own a brewery?
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.

The next thing we ask for, we ask for is girls.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious girls.
If we can have one girl, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.
The last thing we ask for is boys.

The last thing I ask for is boys.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious boys.
If we can have one boy, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
Tis the Harlequin's Lament.

037 Here's To The Split

(Toast)

Here's to the split that never heals,
The longer you rub it the better it feels.
And all the soap this side of hell,
Can't wash away that fishy smell.

038 He's Dirt Bastard

(Chanted)

For he's a dirty bastard,
Scum of the earth.
Born in a whorehouse.
Shit on, pissed on, shoved around the universe.

Of all the son-of-a-bitches,
he is the worst.
Born down in (city of your choice),
The armpit of the universe.

So him, him, FUCK HIM!

039 His Father Was A Eunuch

(Chanted)

His father was a eunuch,
He had no balls at all.
What could have been the use of him,
Is more than I recall.
Band, Bang, FUCK HIM.

040 Hitler Has Only Got One Ball

CHORUS: Hitler has only got one ball,
Stalin has two, but very small.
Himmler is very similar,
And poor old Goebbels has no balls at all.

We are from (your team's name) RFC.
We are always out to win.
Men, men very strong,
We are the forwards and backs again.

And if the forwards push very hard,
Backs play with all their hearts.
Men, men very strong,
We are the forwards and backs again.

041 Hold'Em Down You Zulu Warrior

(Sung to the tune of "Zulu Warrior")

Hold 'em down you Zulu Warrior,
Hold'em down you Zulu Chief,
Chief! Chief! Chief! Chief
Ar-Delle zumba zumba zumba.
Ar-Delle zumba zumba zay.
Ar-Delle zumba zumba zumba.
Ar-Delle zumba zumba zay.

042 I Don't Know What His Name Is...

CHORUS:I don't know what his name is and
wherever he may be,
Just listen while I tell you what he did to me!

I went through the front gate
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped round the back way
Like I knew he would.

I went in the front door
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped in behind me
Like I knew he would.

I went up the stairs
Like a good girl should,
And he came up behind me
Like I knew he would.

I went in my bedroom
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped in behind me
Like I hoped he would.

I took all my clothes off
Like a good girl should,
And he took off his trousers
Like I knew he would.

I put on my 'jamas
Like a good girl should,
And then he took them off again
Like I knew he would.

I got into bed
Like a good girl should,

And he got in beside me
Like I knew he would.

I laid on my side
Like a good girl should,
But then he turned me over
Like I knew he would.

FINAL

CHORUS:I don't know what his name is and
wherever he may be,
It's none of your damned business what he did to
me!

043 I Don't Want To Join The Army

CHORUS:I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground,
Living on the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't want a bayonet up me asshole,
I don't want me balls shot away.
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry
England,
And fornicate me fucking life away. Go blimey ...

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
And Wednesday, I must confess, I lifted up her
dress,
Thursday I saw you know what,
Friday I laid me 'and upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a twitch, twitch,
twitch,
And Sunday after supper, I rammed me fucker up
'er,
And now I'm paying 76 a week. Go blimey ...

SECOND

CHORUS:I don't want to join the Navy.
I don't want to go to sea.
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground,
Living on the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't need no Frenchy women,
London's full of girls I never had.
I want to stay in Blight, Lord Gawd Almighty,
Following in the footsteps of me dad.

044 I Don't Wanna Talk About It

CHORUS:I don't wanna talk about it how you
broke my heart.

If I stay here just a little bit longer,
If I stay here won't you listen to my heart, OH my
heart.

I can tell by your eyes that you're probably been
crying forever
And the stars in the sky don't mean nothing to you
there a mirror.

If I stand all along will the shadow hide the color
of my heart
Blue for the tears, black for the night spears
And the stars in the sky don't mean nothing to you
there a mirror.

045 If I Were The Marrying Kind

CHORUS:If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would be...

...WOULD BE A RUGBY FULLBACK.
I'd find touch, she'd find touch,
We'd both find touch together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Finding touch together

...WOULD BE A RUGBY HOOKER.
I'd strike hard, she'd strike hard,
We'd both strike hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Striking
hard together.

...WOULD BE AN INSIDE CENTER.
I'd pass it out, she'd pass it out,
We'd both pass it out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Passing
it out together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY REFEREE.
I'd fuck up, she'd fuck up,
We'd both fuck up together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Fucking
up together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY PROP.

I'd support a hooker, she'd support a hooker,
We'd both support a hooker together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Supporting a hooker together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY FLY-HALF.
I'd whip it out, she'd whip it out,
We'd both whip it out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Whipping it out together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SCRUM-HALF. I'd put it
in, she'd put it in,
Wed both put it in together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Putting
it in together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY HALF-TIME ORANGE.
I'd get sucked, she'd get sucked,
We'd both get sucked together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Getting sucked together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR.
I'd come again, she'd come again,
We'd both come again together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Coming again together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SECOND ROW.
I'd push hard, she'd push hard,
Wed both push hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Pushing hard together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY GROUNDSKEEPER.
I'd trim bush, she'd trim bush,
We'd both trim bush together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Trimming bush together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY TICKET TAKER.
I'd punch holes, she'd punch holds,
We'd both punch holes together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Punching holes together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR IN THE
RAIN.
I'd wear rubbers, she'd wear rubbers,
We'd both wear rubbers together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Wearing rubbers together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY NUMBER EIGHT MAN.

I'd sniff ass, she'd sniff ass,
We'd both sniff ass together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Sniffing ass together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY GOAL POST.

I'd stand erect, she'd stand erect,
We'd both stand erect together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Standing erect together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY ASSISTANT
GROUNDSKEEPER.

I'd fill holes, she'd fill holes,
We'd both fill holes together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Filling holes together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY REFEREE'S WHISTLE.

I'd get blown, she'd get blown,
We'd both get blown together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Getting blown together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY TOUCH LINE.

I'd get laid, she'd get laid,
We'd both get laid together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Getting laid Together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY PARTIER.

I'd keep it up, she'd keep it up,
We'd both keep it up together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Keeping it up together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY WING-FORWARD.

I'd come early, she'd come early,
We'd both come early together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Cumming early together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY WING.

I'd go hard, she'd go hard,
We'd both go hard together,
We'd be alright in the-middle of the night,
Going hard together.

...WOULD BE ANOTHER RUGBY WING.

I'd never get it, she'd never get it,
We'd both never get it together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Never getting it together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SECOND ASSISTANT
GROUNDSKEEPER.

I'd sow seeds, she'd sow seeds,
We'd both sow seeds together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Sowing seeds together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR FROM
100 MILES AWAY.

I'd eat out, she'd eat out,
We'd both eat out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Eating out together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY BOOT.

I'd come in a box, she'd come in a box,
We'd both come in a box together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Coming in a box together.

...WOULD BE A RUGBY FULLBACK NUMBER
TWO.

I'd kick balls, she'd kick balls,
We'd both kick balls together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Kicking balls together.

046 I Love My Wife

I love my wife;
I love her truly;
I love the hole
She pisses through.
I love her tits-tittly-tits-tittly-tits
And her nut brown arse hole.
I would eat her shit,
Chomp, chomp, gobble, gobble
With a rusty spoon,
With a rusty spoon.

047 I'm A Gentleman Of Leisure, Of Nobility, And Pleasure

CHORUS:Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
I've a mind to spin
your little ball of yarn,
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
I've a mind to spin
your little ball of yarn.

I'm a gentleman of leisure, of nobility and
pleasure,
With manners of the manor and the morals of the
barn,
And when I met a lady in the forest green and
shady,
I asked if I could spin her ball of yarn.

She gave her kind consent and behind the bush
we went,
And I said: "My dear, there's no cause for alarm."
So I laid her on the ground and with expertise so
sound,
I went on to spin her little ball of yarn.

It was nine months after that in my manor where I
sat,
I saw a figure coming past the barn,
And a big man with a truncheon quite disturbed
my Sunday luncheon,
was father of a little ball of yarn.

048 I'm Your Mailman

I feel happy, I feel gay
Cause I come twice a day.
I'm your mailman.

I don't mess with keys on locks,
I just stick it in your box.
I'm your mailman.

I can come in any kind of weather,
For you see my bag is made of leather.
I'm your mailman.

Oh! Pat you knockers, ring your chimes,
For you see mine is fine.
I'm your mailman,
With the longest route in town.

049 Incest Time In Texas

(Sung to the tune of "The Yellow Rose Of Texas")

When it's incest time in Texas
And your father is out of town,
Your mother is in the bathroom
With her panties halfway down,
No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat,
When it's incest time in Texas
Motherfuckin' can't be beat!

050 In Duluth

CHORUS: In Duluth, In Duluth
In D', in D', in D', in Duluth,

(Repeat last two lines of each verse)

Oh the eagles they fly high in Duluth.
Oh the eagles they fly high in Duluth.
Oh the eagles they fly high and they shit right in
your eye,
Thank the Lord that cows don't fly in Duluth.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Hunt in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Hunt and he
thought he had a cunt,
But his arse was back to front in Duluth.

There's a shortage of good bogs in Duluth.
There's a shortage of good bogs in Duluth.
There's a shortage of good bogs so they wait until
it clogs,
Then they saw it off in logs in Duluth.

There's a shortage of bogpaper in Duluth.
There's a shortage of bogpaper in Duluth.
There's a shortage of bogpaper so they wait until
it's vapor,
Then they light it with a taper in Duluth.

There's a man by the name of Smith in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Smith in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Smith and he
thinks that he can't sniff,
Foul odor from the syph in Duluth.

Oh they teach the babies tricks in Duluth.
Oh they teach the babies tricks in Duluth.
Oh they teach the babies tricks and by the time
that they are six,
The suck their father's pricks in Duluth.

It's a fuck of a situation in Duluth.
It's a fuck of a situation in Duluth.
It's a fuck of a situation and they're sunk in
masturbation,
For there ain't no fornication in Duluth.

There's a shortage of good whores in Duluth.
There's a shortage of good whores in Duluth.
There's a shortage of good whores but there's
keyholes in the doors,
And there's knotholes in the floors in Duluth.

There's a man by the name of Best in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Best in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Best and he
thought he had a breast,
But his balls were on his chest in Duluth.

There's a girl by the name of Doris in Duluth.
There's a girl by the name of Doris in Duluth.
There's a girl by the name of Doris and her
boyfriend's name is Horace,
And he tickles her clitoris in Duluth.

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Duluth.
Oh the vicar is a bugger in Duluth.
Oh the vicar is a bugger and the curate is another,
So they bugger one another in Duluth.

There's a whore called Dirty Dinah in Duluth.
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah in Duluth.
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah and they say
there's nothing finer,
Than a trip up her vagina in Duluth.

There's a man by the name of Brock in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Brock in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Brock with a multi-
colored cock,
Like a stick of candy rock in Duluth.

Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Duluth.
Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Duluth.
Oh the girls they wear tin pants but they take
them off to dance,
Everybody gets a chance in Duluth.

There's a knot hole in the floor in Duluth.
There's a knot hole in the floor in Duluth.
There's a knot hole in the floor and we use it for a
whore,
There's some cocks that are sore in Duluth.

Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse in Duluth.
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse in Duluth.
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse and he thought it
was a shithouse,
Now the lighthouse is a white house in Duluth.

Oh the ladies have big tits in Duluth.
Oh the ladies have big tits in Duluth.
Oh the ladies have big tits and they hang down to
their clits,
And we munch them all to bits in Duluth.

051 Inside Those Red Plush Breeches

CHORUS: Inside those red plush breeches,
Inside those red plush breeches,
Inside those red plush breeches,
That kept John Thomas warm.

John Thomas was a servant tall
Pride and joy of the servants' hall,
Although he only had one ball,
Inside his red plush breeches.

Of all the servants at the servants' post,
Mary was the one he loved the most,
And she'd keep her hands as was as toast,
Inside his red plush breeches.

Mary had an illegit
awful green and face like shit,
And every time she looked at it,
She cursed those red plush breeches.

Now Mary laid poor John a trap,
And he fell for it like a sap,
And now he's got a dose of clap,
inside those red plush breeches.

052 In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree

In the shade of the old apple tree
A pair of fine legs I did see
With some hair at the top
And a little red spot
It looked like a cherry to me.

I pulled out my pride of New York
It fitted it just like a cork
I said, "Darlin' don't scream
While I fill you with cream
In the shade of the old apple tree."

And as we both lay on the grass
With my two hands around her fat ass
She said, "If you'll be true
You can have fuck too!
In the shade of the old apple tree."

053 It's The Same The Whole World Over

CHORUS: It's the same the whole world over; it's
the poor what gets the blame;
It's the rich what gets the gravy; ain't it all a fucking
shame.

(or)

It's the same the whole world over; it's the pack
which gets the blame;
It's the backs who get the glory; ain't it all a fucking
shame.

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim,
First he fucked her, then he left her
And she had a child by him.

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his wenching
Sips her gin inside a pub.

Then she came to London City,
Just to hide her bleeding shame,
But a politician fucked her
And put her on the streets again.

See him in the House of Commons,
Passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil
Walks the streets at night in shame.

See him riding in a carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage
At the mercy of syphilitic hands.

See him sitting at the theatre,
In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him seated in his Rolls Royce,
Driving homeward from the hunt,
He got riches from his marriage
She got sores upon her cunt.

See her stand in Piccadilly,
Offering up her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined
And the cause of all is him.

It was on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing shitballs at the moor,
She said 'Sir, I'm still a virgin.'
But she spoke too fucking soon.

It was on the bridge at midnight,
Squeezing blackheads from her crotch,
She said, "Sir, I've still not had it."
He said, "No, not fucking much!"

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Looking down with-baited breath,
"A plague upon all cowards,"
She cried falling to her death.

It was on the bridge at midnight,
Where the rich man met his fate,
Her curse had found her coward
And he was doomed to masturbate.

They dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes the wrung,
They thought that she was drowned
Till her corpse got up and sung.

Then there came a wealthy pimp,
Marriage was the tale he told,
She had no one else to take her
So she sold her soul for gold.

In a little country cottage,
There her grieving parents live,
Though they the fizz she sends them
Yet they never will forgive.

054 I Used To Work In Chicago

CHORUS:I used to work in Chicago
In a department store.
I used to work in Chicago
I did but I don't any more.

A woman came in and asked for a dress,
I asked her what dress she adored,
A jumper she said so jump her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a card,
I asked her what card she adored,
A poker she said so poke her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a dog.
I asked her what dog she adored,

A cocker she said so cock her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for some shoes
I asked her what shoes she adored,
A slipper she said so slip her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a cake,
I asked her what cake she adored,
A layer she said so lay her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a ball,
I asked her what ball she adored,
A rubber she said so rub her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for some booze
I asked her what booze she adored,
Liquor she said so lick her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for hardware,
I asked her what hardware she adored,
A screw she said so screw her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a girdle,
I asked her what girdle she adored,
"Rubber!" she said, and rub her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a pet,
I asked her what pet she adored,
"A pussy!" she said, I took the hint,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a hat,
I asked her what hat she adored,
"Felt!" she said, so felt her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a ticket,
I asked her what ticket she adored,
"Bangor!" she said, so bang her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a dairy,
I asked her what dairy she adored,
"Cream!" she said, so cream her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

055 Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

(Sung to the tune of "Ivan Scavinsky Scavar")

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold;
The harlots the fairest of fair,
But the fairest of all,
Was owned by a sheik named,
Abdul Abulbul Amir.

A traveling brothel
Came down from the north,
'Twas run privately for the Czar,
Who wagered no one could out shag,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,
A holiday proclaimed by the Czar,
And the streets were all lined
With the harlots assigned to,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

Old Abdul came in with a snatch by his side,
His eye bore a leer of desire,
And he started to brag
How he would out shag,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

All hairs were shorn and no frenchies were worn,
And this suited Abdul by far,
And he's quite set his mind
On a fast action grind to beat,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

They met on the track with prick at the slack,
A starter's gun punctured the air,
They were both quick to rise,
The crowd gaped at the size of,
Abdul Abulbul Amir.

They worked all the night in the pale yellow light,
Old Abdul he reved like a car,
But he couldn't compete
With the slow steady beat of,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,
He bent down to polish the pair,
When something red hot
Up his back passage shot,
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Amir.

The harlots turned green,
The crowd shouted "Queen,"

They were ordered apart by the Czar,
'Twas bloody bad luck for Abdul was stuck up,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

The cream of the joke came when they broke,
'Twas laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul the fool
Left half his tool up
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

056 Jack And Jill

(Sung to the tune of "Jack and Jill")

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jill came down with half a crown
But not for fetching water.

057 Jesus Saves

(Sung to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

CHORUS: Free beer for all the workers.
Free beer for all the workers.
Free beer for all the workers,
'Till the red revolution begins.

Jesus puts His money in the Bank of Montreal,
Jesus puts His money in the Bank of Montreal,
Jesus puts His money in the Bank of Montreal,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus plays goalie for the Toronto Maple Leafs,
Jesus plays goalie for the Toronto Maple Leafs,
Jesus plays goalie for the Toronto Maple Leafs,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus walks on water, He's the lifeguard at our pool,
Jesus walks on water, He's the lifeguard at our pool,
Jesus walks on water, He's the lifeguard at our pool,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus makes a Trojan cause I used one last night,
Jesus makes a Trojan cause I used one last night,
Jesus makes a Trojan cause I used one last night,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus He sells condoms, He's the only one in town,
Jesus He sells condoms, He's the only one in town,
Jesus He sells condoms, He's the only one in town,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus can't play touch judge, cause His arms point
both ways,
Jesus can't play touch judge, cause His arms point
both ways,
Jesus can't play touch judge, cause His arms point
both ways,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus can't kick for touch, cause His feet are nailed
together,
Jesus can't kick for touch, cause His feet are nailed
together,
Jesus can't kick for touch, cause His feet are nailed
together,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

058 John Peel

Do you ken John Peel
With his balls of steel
And his prick of brass
And his celluloid arse,
Do you ken John Peel
With his balls of steel
And it all comes out in the morning.

