Down the road thar from me
There’s a big haller tree
Where you put in a dollar or two
Then you go round the bend
When you come back again
There’s a jug of that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

Oh they calls it that good old mountain dew
And them that refuses it are few
I’ll hush up my mug if you’ll fill up my jug
With that good old mountain dew.

Now my uncle Mort is sawed off and short
He stands about four feet two.
But he thinks he’s a giant when you slip him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

Now my uncle Bill runs a still on the hill
Where he turns out a gallon or two
The birds in the sky get so drunk they can’t fly
On that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

Now my auntie Bay had an old model A
That did ’round a hundred and two
Till grampappy Hank caught her filling the tank
With that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

Now my uncle Ned has no hair on his head
He lost it when he was twenty-two
But I heard him say one day he’d grow it back in one day
If he soaked his head in good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

The preacher came by with his head lifted high
Said his wife had been down with the flu
And he thought that he ort to slip her a quart
Of that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

My auntie June has a brand new perfume
It sure has a sweet smelling phew
But was she surprised when she had it analyzed
It was good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

Way up on the hill there’s an old whiskey still
Run by a hard working crew
You can tell by the whiff; you can tell by the smell
It’s that good old mountain dew.

(Cont’d)
Now, my cousin Green, he is genteel and clean
He lets out but hardly a mew,
But you can hear him a mile when he's had but a vial
Of that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

Throw away all our pills, it will cure all your ills
Of Pagan, or Christian, or Jew,
Off with your coat and wet down your throat
With that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

Mr. Roosevelt told me just how he felt
The day that the dry law went through,
If your likker's too red, it will swell up your head,
Better stick to that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never leak through,
But the Lord's Almighty Hand knew that ship would never stand.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh, it was sad, oh, it was sad;
It was sad when that great ship went down to the bottom of the sea.
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they set sail from England, and were not far from shore
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put them down below where they were the first to go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh, the ship was full of sin and the sides about to burst
When the captain shouted "Women and children first"
They tried to send a wire, but the lines were all on fire,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh, they lowered the life boats out into the raging sea
And the band struck up with "Nearer My God to Thee"
Little children wept and cried as the waves washed over the side,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night
Prayed to the moon to give him light
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-o
The town-o, the town-o
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-o.
He ran till he come to the great big pen
The ducks and the geese were kept therein
"A couple of you are gonna grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o"
This town-o, this town-o
A couple of you are gonna grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o."

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck
Threw a duck across his back
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack
And their legs all dangling down-o. (etc.)

Old mother Flipper-flopper jumped out of bed
Ran to the window and threw out her head
Crying, "John, John, the grey goose is gone
And the fox is on the town-o." (etc.)

Then John he ran to the top of the hill
Blew his horn both loud and shrill
The fox, he said, "I better flee with my kill
Or they'll soon be on my trail-o." (etc.)

He ran till he came to his cozy den
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten
They said, "Daddy, Daddy better go back again
For it must be a mighty fine town-o." (etc.)

Then the fox and his wife without any strife
Cut up the goose with a fork and a knife
They never had such a feast in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o. (etc.)

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English Tavern
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English Tavern
And they decided, and they decided, and they decided,
To have another flagon.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
For tonight we'll merr-eye be, for tonight we'll merr-eye be,
For tonight we'll merr-eye be—tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man drinks water pure, and goes to bed quite sober
Here's to the man drinks water pure, and goes to bed quite sober
He falls as the leaves do fall, falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall—he'll die before October.

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow
Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow
He lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live—he'll die a jolly good fellow.

Here's to the girl that steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother
Here's to the girl that steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother
She's a foolish foolish thing, she's a foolish foolish thing
She's a foolish foolish thing, for she'll not get another.

(CONT'D.)
Here's to the girl who steals a kiss, and stays to steal another
Here's to the girl who steals a kiss, and stays to steal another
She's a boon to all mankind, she's a boon to all mankind,
She's a boon to all mankind—you'll soon be a mother.

The little boy who gets a kiss and runs and tells his brother,
Does a very useful thing, and brother gets another.

The man who skis with a mighty schuss, and takes the trails wide open.
Skis till he hits a tree, and all his bones are broken.

The man who schusses Tuckerman's at ninety miles an hour,
Has a pretty funeral, and lots of pretty flowers.

The man who skis with well-bent knees, and plenty of verlager,
Skis as he ought to ski, and lives to drink his lager.

**GOD BLESS FREE ENTERPRISE**
(Tune: *God Bless America*)

God bless free enterprise
System divine
Stand beside her
And guide her
Just as long as the profits are mine.
Good old Wall Street
May she flourish
Corporations,
May they grow
God bless free enterprise
The status quo
God bless free enterprise
The status quo.

**THE FRESHMAN'S LAMENT**
(Tune: *The Streets of Lorado*)

As I walked out of the Room 10-250,
As I walked out of the lecture one day,
I spied a poor freshman,
With slipstick and pencil,
With slipstick and pencil and so much to say.

I see by your outfit that you are a senior,
These words he said,
As he slowly limped by,
Come sit down beside me and solve this equation,
I've got a straight F and I'm saying goodbye.

I integrate slowly, my quiz marks are lowly,
My theme was rejected,
They said it's too clear,
With farads and coulombs and joule, dynes and newtons
A hell of a future, a Tech engineer.

I dream differentials and standard potentials,
My mass action constants are always the same.
My chem-lab assignments are dry-lab refinements,
And chemistry lectures are always to blame.

(CONT'D.)
Let all six co-eds come carry me slide rule,
Let six happy seniors come help me along.
For I'm a poor freshman
With nothing but failures
A poor starving student, but I've done no wrong.

This 1.3 freshman then transferred to Harvard
Where he soon got the best marks anyone had.
He's now living in comfort and making millions,
I wonder if Harvard will take me post grad.

