

Exhibit B



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Preface

The history of this publication goes back further than any of us will remember. Not quite back to the Stone Age but I am sure it is almost as old as the OSUMB itself. Throughout the history of this book, it has been called many different things, ranging from Band Bible, Song Publication, and even The Unofficial OSUMB Handbook. The songs in this "item that does not exist" have been passed down from generation to generation during l-dots, bus trips, Beer Busts, and the occasional bored sober free time.

This reincarnation of the song book is an effort to reconcile any differences between various rows' versions. While compiling this version, much detail was given to preserve old favorites while introducing new songs, or some just forgotten. This book must continue to grow and change, as does the OSUMB. So, come up with new stuff, modify old stuff and most importantly – Take the dick out of your mouth and sing!!

Represented in the 2010 version of the book are songs from many different versions of the publication. Many hours were spent digitizing this version of the book but it would not have been possible without those who provided their song books and other previously unpublished material. If you contributed new material, congratulations, you are the sickest of us all. Finally, remember to take care of this book. Take it with you on trips and to parties. Plus, it's just fun reading material. But never leave this out of your sight. This book is for OSUMB members only; Past and Present. If they were not out on the field in from of 105,000 crazy fans in black (OK, navy blue) wool uniforms, they do not deserve to see this. Now go forth into the world and become a sick bastard like the rest of us.

P.S. – Some of these may be offensive to you. If so, you can either ignore them, or you can suck it up, act like you got a pair and have a good time singing them. Remember everything in this book was written in good fun. So pull your head out of your ass and sing.

Previous Editions

Complied by [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]	1979
Revised and re-edited by [REDACTED]	1982
Addendum by [REDACTED]	1985
New Shit compiled by [REDACTED]	1987
Renovations by [REDACTED]	1990
Recycled by [REDACTED]	1992
Even More Shit compiled by [REDACTED]	1996
Final 20 th Century Edition by [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]	1999
It's Not Annoying, Its Funny Edition by [REDACTED]	2005
Renewing the Tradition compiled by [REDACTED]	2006
Here's to Staying WB by [REDACTED]	2010

Across the Field

William A. Dougherty, who graduated from Ohio State in 1917 and received his law degree here in 1920, wrote "Across the Field" while he was a student at the university. As a student manager for the football team and a piano student, he started tinkering with a tune that he thought might capture the spirit of a football game. Dougherty wanted his song to be within one octave so it would be easier for everyone to sing, and he wanted it to be short enough that it could be played during a timeout on the field. It took him almost three years to write the song. It was first performed at the Illinois Game in 1915.

Fight the Team across the field;
Show them Ohio's here.
Set the earth reverberating with a mighty cheer
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hit them hard and see how they fall;
Never let that team get the ball.
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here,
So let's win that old conference now.

Buckeye Battle Cry

The "Buckeye Battle Cry", written in 1919 by Frank Crumit, has been used since the early 1920's by the OSUMB to conclude its famous rump entrance to Ohio Stadium.

In old Ohio there's a team,
That's known throughout the land;
Eleven warriors brave and bold,
Whose fame will ever stand,
And when the ball goes over,
Our cheers will reach the sky,
Ohio Field will hear again
The Buckeye Battle Cry.

Drive! Drive on down the field,
Men of the scarlet and gray;
Don't let them through that line,
We have to win this game today,
Come on, Ohio!
Smash through to victory,
We cheer you as you go;
Our honor defend,
We will fight to the end for O-HI-O!