059 Jonestown

(Sung to the tune of "Downtown")

CHORUS: You're in Jonestown - drinking with
Reverend Jim.

Jonestown - chances are mighty slim.

Jonestown - people are dropping like flies.

When you're broke and your religion's a joke,
You can always go - to Jonestown
When life's incomplete only one man to meet,
Now won't you come and see - Jim Jones.

Watch him as he stirs the vat of Kool-aid that's so
lethal.

Listen to the anguished cries of all the dying
people.

No one survived.

The Reverend's a most gracious host,

So let's lift up our cups in the ultimate toast.

(CHORUS)

There was Congressman Ryan on his mission of
spyin'

But he would not drink - with Jim Jones.

It was such a disgrace they had to blow off his
face,

Now tell me who's to blame - Jim Jones.

Well this forced the Rev to put his final plan in
action,

Then they drank the brew and saw with great
satisfaction,

- Everyone died

Their deaths were both painful and slow,

But when to live is to die, there's only one way to
go.

(CHORUS)

So the screams were a little loud - Jonestown.

Manson would sure be proud - Jonestown.

The Kool-Aid is waiting for you.

060 Knockers

CHORUS: Oh, those knockers
Great big mama knockers
She's got a knocker here and a knocker over there
She's got a knocker here and a knocker there
And in between the knockers she's got a little hair
But oh, those knockers
Great big mama knockers
She's got a knocker here and a knocker over there

She's got a bra sized 39
You get inside it feels so fine

She's got a bra sized 56
You get inside and get your kicks

She's got a cunt like dynamite
When it explodes it still stays tight

She's got a bra sized 29
Titties are small but areolas are fine.

061 Let Me Call You Sweetheart

(Sung to the tune of "Let Me Call You
Sweetheart")

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.
Let me rub your titties,
'Til they're black and blue.
Let me stroke your vulva,
'Til it's filled with goo.
Let's play hide the weeney,
Up your old wazoo.

062 Life Presents A Dismal Picture

Life presents a dismal picture
Dark and dreary as the womb,
Father's got an anal stricture
Mother's got a fallen womb.

Sister Sue has been aborted
For the forty-second time,
Brother Bill has been deported
For a homosexual crime.

Nurse has chronic menstruation,
Never laughs and never smiles,

Mine's a dismal occupation
Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles.

In a small brown paper parcel
Wrapped in a mysterious way
Is an imitation rectum
Granddad uses twice a day.

Joe the postman called this morning,
Stuck his prick through the door,
We could-not despite endearment
Get it out till half-past four.

Even now the baby's started
Having epileptic fits,
Every time it coughs it spews
Every time it farts it shits.

Yet we are not broken-hearted,
Neither are we up the spout,
Aunty Mabel has just farted,
Blown her arse hole inside out.

063 Lil

Although a lady of ill-repute
Lilian Barker was a beaut,
And it was really deemed an honor
To be allowed to climb upon her.

Her lovely face was smooth and fair,
And golden was her flowing hair,
Yet pot and hash and cruel cocaine
Had ravaged heart and soul and brain.

Lil could take with sly content
A trooper or his regiment,
Hyperbole it sometimes seems,
Is not confined to wishful dreams.

But soon she had to see a doctor
To find out what disease had pocked her.
The diagnosis short and clear
Revealed a dose of gonorrhea.

As Lilian lay in her disgrace,
She felt the devil kiss her face,
She said, "Now mate I'm always willing
But first let's see your silver shilling."

064 Dinah Dinah Show us your leg

CHORUS:Dinah Dinah show us your leg, show us
you leg, show us your leg,
Dinah Dinah show us your leg a yard above your
knee

Alternative substitute Lulu for Dinah

CHORUS:Oh gang bang Dinah, Dinah's goin'
away.
Who we gonna gang bang, when Dinah's gone
away?

Some girls work in factories,
Some girls work in stores,
But my girl works in a whorehouse,
With forty other whores.

I took her to the pictures,
We sat down in the stalls,
And every time the lights went out,
She grabbed me by the balls.

She and I went fishing,
In a dainty punt,
And every time I hooked a fish,
She stuffed it up her cunt.

I wish I was a silver ring,
Upon my Dinah's hand,
And everytime she scratched her cunt,
I'd see the promised land.

Dinah had a puppy,
Dinah had a duck,
She put them in the bathtub,
To see if they would fuck.

A rich girl has a bra,
A poor girl uses string,
but Dinah uses neither,
She lets the bastards swing.

A rich girl has a ring of gold,
A poor girl one of brass,
The only ring that Dinah has,
Is the one around her ass.

A rich girl uses Vaseline,
A poor girl uses lard,
Dinah uses axle-grease,
Because her cunt's so hard.

Dinah had a baby,
It was an awful shock,
She couldn't call it Dinah 'cos,
The bastard had a cock.

A rich girl uses Kotex,
A poor girl a sheet,
Dinah uses nothing at all,
It dribbles in the street.

Dinah had a boyfriend,
His name was Tommy Tucker,
He took her to the bushes,
To see if he could fuck her.

Dinah met a fisherman,
Fishing for some bass,
Instead of catching fish that day,
He got a piece of ass.

Dinah met a breakaway,
She liked the way he rucked,
The breakaway liked Dinah,
He liked the way she fucked.

Dinah met a scrum half,
Sat down in his lap,
Dinah got the scrum half,
The scrum half got the clap.

Dinah had two boyfriends,
Both named Mitch,
One was a son of a baker,
The other was a son-of-a-bitch.

Dinah met a rugby team,
She liked the way they played,
The team liked Dinah,
They liked the way she laid.

A rich girl drives a limousine,
A poor girl drives a truck,
But the only ride that Dinah has,
Is when she has a Fuck.

A rich girl uses tampons,
A poor girl uses rags,
Dinah uses nothing at all,
Or shoves up burlap bags.

I wish I was a chamber pot,
Under Dinah's bed,
And every time she took a piss,
I'd see her maidenhead.

065 Lupe

(Sung to the tune of "Red River Valley")

'Twas down in Cunt Valley where the red river flows,
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow.

'Twas there I met Lupe the girl I adore,
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

She got her first piece at the ripe age of eight,
As she swung back and forth on the old garden gate.
The cross member broke and the upright ran in,
And she's lived ever since in a welter of sin.

She'll suck you, she'll fuck you, she'll gnaw on your nuts,
And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs round you 'til you think you'll die,
Oh I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

Now Lupe is dead as she lies in her tomb,
As the maggots crawl into her decomposed womb.
The smile on her face seems to say "Give me more!"
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

066 Lydia Pinkham

CHORUS: So we'll drink, drink, drink to Lydia Pinkham,
The savior of the human race,
The human race.
Oh, she makes, she bottles, she sells the Vegetable Compound,
And any man can sit on her face,
Sit on her face.

Now, Mr. _____ had a very small penis,
He could barely make it stand,
Make it stand.
So we gave him the Vegetable Compound,
Now he come in either hand,
In either hand

Now Miss _____ had a very small bosom,
They scarcely showed beneath her blouse,
Beneath her blouse.
So we gave her the Vegetable Compound,
And now they milk her with the cows,
With the cows.

Now, Mr. _____ had very small testes,
They looked like a couple of peas,
Couple of peas.
So we gave him the Vegetable Compound,
Now they hang below his knees,
Below his knees.

067 Maggie May

CHORUS: Oh, my darling Maggie May
They have taken her away,
And no more down Lime Street will she roam
For the judge he guilty found her
For robbing a homeward bounder,
That dirty, robbin', no good Maggie May

I was a sailor bound for home,
All the way from Sierra Leone,
And two pound ten a month
Had been my pay,
As I jingled in my tin
I was sadly taken in
By the lady of the name of Maggie May.

When I steered into her
I just hadn't a care
I was cruisin' up and down
Ol' Canning Place.
'She was dressed in a gown so fine,
like a frigate of the line,
And I bein' a sailorman, gave chase.

She gave me a saucy nod,
And I like a farmer's clod
Let her take me line abreast in tow,
And under all plain sail
We ran before the gale
And to the Crow's Rest Tavern
We did go.

Next morning when I awoke,
I found that I was broke.
No trousers, coat or wallet could I find,
And when I asked her where
She said, "My dear young sir,
You'll find them in the pawnshop
Number nine."

To the pawnshop I did go,
No trousers could I find,
So the cops they came
And took this girl away.
Oh, you thieving Maggie May,
You robbed me of my pay,
It'll pay your fare out to Botany Bay.

She was chained and sent away
From Liverpool one day.
The lads they cheered
As she sailed down the bay,

An' every sailor lad
He only was too glad,
They'd sent the old tart to Botany Bay.

Oh Maggie, Maggie May,
They have taken you away,
To stay on Van Dieman's cruel shore.
Oh you robbed many a whaler
And many a drunken sailor,
But you'll never cruise
Round Liverpool no more.

068 Masturbation

Last night I laid awake and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I laid awake and masturbated,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

You should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand.
You should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.

Slam it, ram it, throw it on the floor,
Wrap it around the bed post, slam in in the door.
Some people think that fornication is so neat,
But I would rather stay at home, and calmly beat
my meat.
Eeeeeeeeeee!

069 Men

Men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men
Oh, it's great to be on a ship with men
We'll sail across the sea
Oh, we don't know where we'll land or when
But it's great to be with men
It's great to be with men.

'Cause men can sweat and men can stink
And no one seems to care
Oh, we'll throw the dishes in the sink
And clog the drain with hair-o
Clog the drain with hair-o.

Men, men, men!
On a ship all filled with men
We'll never have to lift the seat
There's no one here but men, men, men, men
Men, men, men, men.

We're men and friends until the end
and none of us are sissies
At night we sleep in separate beds
And blow each other kissies
Blow each other kissies.

Men, men, men!
On a ship all filled with men
So batten down the ladies' room
There's no one here but men, men, men, men
Men, men, men, men.

Oh, there's men above and men below
And men down in the galley
There's Butch and Spike and Biff and Bill
And one that we call Sally
One that we call Sally.
Men, men, men!

On a ship all filled with men
So throw your rubbers overboard
There's no one here but men!
Ah Men!

070 Miss Milly

Young Miss Milly was sweet and fair,
With snow white tits and curly hair,
Oh, unhappy maiden.
Her heart was happy, her step was light,
But she was a fool and one dark night

She got herself put in a pregnant plight
By a lecherous, lewd and
lustful cruel deceiver.

She went to this home but as she'd feared
The filthy old bastard had disappeared,
Oh, unhappy maiden.
Her mother declared: "Get out, you whore.
So never again dare to darken my door,
With your lecherous, lewd and
lustful cruel deceiver."

All night she wandered through the snow
How she suffered who can know,
Oh, unhappy maiden.
And when the morning cockerel cried,
Poor abandoned Milly had died
Frozen stiff as she lay outside.
Oh, the lecherous, lewd and
lustful cruel deceiver.

Hark all you young maidens,
the moral is clear
If you trust these foul bastards,
you'll shed many a tear
Like this oh, so unhappy maiden.
So bear this in mind: the semen may spill
And you'll find yourself getting more than your fill.
Precautions are best;
take a birth control pill
With your lecherous, lewd and
lustful cruel deceiver.

071 Monte Carlo

As she walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With a heart as heaavy as lead
She wishes that she was dead
She had lost her maidenhead
Her heart in a funk and covered with scorn
Her knickers were torn
and her cunt was worn
She's the girl that lowered the price
at Monte Carlo.

As he walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With his prick upon the stand
The girls all say it's grand
To take it in their hand
You give them a bob and they're on the job
Pulling the foreskin over the knob
Of the man who broke the bank
at Monte Carlo.

072 Mrs. Murphy

Give a cheer, give a cheer
For the men who drink the beer
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.
They are brave, they are bold
And the stories that are told
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.
For it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle
As they pour it down their muzzle
And shout out their orders loud and clear:
"More beer."

For it's more, more, more
As the cops break down the door
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.

Won't you put it in your mouth Mrs. Murphy,
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound,
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey
And it spits when you rub it up and down.

If I had the wings of an eagle
And the balls of a hairy baboon,
I'd fly up to the top of the mountain
And jack off on the man in the moon.

Now you say you're still a virgin
But you're cherry is not there anymore,
So why don't you quit trying to be so perfect
And do the thing that you're best known for.

For now you've got a throat like Linda Lovelace
And a cunt like the great cathouse whore,
So why don't you please do my pecker a favor
And deep throat me on the barroom floor.

Now we've got a team called _____,
And peckers as long as a broom,
So won't you please do your pussy a favor
And keep us mother fuckers out of your room.

We'll eat you, beat you, and mistreat you,
While we're singing our dirtiest verse,
Then we'll stick it in your ear and dick you from
the rear,
For that's how we build up our thirst.

Sung by the whore house quartet.
Did you go and get it? Not yet.
Are you gonna get it? You bet.
Who you gonna get it from? Ginnette.

073 My God How The Money Rolls In

(Sung to the tune of "Bring Back My Bonnie")

CHORUS:Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God how the money rolls in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp, and thin,
He only does one operation,
My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin,
She doesn't ask where they finish,
My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
His business is in holes and in tin,
He'll plug your hole for a tanner,
My God how the money rolls in.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a shilling she strips to the skin,
She's stripping from mom to midnight,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a guinea,
My God how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,
Every night when the evening grows dim,
She hangs out a little red lantern,
My God how the money rolls in.

My grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
And punctures them all with a pin,
For grandma gets rich from abortions,
My God How the money rolls in.

My uncle is carving out candles,
From wax that is surgically soft,

He hopes it'll fill up the gap,
If ever his business wears off.

I've lost all me cash on the horses,
I'm sick from the illicit gin,
I'm falling in love with my father,
My God what a mess I'm in.

074 My Old Man

CHORUS:Sing a little bit,
Fuck a little bit.
Follow the band, toot, toot,
Follow the band with your cock in your hand.

My old man was a miner, a miner,
Worked all day in the pit.
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust,
And sometimes he'd shovel up shit.

My old man is a carpenter, a carpenter,
And a mighty fine carpenter is he.
All day long he screws screws in
And then he comes home screws me.

My old man is a taxidermist, taxidermist,
And a might fine taxidermist is he.
All day long he stuffs animals,
And then he comes home and stuffs me.

My old man is a trumpeter, a trumpeter,
And a very fine trumpeter is he.
All day long he blows trumpets,
And then he comes home and blows me.

075 Nelli 'Awkins

Recite (Cockney accent)

I first met Nellie 'Awkins
down the Old Kent Road.
Her drawers were hanging down,
'Cos she'd been with Charlie Brown,
I pressed a filthy tenner
in her filthy 'rotton 'hand.
And that's how it all begun.

Sung

She wore no blouses
And I wore no trousers,
And she wore no underclothes,
And when she caressed me
She danm near undressed me
It's a thrill that no one knows.

I went to the doctor,
He said, "Where have you knocked her?"
I said, "Down where the green grass grows."
He said, quick as a twinkle,
"The Dimple on your dinkle
Will be bigger than a red, red rose."

I caught a dose of Pox a year ago
Year ago year ago
I thought it was the knot rot
And it would go
But the longer it lasted
The worse it grew
And now I've got the galloping grot rot
What shall I dooo

A year ago I lost my starboard ball
And now the other ones begun to fall
I'm rotting away
I'll be sorry some day
C'os then I'll have no balls at all.

My Rhubarb refuses to rise
To its Natural size
MARKET GARDENING size
My Rhubarb refuses to rise
Cos My Baby doesn't love me
My Baby doesn't love me
My Baby doesn't love me
No more or or!

076 Nelly Cartwright

CHORUS: Oh the moon shines down
on Nelly Cartwright,
She couldn't fart right,
her twat was airtight,
And though she tried
she couldn't start right,
With a knife she'd watched her
Promised Land.

Nell was a mountain maid
Who always was afraid,
That a drunken sot might fill her twat,
As she lay sleeping in the shade,
She took her fears in hand
and filled it up with sand
To keep the boys from stolen joys
In Nelly's Promised Land.

Now there was a trapper wise,
Who sought out Nelly's prize,
With a dead coyote on the end of his boot,
He made young Nelly open her eyes,
But as soon as she came to life
She reached for her hunting knife,
A flash in the air, a cry of despair,
And she severed his love life.

Oh women if you want to be wives
Put away those knives,
The men might pay for a lay in the hay,
But they're not gonna pay
for the rest of their lives,
My old mother said
if you're lying in your bed,
If you can't get aid, don't reach for a blade,
Have a bloody good fuck instead.

077 No Balls At All

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man who had no balls at all.

Come all you drunkards, give ear to my tale,
This short little story will make you turn pale,
It's about a young lady - so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

How well she remembers the night they were wed,
She rolled back the sheets and crept into bed,
She felt for his prick, how strange, it was small,
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Mommy, oh mommy, oh pity my luck,
I've married a man who's unable to fuck,
His tool bag is empty, his screwdriver's small,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.

Daughter, my daughter, now don't be so sad,
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad,
There's many a man who'll come to the call,
Of the wife of the man who's got no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice,
An eleven pound baby was born in the fall,
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

The husband was joyous, got high as a kite,
The sight of that infant filled him with delight,
Though its head was too large, and its body too small,
The great thing about him - he had no balls at all.

078 Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle diddle de diddle de said the fiddler,
What merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare with the
boys of the (your team) RFC.