THE THERMODYNAMICS FINAL

Free energy and entropy were whirling in his brain
With partial differentials and Greek letters in their train
With delta, sigma, gamma, theta, epsilon and pi
Were driving him distracted as they danced before his eyes.

CHORUS:
Glory Glory dear old Thermo
Glory Glory dear old Thermo
Glory Glory dear old Thermo
We'll pass you by and by.

Heat content and fugacity revolved within his brain
Like molecules and atoms that you never have to name
With logarithmic functions doing cakewalks in his dreams
And partial molal quantities devouring chocolate creams.

CHORUS:

They asked him on this final if a mole of any gas
In a vessel with a membrane through which hydrogen could pass
Were compressed to half its volume what the entropy would be
If two thirds of delta sigma equalled half of delta pi.

CHORUS:

He said he guessed the entropy would have to equal four
Unless the second law would bring it up a couple more
But then it might be seven if the Carnot law applied
Or it almost might be zero if the delta T should slide.

CHORUS:

The professor read his paper with a corrugated brow
For he knew he'd have to grade it he didn't quite know how
Till an inspiration in his cerebellum suddenly smote
As he seized his trusty fountain pen, and this is what he wrote.

CHORUS:

Just as you guessed the entropy I'll have to guess your grade
But the second law won't raise it to the mark you might have made
For it might have been a hundred, if your guesses all were good
But I think it must be zero till they're rightly understood.

CHORUS:

I WANT A BEER

I want a beer, just like the beer that pickled dear old dad.
It was the beer and the only beer that daddy ever had.
A good old fashioned beer with lots of foam,
It took ten men to carry daddy home.
I want a beer just like the beer that pickled my old man.
HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER

Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her down.
Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her down.
Here's to good old beer, for it makes you feel so queer,
Here's to good old beer, drink her down, down, down.

CHORUS:
Rolling home, dead drunk, rolling home, dead drunk
By the light of the silvery mo-o-o-o-n
Happy as the day when the students get away
Rolling, rolling, rolling, rolling home dead drunk.

TO CONTINUE:

Here's to good old whiskey, it makes you feel so frisky...
Here's to good old sherry, for it keeps you bright and merry...
Here's to sparkling ale, for it keeps you bright and hale...
Here's to good old rum, it'll turn you to a bum...
Here's to good hard cider, it makes you warm inside...
Here's to good old port, for it gives you lots of sport...
Here's to good old vermouth, for it makes you so uncouth...

CAPITALIST WAR SONG
Come all ye union haters
Red and labor baiters
Fight, fight, fight for Capital!

Wave the bloody sabre
Crush the rights of labor
Fight, fight, fight for Capital!

Damn, damn, damn, damn
Damn the stupid masses
Fight, fight, fight, fight
For the upper classes.

(Repeat the first verse.)

THE OLD DOPE PEDDRER
When the shades of night are falling, comes a fellow every one knows,
It's the old dope peddler, spreading joy wherever he goes.
Every evening you will find him around our neighborhood
It's the old dope peddler, doing well by doing good.

He gives the kids free samples because he knows full well that
Today's young innocent faces will be tomorrow's clientele.
Here's a cure for all your troubles, here's an end to all your distress.
It's the old dope peddler with his powdered happiness.

THE WILD WEST
Along the trail you'll find mene loping, where the spaces are wide open
in the land of the old A.E.C.
Where the scenery is attractive and the air is radioactive.
Oh, the wild West is where I want to be.
Mid the sagebrush and the cactus
I'll watch the fellows practice dropping bombs
through the clean desert breeze. Ya-Hoooo!

I'll have on my sombrero, and of course I'll wear a pair of levi's
Over my lead b.v.d.'s.
I'll leave the city rush, leave the fancy and the plush,
Leave the snow and leave the slush and crowd.
I'll seek the deserts plush
Where the scenery is so lush
How I long to see the mushroom cloud.

Mid yuccas and the thistles
I'll watch the guided missiles, while the old F.B.I. watches me.

Yes, I'll soon make my appearance
Soon as I get my clearance
Cause the wild West is where I want to be.

THE SOUTH

I want to go back to Dixie; take me back to dear old Dixie
That's the only little old place for little old me.
Old times there are not forgotten, whopping slaves and selling cotton
And waiting for the Robert E. Lee, which was never on time.

I'll go back to the Swanee where pellegra makes you scrawny
And the honey suckle clutters up the vine.

I really am a fixing' to go home and start a mixin'
Down below that Mason-Dixon Line.

Old poll tax, how I love you, how I love you, my dear old poll tax
Want you to come with me back to Alabamy, back to the arms of my dear Mammy. Her cooking is lousy and her hands are clammy, but what the hell; it's home!

For paradise the South is my nominee
Just give me a ham hock and a grit of hominee.

I want to go back to Dixie; I want to be a dixie pixie
And eat corn pone until it's coming out of my ears.

I want to talk with southern gentlemen
And put my white sheet on again; I ain't seen one good lynching in yea.

The land of the boll weevil where the laws are medival
Is calling me to come and never more roam.

I want to go back to the Southland, that "you all" and "shut my mouth" land.

Be it ever so decadent, there's no place like home.

JOHNNY VERBECK

There was a little Dutchman, his name was Johnny Verbeck.
He was a dealer in sausages and sauerkraut and speck.
He sold the finest sausages the world has ever seen,
And one day he invented a little sausage machine.

CHORUS:

(CONT'D.)
CHORUS:

O, mister and mrs. Johnny Verbeck, how could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.

Now all the neighbors' cats and dogs will never more be seen,
They've all been ground to sausages in Johnny Verbeck's machine.
One day a boy came walking, he walked into the store.
He bought a pound of sausages and spread them on the floor.
The boy began to whistle, he whistled up a tune,
And then the pound of sausages went dancing round the room.