Carmen Ohio

*"Carmen Ohio", Ohio State's alma mater, was born in sadness during one of the football team's darkest hours. In 1902, Fred A. Cornell, Class of 1906 and a member of the team, scribbled the words on the back of an envelope as he returned by train to Columbus from Ann Arbor. The Buckeyes had just suffered their worst defeat at the hands of M*ch*g*n, losing 86-0. He wrote the words to the music known as the "Spanish Chant". "Carmen Ohio" was first performed by the Glee Club in 1903, but did not become popular until the words were published in the Lantern for the football rally before the M*ch*g*n game of 1906. It was recognized as the alma mater in 1916. There are three stanzas in the copyrighted version, though generally only the first is sung. The word "Carmen" is Latin for "song".*

Oh come let's sing Ohio's praise,
And songs to Alma Mater raise;
While our hearts rebounding thrill,
With joy which death alone can still.
Summer's heat or winter's cold,
The seasons pass, the years will roll;
Time and change will surely show
How firm thy friendship...O-HI-O!

These jolly days of priceless worth,
By far the gladdest days of earth,
Soon will pass and we not know
How dearly we love Ohio.
We should strive to keep they name
Of fair repute and spotless fame;
So, in college halls we'll grow
To love thee better...O-HI-O!

Though age may dim our mem'ry's store,
We'll think of happy days of yore,
True to friend and frank to foe,
As sturdy sons of Ohio.
In seas of care we roll,
'Neath blackened sky, o'er barren shoal,
Thoughts of thee bid darkness go,
Dear Alma Mater...O-HI-O!

I Wanna Go Back

I wanna go back to Ohio State,
To old Columbus town.
To the stadium to hear the band,
By far the finest in the land.
I wanna go back to Ohio State,
To old Columbus town.
I wanna go back, I gotta go back,
To O-HI-O!

Ohio! Ohio!
The hills send back their cry...O-H!
We're here to do or die! I-O!
Ohio! Ohio!
We'll win the game or know the reason why.

And when we win the game,
We'll buy a keg of booze!
And we'll drink to old Ohio
'til we wobble in our shoes.
Ohio! Ohio!
We'll win the game or know the reason why.
Ohio.

Round on the Ends

It's round on the ends and high in the middle
Tell me if you know.
Don't you think that's a cute little riddle,
Round on the ends and high in the middle?
You can find it on the map if you look high
and low.
The O's are round; it's HI in the middle!
O-H-I-O!
That's the riddle.
Round on the ends and high in the middle.
O-HI-O!

Beautiful Ohio

Drifting with the current down a moonlit
stream,
While above the heavens in their glory gleam.
(And the stars on high—Twinkle in the sky)
Seeming in a Paradise of love divine
Dreaming of a pair of eyes that looked like in
mine.
Beautiful O-hi-o, in dreams again I see,
Visions of what used to be.

We Don't Give a Damn For the Whole State of M*ch*g@n

We don't give a damn,
For the whole state of Michigan;
The whole state of Michigan;
The whole state of Michigan.
We don't give a damn,
For the whole state of Michigan,
Cuz we're from O-HI-O.

We're from O-HI-O;
O-H!
We're from O-HI-O,
I-O!

We don't give a damn,
For the whole state of Michigan,
Cuz we're from O-HI-O!

Not Your Usual Ohio State Songs

Le Regiment

Tune: Take a guess

Le Regiment is full of homos.
They are the guys to whom you would say no.
They're always striking silly poses.
They're always dropping to their knees to blow

Le Regiment (CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!)

Eat me, lick me, fuck me, suck me dry,
You use your lips so well,
You're such a guy. Oh,
Beat me up and tie me to a tree.
Oh Bruce, I love it when you're mean to me.
Domination, Bondage, and Savagery,
Are things they learned back in gay Paree.
They use them on the guys in the band,
The Best Band In The Land----

Onward and deeper in delight.
With teeth that shine with brilliance more than
Dwight's.
But choking doesn't bother them in spite,
'Cause they'll be dropping to their knees tonight

So bite, bite my ass,
Oh bite, bite my ass,
Oh bite, bite my ass,
'Cause they'll be dropping to their knees tonight

Black on the Ends

Tune: Round on the Ends

It's black on the ends and pink in the middle.
Tell me if you know.
Don't you think it's a cute little riddle?
Black on the ends and pink in the middle.
You can find it on her bod' if you look high and
low.