Replace underlined words with the following
words for other verses:

Jugglers
Juggler --Balls
Balls
Toss your Balls in the air, in the air said the
jugglers

Barmaids
Barmaid -- Cunt
Cunt
Pull it out, pull it out said the barmaids

Cyclists
Cyclist -- Cycle
Cycle
Round and round said the cyclists

Flutists
Flutist --Flute
Flute
Root-diddly-oot-diddly-oot, said the flutists

Tailors
Tailor --Needle
Needle
Push it in and out, in and out said the tailor

Horsemen
Horseman -- Horse
Horse
Wop it up and down, up and down said the
horsemen

Carpenters
Carpenter --Hammer
Hammer
Bang away, bang away said the carpenters

Coalmen

Coalmen -- Shovel

Shovel

Do you want it in the front, or the back said the
coalmen

Surgeons

Surgeon --Scalpel

Scalpel

Cut it around the knob, and make it throb said the
surgeons

Butchers

Butcher --Cleaver

Cleaver

Put it on the block and chop it off said the
butchers

Parsons

Parson -- Shroud

Shroud

"Goodness gracious me!" said the parsons

Fishermen

Fisherman --Fish

Fish

Minus six feet long said the fishermen

Huntsmen

Huntsman --Bow

Bow

Up with the horn, in the morn said the huntsmen

079 Once There Was A Servant Girl Whose Name Was Mary Jane

CHORUS: Singing bell-bottom trousers,
coats of navy blue
Let him climb the rigging
like his Daddy used to do.

Once there was a servant girl
whose name was Mary Jane,
Her mistress she was good to her
She knew she was a country girl,
just lately from the farm,
And so she did her bloody best
to keep the girl from harm.

The forty-second Army Corps
came in to paint the town,
A band of bawdy bastards
and rapists of renown,
They busted every maidenhead,
and staggered out again,
But they never made the servant girl
who lived in Drury Lane.

Next there came the Fusiliers,
and a band of Welsh Hussars
They piled into the brothels,
they packed into the bars.
The maidens and the matrons
were seduced with might and main,
But they never made the servant girl
whose name was Mary Jane.

Early in the morning
when the sailor'd had his grind
He gave to her a ten bob note
to pacify his mind
Saying: "If you have a daughter
bounce her on your knee,
If you have a son
send the bastard out to sea."

Early one evening a sailor came to tea
And that was the start of all her misery,
At sea without a woman
for forty months or more,
There wasn't any need to
ask what he was looking for.

He asked her for a candle
to light his way to bed,
He asked her for a pillow

to rest his weary head,
Then using very gentle words,
as if he meant no harm
He asked the maid to come to bed
just to keep him warm.

She lifted up the covers
just a moment there to lie,
But he's got his dick inside her
before she could bat an eye,
And though he'd got her maidenhead
she showed no great alarm,
And the only words she said to him were:
"I hope you're keeping warm."

Now all you servant girls
take a warning from me,
Don't ever let a sailor
get an inch above the knee,
She trusted one, the ninny,
in his Naval uniform,
Now all she wants to do, me boys,
is keep the Navy warm.

080 O'Reilly's Daughter

CHORUS: Hi yi yi - Hi yi, yi, Hi yi yi,
The one-eyed Reilly.
Rub-it-up, shove-it-up, balls and all
Play it on your old base drum.

ALTERNATE

CHORUS: Yi-di-I-ay, Yi-di-I-oh,
Yi-di-I-ay for the one-eyed Reilly.
Rub-it-up, shove-it-up, balls and all
Jig-a-jig. Tres bon.

Jack O'Flannagan is my name,
I'm the king of copulation,
Drinking beer my claim to fame,
Shagging women my occupation.

Walking through the town one day,
Who should I meet but O'Reilly's daughter,
Not a word to her did say
But don't you think we really oughter.

Sitting one night in O'Reilly's bar
Drinking beer that was just like water,
Suddenly a thought ran through my head
I'd never tucked O'Reilly's daughter.

I took her gently by the hand
Led her upstairs like a lamb to slaughter,
Laid her gently on the bed
And quickly cocked my left leg over.

I tucked and tucked her on the bed,
Shagged and shagged until I stove her,
Having lost her maidenhead
She laughed like hell when the fun was over.

I fucked her standing
I fucked her lying,
If she'd had wings
I'd have fucked her flying.

I fucked her till her tits were flat,
Filled her up with soapy water,
She won't get away with that, if she doesn't
Have twins then she really oughter.

I heard footsteps on the stairs,
Old Man Reilly bent on slaughter,
With two pistols in his hand
Looking for the man who fucked his daughter.
I grabbed O'Reilly by the hair,
Stuck his bead in a bucket of water,

Rammed his pistols up his arse,
Damned quicker than I shagged his daughter.

Come you virgins, maidens fair,
Answer me quick and true no slyly,
Do you want it fair and straight and square,
Or the way I give it to the one-eyed Reilly.

Now I'm growing old and grey
And my tool is growing shorter,
But until my dying day
I'll remember O'Reilly's daughter.

081 O Unhappy Bella

Bella was young and Bella was fair,
With bright blue eyes and golden hair,
O unhappy Bella!
Her step was light and her heart was gay,
But she had no sense, and one fine day
She got herself put in the family way
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

Poor Bella was young, she didn't believe
That the world is hard and men deceive,
O unhappy Bella!
She said, "My man will do what's just,
He'll marry me now, because he must."
Her heart was full of loving trust
In a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

She went to his house; the dirty skunk
Had packed his bags and done a bunk,
O unhappy Bella!
Her landlady said, "Get out, you whore,
I won't have your sort a-darkening my door."
Poor Bella was put to affliction sore
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

All night she tramped the cruel snows,
What she must have suffered nobody knows,
O unhappy Bella!
And when the morning dawned so red,
Alas, alas, poor Bella was dead,
Sent so young to her lonely bed
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

So thus, you see, do what you will,
The fruits of sin are suffering still,
O unhappy Bella!
As into the grave they laid her low,
The men said, "Alas, but life is so."
But the women chanted, sweet and low,
"It's all the men, the dirty bastards!"

082 Poor Little Angeline

She was sweet sixteen on the village green,
Pure and innocent was Angeline,
A virgin still, never known a thrill
Poor little Angeline.

At the village fair the Squire was there
Masturbating on the village square
When he chanced to see the dainty knee
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village squire had but one desire
To be the biggest fucker
in the whole damn shire,
He had set his heart on the vital part
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted up her skirt
to avoid the dirt
She slipped in a puddle
of the Squire's last squirt,
At the sight he saw,
how his dick grew raw
For poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said:
"Miss, your cat
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat
Now my car is in the square
and I'll take you there
Oh poor little Angeline."

Now the filthy old turd
should have got the bird
But she climbed right in with a word,
As they drove away you could hear them:
"Poor little Angeline."

They had not gone far
when he stopped the car
And took little Angeline into a bar,
Where he gave her gin just to make her sin
Poor little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well
he took her to a dell
There to give her bloody tucking hell,
And he tried his luck with a low down fuck
On poor little Angeline.

With a cry of "Rape" he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape,
Now it's time someone came
to save the name

Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold
And had loved little Angeline
for years untold,
And he vowed he'd be true
whatever they'd do
To poor little Angeline.

But sad to say that very same day
The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay
For cuming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of his cell
overlooked the dell
Where the squire was giving
little Angeline hell,
And there on the grass he observed the fuck
Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start that he let out a fart
And blew the whole bloody jail apart,
And he ran like shit
lest the Squire should split
His poor little Angeline.

When he got to the spot
and he saw what was what
He tied the villain's balls
in a granny knot,
For there upon the grass
was the imprint of the arse
Of poor little Angeline.

"Oh, blacksmith true, I love you, I do,
And I can tell by your trousers
that you love me too,
Here I am undressed,
come and do your best,
Cried poor little Angeline.

Now it would be wrong here
to end this song
For the blacksmith had a prick
fully one foot long,
And his natural charm
was as thick as your arm
Lucky little Angeline.

083 Pubic Hair

(Sung to the tune of "Baby Face")

Pubic hair, you've got the cutest little
Pubic hair
Nothing in the world can compare
To your pubic hair
Penis or vagina, nothing could be finer.

Pubic hair, I'm in heaven when I'm in your
underwear
I didn't need a shove, I took a mouthful of
Your delicious pubic hair.

A vagina for your breakfast, a vagina for your
lunch
A vagina for your dinner.
A vagina, munch, munch, munch!

So take a tip from Tom
And never eat your mom
A vagina can't be beat.

084 Put On Your Bustle

Put on your old bustle
And get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rent man is due.
Put your cunt in clever
With another loaded level
Don't return without a quid or two.

Put on your old suspenders
And get to mixing up the genders
There isn't any risk anyway.
The stud's been altered
And the bull's been haltered
In that good old fashioned way.

Put on your old pink panties
The ones that were your auntie's
Let's have a shageree in the hay.
While they're working in the field
We'll see what the crop can yield
In that good old fashioned way.

Put on your old grey corset
If it don't fit force it
For the army is moving in today.
As the bee makes honey
Let your cunt make money

In that good old fashioned way.

Put on the old green ointment
The fleas disappointment
And kill the buggers where they lay.
How it tickles and itches
It'll kill the sons-of-bitches
In that good old fashioned way.

085 Queen Of All The Fairies

CHORUS: Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

Oh, she was a cripple with only one nipple
To feed the baby on.
Poor little tucker, he'd only one sucker
To start his life upon.

Ain't it a pity she'd only one titty
To feed the baby on.
Poor little bugger, he'll never play rugger,
Nor grow up big and strong.

And as he got older and bolder and bolder,
And took himself in hand,
And flipped and flipped and flipped and flipped,
To the tune of an army band.

They tried him in the infantry,
They tried him on the land and sea,
The poor little bugger had no success,
He left everything in a terrible mess.

We see no hope for him unless
He joins the W.R.A.F.

086 Red Flag

CHORUS: The working class can kiss my ass,
I've got the foreman's job at last.
The proletariat can kiss my fundamental orifice;
I'm upper class and off the dole,
So shove that red flag up your hole.

'Twas on Gibraltar's rock so fair
I saw a maiden lying there,
And as she lay in sweet repose,
A nasty wind blew off her clothes.

A sailor who was passing by
Removed his cap and winked his eye,
But as he saw to his despair,
She had the red flag flying there.

087 Ring The Bell Verger

CHORUS: Ring the bell, verger,
Ring the bell, ring,
Perhaps the congregation
Will condescend to sing.
Perhaps the village organist,
Sitting on his stool,
Will play upon his organ,
And not upon his tool.

Down in the belfry chauffeur lies,
Vicar's wife between his thighs.
Voice from pulpit from afar,
"Stop fucking wife and start fucking car."

Verger in the belfry stood,
Grasped in his hand, his mighty pud.
From afar the vicar yells,
"Stop pulling pud and pull fucking bells."

Ocean liner six days late,
Stoker stoking stoker's mate,
Voice from Captain o'er the wire,
'Stop fucking mate, start fucking fire."

088 Rip My Knickers Away

CHORUS: Rip my knickers away,
Rip my knickers away,
I don't care what becomes of me,
As long as you finger my C-U-N-T.
Rip my knickers away, away,
Rip my knickers away,
Down the front, down the back,
Round the cunt, round the crack,
Rip my knickers away.

Be I Berkshire, be I buggery,
Oi koms up from Wareham,
Oi knows a gal with calico drawers,
And I knows how to tear 'em.

Walkin' by the field one day
I heard a maiden crying,
"Oh, please don't rip me knickers off, Jack,
You'll get there by and byin'."

089 Sing us another one do

CHORUS: That was a terrible song

So sing us another one
Just like the other one
So sing us another one do-oo

Alternate CHORUS: Aye, yi, Yi, Yi,
Your mother swims out to meet troop ships.
(Your mother does pushups on flagpoles.)
(They do it in China for chile.)
(They do it in Chile for china.)
(Your mother eats bat shit off cave walls.)
(Your mother thinks bedpans are soup bowls.)
(Your sister gives hand jobs on subways.)
(Your father gets cum in his mustache.)
(You brother beats off in confession.)
(Your father smells little girl's bicycle seats.)
(Your sister does squat-thrusts on fireplugs.)
(or any other distasteful verse you can think of)

So let's have another verse
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willy.

There once was a man from Rangoon,
Whose farts could be heard to the moon.
When you'd least expect 'em,
They'd explode from his rectum,
With the force of a raging typhoon.

The jolly old Bishop of Birmingham,
He buggered 3 maids while confirming 'em,
As they knelt seeking God,
He excited his rod,
And pumped his episcopal sperm in 'em.

There once was a man named Skinner,
Who took a young lady to dinner,
At quarter past ten it was in her,
Dinner, not Skinner,
Skinner was in her before dinner.

There once was a man from Boston,
Who drove around in an Austin,
There was room for his ass,
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young fellow from Leeds,
Who swallowed a package of seeds,
Great tufts of grass,
Sprouted out of his ass,
And his balls were covered with weeds.

Aye, yi, yi, yi
Rodriguez, the Mexican pervert.
He ate out his mother
And cornholed his brother,
And waltzed me around by my willy.

There once was a lady from Peru,
Who filled her vagina with glue,
She said with a grin,
If they'll pay to get in,
They'll pay to get out of it too.

There was a couple named Kelly,
Who were stuck belly to belly,
Because of their haste,
They used library past,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young lady of Cheam,
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
She pulled down her knickers,
Likewise the vicar's,
And said, "How about it, old bean'?"

There once was a man from Racine,
Who built a big fucking machine,
Concave or convex,
It would fuck any sex,
Oh but what a bastard to clean.

There was a young German named Ringer
Who was screwing an opera singer,
Said he with a grin,
"Well, I've sure got it in!"
Said she, "It ain't your finger?"

There was a young lady named Hitchin,
Scratching her crotch in the kitchen,
Her mother said, "Rose,
It's the crabs I suppose?"
She said, "Yes and the buggers are itchin."

There was a young man of St. James,
Who indulged in the jolliest games,
He lighted the rim,
Of his grandmother's quim,
And made her piss through the flames.

There was a young woman named Wheeli
Who professed of no sexual feeling,
Until a cynic named Boris,
Nibbled at her clitoris,
Wheeling was scraped from the ceiling.

A hermit who had an oasis,
Thought it the best of all places,
He could pray and be calm,
'Neath a pleasant date palm,
While the lice on his penis ran races.

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty, men craned their necks at her,
One went so far,
As to wave from his car,
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

There once was a man from Nantuckett,
With a cock so long he could suck it,
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it."

Female apes were afraid of King Kong,
Since his wanger was exceedingly long,
Until a friendly giraffe,
Ate his yard and a half,
And ecstatically burst into song.

There was a young lady from Trent,
Who said she knew what it meant,
When he asked her to dine,
Private room, lots of wine,
She knew, she knew, but she went.

There once was a man from Madras,
Who balls were made from brass,
In windy Wea ther
They swung together,
And lightening shot out his ass.

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam,
For he knew in his mirth,
That on all of the earth,
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

A fellow whose surname was Hunt,
Trained his prick to do a stunt,
This versatile spout,
Could be turned inside out,
like a glove and be used as a cunt.

There once was a man from Kajowels,
Whose diet consisted of bowels,
When he couldn't get this,
He drank prostitute piss,
And scrapings from sanitary towels.

There was a woman from the Azores,
Whose body was covered with sores,
All the dogs in the street,
Would lick the green meat,
That hung down from her drawers.

That poor young fellow from Kent,
Whose cock was so exceedingly bent,
To save himself the trouble,
He ut it in double,
And instead of coming he went.

There once was a man named Bruno,
About tucking sheep he do know,
Lambs are fine,
And rams are divine,
But Lamas are numero uno.

There was a young lady named Hilda,
Who went for a walk with a builder,
He knew that he could,
And he should, and he would,
So he did, and he damn near killed her.

A young man with passions quite gingery,
Tore a hole in his Sister's best lingerie,
He slapped her behind,
And made up his mind,
To add incest to insult and injury.

There was a young lady of Crewe,
Whose cherry a chap had got through,
Which she told to her mother,
Who fixed her another,
Out of rubber, red ink, and glue.

When a lecherous priest at Leeds,
Was discovered, one day in the weeds,
Astride a young nun,
He said, "Christ this is fun,
Far better than fondling one's beads."

There was a young lady of Twickerham,
Who regretted men had no prick in 'em,
On her knees everyday,
To her God she would pray,
To lengthen, strengthen, and thicken 'em.

There was a young girl named McCall,
Whose cunt was exceedingly small,
But the size of her anus,
Was something quite heinous,
It could hold seven cocks and one ball.

There was a young parson named Binns,
Who talked about women and things,
But his secret desire,
Was a boy in the choir,
With a bottom like jelly on springs.

There was a young man of high station,
Who was found by a pious relation,
Making love in a ditch,
To I won't say a bitch,
But a woman of no reputation.

There was a young girl of Detroit,
Who at fucking was very adroit,
She could squeeze her vagina,
To a pinpoint or finer,
Or open it out like a quoit.

There was a young maid from Mobile,
Whose cunt was made of blue steel,
She got her thrills,
From pneumatic drills,
And off-centered emery wheels.

There was a young nun from Siberia,
Endowed with a virgin interior,
Until an old monk,
Jumped into her bunk,
And now she's the Mother Superior.

There was a young Scot from Delray,
Who buggered his father one day,
Saying, "I like it rather,
To stuff it up father,
He's clean and nothing's to pay."

There was a young plumber of Lea,
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea,
She said, "Stop your plumbing,
There's somebody coming!" -
Said he, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was an old man of Dundee,
Who came home as drunk as could be,
He wound up the clock,
With the end of his cock,
And buggered his wife with the key.

There was a young man from Lynn,
Whose cock was the size of a pin,
Said his girl with a laugh,
As she fondled his shaft,
"This won't be much of a sin."

An elderly pervert in Nice,
Who was long past wanting a piece,
Would jack-off his hogs,
His cows and his dogs,
Till his parrot called the police.

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born,
And he wouldn't have been,
Had his father seen,
That the end of his rubber was torn.

The last time I dined with the King,
He did quite an unkingly thing,
While up on the throne,
He pulled out his bone,
And said, "If I play, will you sing?"