CHORUS:

One day the machine got busted, the damn thing wouldn't go.
So Johnny Verbeck, he crawled inside to see what made it so.
His wife while having a nightmare, while walking in her sleep,
She gave the crank, a helluva yank, and Johnny Verbeck was meat.

CHORUS:

SINK THE BISMARCK

In May of 1941, the war had just begun
The Germans had the biggest ship that had the biggest guns
The Bismarck was the fastest ship that ever sailed the seas
On her deck were guns as big as steers and shells as big as trees.

CHORUS:

We'll find that German battleship that's making such a fuss
We've got to sink the Bismarck 'cause the world depends on us
So hit the decks a-runnin', boys, and spin those guns around
'Cause when we find the Bismarck, we're gonna cut her down.

Out of the cold and foggy night came the British ship, the Hood.
And every British seaman, he knew and understood
They had to sink the Bismarck, the terror of the seas.
Stop those guns as big as steers and those shells as big as trees.

The Hood found the Bismarck, and turned to fate's sad day,
The Bismarck started firing, fifteen miles away
O'er the ocean "Sink the Bismarck" was the battle sound
But when the smoke had cleared away, the mighty Hood went down.

CHORUS:

For six long days and dreary nights they tried to find her trail
Churchill told the people, "Put every ship a sail!
For somewhere on that ocean, we know he's gotta be
And we're gonna sink the Bismarck to the bottom of the sea.

The fog rose on the eighth day; they finally saw the sun
Ten hours away from homeland, the Bismarck made its run.
The admiral of the French fleet said, "Turn those guns around;
'Cause we've found that German battleship, and we're gonna cut her down.

CHORUS:

The British guns were aimed and the shells were coming fast
The first shell hit the Bismarck; they knew she couldn't last
That mighty German battleship is just a memory
"Sink the Bismarck!" was the battle cry that shook the seven seas.

We found that German battleship was making such a fuss
We had to sink the Bismarck 'cause the world depends on us
So hit the decks a-running, boys, and spin those guns around
We found that German battleship and then we cut her down.
Throughout the course of our nation's history, the people of Boston have rallied bravely whenever the rights of men have been threatened. Today a new crisis has arisen: The Metropolitan Transit Authority, better known as the MTA is attempting to levy a burdensome tax on the population in the form of a subway fare increase. Citizens, hear me out! This could happen to you....

Now let me tell you of the story of a man named Charlie
On that tragic and fateful day
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family
And went to ride on the MTA.

CHORUS:
But did he ever return? No, he never returned,
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square Station
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.
When he got there the conductor told him, "One more nickel!"
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

CHORUS:
Now all night long Charlie rides through the stations
Crying, "What will become of me?"
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea
Or my cousin in Roxbury?"

CHORUS:

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scollay Square Station
Every day at quarter past two
And through the open window she hands Charlie a sandwich
As the train comes a-rumblin' through.

CHORUS:

Now you citizens of Boston who think it's a scandal
How the people have to pay and pay.
Fight the fare increase: Vote for George O'Brien.
Get poor Charlie off the MTA.

CHORUS:

Or else he'll never return, no, he'll never return
And his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned
(softer)He's the man who never returned
(softer yet)He's the man who never returned
(echo) Et tu, Charlie?
THE CURRENT SOURCE
(Tune: The Boom, Boom, Boom)

One day in old 6:00 lab I saw a great big box;
It was all black and written on, and tied down with big locks.
It had a shorting bar on it and writing on the side;
It said: TEN(10) AMPS—NO MATTER WHAT. It always was alive.

I wheeled it over to my bench; my partners weren't there.
I wanted to see what it read on the microammeter.
I hooked the MIT meter through a hundred billion ohms.
It look like they'll no longer need to plaster the great dome.

When they finally got the lab cleaned out, I was well upon my way,
A heading back to Harvard bridge to throw it in the bay.
I chanced to meet old Ernie G., his face was all bright red.
He said, "Short out that goddammed thing. The currents go through my head."

At this I dropped the big black box right off into the bay;
The bubbles started immediately, electrolyzing away.
The Charles is getting lower every minute every day.
If someone doesn't short out that source, the crew will row on clay.

HAIL TO MIT

There beside the Charles River Basin,
Lies an awesome sight(site)
Midst the factory whistles blowing
Long into the night.

There it squats; its Great Dome rising
Like an ugly head.
Vicious grin across it sweeping,
Wishing you were dead.

Toothlike pillars neatly standing,
Bared beneath the sun;
Crablike pincers cruelly formed
By buildings 2 and 1.

In its halls the unwashed student
Cringes from the lights.
As if here were a streptococcus
Pursued by leukocytes.

Lab instructors, proctors, finals
Rub their hands with glee.
Cackle gaily to each other
From screwing you and me.

At its rear, like fecal matter,
Sits Necco's seething vat.
Adding pungent chocolate odor
To that of rancid fat.

Gather round all Tech tool brothers
From every ethnic root.
Lift your voice in joyous chorus;
.....the Institute!
SONS OF M.I.T.

Arise ye sons of M.I.T.,
In loyal brotherhood,
The future beckons unto ye,
And life is full and good.
Arise and raise your steins on high,
Tonight shall ever be
A memory that will never die,
Ye sons of M.I.T.

Once more thy sons, oh M.I.T.
Return from far and wide,
And gather here once more to be
Renourished by thy side.
And as we raise our steins on high
To pledge our love for thee,
We join thy sons of days gone by,
In praise of M.I.T.
PART II

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

CHORUS:
Singing a bell bottom trousers, coats of Navy blue,
Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do.