The ends are black, there's pink in the middle.
C-U-N-T that's the riddle.
Black on the ends and pink in the middle.
O-Cunt-Hole

Cummin' Ohio

Tune: Carmen Ohio

Oh come and spread your legs, my dear.
The time to bust your hymen's near.
As we gaily jumped in bed,
You sprang too fast and broke my head.
Asses rise and balls go "SMACK!"
Now listen to your pelvis "CRACK!"
As you scream and moan for more,
You'll always be my fav'rite whore.

Theme Song for Bitter Bandsmen

Tune: Carmen Ohio

Courtesy of [REDACTED]

There once was a band that wasn't lame.
The OSUMB was its name.
Now we're the lamest band in the land.
We just want to sit and spank our glands.
Some people say that the band has changed,
Well fuck you all; I'm still the same.
I'd give my balls to have the old band back.
So eat my shit and lick my sack!

Carmen Jack

Tune: Carmen Ohio

Courtesy of F-Row

Chimes:

F, U, C, K, J, A, C, K.

F, U, C, K, J, A, C, K.

Fuck Jack, Fuck Jack, Fuck Jack.

There was a grad-ass whose name was Jack.
To get his job he licked Woods' Crack.
Doerksen helped us buy gray slacks.
But only Assholes make reservations at Rax.
There's too much talking in this room.
I cannot think or even tune.
We'd give our nuts to have Brad back.
So eat my shit and....
Fuck You Jack!

I Wanna Go Back to Student Staff

Tune: I Wanna Go Back
Courtesy of F-Row

I wanna go back to student staff,
To the front of the fucking bus.
We really like to ride with them,
Because we know they'll never cuss.
I wanna go back to student staff,
To the front of the fucking bus,
I wanna go band, I gotta go back,
To Student Staff.

Chorus: Bus one, Bus one,
We're always getting ripped,
We cannot march a script.
Bus one, Bus one,
Tried trombone but got our asses kicked

And when the trip is through,
We'll have a hand of goo.
'Cause we'll stroke our little needle dicks,
Until they're back and blue.

Chorus

Fuck You Jack

Tune: Buckeye Battle Cry

In Old Ohio there's an ass,
That's known throughout the land.
He sniff his fingers and his best friend,
Is his right hand.
And when he wants to get laid,
He simply masturbates.
'Cause he could never fuck a girl,
Unless she's underage.

Fuck, fuck, fuck you Jack,
You tin shit eating troll.
You'll never have a band,
That is under your control.
(Fuck You Jack!)

You are a piece of shit,
When you're dead we'll all be glad.
Cause we know that you suck,
And you'll never conduct,
Like good ole Brad
(You finger sniffing Bastard)

Don't Wanna Go Back to the
Citrus Bowl

Tune: I Wanna Go Back
Courtesy of H & M-Row

Don't wanna go back to the Citrus Bowl,
For the third consecutive year.
To the Sheraton, the pink hotel,
Our rooms aren't ready, we're bored as hell.
Don't wanna go back to the Citrus Bowl.
To march in secret parades.
Don't wanna go back, I gotta go back,
To Or-lan-do.
Orlando, Orlando.
We're second in the Big Ten.
I guess we'll go again.
Orlando, Orlando
We'll go back even if we finish first.
We'll go to 7-11
And buy a case of beer.
And we'll drink to old Ohio
'Til we forget that we are here.
Orlando, Orlando.
No roses for us, we will be back again.
Or-lan-do

The Hymen Battle Cry

Tune: Buckeye Battle Cry

T-Row (2006-10)

In virgin pussy, there's a flap,
That guards the happy hole;
A fleshy barrier broken by,
A guy's hard thrusting pole;
And once the cock goes through it,
It cannot re-grow;
She's been had a time or three
And all the guys will know...

She got her cherry popped,
He broke the thing right in half;
Then she bent over,
And took it in the ass;
What a Whore!
She rode his dick all night,
And gave up her V-Card
Never a virgin again.
Cause he broke her hymen then
Nev-Er-Called!