A comely young widow of Ransom,
Was ravished three times in a hansom,
When she cried out for more,
A voice from the floor,
Said, "Lady, I'm Simpson, not Sampson."

There once was a skater named Yeats,
Who attempted the splits while on skates,
But he fell on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless,
And now he is useless on dates.

From the depths of a crypt at St. Ciles,
Came a scream that resounded for miles,
Said the bishop, "Good gracious,
Has Father Ignatious
Forgotten the vicar has piles?"

There was an old Duke of Rockingham,
Who wrote a book on cunts and tucking 'em,
But a dirty old Turk,
Wrote a much better work,
On tits and 12 ways of sucking 'em.

There was a young girl from Yorkshire,
Who succumbed to her lover's desire,
She said, "Oh John, it's a sin,
But now that it's in,
Would you shove it a few inches higher?"

There was a young man from Brighton,
Who thought he had found a tight one,
He said, "Oh my love,
It fits like a glove."
She said, "But it's not in the right one."

There was a hermit from Behave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave,
She only had one tit,
And smelled like shit,
But think of the money he saved.

There was a man of New Treaver,
Who had intercourse with a beaver,
The result of his screw,
Was a birchbark canoe,
Three ducks and an Irish retriever.

The gay young Duke of Buckingham,
Stood on the bridge at Rockingham,
Watching the stunts,
Of the cunts midst the grunts,
And all of the pricks fucking 'em.

There was a student of Trinity,
Who popped his sister's virginity,
Buggered his brother,
Had twins by his mother,
And took double honor in Divinity.

There once was a young Dr. Zuck,
In his ears her nipples got stuck,
With his thumb up her bum,
He could hear himself come,
Thus inventing the telephone tick.

The three old witches of Kent,
Took a man into a tent,
The three dirty bitches,
They pulled down his britches,
And jumped on his cock til it bent.

There was a young man named Pete,
Who was a bit indiscreet,
He pulled on his wong,
Until it grew very long,
And dragged down a two lane street.

There was a young man from Stroud,
Who was screwing a girl in a crowd,
A man up in front,
Said, "Hmmm, I smell cunt."
Just like that, not very loud.

There was a young lawyer named Springer,
Got his testicles caught in the wringer,
He hollered with pain
As they went down the drain,
"From now on I'll just use my finger."

Coitus upon a cadaver,
Is the ultimate way you can have 'er,
Her inanimate state,
Means a man needn't wait,
And eliminates all the palaver.

There once was a chick named Alice,
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus,
When she got hot,
It finally went pop,
And they found her tits outside of Dallas.

There once was a girl from Nantuckett,
Who went to France in a bucket,
When she got there,
They asked for her fare,
She lifted up her dress and said fuck it.

I once knew a man named Magruder,
Who met a nude and he wooed her,
The nude thought it crude,
To be wooed in the nude,
But Magruder was shrewder and screwed her

There was a young girl from France,
Who jumped on a bus in a trance,
Six passengers fucked her,
Besides the conductor,
And the driver shot twice in his pants.

A pansy by the name of Bloom,
Took a lesbian up to his room,
They talked the whole night,
As to who had the right,
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a young man named Mirkin,
Who kept on jerkin' his gherkin,
Said his wife to Mirkin,
"Your duty you're shirkin',
That gherkin's for firkin', not jerkin'."

A young man whose sight was myopic,
Thought sex an incredible topic,
So poor were his eyes,
That despite its great size,
His prick appeared microscopic.

I once knew a girl named Delores,
Who had a six-inch clitoris,
While singing a chorus,
Her voice was so hoarse,
I checked her ID and it said Boris.

I once knew a man from LaGrange,
His mind was completely deranged,
In playgrounds he hung,
Looking at ten year old bun,
This was his home on the range.

There was a girl from Cape Cod,
Who thought babies were from God,
But 'twas not the Almighty,
Who hiked up her nightie,
'Twas Roger, the lodger, by God.

There once was a man named Hans,
Who planted an acre of cunts,
When in the fall,
They came up pubic hairs and all,
Hans ate cunts for months.

There was a young lady named Duff,
With a lively, luxuriant muff,
In his haste to get in her,
One eager beginner,
Lost both his balls in the rough.

There was a young man of Kildare,
Fucking a girl on the stairs,
The bannister broke,
But he doubled his stroke,
And finished her off in midair.

I once knew a man named Peese,
It was said he was quite a tease,
But along came Jan,
Who spread him some ham,
And together they made some cheese.

There was a young Turkish cadet,
And this is the damnedest one yet,
His tool was so long,
And incredibly strong,
He could bugger six Greeks en brochette

There was a dentist Malone,
Who fondled a girl patient alone,
But in his depravity,
He filled the wrong cavity,
And my how his practice has grown.

There once was a man named O'Dool,
Who had an enormous tool,
He'd use it to plow,
Or didle a cow,
Or as a cue stick at pool.

There once was a man from Shirue,
Who had warts all over his root,
He put acid on these,
And now when he pees,
He fingers his dick like a flute.

There was a soldier from Kildare,
Who fondled a girl in his chair,
At the sixty-third stroke,
The chair done broke,
And his gun went off in the air.

090 Roll Me Over In The Clover

(Sung to the tune of "In The Clover")

CHORUS: Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

This is number one and the fun has just begun.

Oh, this is number two and my head is on her shoe.

Oh, this is number three and my hand is on her knee.

Oh, this is number four and we're grinding on the floor.

Oh, this is number five and I'm ready to muff dive.

Oh, this is number six and she said, "I love your tricks."

Oh, this is number seven and we're in tucking heaven.

Oh, this is number eight and the nurse is at the gate.

Oh, this is number nine and the quints are doing fine.

Oh, this is number ten and we're at it once again.

091 Roller, Roller

Roller, Roller, Roller, Roller
Roller, Roller, Roller, Roller
Roll a silver dollar down upon the ground
And it will roll, because it's round
A woman doesn't know what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down, down, down, down
Listen my honey, listen to me
I want you to understand
As a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
A woman goes from man to man

A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail
Or a boat with a rudder
A fish without a tail
A man without a woman is like a wreck upon the sand
There's only one thing worse in the universe
And that's a woman (a what?)
I said a woman with a man

AB, AB, AB my boy
What are you waiting for now
You promised to marry me some day in June
It's never too late and it's never too soon
Oh! All the family keeps on asking me
Which way, what way, I'm in the family way
AB, AB, AB my boy
What are you waiting for now

I'm gonna wait til the sun shines Nellie
As the clouds go drifting by
We'll be so happy Nellie in the sweet by and by
Down Lover's Lane we'll wander
Sweethearts you and I
I'm gonna wait til the sun shines Nellie
In the sweet by and by

I don't want to go home, I don't want to go home
I'm in love with a beautiful girl
Down in the sewer shovelling manure
Listen to the turds go Clap! Clap! Clap!

092 Roll Your Leg Over

CHORUS: O, roll your leg over
O, roll your leg over
O, roll your leg over
It's better that way.

I wish all little girls were like fish in a pool,
And I were a shark with a waterproof tool.

I wish all little girls were like chocolate sundays,
And I were a spoon I would dip in their undies.

I wish all little girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I were a whale so I could show them the motion.

I wish all little girls were like bricks in a pile,
And I were a mason so I could lay them in style.

I wish all little girls were like mares in the stable,
And I were a stallion so I could show them I'm able.

I wish all little girls were like cows in the pasture,
And I were a bull so I could fill them with rapture.

I wish all little girls were like fish in the brookie,
And I were a trout so I could get me some nookie.

I wish all little girls were like winds on the sea,
And I were a sail so I could have them blow me.

I wish all little girls were like B-29's,
And I were a jet so I could buzz their behinds.

I wish all little girls were like trees in the forest,
And I were a woodsman so I could split their clitoris.

I wish all little girls were like diamonds and rubies,
And I were a jeweler so I could polish their boobies.

I wish all little girls were like coals in the stoker,
And I were a fireman so I could shove in my poker.

I wish all little girls were like statues of Venus,
And I were the man with the petrified penis.

I wish all little girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a hare to teach them bad habits.

I wish all little girls were like telephone poles,
And I were a squirrel to stuff nuts in their holes.

I wish all little girls were like little red foxes,
And I were a hunter so I could shoot up their boxes.
I wish all little girls were like bats in a steeple,
And I were a bat so there'd be more bats than people.

I wish all little girls were like bells in a tower,
And I were a clapper to bang by the hour.

I wish all little girls were like pieces of pie,
And I were a fork so I would fork till I die.

I wish all little girls were like small desert cactus,
And I were a pin, I would prick theirs for practice.

We sing long, we sing loud, we sing all about it,
But only because we've been doing without it.

093 Royal Marine

In the depths of deepest Africa
Where no one's ever been
lies the body of an elephant
Shagged to death by the Royal Marines.
Royal Marines.
Royal Marines.
Shagged to death by the Royal Marines.

In the depths of deepest Antarctica
Where no one dares to go
Lies the body of a polar bear
Shagged to death by an Eskimo (Bambam).
Eskimo (Bambam).
Eskimo (Bambam).
Shagged to death by an Eskimo (Bambam).

094 Rugby Alma Mater

(Sung to the tune of "Alma Mater")

The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
Out on the piss again, out on the piss again.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now - what do we want, boys.
We want to wee-wee now, we want to wee-wee
now.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now.

The rugger huggers want to much of fucky fucky,
Too much of fucky fucky, too much of fucky fucky.
The rugger huggers want too much of fucky fucky.
We want to wee-wee now, we want to wee-wee
now.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now.

095 Rule Britannia

(Sung to the tune of "Rule Britannia")

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam,
Three firecrackers up your arse hole.
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese firecrackers up your arse hole.
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam,
Five thousand firecrackers up your arse hole.
Whoosh!!!

096 Sambo Was A Lazy Coon

Sambo was a lazy coon
Went to sleep in the afternoon
So tired was he
So tired was he
Into the jungle he did go
Swinging his copper to and fro
When along came a bee
A fucking great bumble bee.

Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz,
Fuck off you bumble bee
I ain't no rose
I ain't syphilis tree
Get off my tucking nose
Get off my nasal organ
Don't you come near
If you want some honey
Better ask mummy cause you'll get no arsehole
here.

Oh arsehole rules the navy
Arsehole rules the navy
Arsehold rules the navy but you'll get no arsehole
here
Just beer, just beer, just beer, just beer.

097 Seven Old Ladies

(Sung to the tune of "Oh Dear What Can The
Matter Be")

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Seven old ladies locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Sunday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to have tea with the
Vicar,
They went in together, they thought it was
quicker,
But the lavatory door was a bit of a sticker,
And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,
And though she was known as a bit of a rover,
She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,
She found herself in a desperate pickle,
Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the Bishop of Chichester's
daughter,
Who went in to pass some superfluous water,
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught
her,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Abigail Humphrey,
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
And then she found out she could not get her bum
free
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
Who was doing all right 'till a vagrant suspender
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,
She only sat down on a personal whim
But she somehow got pinched twixt the cup and
the brim,
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,
Went in with a bottle to booze on the sly,

She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,
And nobody knew she was there.

098 She Went For A Ride In A Morgan

She went for a drive in a Morgan,
She sat with the driver in front.
He fooled with her genital organs:
The more vulgar-minded say "cunt."

Now she had a figure ethereal,
She auctioned it out to men's cocks,
And contracted diseases venereal:
The more vulgar-minded say "pox."

The dazzling peak of perfection,
There wasn't a prick she would scorn,
She gave every man an erection:
The more vulgar-minded say "hom."

Did you ever see Anna make water?
It's a sight that you ought not to miss.
She can lead for a mile and a quarter:
The more vulgar-minded say "piss."

If I had two balls like a bison
And a prick like a big buffalo,
I would sit on the edge of creation
And piss on the buggers below.

099 Sit On My Face

(Sung to the tune of "Red River Valley")

On sit on my face and tell me that you love me.
I'll sit on your face and say I love you truly.
I love to hear you oralise,
When you're between my thighs,
You blow me away.

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you.
I'll sit on your face until -you answer truly.
Life will be fine when we're both 69,
And we can sit on our faces in all kinds of places,
And wait 'til we're all blown away.

100 Some Die Of Drinking Water

Tune of British Grenadier

Some die of drinking water
And some of drinking beer.
Some die of constipation
And some of diarrhea
But of all the world's diseases
There's none that can compare
With the drip, drip, drip
Of a syphilitic prick
And they call it gonorrhea.

I like the girls who say they will,
I like the girls who won't.
I hate the girls who say they will
And then they say they won't.
But of all the girls I like the best
I may be wrong or right
Are the girls who say they never will
But look as though they might.

101 Sonia Snell

This is the tale of Sonia Snell
To whom an accident befell,
An accident, as will be seen,
Embarrassing in the extreme.
It happened as it does to many
That Sonia went to spend a penny,
And entering with unconscious grace
The properly appointed Place,
There behind the railway station
She sat in silent meditation
Unfortunately unacquainted
The seat had recently been painted.
Too late did Sonia realize
Her inability to rise,
And though she struggled, pulled and yelled
She found that she was firmly held.
She raised her voice in mournful shout,
"Please, someone, come and get me out."
A crowd stood round and feebly sniggered,
A signalman said: "I'll be jiggered."
"Go blimey," said an ancient porter,
"We ought to soak her off with water."
The station master and his staff
Were most polite and did not laugh.
They tugged at Sonia's hands and feet
But could not shift her off the seat.
A carpenter arrived at last
And finding Sonia still stuck fast
Remarked: "I know what I can do."
And quickly sawed the seat in two.
Sonia arose, only to find
She'd a wooden halo on her behind,
But an ambulance drove down the street
And bore her off complete with seat.
They rushed the wood-bustled girl
Quickly into hospital
And grasping her hands and head.
Placed her face downwards on a bed.
The doctors came and cast their eyes
Upon the seat with some surprise.
A surgeon said: "Now mark my word
Could anything be more absurd?
Have any of you, I implore,
Seen anything like this before?"
"Yes," cried a student, unashamed,
"Frequently - but never framed."

102 Stormy Weather, Boys

CHORUS:Stormy weather, boys,
stormy weather, boys,
When the wind blows
the barge will go.

We wanna sail but we're out of luck,
The skipper's dead drunk
in the Dog and Duck.

Skipper come aboard with a girl on his arm,
Come along me pretty missy.
there's no cause for alarm.

He said he liked her very, very much,
He asked her if she'd shag
and she kicked him in the crutch.

Skipper's dead drunk in the Dog and the Duck
Asking the barmaid if he can have a fuck.

Cook said he shouldn't be a skipper on a punt
We're all agreed he's a silly old cunt.

103 Sunshine Mountain

We're going up sunshine mountain,
Where the four winds blow.
We're going up sunshine mountain,
Faces all a-glow.
Turn your back on sorrow and hold your head
high,
We're going up sunshine mountain,
You and I.

(Repeat about 500 times.)

104 Sweet Violets

(Sung to the tune of "Sweet Violets")

CHORUS:Sweet violets,
Sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from arse to tit
Covered all over with shit.

Phyllis Quat she died in the springtime,
She expired in a terrible fit, -

We fulfilled her last dying wish, sir,
She was buried in six feet of -

Phyllis Quat kept a sack in the garden
I was curious I must admit,
One day I stuck in my finger
And pulled it out covered in -

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boy friend's
But the bag was old and it split,
Now the boy friend and Phyllis have parted
For the bag was packed quite full of -

I sat on a gold lavatory
In the home of the Baron of Split,
The seat was encrusted with rubies
But as usual the bowl contained -

There was a professional tarter
Who could flatulate ballads and airs,
He could poop out the Moonlight Sonata
And accompany musical chairs, singing -

One day he attempted an opera
It was hard but the fool wouldn't quit,
With his head held aloft he suddenly coughed
And collapsed in a big heap of shit.

Well, now my song it is ended
And I have finished my bit
And if any of you feel offended
Stick your head in a bucket of shit.

105 Swing-Low Sweet Chariot

(Sung to the tune of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot")

Swing-low sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing-row sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan
And what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming too
Coming for to carry me home.

(Should be sung loudly and accompanied with pantomime, then whistled and accompanied with pantomime, and then simply pantomimed without any other sounds.)

106 Take Me Out For A Good Ball

(Sung to the tune of "Take Me Out To Ile Ballgame")

Take me out for a good ball,
Lay me down on the ground.
Give me you penis and three stiff whacks,
If you come first, I won't ever come back.
For it's shoot, shoot, shoot for the hole please!
I can't believe you're so lame!
From the front, back, side, I don't care!
You're a damn bad lay!

107 Team Chant

(Chanted)

We're a bunch of bastards,
Scum of the earth,
Filth of creation,
We're a bunch of masturbatin' sons of bitches,
Found in every whore house,
Drink, fight, and screw: mostly screw,
We of (insert your team name) RFC. say fuck you,
FUCK YOU.

(ALTERNATE)

(Shouted)

Cock suck, mother fuck, eat a bag of shit.
Asshole, douche bag, suck your mother's tit.
We're the best rugby team all the others suck.
(Insert your team name twice), yippee, yippee,
fuck.

108 The Alphabet Song

A is for Asshole all tattered and torn,
CHORUS: Heigh Ho said Rolly.
B is the Bastard that's never been born,
CHORUS: With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff
'em,
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly.

Cis for Cunt all dripping with piss,
Dis the Drunkard who gave it a kiss.

Eis for Eunuch with only one ball,
Fis the Fucker with no balls at all.

Gis for Gonorrhea, Goiter, and Gout,
His the Harlot that spreads it about.

I is Injection for syphilis and itch,
J is the Jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is for King who thought tucking a bore,
Lis the Lesbian who came back for more.

Mis for Maidenhead tattered and torn,
Nis the Noble who died with a horn.

Ois for Orifice now gently revealed,
Pis the Prick with the foreskin backpeeled.

Qis for the Quaker who shit in his hat,
Ris the Roger who rogered the cat.
Sis for Shitpot, all full to the brim,
Tis the Turds that are floating within.