Now once there was a waitress in the Prince George Hotel,
Her mistress was a lady, and her master was a swell.
They knew she was a simple girl, and lately from the farm,
So they watched her carefully, to keep her from all harm.
CHORUS:

The forty-second fuselears came marching into town,
And with 'em came a compliment of rapists of reknown.
They busted every maidenhead that came within their spell,
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.
CHORUS:

Next came a company of the Prince of Wales Hussars,
They piled into the whore house and they packed along the bars.
Many a maiden, mistress, and a wife before them fell,
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.
CHORUS:

One day there came a sailor, an ordinary bloke,
A bulging at the trousers with a heart of solid oak.
At sea without a woman for seven years or more,
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.
CHORUS:

He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed,
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,
And speaking very gently, just as if he meant no harm,
He asked her if she'd come to bed, just so's to keep him warm.
CHORUS:

She lifted up the blanket, and a moment there did lie,
He was on her, he was in her, in the twinkling of an eye.
He was out again, and in again, and plowing up a storm.
But the only word she spoke to him: "I hope you're keeping warm".
CHORUS:

Then early in the morning, the sailor he arouse,
Saying: "Here's a two pound note, my dear, for the damage I have caus'"
If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee,
And if you have a son, send the bastard to the sea.
CHORUS:

And now she sits aside the dock, a baby on her knee
Awaiting for the sailin' ships, a comin' home from sea.
Waiting for the jolly tars in Navy uniform,
And all she wants to do my boys, is keep the Navy warm.
CHORUS:
THE WOOD PECKER'S HOLE
(Tune: DIXIE)

I stuck my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, God damn you soul,
Take it out...take it out...take it out...re---move it.

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, God damn your soul,
Put it back...put it back...put it back...replace it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, God damn your soul,
Turn around...turn around...turn around...re---volve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, God damn your soul,
Wrong way...wrong way...wrong way...re---verse it.

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, God damn your soul,
Take it out...take it out...take it out...re---move it.

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

Who's that knocking at my door (three times) cried the fair young maiden.
It's only me from over the sea, said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

I'll come down and let you in, cried the fair young maiden.
Just open the door and lay on the floor, said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Won't you please come in and dance? said the fair young maiden.
To hell with the dance, pull down your pants, said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

What's that running down my leg? cried the fair young maiden.
It's only a shot that missed the spot, said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

What if Ma and Pa should see, cried the fair young maiden.
We'll fuck your ma, and suck your pa, said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

What if we should have a child, cried the fair young maiden.
We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch, said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

IN THE CORPS

For its beer beer beer that makes you want to cheer
In the corps In the corps
For its beer beer beer that makes you want to cheer
In the Quartermaster corps.

CHORUS:
My eyes are dim I cannot see.
I have not brought my specks with me.

For its gin gin gin that makes you want to sin.
For its Carlings Black Label that makes you go for Mabel.
For its old fire water that makes you feel you oughter.
For its booze booze booze that makes you want to snooze.
For its cherry pop that makes you want to stop.
For its hooch hooch hooch that makes you want to smooch.
For its squirt squirt squirt that makes you want to flirt.
For its brandy brandy brandy that makes you feel so dandy.
For its wine wine wine that makes you feel so fine.
For its coke coke coke that makes you want to choke.
For its mus-c-a-tel that makes you feel like hell.
For its scotch scotch scotch that gets you in the crotch.
For its rye rye rye that makes you want to cry.
For its H$_2$O that makes you want to go.
For its H$_2$SO$_4$ that puts you on the floor.
For its whiskey whiskey whiskey that makes you feel so frisky.
For its that old moonshine that makes you feel so fine.
For its old charred corn that's sure to raise a horn.
For its cold roast duck that makes you want to.....

**LADY GODIVA**

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride,
To show the royal villagers her fine and pure white hide.
The most observant man of all, an engineer of course,
Was the only man who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

**CHORUS:**
We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers.
We can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers,
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum boys and come along with us,
For we don't give a damn for any damn man who don't give a damn for us!

She said, "I've come a long, long way and I will go as far
With the man that takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar,
The man who took her from her steed and led her to a bar
Was a bleary-eyed survivor and a drunken engineer.

**CHORUS:**

My father was a miner from the northern malamute,
My mother was the mistress of a house of ill repute,
The last time that I saw them, these words rang in my ears,
Go to MIT you son of a B and join the engineers.

**CHORUS:**

The Army and the Navy went out to have some fun,
They went down to the taverns where fiery liquors run,
But all they found were empties for the engineers had come
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum.

**CHORUS:**
Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais Bay, They heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed out their way, But the engineers had beat them by a night and half a day And though drunk as Ptarmigans, you still could hear them say: CHORUS:

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone Without a stitch upon her, she was naked as a bone, On seeing that she had no clothes an engineer discoursed, Why the damn thing's only concrete and should be reinforced. CHORUS:

Princeton's run by Wellesley, Wellesley's run by Yale, Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail, Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand, But Tech is run by Engineers, the finest in the land. CHORUS:

If we should find a Harvard man within our passured walls, We'll take him to the physics lab and amputate his balls, And if he hollers Uncle, I'll tell you what we'll do, We'll stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue. CHORUS:

M.I.T. was M.I.T. when Harvard was a pup, And M.I.T. will be M.I.T. when Harvard's busted up, And any Harvard son of a bitch who thinks he's in our class, Can pucker up his rosey lips and kiss the beaver's ass. CHORUS!

A maiden and an engineer were sitting in the park, The engineer was working on some research after dark, His scientific method was a marvel to observe, While his right hand wrote the figures, his left hand traced the curve: CHORUS:

NO BALLS AT ALL

Oh listen, my children, a story you'll hear A son I will sing you, 'twill fill you with cheer A charming young maiden was wed in the fall She married a man who had no balls at all. CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all She married a man who had no balls at all.