OSUMSlut

Tune: OSUMBlus

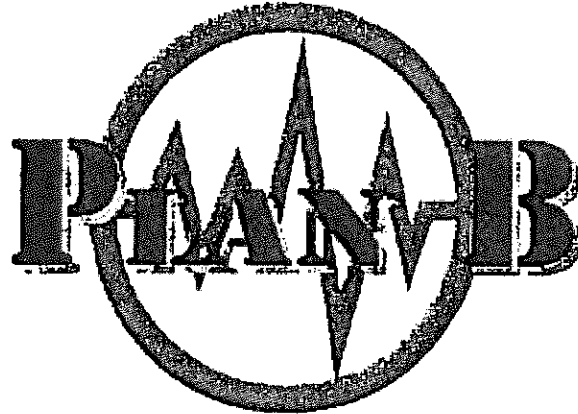
T-Row

Intro

Rookie, Rookie, B-Row Rookie;
So Nice, So Sweet, Now she's easy.
Gets a lot, Give a lot, takes it in the ass.

Melody

One year in band to turn her into a whore;
Spreadin' her legs and askin' for more.
We're talkin' about TITS McGEE!
The rookie that travels the block.
You better watch out cuz she's headed right
for your cock.
They say she's got a few diseases that you
might contract;
STD's like HPV and even the clap.
Don't forget about that great Chlamydia.
So wrap your dick and do her quick;
You might come out clean.
Just beware it might have hair that's crawling
with crabs;
WHAT A THRILL!
2, 3, 4
Don't fuck that!
She's a skank (skank, skank)
What a tramp (tramp, tramp)
She's a slut (slutin' it up)
What a whore (Big Whore!)
Really loose (loosey goose)
It's TITS.....
(eastin' and sleepin' and fuckin' all day)
McGEE!!!



College Football Favorites

Come Blow us M*ch*g*n!

Tune: Buckeye Battle Cry

Come blow us M*ch*g*n.
Our cocks are waiting for you.
Come blow us M*ch*g*an,
It's such a lovely thing to do.

Suck! Suck! Suck!

Come blow us M*ch*g*an,
'Till your mouth's full of goo,
If you stroke on our gland,
We will come in your hand.
So hey, Fuck You!

(You dirty motherfuckers!)

(Repeat chorus)

Hail to Those Mother-Fuckers

Tune: The Victors

Hail to those mother-fuckers.
Hail to those big cock-suckers.
Hail! Hail! To M*ch*g*an!
The cesspool of the World!

Hail to those masturbators.
Hail to those fornicators.
Hail! Hail! To M*ch*g*an!
The cesspool of the World!

(Repeat, and make up your own foul verses!)



M.S.U. Fight Song

Tune: M.S.U. Fight Song

Green and White a shitty sight.
It's time to play the Spartans.
They shave their legs those dirty fags
They love to molest little children.
Fags are prancing in East Lansing.
Oh, what a bunch of queers.
So, Fuck You, M.S.U.!
Here's a cock right up your rear.

Maize and Blue is shitty too.
All wolverines are queers bait.
They love to fuck their moms and dads,
They corn-hole all their defense coaches.
All the barbers in Ann Arbor
Give more than just a trim.
So Fuck You, Maize and Blue.
The Bucks'll show you queers don't win.

Penn State Fight Song

Tune: Fight on State

Courtesy of X-Row

Penn State the virgins
Of the Big Ten.
We'll bust your hymen,
And cum in your rear-end.
Cock-Suck-ers from Happy Valley,
Go down on me!
As POP goes your cherry,
We'll watch your pussy bleed.

Oh Nittany Lions,
Get down on all fours!
Bark like you want it,
You little fucking whores!
Arf, Arf, Arf!!
Oh masturbation,
I won't need you tonight,
'Cause when you see my schlong.
You won't put up a fight.