Uis for Usher who taught us at school,
Vis the Virgin who played with his tool.

W is for the Whore who made tucking a farce,
and X, Y, Z ... you can stuff up your arse.

109 The Bachelor's Son

CHORUS: And when I die I'll surely fry
In the brimstone pots of hell,
But until that day,
And if you can pay,
Then I have sin to sell.

I'm a bachelor's son and I live in sin
With another man's wife at The Cross,
I've a fantan pool, a two-up school,
A brothel and a fourpenny doss.

I've three ex-wives running sly grog dives,
And my brother forges ten-pound notes,
For a union on the rocks
We can rig a ballot box,
With a million phoney votes.

I sell sex to moral wrecks
And drugs to damn your nerves,
Abortions, too, I can fix for you
We've a special line for perves.

Lesbian love and incest, too,
And flagellists quite a few,
And I've a special file
marked "Utterly Vile"
And an embalmed corpse
For a homo-necrophile.

110 Balls To Your Partner

(The Ball Of Kerrymuir)

CHORUS: Balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall,
If you've never been laid on Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.

Four and twenty virgins,
Came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over
There were four and twenty less.

Four and twenty whores,
Came up from Glockamore,
And when the ball was over
They were all of them double bore.

The village plumber he was there,
He felt an awful fool,
He'd come eleven leagues or more
And forgot to bring his tool.

There was fucking in the hallways,
And fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music
For the swishing of the pricks.

They were fucking in the Barley.
They were fucking in the oats.
Some were fucking sheep,
but most were fucking goats.

There was fucking in the kitchen,
And fucking in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music for
The clanging of the balls.

There was fucking in the parlor,
And fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the mass of public hairs.

I put my head upon her lap,
and she put hers in mine.
We sucked a bit and blowed a bit
and that's called sixty-nine.

The parson's daughter she was there,
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her ass
And thistle up her cunt.

The village whore she was there,
Doing a really good stunt
Stuck to the ceiling
By the suction of her cunt.

The village idiot he was there
Sitting on a pole
Pulled his foreskin over his head
And whistled though the hole.

The mayors wife she was there
Lying on the floor
Every time she spread he legs
The suction closed the door

Grandma and Grandpa they were there
Sitting by the fire
Knitting prophylactics
Out of old rubber tires.

The village postman he was there
He had a case of the pox
Couldn't fuck the women
So he fucked a letter box.

Little Tommy he was there
He was only eight
Couldn't fuck the women
So he had to masturbate.

The blacksmith's brother he was there
A mighty stud was he
Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked 'em three-by-three.

The village hooker she was there
Feeling mighty fine
Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked 'em nine-by-nine.
The village rugger he was there
the mightiest of men
Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked em ten-by-ten.

The village magician he was there
Up to his favorite trick
Pulling his asshole over his head
And standing on his prick.

Father O'Flanagan he was there
And in the corner sat
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And catching it in his hat.

Dino had an even stroke
His skill was much admired
He gratified one cunt at a time
Until his skill expired.

Jock McVennig he was there
A looking for a fuck
But every cunt was occupied
And he was out of luck.

Michael Lee when he got the there
His prick was long and high
But when he fucked her forty times
He was fucking mighty dry.

McTavish, oh yes, he was there
His prick was long and broad
And when he fucked the furriers wife
She had to be rebored.

The village dogcatcher
Proved he was no slouch
Went out and caught the neighbors dog
And fucked it on the couch.

The village gynecologist he was there
On a beaver hunt
Pulled down all the women's pants
And probed through all their cunts.

The village dunce he was there
All alone he stands
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And using both his hands.

The village idiot he was there,
Up to this and that,
Amusing himself by abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

The bride was in the kitchen
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

The village magician he was there,
Up to his favorite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head,
And disappearing up his prick.

The village giant he was there,
A mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall
And fucked them three by three.

The vicar and his wife were there,
Having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger
Up another lady's bun.

The village doctor he was there,
He had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances
He was sterilizing pricks.

Father O'Flanagan he was there,
And in the corner he sat,
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And catching it in his had.

There was fucking on the couches,
There was fucking on the cots,
And lying up against the wall
Were rows of grinning twats.

Giles he played a dirty trick,
We cannot let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty prick
Then shoved it up her ass.

Mrs. O'Maley she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
A jumping off the mantelpiece
And bouncing off her tits.

Jackie Stewart did his fucking,
Right upon the moor,
It was, he thought, much better
Than fucking on the floor.

Jock McDougall he was there,
A looking for a fuck,
But every quim was occupied
And he was out of luck.

The huntsman's daughter she was there,
Tired from the hunt,
A wreath of roses around her ass
And a carrot up her cunt.

The chimney sweep he was there,
They had to throw him out,
For every time he passed some wind
The room was filled with soot.

The village economist he was there,

His prick held in his hand,
Waiting for the moment when
Supply would meet demand.

The village blacksmith he was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score
With a piece of red hot wire.

The village postman he was there,
The poor man had the pox,
He couldn't fuck the lasses
So he fucked the letter box.

The blacksmith's father he was there,
A roaring like a lion,
He'd cut his cock off in the forge
So he used his rod of iron.

Dino had an even stroke,
His skill was much admired,
He fucked away half the night
Until his cock expired.

The village butcher he was there,
Cleaver in his hand,
Every time he turned around
He circumcised the band.

The village virgin she was there,
All dressed in frilly pink,
She took the boys behind the fence
And made their fingers stink.

Willy Roberts he arrived,
His prick was all alert,
But when the night was done
"Twas dangling in the dirt."

Now little Willy he was there,
But he was only eight,
He couldn't catch a harlot
So he had to masturbate.

The village veteran he was there,
His balls were made of brass,
And when he blew a fart, my lads,
The sparks flew out his ass.

Little Jimmy he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys
To make their voices higher.

The village leper he was there,
Sitting on a log,
Peeling foreskin off his cock
And feeding it to his dog.

Another blacksmith he was there,
Tending to his fires,
Making prophylactics
Out of motorcycle tires.

The village builder he was there,
He brought his bag of tricks,
He poured cement in all the holes
And blunted all the pricks.

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't very much,
Took the girls behind the house
And fucked them with his crutch.

Wee MacGregor he was there,
His pint of beer he'd split,
It mingled with the semen
That was trickling down his kilt.

The mayor's daughter she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
Sliding down the bannister
And bouncing on her tits.

The village stable boy he was there,
The bastard was quite coarse,
We caught him in the stable
With his cock inside a horse.

The village parson he was there,
All dressed up in his shroud,
Swinging on the chandelier
Pissing on the crowd.

And when the ball was over,
What a sight to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads
A hanging from a tree.

And when the ball was over,
Everyone did confess,
They all enjoyed the dancing
But the FUCKING was the best.

Mrs. O'Leary she was there,
Swingin' from the chandelier,

Spilling her menstrual juices
Into everybody's beer.

The village cook he was there,
The bastard was quite crude,
They caught him in the kitchen
Masturbating in the food.

The Jersey girl was standin' there,
Her but against the wall,
"Put your money on the table boys,
I'm goin' to do youse all!"

The parson's wife she was there,
And she was worst of all,
Pulled her skirt above her head
And shouted, "FUCK IT ALL."

The vicar's wife she was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Knitting contraceptives
Out of india rubber tires.

Sergeant Murphy he was there,
The pride of the Force,
They caught him behind the barn
Jacking off a horse.

And when the ball was over,
All the guests confessed,
The music was the finest
But the FUCKING was the best.

And so the ball was over,
All went home to rest,
The music had been exquisite
Still the FUCKING was the best.

And finally there was the Johnnie Rugger
He seemed like quite a stud.
But when it came to fucking
His pecker was a dud.

111 The Chastity Belt

O pray, gentle maiden,
let me be your lover,
Condemn me no longer
To mourn and to weep,
Struck down like a hart
I lie bleeding and panting
Let down your drawbridge
I'll enter your keep.
Enter your keep, nonny nonny,
Enter your keep, nonny nonny,
Let down your drawbridge,
I'll enter your keep.

Alas, gentle errant,
I am not a maiden,
I'm married to Sir Oswald,
The cunning old Celt,
He's gone to the wars
For a twelve month or longer
And taken the key
To my chastity belt.

Fear not, gentle maiden
For I know a locksmith.
To his forge we will go,
On his door we will knock
And try to avail us
Of his specialized knowledge
And see if he's able
To unpick your lock.

Alas, sir and madam,
To help I'm unable,
My technical knowledge
It is of no avail.
I can't find the secret
Of your combination
The cunning old Bastard
Has fitted a Yale.

I'm back from the wars
With sad news of disaster,
A terrible mishap
I have to confide,
As my ship was a-passing
The straits of Gibraltar
I carelessly dropped the key
Over the side.

Alas and alack, I am locked up forever
Then up stepped the page-boy me.

Saying leave this to me.
If you will allow me
To enter your chamber
I'll open it up with
My duplicate key.

112 The Church Song - Ding A Dong

On Sunday afternoon
While the church was turning out
The Vicar said to me,
"I bet I've been through
More women than you."
And the verger said, "You're on.
We'll stand by the gate
While the women pass by
And this shall be our sign
You ding Pong for the women you've had
And I'll ping pong for mine."

There were ding dongs
There were ping pongs
There were more ding dongs
Than there were more ping pongs
Till at last a woman went by
And the curate said, "Ding dong"
"Just a minute," said the Vicar,
"There's a mistake here
That is my wife I do declare."
"I don't give a bugger
I still been there
Ding a dong, ding a dong, ding a dong,
Ding Dong."

113 The Country Gentleman

CHORUS: Singing High Jig-a-Jig, Fuck a little pig.
Follow the band, Follow the band all the way.
Singing High Jig-a-Jig, Fuck a little pig.
Follow the band, Follow the band all the way.

I took my missus horse riding, horse riding
She stuck it as long as she could;
She stuck it and stuck it until she said, "Fuck it,
My arse hole is not made of wood."

I took my wife for a ramble, a ramble
Along a country lane.
She caught her-left tit on a bramble, a bramble
And arse over bollocks she came.

I asked her if it had hurt her, had hurt her
If she had gone through any pain.
Before she could answer, could answer,
She was arse over bollocks again.

114 The Erection Factory

(Sung to the tune of "Caissons Go Rolling Along")

CHORUS: Oh, it's Hi Hi Hee at the Erection
Factory,
Shout out your orders loud and clear: HARD ON!
But it isn't too much fun when you know he just
can't cum,
As he tries for the (first, second, etc.) time around.

You can tell at a glance that he doesn't stand a
chance
As he tries for the first time around.
You can tell by his look that he needs to read a
book
As he tries for the first time around.

You can tell by the size that he'll never get a rise
As he tries for the second time around.
You can tell by the feel that he's not a man of
steel
As he tries for the second time around.

You can tell by his shape that he's not a good
bedmate
As he tries for the third time around.
You can tell by his pud that he's really just a dud
As he tries for the third time around.

You can tell by the meat that it's gonna be a feat
As he tries for the fourth time around.

You can tell by his prick that it's gonna be a trick
As he tries for the fourth time around.

You can huff, he can puff, but he'll never get it up
As he tries for the fifth time around.
You can tell by his cock that you'd rather use a
sock
As he tries for the fifth time around.

You can tell by his mauls that he hasn't got the
balls
As he tries for the sixth time around.
You can tell by the fuck that you're gonna have to
suck
As he tries for the sixth time around.

You can tell by the hump that he takes it in the
rump
As he tries for the seventh time around.
You can tell by the sag that he really is a fag
As he tries for the seventh time around.

You can tell by his face that he can't keep up the
pace
As he tries for the eighth time around.
You can tell it's too late and he'll never penetrate
As he tries for the eighth time around.

You can tell by his face that he's really lost in
space
As he tries for the ninth time around.
You can tell by the groan that you've worn him to
the bone
As he tries for the ninth time around.

You can tell by the whine that he can't go one
more time
As he tries for the tenth time around.
You can tell it's too late and you'll have to
masturbate
As he tries for the tenth time around.

He can masturbate for months but he'll only cum
just once
As he tries for the eleventh time around.
You can tell by the blast that this time will be the
last
As he tries for the eleventh time around.

You can tell he's a rugger cause he's such a
damn good lover
As he makes it the last time around!

115 The Gang Bang Song

LEADER: Knock! Knock!

GROUP: Who's There?

LEADER: Orange.

GROUP: Orange who?

LEADER: Orange you glad we're going to have a
gang bang

CHORUS: ... and always Will,
Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill.
When I was younger and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time.
But now I'm older and turning grey,
I only gang bang once a day.

(Use this same basic format for other verses.)

Jewish.

Jewish who?

Jewish we had a gang bang...

Eisenhower.

Eisenhower who?

Eisenhower late for the gang bang...

Olive.

Olive who?

Olive a gang bang...

Lina.

Lina who?

Lina up against the wall, we're going to have a
gang bang...

Santana.

Santana who?

Santana na na na na.....

Banana.

Banana who?

Banana na na na na.....

Orange.

Orange who?

Orange you glad I didn't say Santana na na na na
.....

116 The Good Ship Venus

CHORUS:Yo! Ho! Ho! We haven't got anymore beer.

There's frigging on the rigging;
Wanking on the planking,
Tossing on the crossing,
There was fuck all else to do.

Twas on the good ship Venus,
By God you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast the Captain's penis.

The captain of this lugger,
He was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shove shit
From one place to another.

The captain's wife was Mabel.
Whenever she was able,
She'd fornicate the second mate
Upon the galley table.

The ship's cook's name was Freeman,
My God was he a demon,
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen.

The captain had a daughter,
Who fell into the water,
We heard her squeal and knew an eel
Had found her sexual quarter.

The first mate's name was Carter,
By God he was a farter,
When the high winds would cease
They's use Carter to start her.

The second mate's name was Andy,
His balls were long and bandy,
We filled his arse with molten brass
For wanking in the brandy.

The cabin boy was Kipper,
A dirty little nipper,
We stuffed his arse with broken glass
To circumcise the skipper.

The captain's name was Morgan,
By Christ he was a gorgon!
Ten times a day sweet tunes he's play.
On his productive organ.

The captain's daughter Mable,
They laid her on a table!
And all the crew would come and screw
As oft as they were able.

"Twas on a Chinese station,
We caused a great sensation.
We sunk a junk in a sea of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

The third mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball.
But with cracker he rolled terbaccer
Around the cabin wall.

The captain's daughter Mary,
Had never lost her cherry.
The men grew bold and offered gold
And now there's no more Virgin Mary.

Another cook was O'Malley,
He didn't dilly dally.
He shot his bolt with such a jolt
He whitewashed half the galley.

The boatswain's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester.
Thru hymens thick he stuck his prick
And left it there to fester.

Another one was Cropper,
Oh Christ he had a whopper.
Twice round the deck, around his neck
And up his bum for a stopper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
The whole crew had him over,
We ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover.

The engineer was McTavish
And young girls he did ravish,
His missing dick's at Istanbul
He was a trifle lavish.

A homo was the Purser,
He couldn't have been worsen,
With all the crew he had a screw,
Until they yelled: "Oh no sir."

So now we end this serial,
Through sheer lack of material.
I wish you luck and freedom from
Diseases venereal.

117 The Hairs On Her Dicki Di Do

CHORUS: And the hairs on her dicki di do
Hang down to her knees.
One black one, one white one
And one with a little shite on,
And one with a little light on
To show us the way.

The Mayor of Bayswater
He has a lovely daughter.

If she were my daughter,
I'd have them cut shorter.

She lives on a cattle ranch,
And shits like a bloody avalanche.

On her first trip through Melbourne,
She strangled her firstborn.

I've smelt it and felt it,
It feels like a piece of velvet.

I've ate it and fucked it,
And even loose rucked it.

I've touched it and poked it,
And even rolled and smoked it.

It would take a coal miner,
To find her vagina.

She married an Italian,
With balls like a bloody stallion.

She divorced the Italian,
And married the stallion.

It's like going through a forest,
To find her clitoris.

I licked it, I pricked it,
I even fly hacked it.

Her love thought he had seduced her,
But it turned out he'd only goosed her.

One black one, one white one,
The white one was semen.

On a trip through Vladivostock,
She sampled a bit of horsecock.

She sits on a mountain,
And pisses like a bloody fountain.

One green one, one red one,
The red one she bled on.

It takes a _____ rugger,
To get down and FUCK HER.

118 The Harlot of Jerusalem

CHORUS: Hey, hey, Kathusalem, Kathusalem,
Kathusalem
Hey, hey, Kathusalem,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

In the land of King Knute,
There lived a girl of ill repute,
A lusty, busty prostitute,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

The boys would come from miles around,
Just to ride her up and down,
She only charged a half a crown,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

There came a man from Palestine,
My God, he was a Frankenstein,
He thought he'd have himself a time,
On the Harlot of Jerusalem.

He laid her on a shady nook,
And from his pants the bastard took,
A penis like a butcher's hook,
For the Harlot of Jerusalem.

As she spread her legs apart,
She did cut a mighty fart,
That shot them like a tucking dart,
O'er the walls of Jerusalem.

As he flew on out of sight
He did find to his delight,
The legs still wrapped around him tight,
Of the Harlot of Jerusalem.

As he flew so fancy free,
His balls did catch upon a tree,
And there they hang for all to see,
The shame of all Jerusalem.

119 The Hole In The Elephant's Bottom

I wanted to go on the stage
And now my ambition I've gotten,
In pantomime I'm all the rage
As the hole in the elephant's bottom.

His balls they hang so low
I think I could knot 'em,
As I wink at the girls in the pit
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

The man who plays the front part
Is absolutely rotten,
All he can do is to fart
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

One night we performed in a farce
And they stuffed up the bottom with cotton,
But it split and I showed my bare arse
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

There are pockets inside the cloth
For two bottles of Bass, if you've got 'em,
But they hiss and they boo when I blow out the froth
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Now my part hasn't got any words
But there's nothing that can't be forgotten,
I spend all my time pushing property turds
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Some may think that this story is good
And some may believe that it's rotten,
But those that don't like it can stuff it right up
The hole in the elephant's bottom.