The night of the wedding, she leapt into bed Her breasts were a-heaving, her legs were well spread She reached for his penis, his penis was small She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all. CHORUS:

Oh mother, dear mother, oh what shall I do? I've married a man who was unable to screw. For many long years I've evaded the call To marry a man who has no balls at all. CHORUS:

Oh daughter, my daughter, now don't feel so sad I had the same trouble with your dear old dad. There are lots of young men who shall answer the call Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all. CHORUS: (CONT'D.)
Now the daughter she followed her mother's advice,
And she found the proceedings exceedingly nice.
A bouncing new baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

CHORUS:

UNCLE JOE & AUNTIE MABEL
(Tune: Hark the Herald Angels Sing)

Uncle Joe and Auntie Mabel
Fainted at the breakfast table
This should be sufficient warning
Never do it in the morning.
Ovaltine has set them right
Now they do it everynight.
Uncle Joe is hoping soon
To do it in the afternoon.
Auntie Mabel will agree
It hits the spot at half past three.

LAY YOUR GIRLS ON BOUGHS OF HOLLY

Lay your girls on boughs of holly,
Fa, la la, la la, la la, la la.
That's a reason to be jolly,
Fa, la la, etc.
Been so long I can't remember,
Fa, la la, etc.
Think I had it last December,
Fa la la, etc.
Choose you now, you lads, your lasses,
Fa, la la, etc.
Don't get pigs, be sure they're classy,
Fa, la la, etc.
Shed you now your gay apparel,
Fa, la la, etc.
Have you tried it in a barrel?
Fa, la la, etc.
And when you have had your evening,
Fa, la la, etc.
Her apartment let's be leaving,
Fa, la la, etc.
Don you now your gay apparel,
Fa, la la, etc.
Now we've made our Christmas Carol,
Fa, la la, etc.

OH, LITTLE HOUSE ON BEACON STREET

Oh, little house on Beacon Street
How bright thy red light shone.
There was but one cop on the beat,
And he to bribery was prone.

But then the Vice Squad stepped in
And closed your familiar doors.
The joys and fears of many men
Went with your well-trained whores!
THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS

Twas the night before Xmas and all through the house
The whole damn family was drunk as a louse.
Grandpa and Grandma were singing a song,
The kid was in bed flinging his gong.
With Ma out of the cat-house and me our of jail,
We'd just settled down for a nice piece of tail,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Upon reaching the window I threw up the glass,
Tore open the shutter and fell on my ass.
The moon on the breasts of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a whore house luster to objects below.
When what to my blood shot eyes did appear,
But a rusty old sleigh and too many reindeer.
With a little ole driver who was holding his dick
That I knew right away that the bastard was Nick.

Slower than snails his coursers they came
And he bitched and he swore and he called them by name.
"Dancer, now Prancer, up over those walls!"
"Hurry now, damnit, or I'll cut off your balls."
Up on the roof he stumbled and fell
And came down the chimney like a bat out of hell.
But I heard him exclaim as he rode out of sight;
"Piss on you all, it's a hell of a night!"
(May the bluebirds of happiness shit in your Xmas pie.)

CHRISTMAS DAY
(Tune: frere Jacques)

Christmas Day, Christmas Day,
Save your tree, save your tree,
Shove it up the chimney, shove it up the chimney,
Goose Saint Nick, Goose Saint Nick.

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Oh, this is number one and the fun has just begun,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
CHORUS:

Roll me over in the clover
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
Oh, this is number two and my hand is on her shoe, etc.
Oh, this is number three and my hand is on her knee, etc.
Oh, this is number four and I've got her on the floor, etc.
Oh, this is number five and she's ready for the dive, etc.
Oh, this is number six and we're girding up our dicks, etc.
Oh, this is number seven and she's on her way to heaven, etc.
Oh, this is number eight and the doctor's at the gate, etc.
Oh, this is number nine and the baby's doing fine, etc.
Oh, this is number ten and so let's start over again, etc.

THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My brother makes beer in the bathtub
My sister makes synthetic gin
My sister makes love on the sofa
My god how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:
CHOURS:
Rolls in, rolls in, my god how the money rolls in!
Rolls in, rolls in, my god how the money rolls in!

My mother's a boarding house keeper,
Each night as the lights grow dim.
She hangs a red light in the window,
My god how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

My brother's a great missionary,
He saves young girls from sin.
For five bucks he'll save you a nice one,
My god how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

My brother sells cheap prophylactics,
He punctures them with a pin.
My uncle sells cheap abortions,
My god how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

I've lost all my dough on the horses,
I'm tired of second-hand gin,
And now I'm in love with my father,
My god what a mess I am in!

CHORUS:

THE EVILS OF TOBACCO

Cigarettes will ruin your life
Spoil your health
And kill your baby.

Poor innocent child.

THE BIG RED WHEEL

An old sailor told me before he died,
I know not whether the bastard lied,
He told me of a maiden,
Who could never be satisfied.

So for her he fashioned a big red wheel,
And to it he fastened a prick of steel,
Two balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam.

Round and round went the big red wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
Till at last the maiden cried,
Tarry awhile, I'm satisfied.

Now we come to the gory bit,
Because there was no stopping it,
And so she was torn from twat to twit,
And the whole fucking issue blew up in shit!
THE SWISS NAVY
(Tune: The Old Grey Mare)

We don't have to march in the infantry, ride in the cavalry,
Shoot in the artillery.
We don't have to fly over Germany, We're in the Swiss Navy,
We're in the Swiss Navy, we're in the Swiss Navy.
Oh, we don't have to march in the infantry, etc. (Repeat verse.)

We can drink champagne with the best of them,
Gin with the worst of them, beer with the rest of them,
We are the empire's big, hairy-chested men, We're in the Swiss Navy,
We're in the Swiss Navy, we're in the Swiss Navy.
Oh, we can drink champagne with the best of them, etc. (Repeat verse.)

CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS
(Tune: John Peel)

CHORUS:
There were cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles,
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles,
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

Now the hippopotamus, so it seems
Never, never has wet dreams
But when it comes, it comes in streams
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

CHORUS:
Oh, you wake up in the morning with an upright stand,
It's urinary pressure on the prostate gland,
And you haven't got a woman, so you jerk it off by hand,
Reveling in the joys of masturbation.

CHORUS:

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

CHORUS:
Aboard the good ship Venus
You really should have seen us.
With a figurehead of a whore in bed
And a mast of a phallic genus.

The captain of the lugger
Was known as a filthy bugger
Declared unfit to shovel grit
From one ship to another. CHORUS:

The cabin boy's name was Chipper
A randy little nipper
He lined his ass with a broken glass
And circumcised the skipper. CHORUS:

The first mate's name was Morgan
By god he was a gorgan
From half past eight he'd play 'till late
Upon the captain's organ. CHORUS:

The captain's wife was Charlotte
Born and bred a harlot
Her thighs at night were lily white
By morning they were scarlet. (CONT'D.)
The captain's daughter Mabel
Though young was fresh and able
To fornicate with the second mate
Upon the chart room table. CHORUS:

The Captain's youngest daughter
Was washed into the water
Her plaintive squeals announced that eels
Had found her sexual wuarter.

CHORUS:

The ship's dog's name was Rover
We turned the poor thing over
And ground and ground that faithful hound
From Tenerief to Dover.

CHORUS:

And when we reached our station,
Through skillful navigation
The ship got sunk in a wave of gunk
From too much fornication.

CHORUS:

The captain had a cabin boy
He loved him like a brother
Every night at half past eight
They buggered one another.

CHORUS:

THE SWEETHEART OF SIX OTHER GUYS

The girl of my dreams has dyed her hair,
A brilliant shade of red.
She drinks, she smokes, she tells dirty jokes,
She hasn't a brain in her head.
She thinks that liquor makes the world go 'round
She drinks more than you or I
The girl of my dreams ain't as dumb as she seems
She's the sweetheart of six other guys.

HI HO CATHUSELEM

In days of old there was a dame
Who plied a trade of ancient fame
It was a trade of ill repute
In fact she was a prostitute.

CHORUS:
    Hi Ho Cathuselem, Harlot of Jerusalem
    Prostitute of ill repute,
    And daughter of the rabbi.

It was a fact she had a crack,
With hair so black, it could contract
To fit the tool of any fool
Who fucked in all Jerusalem.

And now within this city's wall
There dwelt a priest both lean and tall
And he could fornicate them all
The maidens of Jerusalem.

(CONT'D.)
One night returning from a spree
His customary leer had he
And on the street he chanced to meet
The harlot of Jerusalem.

She grabbed him by his fabled crook,
And led him to a shady nook,
She opened his pants and out she took
The pride of all Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon the grass
And lifted her dress above her ass
And made a lofty stab at
The fuck hole of Jerusalem.

But she was low and underslung
He missed her watsanachithhrebung
Planting the seed of many a son
In the Asshole of Cathusalem.

Cathusalem, she knew her part
She spread her legs and blew a fart
And blew the bastard all apart,
All over the walls of Jerusalem.

In days to come she bore a brat
A son of a bitch and a dirty rat
Who masturbated with a cat
The bastard of Jerusalem.

IN CHINA THEY DO IT FOR CHILI

CHORUS:
  I, yi, yi, yi,
  In China they do it for Chili
  Oh, here comes another verse,
  It's worse than the other verse,
  So Waltz me around again Willy.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose prick was so long that he could suck it.
Said he with a grin
While wiping his chin
"If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it." CHORUS:

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who walked around belly to belly
Because in their haste
They used Carter's Paste
Instead of petroleum jelly. CHORUS:

There was a young man from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble
He put it in double
And instead of coming he went. CHORUS:

There was a young man from Podunk
Who fell asleep in a trunk
He dreamt that Venus was stroking his penis
And awoke in a trunk full of gunk. CHORUS:
There was a young man from Degrass
Whose balls were made of brass
When they clanged together
They played stormy weather
and lightning shot out of his ass. CHORUS:

There was a young girl from Cape Cod
Who thought all good things were made by God
It wasn't the Almighty
That lifted her nighty,
It was Roger the Lodger by God. CHORUS:

A diner while dining at Crewe
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout and wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too." CHORUS:

There was a young man named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said, "I admit,
I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save." CHORUS:

There was a young man named McNaire
Who was fucking his girl on the stair
But the bannister broke
And he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in the air. CHORUS:

An attractive young lady named Myrtle
Had quite an affair with a turtle
What is more phenomenal
A swelling abdominal
Showed Myrtle that the turtle was fertile. CHORUS:

There was a young lass from Bryn Mawr
Who committed a dreadful faux pas
She loosened a stay in her Decolleté
Exposing her her je ne sais quoi. CHORUS:

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine
Concave and convex
To fit any sex
But oh, what a bastard to clean. CHORUS:

There was a young lady from Spain
Who demurely dressed on the train
An eager young porter
Did more than he orter
She promptly cried, "Do it again." CHORUS:

There was a young man from Dundee
Who fucked an ape in a tree
The results were most horrid
All ass and no forehead
Six balls and a purple goatee. CHORUS:

There once was a lady from Wooster,
Who thought that a man had seduced her
When looking around
She finally found
T'was only the bedpost that goosed her. CHORUS:

God's plan had a hopeful beginning
But man spoiled his chances by sinning
We trust that the story
Will ind in God's glory
But at present the other side's winning. CHORUS:

There was a young lady from Guam
Who observed, "The Pacific's so calm
That there can't be a shark,
I'll just swim for a lark."