Penn State Fight Song

Courtesy of B-Row

Nittany Lions,
Go down on me,
Swallow my big twig,
And then lick my berries,

You know that Lions are pussies,
Fags wear white and blue,
Here come the Bucks to,
Beat the shit out of you.

Penn State Fight Song

Courtesy of [REDACTED]

Oh Nittany Lions,
We know what you need.
The Bucks are coming to town,
They'll make your pussy bleed.

Your coach is ancient,
We're surprised that he's not dead.
But from what we have heard,
He can still give good head.

Indiana Fight Song

Tune: Indiana, Our Indiana

Indiana, Suck my banana.
Indiana, Oh suck me off.
Indiana, Suck my banana.
And when you swallow, don't choke and cough.
Indiana, Suck my banana.
Indiana, You do it well.
What's a Hoosier? A FUCKING LOSER!
Oh, Indiana just go to Hell.

Purdue Fight Song

Tune: Hail Purdue

Fuck off to old Purdue,
The fags in the old gold and black.
Four hundred shuffling geeks,
For butt-buddies you'll never lack.
Dave Leppla, fag from Hell, young people he
loves to,
Between his knees, the Golden Girl goes down
on old Purdue.

Moo Purdue

Tune: Home on the Range

Moo, moo moo Purdue
It's the school any fool can get through.
Where Chimpanzees can get bachelor's degrees,
And the Golden Girl lives in the zoo.

Illinois Fight Song

Tune: Oskee Wow-Wow

What a pleasure, what a joy,
It's time to beat on Illinois.
Orange and Blue, you piece of shit.
You suck so bad, you just should quit.
YOU SHIT!

You know, one thing's rather plain,
They fuck their dogs in ol' Champaigne.
Eat me, lick me, suck me, gobble, nibble, chew!
Illinois suck 'till you're blue!

Northwestern Fight Song

Tune: Go U. Northwestern

Go U. Northwestern.
Get down on your knees.
Take my cock into your mouth and give my
balls a squeeze.
(UH! UH! Uh!)
Ejaculation...we know you love it so.
So get on your knees Northwestern and give my
cock a blow.

Iowa Fight Song

Tune: The Iowa Fight Song

Why don't you chomp, chomp, chomp me, Iowa
Why don't you suck my great big dick.
Why don't you chomp, chomp, chomp me, Iowa
Why don't you give me a big lick.

Why don't you chomp, chomp, chomp me, Iowa
Just give it up; you know you guys are fucking
dead.

Come on and chomp, chomp, chomp me, Iowa
Fall down and give me head.

Iowa Fight Song

Tune: "New" Iowa Fight Song

Courtesy of [REDACTED] & A-Row

I love it when you suck me Iowa,
I love it when you pull my dick.
I love it when you make me discharge.
I love it when you west my wick, MY WICK!
Spit out my big cock and get up off your knees,
And pick the pubic hair out of your frontal teeth,
Cause there's a hundred bandsmen waiting,
For you to suck their beef!!!

Wisconsin Fight Song

Tune: On Wisconsin

On Wisconsin, play it louder.
Blast! Blast! Blast! Blast! Blast!
You all march like someone shoved a stick right
up your ass.
Yes, my cock is in your mouth,
So Whatcha gonna do?
Eat my rocks and die Wisconsin.
HEY...FUCK...YOU!

Minnesota Fight Song

Tune: Minnesota Rouser

Minnesota, sit on my face,
Your whole band's a fucking disgrace,
Your whole states' full of nuclear waste.
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!
Fuck your ma-ma.
Piss off, old U. of M.

Notre Dame Fight Song

Tune: Notre Dame Victory March

Queers cheer for old Notre Dame,
Play in their band and go to their games.
Pointed ears and panty hose,
A Leprechaun's friends are those he blows.

Years show that all this is true.
They'll suck a cock 'til it's turning blue.
As long as there's some cock to squeeze,
They'll always be down on their knees.

Notre Dame Fight Song

Come blow us Notre Dame pricks,
You bring your mouths and we'll bring our dicks.
While you Irish beat your meat,
We'll fuck the girls across the street.