120 The Keyhole In The Door

CHORUS: Oh, the keyhole in the door, the door,
The keyhole in the door,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

I was invited for the weekend
to a ball at Cholmondely Hall,
To celebrate the wedding
of Sue Vere and Cousin Paul.
I read the guest list over
and imagine my delight,
When I found Sweet Fanny Adams
had come to spend the night.

The ball was one of splendor,
all the city nobs were there,
Touching up the ladies
like farmers at the fair,
And Fanny fairly dazzled
as she danced around the floor,
I resolved lie in wait for her
by the keyhole in the door.

I left the ballroom early,
just after half-past nine,
And as I hoped to find it
her room lay next to mine,
So taking off my trousers
I set off to explore
And took up my position
by the keyhole in the door.

I hadn't long to wait there
wrapped in my dressing gown,
When I saw Fanny on the staircase,
retiring all alone,
She didn't lock her bedroom door
I couldn't ask for more,
And I crept out of the shadows
by the keyhole in the door.

First she removed her stockings,
her silken legs to show,
And then her frilly panties
to reveal her fur below,
"Now take off all the other things,"
was all I could implore,
And silently I gripped the knob
and crossed the threshold door.

Silently I shut the door
and took her in my arms,
And sooner than I'd expected,
discovered all her charms,
And in case another person
should see the sights I saw,
I hung her frilly panties
o'er the keyhole in the door.

The night I rode in glory
as I plumbed the girl's insides
And on her heaving belly
I had many splendid rides,
But when I woke next morning
my dick was red and sore,
And I felt that I'd been screwing
through the keyhole in the door.

121 The Kotex Factory

(Sung to the tune of "Caissons Go Rolling Along")

CHORUS: For it's Hi Hi Yee, in the Kotex
Factory,
Shout out your sizes loud and clear.
Mumbo, Jumbo, Junior Miss, take it out when you
piss.
For wherever you go, you will always know,
When the end of the month comes around.

You can tell from the stench that there's trouble in
the trench,
When the end of the month comes around.

You can tell from the stink that your cock will
come out pink,
When the end of the month comes around.

When she asks you for a dime, you will know it's
her ragtime,
When the end of the month comes around.

When the sheets are all red, you will know it's
time for head,
When the end of the month comes around.

You can tell from the smell, that tonight's gonna
be hell,
When the end of the month comes around.

When she fondles in her purse, you will know
she's got the curse,
When the end of the month comes around.

When you see that little white string, you will know
she's got that thing,
When the end of the month comes around.

Pull that string, rip that cord, open up the old flood
door,
RUN FOR COVER, IT'S A BLOODY GUSHER.

(ALTERNATE CHORUS AND VERSES.)

CHORUS: For it's high, high, hee in the Kotex
factory,
Shout out your orders loud and
strong.
Small! Medium! Large! Junior Miss!
-Family Size!
Bale of Hay! Cotton Field!

You can tell by the rope that she's gonna tell you
nope,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the smell that there's trouble in the
well,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk that you're gonna sit and
talk,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the look that you shoulda read a
book,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her stance that you're only gonna
dance,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the lump that you're only gonna
dry hump,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the red that the best you'll get is
head,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the pad that you're not gonna be a
dad,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her legs that she's about to drop
her eggs,
When the end of the month rolls around.

122 The Lobster

CHORUS: Singing ho tiddly ho
Shit or bust!
Never let your bollocks dangle in
the dust!

"Good morning Mister Fisherman."
"Good morning, Sir." said he.
"Have you a lobster you can sell to me?"

"Yes, Sir." said the Fisherman.
"I have two;
The biggest of the bastards I'll sell to you."

I took the lobster home
And I couldn't find a dish;
So I used the pot where the missus has a piss

In the middle of the night
The wife got out of bed;
She piddled in the pot on the lobster's head.

The missus gave a giggle
Then she gave a grunt;
A dirty big lobster hanging from her cunt.

The wife grabbed the shovel
And I grabbed the broom;
We chased that lobster round the room.

We hit it on the head,
We hit in on the side;
We hit it 'till the bloody lobster died.

The moral of this story
The moral, it is this:
Always have a look-see before you have a piss.
The Lobster (ALTERNATE VERSES.)

"Good morning, Mr. Fisherman."
"Good morning, Sir." said he.
"Have you a lobster you could sell to me?"

"Oh, yes Sir, yes Sir.
I have two;
The biggest of the bastards I will sell to yo

Well, I took the bastard home,
To give the wife a treat;
I put it in the piss pot to keep it sweet.

in the middle of the night,
As you might guess;
The wife got up to take herself a piss.

Well, first she gave a squeal,
And then she gave a grunt;
Because that tucking lobster bit her on the cunt.

Well, I grabbed a mop,
And the wife grabbed a broom;
We chased the lobster right around the room.

Well, we beat him on the back,
We beat him on the side,
We beat the lobster until the bastard died.

There's a moral to my story,
Which is simply this;
Always take a shuftly before you take a piss.

This is the end of my story,
There isn't any more;
An apple's up my ass & you can eat the core.

123 The Maid Of The Mountain Glen

CHORUS: They called the bastard
Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
For that was the name of the ink
(Quink, Quink).

There was a maid of the mountain glen,
Seduced herself with a fountain pen.
The pen it broke and the ink ran wild,
And she gave birth to a blue-black child.

Stephen was a bonny child,
Pride and joy of his mother mild.
And all that worried her was this -
His steady stream of blue-black piss.

Mary of New Brighton Pier,
Seduced herself with a bottle of beer.
The top came off and the froth ran wild,
And she gave birth to a nut brown child.

FINAL
CHORUS: They called the bastard Frellfalls,
They called the bastard Frellfalls,
They called the bastard Frellfalls,
For that was the name of the beer
(Queer, Queer).

124 The Minstrels Sing Of A Bastard King Of Many Long Years Ago

CHORUS: He was forty, fat and full of fleas,
His scepter sat between his knees,
God bless the Bastard King of

England.
The minstrels sing of a Bastard King
of many long years ago
Who ruled his land with an iron hand,
Though his mind was weak and low,
His only outer garment
was a dirty yellow shirt
With which he tried to hide his hide,
But he couldn't hide the dirt.

Now the Queen of Spain
was an amorous dame,

And a sprightly wench was she
And longed to play in a sexual way
With the King across the sea.
So she sent a secret message
With a secret messenger
To ask the King if he would string
Along to sleep with her.

Now Ol' Philip of France
he heard by chance
Within his royal court,
And he swore, "By God, she loves this slob
Because I'm rather short,"
So he sent the Duke of Suffering Sap
To give to the Queen a dose of clap
To pass it on to the
Bastard King of England.

When news of the foul deed was heard
Within fair London's walls
The King he swore by the Royal Whore
He'd have King Phillip's life.
He offered half the royal purse
And a piece of Princess Claire
To any British subject
Who'd undo Philip the Fair.

The Duke of Notherland saddled his horse
And galloped off to France,
He swore he was a fairy,
The King let drop his pants,
Then in front of a throng
He slipped on a thong
Leaped on his horse and galloped along
Dragging the Frenchman back
To Merrie Old England.

When the King of England saw the sight
He fell in a faint on the floor,
For during the ride his rival's hide
Was stretched a yard or more,
And all the whores in silken drawers
Came down to London town.

And should round the battlements,
"To Hell with the British Crown."
And Philip alone usurped the throne
His scepter was his royal bone,
With which he ditched
The Bastard King of England.

125 The Mole Catcher

CHORUS: With his la ti lie diddle,
and his la ti lie day.

In Manchester city
by the sign of The Plough
There lived a mole catcher,
I can't tell you how,

He'd go out mole catching
from morning till night,
And a young fellow would
come for to visit his wife.

Now the mole catcher got jealous
of all the same thing,
And he hid under the wash house
to see what did come in.

Now this young fellow
comes climbing over the stile,
And the mole catcher's watching
with a crafty smile.

He knocks at the door
and this he does say,
"Where is your husband,
good woman, I pray?"

"He's gone out mole catching,
you have nothing to fear."
Little did she know
the old bastard was near.

They went up the stairs
and she gives him the sign,
But the filthy old fellow
did creep up behind.

Now just as the young fellow
reached the height of his frolics,
The mole catcher grabs him
quite fast by the buttocks.

The trap it squeezed tighter,
the mole catcher did smile,
"Here's the best mole
we've caught in a while."

"I'll make you pay well
for ploughing me ground.
This little prank will cost you
all of ten pound."

"Oh," says the young fellow,
"Christ gov, I don't mind,
For it only works out
at tuppence a grind."

So come all you young fellows
and mind what you're at.
Don't ever get yours caught
in a mole catcher's trap.

126 The Monk Of Great Renown

CHORUS: The old sod, the sod,
The bugger deserved to die.

There was a monk of great renown,
Who shagged an innocent maid from town.

His brother monks they cried in shame,
So he turned her over and shagged her again.

He met another by the mill,
And shagged and shagged her up the hill.

He met another in the hay,
And put her in the family way.

He took her to the abbot's bed,
And shagged and shagged till she was dead.

But when the abbot cried, "Amen,"
He shagged her back to life again.

His brother monks to stop his mauls,
Put a nail through his dick and cut off his balls.

And now the moral I will tell,
And now the moral I will tell,

When all the world just feels like hell,
Just shag and shag till all is well.

127 The North Atlantic Squadron

CHORUS: Away, away with fife and drum
 Here we come full of rum
 Lookin' for women who'll peddle
 their bum
 On the North Atlantic Squadron

For forty days and forty nights
We sailed the broad Atlantic,
And never to pass a piece of arse,
It drove us nearly frantic.

The cock she ran around the deck
The Captain he pursued her,
He caught her on the afterdeck
The dirty bastard screwed her.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
The dirty little nipper,
He filled his bum with bubble gum,
And vulcanized the skipper.

The Captain loved the cabin boy,
He loved him like a brother,
And every night between the sheets
They cornholed one another.

The second mate did masturbate,
No dick was higher or wider
They cut off his dick upon a rock
For pissing in the cider.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And women weren't particular,
They lined them up against the wall
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when men were bold,
And rubbers weren't invented,
They wrapped a sock around their cock
And babies were prevented.

We're off, we're off to Montreal,
We'll fuck the women, We'll fuck them all,
We'll pickle their cherries in alcohol,
On the North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a whore from Montreal,
She spread her legs from wall to wall,
But all she got was sweet fuck all
From the North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a whore from Singapore
Hung upside down inside a door,

And she was left split, worn and sore
By the North Atlantic Squadron.

128 The Portions Of The Female

The portions of the female
That appeal to man's depravity,
Are fashioned with considerable care,
And what at first appears
To be a modest cavity,
Is really as elaborate affair.
Now doctors who have studied
These feminine phenomena,
With numerous experiments on dames,
Have taken all the-items
Of the gentle sex's abdomina,
And given them all length Latin names.
There's the Vulva, the Vagina,
And of course the old Peronina,
And the Hymen that is often found in brides,
There's a lot of little things -
You'd love 'em if you see 'em,
The Clitoris and God knows what besides.
What a pity it is then,
That we common people chatter.
Of those mysteries to which I have referred,
And we use for such delicate
And complicated matter,
Such a very short and vulgar little word.
The erudite authorities who study
The geography
Of that obscure but entertaining land,
Are able to indulge a taste
For intricate topography,
And view the happy details close at hand.
But ordinary people though aware
Of their existence,
And complexities beneath the public know
Are normally content
Just to view them at a distance,
And treat them roughly speaking as a show.
And therefore when,
Probe the secrets of virginity,
Our methods are perhaps a little blunt,
We do not cloud the issue
With meticulous Latinity,
But call the whole concern a simple cunt.
For men have made this useful
And pleasure-giving article,
The topic of innumerable jibes,
And though the name is old
Which they have given to this particle,
It seems to fit the subject it describes.

129 The Puppy Song

The puppies had a meeting, they came from near and far,
And some they came by aeroplane and some by motor car.
And when they were assembled according to the book,
Each puppy took his asshole and hung it on a hook.

The meeting was successful for puppy, bitch, and sire,
Till some grey spotted mongrel stood up and shouted fire.
The puppies they all panicked and without a second look,
Took any flaming asshole from any flaming hook.

The puppies were pathetic, their asses were so sore,
For each one had an asshole he'd never had before.
And that's the only reason a dog will leave a bone,
To sniff some doggy's asshole to see if it's his own.

130 The Rajah Of Astrakhan

There once was a Rajah of Astrakhan, yo-ho, yo-ho,
The dirty old Rajah of Astrakhan, yo-ho, yo-ho,
He had more than one hundred wives, and twice as many concubines,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

He woke one night with a helluva stand, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And called the chief of his warrior band, yo-ho, yo-ho,
Go, my friendly warrior kind, and fetch my favorite concubine,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

He fetched his favorite concubine, yo-ho yo-ho,
Her face and her figure were both divine,, yo-ho, yo-ho,

But all the Rajah did was grunt and stuffed his tool right up her cunt,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

The Rajah was getting all heated and red, yo-ho, yo-ho,
The pace of his work had gone to his head, yo-ho, yo-ho,
But as the fuck was reaching a head, both poor buggers fell out of bed,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

They hit the floor with a helluva smack, yo-ho, yo-ho,
Which completely shattered the woman's crack, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And as for the Rajah's once proud cock, it never withstood the shock,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

Now at night when the Rajah's in bed, yo-ho, yo-ho,
His once proud tool never raises its head, yo-ho, yo-ho,
All battered and bruised, and bent in the middle, it's all the poor bugger can do to piddle,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

As to most stories there's a moral to tell, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And, of course, there's a moral to this one as well, yo-ho, yo-ho,
When screwing a pro, or a conc' or a whore, don't do it too hard or you'll fall on the floor!
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

131 The Ram Of Derbyshire

CHORUS: If you don't believe me
Or if you think I lie
Go ask the girls of Derbyshire
They'll tell you the same as 1.

There was a ram of Derbyshire
That had two horns of brass,
The one grew out of its head, sir,
The other grew out of its ass.

When the ram was young, sir,
It had a nasty trick
Of jumping over a five-barred gate
And landing on its prick.

When the ram was old, sir,
They put in a truck
And all the girls of Derbyshire
Came out to have a fuck.

When the ram was dead, sir,
They buried it in St. Paul's,
It took twelve men and a donkey cart
To carry away its balls.

132 The Ring Dang Doo

CHORUS: Now the Ring Dang Doo,
Pray, what is that?
So soft and round like a pussy cat,
So soft and round and split in two,
That's what they call the Ring Dang
Doo.

I got a gal in New Orleans,
She's young, just sweet sixteen,
She's young, and pretty too,
And she's got what they call
The Ring Dang Doo.

She took me down into her cellar,
She said I was a very fine feller,
She fed me with wine, and whiskey too,
And she let me play
With her Ring Dang Doo.

She took me up into her bed,

Placed a pillow beneath my head,
Took out my dick a doodle -- doo,
And stuck it in
Her Ring Dang Doo.

Now her mother said, "You goddamn fool,
You have broken the golden rule,
So pack your bags and your suitcase too,
And go to hell with
Your Ring Dang Doo."

Now she went to town to become a whore,
She placed a sign upon her door,
"Two dollars down, the rest I'll do,
To take a crack at
My Ring Dang Doo."

They came by fours, they came by twos,
First came the Japs, then came the Jews,
Then came the sailors, the Marines too,
Till they damn near ruined
Her Ring Dang Doo.

The army came and the army went,
The price went down to fifty cents,
They got the clap and the scabadoo,
When they all took a crack at
Her Ring Dang Doo.

And now she's dead and buried deep,
Her body lies on Chestnut Street,
Her tits hang on the city wall,
And her pussy floats in alcohol.

133 The Rugby Tinker

CHORUS: With his bloody great kidney wiper,
And with balls enough for three,
And a yard and a half of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knees.

The lady of the manor was dressing for the ball,
When she spied the rugby tinker tossing off
against the wall;

She wrote to him a letter and in it she did say,
"I'd rather be shagged by you, sir, than his
lordship anyway;"

The tinker read the letter and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester and his prick began to
bleed;

He mounted on his charger and on it he did ride,
His prick across his saddle and a ball on either
side;

He rode into the courtyard and on up to the hall,
"Bloody," cried the valet, "he has come to fuck us
all;"

He fucked them in the kitchen and tucked them in
the stall,
And the way he shagged the valet was the
funniest fuck of all;

The tinker bagged the mistress and in ten minutes
she was dead,
With a yard and a half of foreskin firmly wrapped
about her head;

He rode from out the manor and on into the street,
With little drops of semen pitter-pattering at his
feet;

The tinker he is dead now and buried in St.
Paul's,
It took a team of oxen just to drag away his balls;

Some say he went to heaven and some he went
to hell,
Some say he shagged the devil and we know he
shagged him well.

134 There Was A Young Sailor

There was a young sailor who sat on a rock
Wailing his fists and abusing his...
Navel, a neighboring tavern was watching his fits
Teaching his children to play with their...-
Kites and their marbles as in days of yore
Along came a woman who looked like a...
Decent young lady who walked like a duck
She said she was learning a new way to...
Bring up the children and teach them to knit
While the boys in the barnyard were shoveling...
The contents of pigsty muck and the mire
The squire of the manor was pulling his...
Horse from the stable to go to the hunt
His wife in the boudoir was powdering her...
Nose and arranging her vanity box
And taking precautions to ward off the...
Gout and rheumatics which makes her feel stiff
Too well did she remember her last dose of..
What did you think I was going to say?
No you rude bugger that's all for today.

135 There Was A Priest, The Dirty Beast

There was a priest, the dirty beast,
Whose name was Alexander.
His mighty prick was inches thick
He called it Salamander.