Let us now sing the twenty-third Psalm. CHORUS:

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist up the topsheet and spanker." CHORUS:

There was once an old man of Lyme
Who married three wives at a time.
When asked, "Why a third?"
He replied, "One's absurd,
And bigamy, sir, is a crime." CHORUS:

An Indian maiden, a Sioux,
As tempting as fresh honey dioux,
Would show off her knees
As she strolled past tepees,
And she'd hear all the braves call, "Wioux, wioux." CHORUS:

There once was a maiden of Siam,
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
"If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,
But, God knows, you are stronger than I am."

A girl who weighs many an oz.
Used language I will not pronoz.
Her brother, one day,
Pulled her chair right away,
He wanted to see if she'd boz. CHORUS:

There was a young landy from Greene,
Who grew so abdominally lean,
And flat and compressed,
That her back touched her chest,
And sideways she couldn't be seen. CHORUS:

A wanton young lady from Wimbly,
Reproached for not acting quite primly,
Answered, "Heavens above,
I know sex isn't love,
But it's such an attractive facsimile." CHORUS:
A serious thought for today
Is one that may cause dismay.
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses,
If all of the horses say nay! CHORUS:

There was a young lady named Twilling,
Who went to the dentist for fillings.
Because of depravity,
He filled the wrong cavity.
Now Twilling is missing this filling. CHORUS:

There was a young boy named Herkin
Whose mother caught him jerking his gherkin.
"Here, Herkin," she said,
"You're out of your head.
The gherkin's for ferkin', not jerkin'." CHORUS:

There was a young girl named Alice.
Who used dynamite for phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina,
Her arse was in Buckingham Palace. CHORUS:

SEVEN OLD LADIES

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

The first lady was Elizabeth Porter,
She was the deacon of Dorchester's daughter
She went to relieve a slight pressure of water
Nobody knew she was there. CHORUS:

The second old lady was Abagail Splatter
She went there 'cause something was surely the matter
When she got there it was only her bladder
And nobody knew she was there. CHORUS:

The third old lady was Ameba Garpickle
Her urge was sincere--her reaction was fickle
She hurdled the door, she'd forgotten her nickle
And nobody knew she was there. CHORUS:

The fourth old lady was Hildegard Royle
She hadn't been living according to Hoyle,
Was relieved when the swelling was only a boil
And nobody knew she was there. CHORUS:

The fifth old lady was Emily Grancy
She went there 'cause something tickled her fancy
When she got there, it was ants in her pantsy
And nobody knew she was there. CHORUS:

The sixth old lady was extremely fertile
Her name was O'Connor, the boys called her Myrtle
She went there to repair a hole in her girdle,
And nobody knew she was there. CHORUS:
The seventh old lady was Agatha Bender
She went there to repair a broken suspender
It snapped up and ruined her feminine gender
And nobody knew she was there. CHORUS:

The janitor came in the early morning.
He opened the door in the early morning
The seven old ladies their seats were adorning
And nobody knew they were there. CHORUS:

WHEN I CAME HOME

The first night when I came home, drunk as I could be,
I saw a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be.
"Come here little wifey, explain yourself to me
Why is there a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be?"
"Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you never see
It's only a milk cow my mother gave to me."
Now I've been living in this world, forty year or more
And I never saw a milk cow with a saddle on before.

The next night, when I came home, drunk as I could be,
I saw a coat on the coat rack where my coat ought to be
"Come here, little wifey, explain yourself to me
Why is there a coat hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be?"
"Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you never see,
It's only a bed quilt my mother gave to me."
Now I've been living in this world forty year or more
And I never saw a bed quilt with pockets on before.

The next night, when I came home, drunk as I could be,
I saw a pair of pants on the table where my pants ought to be.
"Come here, little wifey, explain yourself to me
Why is there a pair of pants on the table where my pants ought to be?"
"Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you never see,
It's only a petticoat my mother gave to me."
Now I've been living in this world forty year or more
And I never saw a petticoat with suspenders on before.

The next night, when I came home, drunk as I could be,
I saw a head lying on the bed where my head ought to be
"Come here, little wifey, explain yourself to me
Why is there a head on the pillow where my head ought to be?"
"Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you never see,
It's only a head my mother gave to me."
Now I've been living in this world forty year or more
And I never saw a cabbage head with a moustache on before.

FAR, FAR AWAY

Around her hair, she wore a purple ribbon,
She wore it in the springtime, and in the month of May.
And if you ask her why she wore that ribbon
She wore it for her Tech man who is far, far away.
Far away, far away, far away, far away,
She wore it for her Tech man who is far, far away.

Around her knee, she wore a purple garter
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May.
And if you ask her why she wore that garter
She wore it for her Tech man who is far, far away.

25 (CONT'D.)
Far away, far away, far away, far away.
She wore it for her Tech man who is far, far away.

Around the block she pushed a baby buggy, etc.

Behind the door her father kept a shotgun, etc.

On the wall she keeps a marriage license, etc.

**FOGGY FOGGY DEW**

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone
I worked at the weaver's trade,
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the wintertime, and in the summer too,
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side
When I was fast asleep,
She threw her arms around my neck and then began to weep
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair
Alas, what could I do?
So all night long, I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son
We work at the weaver's trade,
And every single time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the winter time,
And of the summer too,
And the many, many, times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy, dew.

**NANCY BROWN**

Way down in West Virginia
There's a girl named Nancy Brown
Who is loved by all the neighbors
For miles and miles around.
Now the deacon in our parish
He loved our Nancy too
So he took her to the mountain
Just to see what she could do.
She came rolling down the mountain
She came rolling down the mountain
She came rolling down the mountain
By the dam.
For in spite of all his urgin'
She remained a local virgin
Just as pure as West Virginia ham.

Along came a cowboy
A cowboy with a song
He took her to the mountain
But she still knew right from wrong
She came rolling down the mountain (three times)
By the shack
For in spite of all his urgin'
She remained a local virgin 26
Just as pure as her pappy's apple jack.