Hail Mary good Queen of grace,
Come spread your cheeks and sit on our face.
Then we'll moon the Golden Dome,
And zip up and head for home.

Come blow us Notre Dame pricks,
You bring your mouths and we'll bring our dicks.
When we start to blow our rocks,
Then you can lick and suck our cocks.

Hail Mary good Queen of grace,
Lift up your skirt and sit on our face.
Then we'll moon the Golden Dome,
And zip up and head for home.

Notre Dame Fight Song

On our way to old Notre Dame,
Orthopedic parts was the name of the game.
Metal dicks and plastic tits,
If you've got a problem they'll get you fixed.

Here we are at old Notre Dame,
Where priests fuck their students and gain lots of
fame.
Nuns suck the priests dick,
It tastes like shit!!
So don't root for Notre Dame.

Notre Dame Fight Song

Beers, Beers for ol' Notre Dame,
Bring on the whiskey, we want champagne.
Send the freshmen out for beer,
Don't let the sober sophomores near.

We never stumble, we never fall,
We'll sober up on grain alcohol.
And all our loyal faculty,
Lay passed out on the floor.

USC Fight Song

Tune: Fight On

Fall down upon your knees
And shoot your wad for old S.C.
They fight for noble cause.
They want my cock between their jaws.
They blow, USC, blows me, USC, blows me.

It's USC

Tune: 'Til There Was You

There's a band, on the field,
But I never heard them playing.
No, I never heard them at all.
It's USC.

Fairy flutes, faggy suits, bright red panty hose,
Plastic gold boots on their toes,
It's USC.

And there were flag girls,
Skinny, scrawny, and scraggly.
They tell me with social diseases galore.
Those whores.
There's a fag on a horse,
Trademark of USC,
Mounting him from the rear,
It's Traveler III!

Texas A&M Fight Song

Tune: Aggie War Hymn (last strain)

You'll suck forever Texas A&M.
Your father is a lonely cows best friend.
You all are total assholes end to end.
Fall down upon your knees, and
Give me head again.
Give me head again.
Please won't you give me head again.

Texas A&M Fight Song

Tune: Aggie War Hymn

Courtesy of H-Row

I'm glad I'm not from Texas A&M.
I'm Glad I'm not even a part of them.
Because it's just a big ol' military school,
And they're so brain-washed that they think
they're cool.

The Aggies all stand up at the football games,
Because their fat asses won't fit in the seats.
They have weird traditions and those stupid
bonfires.
Just keep that 12th fag away from me.

Ohio University Fight Song

Tune: Stand up and Cheer

Courtesy of H-Row

Stand up and cheer,
She lost her honor at OU.
She only did it once,
And now she has to pay the price for nine more
months.
Stand up and cheer,
For the baby's on the way.
She lost her shape,
Because of rape.
Down here at ol' OU

Ohio University Fight Song

Tune: Stand Up and Cheer

Courtesy of [REDACTED]

Sit down and shut up.
You're a bunch of dancing faggots.
We're Ohio State, and you're Ohio --
Who the fucking hell are you?
(Bend over) Take it up your cornhole,
We're gonna screw you till you cry.
Come suck our dicks,
You bastard hicks,
The little pussies of OU.
Ba ba-da ba-da.

Blast a little louder,
Have you not heard of decrescendo?
This is the Buckeye State,
It isn't here for only you.
We formed the first diamond Ohio.
How does your fight song go again?
To hell you go!
We're O-HI-O!
The Best Damn Band in the Land!

Brigham Young Fight Song

Tune: BYU Fight Song

Courtesy of [REDACTED] and H-Row

Brigham Young was just an old bum,
Who left his folks and move to Utah.
Made his own religion out there,
And made himself its noble grandpa.

Never smoked or drank in his life,
He passed them off as deeds of sinners.
But he loved his wives,
Had 25
And ruled their lives.
But they named a school after him,
That nasty asshole named Brigham Young.