One night he slept with the Gypsy Queen,
Whose face was black as charcoal,
But in the dark he missed his mark,
And sparks came out her arse hole.

A brat was born one rainy morn,
With a face as black as charcoal,
It had a prick ten inches thick
But it didn't have an arse hole.

136 The S&M Man

(Sung to the tune of "The Candy Man")

CHORUS: The S&M man,
 The S&M man.
 The S&M man,
 'Cause he does it with love,
 Makes the hurt feel good,
 The hurt feel good.

Who can take two icepicks,
(ALL REPEAT)
And stick them in her ears?
(ALL REPEAT)

Rev her up like a Harley and drive her in the rear.
(THIS BEING THE BASIC FORMAT, SING THE
FOLLOWING VERSES.)

Who can take a little boy,
And entice him into his car?
Fill 'm full of ludes and let him loose in a gay bar.

Who can take some thumbtacks,
And spread them on the floor?
Make'm dance barefoot 'till their feet are bloody
and sore.

Who can take a butcher knife,
And wave it to and fro?
Cut off a little finger and see if it will grow.

Who can take a chicken,
And spread its little legs?
Reach up inside and pull out a dozen eggs.

Who can take a slingshot,
And two coconuts?
Then bend you over and shoot 'em up your butt.

137 The Sexual Life Of A Camel

CHORUS: Singin' rub titty titty rub titty titty
titty rub titty rub titty rub
rub titty rub titty yea.
Singin' rub titty titty rub titty titty
titty rub titty rub titty rub
The assholes are here to stay

(or)

We're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs, IN

PAIRS!.

We're all queers together,
And nobody bloody well cares.

The sexual life of the camel is stranger than
anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season he tries to
bugger the sphinx.
But the sphinx's posterior sphincter is clogged by
the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel and
the sphinx' inscrutable smile.

The sexual life of the ostrich is stranger than that
of man.
At the height of the mating season she buries her
head in the sand.
When along comes the male of the species and
sees that ass flying high in the air,
He wonder's if it's male or female, and says "What
the fuck do I care?!?"

The sexual life of a bullfrog is understood by
some,
At the height of the mating season he crawls up
the arse of his chum.
But this vile orifice is horrible and filled with foul
gases and slime,
Which accounts for his croak and why he says
"ugh" all the time.

In the anals of syphulization, from anthropod ape
down to man,
It is commonly held that the Navy has buggered
whatever it can.
But recent extensive researches, by Darwin and
Huxley and Hall,
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog has never
been buggered at all.

But theorems were meant to be broken as in the
postulate written above,
Regarding the plight of the hedgehog and the
boundaries of sexual love.
For a crafty ol' naval bugger left his memoirs to
Harvard and Yale,
Simply stating the fact that the hedgehog can be
buggered by shaving his tail.

Me daddy drives a motorcar, me mother rides a
bike.
Me and me brother we hate each other so I
masturbate on his trike.

My name is Bruce you know me, I live in Leicester
Square,
With a pair of open toed sandals and a gardenia
in me hair.

Me father fucks me mother, me father fucks him
back.
And when he's done with her he comes and rams
it up me crack.

I went to sell me motorcar, expecting much the
worst.
He asked me for my bottom price, I said lets talk
about me motorcar first.

This morn' I went to my tailor. He said, "What can
I do for you Jack?"
I said, "A pair of velvet trousers with the zipper up
the back.!"

I road the puff puff yesterday, There was barely
room to stand.
A little boy offered me his seat, so I took it in me
hand.

'Twas Christmas eve at harem and the eunuchs
all were there,
Observing the vestigial virgins combing their
public hair.
When the voice of Father Christmas cam echoing
through the hall,
Asking what would you like for Christmas and
eunuchs all answered balls.

138 These Foolish Things

(Tunu of my favorite things)
Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere
Your twat a-twitchin like a moose's ear
Ejaculations in my glass of beer
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.

Naked color photographs of Liberace
The way you say to me "Come lick my crotch"
Syphilitic scabs that make my face all blotchy
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.

A pubic hair in my breakfast roll
A bloody Kotex in my toilet bowl
The festic odor of your pink asshole
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.

An unborn fetus on a marble slab
Erected penis with a broken scab
A sloppy blow job in a taxi cab
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.

139 The Street Of A Thousand Arse Holes

CHORUS: Her greasy twat
Was always hot,
U-Flung-Shit,
Her name, her name,
U-Flung-Shit her name.

In the Street of a Thousand Arse holes
Neath the sign of swinging tit,
There lived a Chinese maiden
By the name of U-Flung-Shit.

She sat beneath the joss sticks
With a smile of celestial bliss,
Her breath like scented lotus,
Her eyes like pools of piss.

She thought of her lover, the bastard,
She thought of her pox ridden beaux,
She thought of the scores she'd had on the floors,
When up walked Won-Hung-Low.

"Oh come to me, you bag of shit."
He cried with tits in hand,
"My love for you will last for hours
Like ice upon the burning sand."

She raised herself on her starboard tit
And gave her tits a tweak,
With smiles in her eyes she stared at him
And said, "Go shit a Peke."

He clutched his tool with calloused hand
And beat it on the walls,
Removed his hat and trampled that
Then danced upon his balls.

At length with anger screaming out
He pissed himself with spleen,
He went and shit and stamped in it
His scrotum turned quite green.

His anger quickly mastered him
He felt with fury black,
She stood on him and bared her quim
And pissed on the bugger's back.

The Chinese maiden now is gone
No longer does she sit,
In the Street of a Thousand Arse Holes
By the sign of the swinging tit.

140 The Tattooed Lady

One night in gay Paree
I paid five francs to see
A much tattooed lady
A big fat French lady
Tattooed from head to knee
And on her jaw
Was a British man-o-war
And in the middle of her back
Was a Union Jack
So I paid three francs more
And up and down her spine
Were the old die-hards-in line
And on her big fat bum
Was a picture of the rising sun
And on her fanny
Was Al Jolson singing "Mammy"
How I loves her, how I loves her
My mother-in-law.

I loves my mother-in-law
She is nothing but a dirty old whore
She nags me day and night
I can't do fuck all right
Last night I heard
she was coming round to stay Now isn't it a pity
She only has one titty
And in the family way.

Last night I greased the stairs
Put tin-tacks on the chairs
I hope she breaks her back
Because I do love wearing black
Now Tommy Tucker
Is a stupid little fucker
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law.

141 The Tulagi Song

CHORUS: Fuck'em all, fuck'em all,
 The long and the short and the tall,
 There'll be no promotions this side
of the ocean,
 The tucking reserves got 'em all.

So we asked the Army to come to Tulagi,
General MacArthur said no,
He gave us the reason, it wasn't the season,
Besides there's no USO.

So we asked the Air Force to come to Tulagi,
The Air Force was quick to agree,
They bombed out my bunkie, two dogs and one
donkey,
And seven platoons of jireens.

So we asked the Coast Guard to come to Tulagi,
The Coast Guard didn't appear,
They sent us a letter, said we like it here better,
Maybe we'll make it next year.

So we asked the Navy to come to Tulagi,
The Navy was pleased and agreed,
From four directions, with forty sections,
Oh what a fucked up stampede.

So we asked the Nurses to come to Tulagi,
The Nurses were quick to appease,
Their asses on tables, all bearing the labels,
Reserved for the officers please.

So here's to your corporals and all your 01's,
Here's to your sergeants and their bastard sons,
As we fondly do bid them farewell,
The long and the short and the tall,
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean,
The tucking reserves got 'em all.

142 The Virgin Sturgeon

CHORUS: My ruddy oath it is,
 My ruddy oath it is.

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
Ever since she had the caviar,
There ain't nothing she won't do.

I gave caviar to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age is ninety-three,
And next time I saw grandpa,
He'd chased grandma up a tree.

I gave caviar to my bow-wow,
All the others looked agog,
He had what those bitches wanted,
Wasn't he a lucky dog?

My father was a lighthouse keeper,
He had caviar for his tea,
He had three children by a mermaid,
Two were Rippers, one was me.

Oysters are prolific bivalves,
Rear their young ones in their shell,
How they priddle is a riddle,
But they do, so what the hell.

The female clam is optimistic,
Shoots her eggs out in the sea,
She hopes her suitor as a shooter,
Hits the self-same spot as she.

143 The Walrus And The Carpenter

If all the whores with dirty drawers
Were lying in the Strand
Do you suppose, the Walrus said
That we could raise a stand?
I doubt it, said the Carpenter
But wouldn't it be grand
And all the while the dirty sod
Was coming in his hand.

When you were only sweet sixteen
And had a little quim
You stood before the looking-glass
And put one finger in
But now that you are old and grey
And losing all your charm
I can get five fingers in
And half my fucking arm.

144 The Wild Rover

(Sung to the tune of "Wild Rover")

CHORUS: And it's no nay never, no nay never
no more

Will I play the wild rover, no never
no more.

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whisky and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit she answered me no
It's custom like yours I can get any day.

I took from my pocket sovereigns so bright
That the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said she had whisky and beer of the best
And the words that she spoke were only in jest.

I'll go to my parents, confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they forgive me as oftentimes as before
Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

145 The Wild West Show

CHORUS: We're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and the kangaroos,
No matter what the weather as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Oh No Bird.
The Oh No Bird has legs three inches long,
But has testicles which hang down six inches,
And whenever it comes in for a landing,
It goes, "Oh no, oh no, oh no."

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Crash Bam Bam Bam Bird.
The Crash Bam Bam Bam Bird is a very close relative
to the aforementioned Oh No Bird,
But unlike the Oh No Bird,
The Crash Bam Bam Bam Bird only roosts on corrugated tin roofs,
And when it comes in for a landing it goes crash bam bam bam.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have Lulu the tattooed lady.
She has a "W" tattooed on one side of her ass,
And she has a "W" tattooed on the other side of her ass,
And when she stands up it spells "WOW,"
And when she stands on her hands it spells "MOM,"
And when she does cartwheels it spells "WOW, MOM, WOW."

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have Lulu the tattooed lady's sister.
On the inside of one thigh she has "MERRY CHRISTMAS" tattooed,
And on the inside of the other thigh she has "HAPPY NEW YEAR" tattooed,

And she invites all of you to come between the holidays.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Fuckgowee Tribe.
The Fuckgowee Tribe lives in deepest, darkest Africa,
In a land of six feet tall grass,
But the Fuckgowee Tribe stand only three feet tall,
And they go around all day saying "Where the fuck are we, where the fuck are we?"

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Mathematical Impossibility.
Yes, ladies and gentlemen,
The Mathematical Impossibility is the only girl in the whole world,
Who was ate before she was seven.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Admiral's Daughter.
Yes, the infamous Admiral's Daughter.
She is the final resting place for discharged semen.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Ch-Ch-Christ Bird.
This bird has one wing half as long as the other,
Thus it flies in ever decreasing concentric circles,
Until it flies up its own anal orifice, .
And then shouts, "Ch-Ch-Christ it's dark in here."

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Bengal Tiger.
The Bengal Tiger is the only pussy in the whole world that eats you.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Dentist.
The Dentist is the only man you have to pay to put his tools in your mouth.

146 The Woman Marine Hymn

(Sung to the tune of "Davey Crockett")

CHORUS: Rosey, Rosey Rottencrotch,
 Pride of the Women Marines.

Born in a whorehouse, in Oceanside,
So ticking ugly, her mother cried.
Lived in a shack, on old North Hill,
Before the age of five, they had her on the pill.

At age seventeen, she joined the Corps,
Became like the rest, a duty whore.
Thought she was better, a superior lass,
I jumped up and told her, kiss my ass.

We sent her to school, they didn't teach her shit,
When she got out, she thought she was it.
Became the Gunner's favorite, his number one runt,
But we all know, she's just a slimy cunt.

Because her cheeks, were a little pink,
She was convinced, her shit didn't stink.
They made her a corporal, an NCO,
But all she did right, was give a good blow.

147 They're Digging Up Dad's Remains

They're digging up dad's remains to build a sewer;
They're doing the job regardless of expense;
They're digging up dad's remains to make way for
ten inch drains
To satisfy some rich man's residence, 'gor blieme!

Now father in his lifetime wasn't a quitter, a
quitter;
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now;
Cause he'll dress up in a sheet and he'll haunt the
shithouse seat
And only let them toffs go when he allows, 'gor
blieme!

Now won't there be some horrible constipation;
Oh won't the loose bound toffs oh rack and rave;
But it serves them bloody well right
For having the perishing nerve to muck about with
a British workman's grave.

148 Those Old Red Flannel Drawers That Maggie Wore

CHORUS: Those old red flannel drawers that
Maggie wore.

They were tattered, they were torn,
Round the crotch piece they were worn.

They were rotten down the front,
With the dripping of her cunt.

She put them in the sink,
My God, there was a stink.

They were hemmed in, they were tucked in,
They were the drawers that she was married in.

She put them on the mat,
And paralysed the cat.

She hung them on the line,
And the sun refused to shine.

She buried them in the ground,
Killed the grass for miles around.

149 Three German Officers

(Sung to the tune of "Inky, Dinky, Parlez-veus")

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez-veus,
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez-veus,
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
They fucked the women and drank the wine,
Inky, dinky, parlez-veus.

They came upon a wayside inn,
Shit on the mat and walked right in.

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,
Lily-white tits and golden hair?

At last they got her on a bed,
Fucked her till her cheeks were red.

And then they took her to a shed,
Fucked her till she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,
Fucked her back to life again.

They took her up in an aeroplane,
Squeezed her tits and made it rain.

They fucked her up, they fucked her down,
They tucked her right around the town.

They fucked her in, they fucked her out,
They fucked her up her waterspout.

Now she lives in our town,
Sells her cunt for half a crown.

Seven months went and all was well,
Eight months went and she started to swell.

Nine months went and she gave a grunt,
And a little white bugger popped out her cunt.

The little white bugger he grew and grew,
He fucked his mother and sister too.

The little white bugger he went to hell,
He fucked the Devil and his wife as well.

150 Three Old Whores From Winnipeg

CHORUS: Oh, rolly poly stick-a my holey,
Up my slimy slough,
I drag my balls across the halls,
I'm one of the sportin' crew.

Tree old whores from Winnipeg
Were drinking cherry wine,
Says one of them to the other two,
"Yours is smaller than mine."

"You're a liar," says the second old whore,
"Mine's as big as the sea,
Ships sail in and ships sail out
And never bother me."

"You're a liar," says the third old whore,
"Mine's as big as the moon
Ships sail in on the first of the year
And never come out till June."

"You're a liar," say the first again,
Mine's as big as the air,
Ships sail in and ships sail out
And never tickle a hair."

"You're a liar," says the second again,
"Mine is bigger than all,
For many's the ship that sails right in
And never comes out at all."

151 The Titanic

Oh they built a ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue
and they thought they had a ship that the water'd
never go through

But the good Lord raised his hand, said that ship
will never land

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they were not far from England, not very far
from shore

When the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put them down below where they'd be the
first to go

It was sad when the great ship went down.

The ship was filled with sin and the sides about to
burst

When the captain shouted "Women and children
first!"

For help they tried to wire but the lines were all on
fire

It was sad when the great ship went down.

They threw the life boats out on to the raging sea
As the band struck up with "Nearer my God to
Thee."

Little children wept and cried as we threw them
over the side

It was sad when the great ship went down.

We were down below trying to make that damn ship
go

When the chief shouted out, "Boys she's gonna
blow."

We heard a mighty crash and we knew our ass was
grassed

It was said when the great ship went down.

The ship began to pitch and the lights began to
flicker

and the captain shouted "Me gosh where's me
liquor?"

He got completely ripped and went down with the
ship

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Lady Astor looked around as she watched her
husband drown

And the great Titanic made a gurgling sound
So she wrapped herself in mink as she watched
that damn ship sink

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Duluth and Thunder Bay were scrumming on the
deck

When the scrum half shouted "Boys she's gonna
wreck!"

So we shouted out with fear, "**GIMME ANOTHER
BEER!**"

It was sad when the great ship went down.

So they built another ship Titanic Number Two
And they thought they had a ship that the water'd
never go through

But they christened it with beer and it sank right off
the pier

It was sad when the great ship went down.

The moral of the story is very plain to see

Always wear your life preserver when you go out to
sea

The Titanic never made it and never more shall be
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Intermix these....

Husbands and wives

little children lost their lives

Uncles and aunts

little children lost their pants

Sisters and brothers

everybody fucked each other

Brothers and sisters

Fucked until they all had blisters

152 Trojan Is A Girl's Best Friend

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,
Trojan is a girl's best friend,
You may get the works
But you won't be parental.
As he slides it in,
You trust that good old latex skin,
As he lets fly, none gets by
'Cos it's all gathered up in the end.
This little precaution
Avoids an abortion.
Trojan is a girl's best friend.

153 Victory Song

We don't play for adoration,
We don't play for victory.
We just play for inspiration,
We're the _____ R.F.C.
Balls to _____.
Balls to _____.
We won't play you anymore.
We won't play you anymore.

154 We Are Warriors

CHORUS: We are warriors!
 Mighty, mighty warriors,
 We have bullets,
 And we got rifles.

We went hunting,
Came upon a river,
Couldn't go under it,
Couldn't go over it,
Couldn't go around it,
Had to go through it!

We went hunting,
Came upon a mountain,
Couldn't go under it,
Couldn't go over it,
Couldn't go around it,
Had to go through it!

We went hunting,
Came upon a woman!
Couldn't go under her,

Couldn't go over her,
Couldn't go around her,
HAD TO GO THROUGH HER!

155 When Lady Jane Became A Tart

It fairly broke the family's heart
When Lady Jane became a tart
But blood is blood and race is race
And so to save the family face
They bought her an expensive flat
With "Welcome" written on the mat.

It was not long ere Lady Jane
Brought her patrician charms to fame
A clientele of sahibs pukka
Who regularly came to fuck her,
And it was whispered without malice
She had a client from the palace.