(cont'd.)
Along came ___ with a hundred dollar bill
He put her in his M.G.
And drove her up the hill
So she stayed up on the mountain (three times)
All that night
She came down next morning early
More a woman than a girlie
And her pappy threw the hussy out of sight.

Along came the draft
And he kicked ___ in the pants
He had no use for his M.G.
He had no use for his Nancy
So she's back there on the mountain (three times)
Feeling sore
And the cowboy and the deacon
They are getting what they're seekin'
For she's nothing but a West Virginia whore.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young ladies were bats in a steeple
I would be a bat; there'd be more bats than people
CHORUS:
Oh, roll your leg over, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon

If all the young ladies were mares in a stable
I'd be a groom who was much more than able

If all the young ladies were B-29's
I'd be a fighter and buzz their behinds

If all the young ladies were bricks in a pile
I'd be a bricklayer and lay them in style

If all the young ladies were up for improvement
I'd be the guy to start the ball-bearing movement

If all the young ladies were diamonds and rubies
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies

If all the young ladies were fish in the ocean
I'd be a whale and show them the motion

If all the young ladies were little red foxes
I'd be tall grass and tickle their boxes

If all the young ladies were singing this song
It would be five times as dirty and ten times as long.

MY GIRL

My girl's from Vassar,
None can surpass her
She is the stroke on the varsity crew
CHORUS:
And in my future life,
She's gonna be my wife
How the hell do I know that?
She tells me so.  

(Cont'd.)
My girl's from Smith
She talks like thith
  She taught me how to l Lith,
I love her thso-oo-oo. CHORUS:

My girl's from M.I.T.
She is a travesty
Girls who go for engineering
Are not so hot appearing. CHORUS:

My girl's from Simmons
I like her trimmin's
And in a sweater
I like her even better. CHORUS:

My girl's from Radcliffe
She is a sad stiff
She gets me in a tiff
I tell her where to go-oo-oo. CHORUS:

My girl's a student nurse
She drives a big black hearse,
She taught me how to curse
I love her so-oo-oo. CHORUS:

My girl's from Endicott,
She likes to have a lot,
She likes to bill and coo,
I like to too-oo-oo. CHORUS:

My girl's from Wheaton,
She takes a beatin'
And when she's feeling good
I take one too. CHORUS:

ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE

On top of old Sophie,
All covered with sweat
I've used fourteen rubbers
And she hasn't come yet
For fuckin's a pleasure
And fartin's relief
But a long winded lover
Will bring nothing but grief.
She'll hug you and kiss you
And say it won't take long
But two hours later
You're still going strong.
So come all you lovers
And listen to me
Don't waste your erection
On a long winded she
For your root will just wither
And your passion will die
And she will forsake you
And you'll never know why.
Oh, once I was happy and had a good wife,
I had enough money to last me for life
I met with a gal and we went on a spree
She taught me to smoke and drink whiskey.

CHORUS:
Cigarettes and whiskey, and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigarettes and whiskey, and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Cigarettes are a blot on the whole human race,
A man is a monkey with one in his face
Here's my definition, believe me dear brother
A fire on one end and a fool on the other. CHORUS:

Brother repent or they'll write on your grave
To women and whiskey here lies a poor slave
Take warning, dear brother, take warning dear friend
Or they'll write in big letters these words at the end. CHORUS:

Now I am feeble and broken with age
The lines on my face make a well-written page
Believe me this message so sad and so true
Of whiskey and women and what they can do. CHORUS:

M-O-T-H-E-R

M is for the million times you kissed me,
O is for the other things you tried,
T is for the tourist cabin week-ends,
H is for the hell we raised inside,
E is for the energy we wasted,
R is for the rat you've been to me.

Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,
And that is what I fear I'm going to be.

F-A-T-H-E-R

F is for your funny little letter,
A is for my answer to your note,
T is for your tearful accusation,
H is for your hope I'll be the goat,
E is for the ease with which I made you,
R is for the rube you hoped I'd be.

Put them all together, they spell FATHER,
You're crazy if you think you'll prove it's me.

(It's Howdy Doody Time)

Have you had your's today, I had mine yesterday,
From the girl across the way, I led her up to play.
I laid her on the couch and when she hollered "Ouch!"
I laid her on the floor, and all she said was "More!"
Her Mommy, was surprised to see her belly rise,
Her Daddy, was disgusted to know that her cherry's busted.
GANG BANG LULU

CHORUS:
Gang bang Lulu, gang bang Lulu, whatcha gonna do for a midnight Screw, when Lulu's dead and gone?

Rich girls use a Kotex, poor girls use a rag.
Lulu's rough and ready, she uses a burlap bag. CHORUS:

Rich girls take it on a bed, poor girls on the floor.
Lulu takes it standing up and gets six inches more. CHORUS:

Rich girls use Vaseline, poor girls grease with lard.
Lulu uses axle grease and gets it twice as hard. CHORUS:

WINNIPEG WHORE

Let's run up to the Cascade Mountains, let's run up to the Winnipeg sk.
There I met the bitch of bitches, commonly known as the Winnipeg whore.
Sometimes dancing, sometimes prancing, sometimes stripping on the ball-room floor.
There I was in the north-east corner beatin' my meat on the Winnipeg wh

Have ya got a hard on? Not yet.
Are ya gonna get one? You bet.
Sung by the whore house Sextet.
We're after blood.

Walking down Canal Street, knocking on every door,
Goddamn, son of a bitch, couldn't find a whore.
Finally found a whore, she was tall and thin,
Goddamn, son of a bitch, I couldn't get it in.
Finally got it in, worked it all about.
Goddamn, son of a bitch, I couldn't get it out.
Finally got it out, it was rough and sore.
Moral of this story is; don't ever fuck a whore.