No one could nestle in her charms
Unless he wore ancestral arms
No one to her could gain an entry,
Unless he were of the landed gentry,
And so before her sun had set
She'd worked her way through Debrett.

When Lady Anne became a whore
It grieved the family even more,
But they felt they couldn't do the same
As they had done for Lady Jane,
So they bought her an exclusive beat,
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

When Lord St. Clancy Became a nancy
It did not please the family fancy
And so in order to protect him
They did inscribe upon his rectum,
"All commoners must now drive steerage,
This arse hole is reserved for peerage."

156 Rhodean School

CHORUS: Up school, up school, up school,
Tra La-la, La-la, La-la, La-la,
Tra La-la, La-la, La-la, La-la,

We are from Rhodean, Rhodean girls are we,
We take no pride in our virginity,
We take precautions, and avoid-abortions,
For we are from Rhodean School.

Our school doctor, she is a beaut,
Teaches us to swerve when our boyfriends shoot,
It saves many marriages, and forces
miscarriages,
We are from Rhodean School.

We go to Rhodean, don't we have pluck,
We go to bed without asking a buck,
Try us sometime boys, you may be in luck,
We are from Rhodean School.

Our school gardener he makes us drool,
He's got a great big whopping, dirty tool,
All right for tunnels, and Queen Mary funnels,
And for the girls of Rhodean School.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she could have a go,
But she surprised the Vicar, by raising him
quicker,
Than any other girl at Rhodean School.

We go to Rhodean, we can be had,
Don't take our word, boy, ask your old dad,
He brings his friends for breath-taking trends,
We are from Rhodean School.

Our house mistress you cannot beat,
She lets us go out walking the street,
We sell out titties for threepenny bitties,
We are from Rhodean School.

Our head mistress, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
And again, and again, and again,
We are from Rhodean School.

Our sport mistress she is the best,
Teaches us to develop our chest,
So we wear tight sweaters, and carry French
letters,

We are from Rhodean School.

Our teacher Porter, he is a fool,
He's only got a teeny weeny tool,
It's only good for key holes, and little girlie's
peeholes,
But not much for Rhodean School.

We go to Rhodean, don't we have fun,
We know exactly how it is done,
When we lie down we hole it in one,
We are from Rhodean School.

When we go down to the sea for a swim,
The people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar, it's as big as a
horse collar,
We are from Rhodean School.

These girls from Cheltenham, they are just
sissies,
They get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles, and long broom handles,
To rouse the bowels of the girls from Rhodean
School.

When we are invited to a dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give our boyfriends a chance,
We are from Rhodean School.

When we go down to the vicar's for tea,
He always lets us sit on his knee,
We make him randy and he gives us candy,
We are from Rhodean School.

157 Why Was He Born So Beautiful?

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
He's no ducking use at all. (or: He's only got one
ball.)

So drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker,
Drink Mother-Fucker Drink!
So drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker,
Drink Mother-Fucker Drink!

158 Will You Marry Me?

(FIRST VERSE IS SUNG IN MASCULINE VOICE
AND REPLY VERSE IS SUNG IN
A FEMININE VOICE.)

If I give you half-a-crown, can I take your knickers
down?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you give me half-a-crown, you can't take my
knickers down.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't
marry me.

If I give you fish and chips, will you let me
squeeze your tits?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you give me fish and chips, I won't let you
squeeze my tits.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't
marry me.

If I gargle with Lavoris, can I suck on your clitoris?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you gargle with Lavoris, you can't suck on my
clitoris.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't
marry me.

If I give you half-a-note, can I shove it down your
throat?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you give me half-a-note, you can't shove it down
my throat.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't
marry me.

If I give you a pound of grass, can I shove it up
your ass?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you give me a pound of grass, you can't shove it
up my ass.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't
marry me.

If I give you half-a-quid, will you suck on my big
squid?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you give me half-a-quid, I won't suck on your big
squid.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't
marry me.

If I give you a whole crown, will you blow me till
you drown?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you give me a whole crown, I won't blow you till
I drown.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't
marry me.

If I give you silk and lace, can I spray it in your
face?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you give me silk and lace, you can't spray it in
my face.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't
marry me.

if I give you my big chest, and all the money that I
possess,
Will You marry marry marry marry, will you marry
me?

If you give me your big chest, and all the money
that you possess,
I will marry marry marry marry, I will marry you.

Get out the door, you lousy whore, my money was
all you were looking for.
I'll not marry marry marry marry, I'll not marry you.

159 Woodpecker Song

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
Remove it."

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
Replace it."

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
Turn it round, turn it round, turn it round,
Revolve it."

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
Turn it bout, turn it bout, turn it bout
Reverse it."

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
In and out, in and out, in and out,
Rotate it."

I rotated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
Retract it."

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff."
REVOLTING!

160 Working Down The Sewer

CHORUS: Workin' down the sewer
 shovellin' up manure,
 That's the way the soldier
 does his bit, shovelling shit.
 You can hear the shovels ring
 with a ting-a-ling-a-ling,
 When you're working down
 the sewer with the gang.

Now the foreman said to me,
As he grabbed me by the arse,
"You're the dirtiest little bastard
That we have upon the job.
Your wages for the week
Will be five and twenty bob,
When you're working down
the sewer with the gang."

One morning after eight,
When I turned up at the gate,
The foreman said to me,
"Now fucking look 'ere mate,
If you won't come fucking early
Then you can't come fucking late,
When you're workin' down
the sewer with the gang."

161 Yo Ho

CHORUS: Get it in, get it out,
quit fuckin' about.
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her toe she said,
"Hey rugger yer much too low."

I put my hand upon her knee, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her knee, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her knee, she said,
"Hey rugger quit teasin'me."

I put my hand upon her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,
I put MY hand upon her thigh, she said,
"Hey rugger yer gettin' me high."

I put my hand upon her ear, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her ear, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her ear, she said,
"Hey rugger yer not even there."

I put my hand upon her nose, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her nose, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her nose, she said,
"Hey rugger gimme that hose."

I put my hand upon her mouth, yo ho, yo ho
I put my hand upon her mouth, yo ho. yo ho.
I put my hand upon her mouth, she said,
"Hey rugger start headin' south."

I put my hand upon her tit, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her tit, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her tit, she said,
"Hey rugger that's not quite it."

I put my hand upon her twat, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her twat, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her twat, she said,
"Hey rugger now that's the spot."

I put my dick into her mouth, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my dick into her month, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my dick into her mouth, she said,
"Mmmmmmmugh ... Mmmmmmmugh ...
Mmmugh."

And now she lies in a pinewood box, yo ho, yo ho,
And now she lies in a pinewood box, yo ho, yo ho,
And now she lies in a pinewood box, she sucked
Too many rugger cocks.

They dug her up and fucked her again, yo ho, yo
ho,
They dug her up and fucked her again, yo ho, yo
ho,
They dug her up and fucked her again, and again,
And again, and again, and again.

162 You're A Grand Old Fag

(Sung to the tune of "Grand Old Flag")

You're a grand old fag,
And your wrinkled balls sag,
Your performance gets worse everyday.
You're an argument,
for abstinence,
A broomstick would be a better lay.
Every heart fears doom,
When you walk into the room,
Cause we've heard of your infamous fame,
Your limp old cock won't be forgot,
Cause we all know that you are lame.

Well you have no lust,
And your humps have no thrust,
You're a sad, sad excuse for a stud.
You should just give up,
Cause you can't get it up,
I think I would rather eat mud.
Well your body's rank,
And the tiger in your tank,
Is as dead as the rhythm you beat,
Cause we know the way that you perform,
You remind us of a creampie in heat.

163 You Expect Me

FOR MEN TO SING:

You expect me to get down on my hands and
knees
And eat your pussy like a rat eats cheese
Well, I like cheese but I ain't no rat
And I like pussy but not like that
Your drawers may be clean and trimmed in lace
But you'll never, ever, ever sit your lily white ass
on this poor boy's face
And I wouldn't lie to you
Not one pound

FOR WOMEN TO SING:

You expect me to get down on my hands and
knees
And lick your boner 'cause you want me to please
Well, I like boners that are big and fat
And I'd never eat a boner that looked like that
Your prick may be slick and ready to cream
But the closest you'll ever, ever, ever get to me is
a good wet dream
And I wouldn't lie to you
Not one pound

164 Young Roger Of Kildare

Oh, mother, mother, dear
May I go to the fair
May I go with young Roger
Young Roger of Kildare
For I know he's kind and gentle
And will love me for my sake
And I know he will not harm me
Coming home from the wake.

Oh, daughter, daughter, dear
You may go to the fair
You may go with young Roger
Young Roger of Kildare
For I know he's kind and gentle
And will love you for your sake
But keep you legs close together
Coming home from the wake.

So she went to the fair
So she went to the fair
She went with young Roger
Young Roger of Kildare
So he stuffed her up with ice-cream
And he stuffed her up with cake
And he stuffed it right up her
Coming home from the wake.

165 Your Spooning Days

Your spooning days are over,
Your pilot light is out,
What used to be your sex appeal
Is now your water spout.

You used to be embarrassed
To make the thing behave,
For every blooming morning
It would stand up and watch you shave.

But now. you are growing old,
It sure gives you the blues,
To see the thing hand down your leg,
And watch you shine your shoes.

166 Abortion

(Sung to the tune of "Jadda")

Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Well you get that poker nice and hot,
Then you shove it way up in her twat.
Oh Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Sticks and coat hangers and all the rest,
But I like Drano, it 's the best.
Oh Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Baby Fuck, Baby Fuck, B-A-B-Y F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Baby Fuck, Baby Fuck, B-A-B-Y F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
First you throw the baby on the bed,
And then you fuck the soft spot in its head.
Oh Baby Fuck, Baby Fuck, B-A-B-Y F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Blow Job, Blow Job, B-L-O-W J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Blow Job, Blow Job, B-L-O-W J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Eastside, westside, northside, south,
My baby likes it best when I cum in her mouth.
Oh Blow Job, Blow Job, B-L-O-W J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Bum Fuck, Bum Fuck, B-U-M F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Bum Fuck, Bum Fuck, B-U-M F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Eastside, westside, northside, down,
My baby likes it best when I cum in her brown.
Bum Fuck, Bum Fuck, B-U-M F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Dirtbag, Dirtbag, D-I-R-T-B-A-G (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Dirtbag, Dirtbag, D-I-R-T-B-A-G (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

They may be fat and they may be thin,
But - they 're all beauty queens when you get it in.
Dirtbag Dirtbag, D-I-R-T-B-A-G (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Hand Job , Hand Job, H-A-N-D J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Hand Job, Hand Job, H-A-N-D J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
You wrap your hand around your gland,
You slap it around 'til it just won't stand.
Hand Job, Hand Job, H-A-N-D J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Muff Dive, Muff Dive, M-U-F-F D-I-V-E (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Muff Dive, Muff Dive, M-U-F-F D-I-V-E (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
She wraps her legs around your face,
You lick and slobber all over the place.
Muff Dive, Muff Dive, M-U-F-F D-I-V-E (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Poop Shoot, Poop Shoot, P-O-O-P S-H-O-O-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Poop Shoot, Poop Shoot, P-O-O-P S-H-O-O-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Back door, cornhole, it's a gas,
You ram that pecker right up her ass.
Poop Shoot, Poop Shoot, P-O-O-P S-H-O-O-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Well it's mangey, rangey, and covered with hair,
But what would you do if it wasn't there?
Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
I really mean it, S-C-R-O-T-U-M.

Smegma, Smegma, S-M-E-G-M-A (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Smegma, Smegma, S-M-E-G-M-A (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
It's white and cheesy, and it smells like taint,
But if you eat too much, you're liable to faint.
Smegma, Smegma, S-M-E-G-M-A (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Sodomy, Sodomy, S-O-D-O-M-Y (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Sodomy, Sodomy, S-O-D-O-M-Y (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
you put the sheep's legs inside your boots,
so she won't change her mind when you're about to shoot.
so domy, Sodomy, S-O-D-O-M-Y (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Swallow, Swallow, S-W-A-L-L-O-W (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Swallow, Swallow, S-W-A-L-L-O-W (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
She'll swallow it all and she'll swallow it well,
She'll swallow it all 'cause she ain't on the pill.
Swallow, Swallow, S-W-A-L-L-O-W (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Taint, Taint, T-A-i-N-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Taint, Taint, T-A-I-N-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
It's not the ass and it's not the cunt,
It's the little bit of heaven 'tween the rear and the front.
Taint, Taint, T-A-I-N-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Tit Fuck, Tit Fuck, T-I-T F-U-C-K Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Tit Fuck, Tit Fuck, T-I-T F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Northside, southside, eastside, west,
My baby likes it best when I cum on her chest.
Oh Tit Fuck, Tit Fuck, T-I-T F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Titties, Titties, T-I-T-T-I-E-S (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Titties, Titties, T-I-T-T-I-E-S (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Well their just a part of the epiderm,
But I like 'em best when they're big and firm.
Titties, Titties, T-I-T-T-I-E-S (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

167 All The Nice Girls Love A Candle

(Ship Ahoy)

All the nice girls love a candle,
All the nice girls love a wick,
For there's something about a candle
Which reminds them of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's a young girl's pride and joy,
Just to walk along the front,
With a candle up her cunt.
Ship ahoy girls, ship ahoy.

168 Alouette

(Sung to the tune of "Alouette")

CHORUS: Alouette, gentille Alouette.
Alouette, gentille plumerai.

(Start with chorus first and insert it between each verse.)

Leader: Does she have the scraggly hair?
Group: Yes, she has the scraggly hair.
Leader: Scraggly hair.
Group: Scraggly hair.
Leader: Alouette.
Group: Alouette.
Leader: OH!

Leader: Does she have the furrowed brow?
Group: Yes, she has the furrowed brow.
Leader: Furrowed brow.
Group: Furrowed brow.
Leader: Scraggly hair.
group: Scraggly hair.
Leader: Alouette.
Group: Alouette.
Leader: OH!

(Continue in this fashion, adding the current descriptive phrase and then repeating all previous descriptive phrases.)

Two glass eyes?
Broken nose?
Two capped teeth?
Double chin?
Swinging tits?
Pot belly?
Clammy thighs?
Furry thing?

169 Anthony Claire

CHORUS: For they were large balls, large balls,
Twice as heavy as lead.
With a dexterous twist of his muscular wrist,
He threw them right over his head.
Now, there once was a man called Anthony Clair
He was a very fine jugulaire,
There wasn't a man who could compare
With the way he fiddled and played with his balls.

Now, Anthony was walking down the street,
Just by chance he happened to meet,
A pretty young maid with a dog at her feet,
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.

Now, Anthony swung 'em round and round,
Let 'em go with a hell of a bound,
Right on the head of the faithful hound,
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.

Now, the maiden, she was overwrought,
Swore she'd take the case to court,
For in her opinion no man ought
To fiddle and play with his balls.

They took him to a magistrate,
Who put him in a cell in state,
And left him there to meditate,
And fiddle and play with his balls.

And when they took the case to court,
The lawyer of the lady sought,
To prove that Anthony shouldn't ought,
To fiddle and play with his balls.

The jury said, "It's a bloody disgrace,
Exposing yourself in a public place,
Whacking your tool in a lady's face,
Twisting and playing with your balls."

The judge and jury couldn't agree,
And the judge said, "It's plain to see,
And really and truly I cannot see,
Why a man shouldn't play with his balls."

Then Anthony gave the crowd a shock,
Bold as brass he left the dock,
Swinging his balls around his cock,
Twisting and playing with his balls.

And this is the moral of this song,
If you play with your balls, you can't go wrong,
So bang your cock against the gong,
And fiddle and play with your balls.

170 A Rugby Toast

(Toast)
Here's to America,
Land of the puss.
Where one in the hand,
Is worth two in the bush.
But the girls all say,
If you can make it stand,
A push in the bush is worth two in the hand!

171 As I Was Walking

As I was walking through the woods,
I screwed myself, I knew I would,
I cried for help but no help came
And so I screwed myself again.

As I was walking through St. Paul's
The curate grabbed me by the balls,
I cried for help but no help came
And so he grabbed my balls again.

172 A Song About Turds

CHORUS: Toorala, Tooralay,
A rolling stone gathers no moss so
they say;
Sing along with the birds
It's a beautiful song but it's all about
turds.

There was an old lady who lived on West Street,
And she was all stopped up from too much to eat,
So she swallowed some pills without reading the
box,
And the first thing she knew turds came flying like
rocks.

She ran to the window and stuck out her ass,
Just as she did a young cowboy did pass,
He turned to the sound that he heard up on high,
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye.

He ran to the east and he ran to the west,
A bloody great turd hit him right in the chest.
He ran to the north and he ran to the south,
Another great turd hit him right in the mouth.

If ever you pass o'er the Flat River Bridge,
And see a young cowboy asleep on the ridge,
Just stop by the roadside and pray for a bit,
Drop a tear for a cowboy who is buried in shit.

173 A Toast To Beer

(Toast)

If I had a dog that could piss this stuff
And I was sure that dog could piss enough
I'd tie his head to the foot of my bed
And such his dick 'til we both dropped dead.

174 Toast To Madge

(Toast)

("Madge" is replaced by the name of the woman
you want to honor.)

Here's to Madge, that filthy bitch
Whose cunt is lined with seven year itch
Green matter oozes between her toes
Filthy corruption flows through her nose.

Yet before I climb those scaly thighs
And suck those crusty tits
I'd rather drink a quart of buzzard's piss
And swim the River Shits.

Oh cunt, oh cunt, thy deep and bottomless]it
All matted with hair and covered with shit
Like a pole cat's ass that smellest so bad
Oh cunt, oh cunt, thou must be had.

175 A Toast To The Ladies

(Toast)

Here's to the breezes that blow through the
treeses
That lifts the girls' chemises above their kneeses
To show us what pleases, and teases, and
squeezes
And gives us venereal diseases, By Jesus!