Brigham Young is a Goddamn Queer

Tune: Turkey in the Straw

(Must be sung in one breath)

Do your balls hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tell me now?
'Cause I really wanna know.
Will you go to Hell,
If you drink a beer?
Brigham Young is a Goddamn Queer.

Texas Fight!

Tune: Same

F-Row Rookie Class ('08)

Hook 'em Horns,
Hook your mom,
I'm Gonna Cum in her fucking eye.
You Bitch!

Fucked her once,
Fucked her twice,
Fucked her cute little ass all night!

Got a Sister,
Make her cream,
I'll fuckin' make her scream!
Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!

Go home and fuck your steers
You Fuckin Jewish Queers!

Nebraska Fight Song

Tune: There's No Place Like Nebraska

Editor's Note: These are the actual words,
Nebraska's joining the Big (10)? and someone has
to come up with something better than this crap!

There is no place like Nebraska;
Dear old Nebraska U.
Where the girls are the fairest,
The boys are the squarest;
Of any old place that I knew.

There is no place like Nebraska;
Where they're all true blue.
We'll all stick together,
In all kinds of weather;
For dear old Nebraska!!

Holiday Songs

Chestnuts

Tune: The Christmas Song

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire.
Jack frost ripping off your clothes.
Old weird Harold being hung by a choir.
And folks dressed up like fags and moes.
Everybody knows some turkey and some
mistletoe
Help to make the season bright.
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow
Are dropping Mescaline tonight.

They know that Santa's on his way.
He's bringing lots of little girls for them to
lay
And each mother's child is gonna know
Just how far Rudolph the Reindeer will go.

And so I'm offering this simple phrase
To kids from one to ninety-two.
Although it's been said many times, many
ways,
Merry Christmas, Fuck You!

Ahhsome Band

Tune: Silver Bells

Woods is yelling,
Waters whining,
Mike Stewart looks confused,
And Doc Moore's just standing there
smiling.

Woods is screaming,
Waters crying,
Mike Stewart just left,
And we all know that Doc Moore is dead.

Ahhsome band!
Ahhsome band!
Soon it will be the bowl trip.

Lips of Wonder

Tune: We Three Kings

(insert name) suck my dick.
(insert name) do it quick.
With your lips so warm and light
Oh please suck off my cock tonight, Oh-oh

Lips of wonder, lips so tight,
Lips that give my cock delight.
Your tongue will roll around my pole.
Cum give me a dainty bite.

The Twelve Days of Christmas

Tune: Same

12 Twats a-twitching
11 Lesbians licking
10 Testes Throbbing
9 Nipples dripping
8 Assholes gaping
7 Scrotums swinging
6 Sacks of Shit-ta
5 MOTHER-FUCKERS

4 Cock-suckers
3 French ticklers
2 Balls of brass
And a hand job from Jon R. Woods.
(THAT FUCKING TROLL!)

Whack My Balls

Tune: Deck the Halls

Whack my balls and make me jolly,
Fa la la la la la la la.
Fuck the cat and suck the collie,
Fa la la la la la la la.
Sodomy and masturbation,
Fa la la la la la la la.
End it up with copulation.

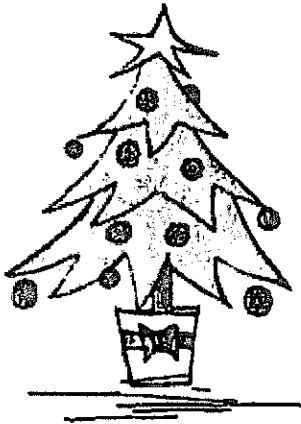
See the throbbing cock before us,
Fa la la la la la la la.
Bite the penis and clitoris,
Fa la la la la la la la.
Fill her up with family treasure,
Fa la la la la la la la.
Fuck your Grandma to a seizure,
Fa la la la la la la la.

O Horny Night

Tune: O Holy Night

O Horny Night, I'm filled with warm
desires;
I'm liquored up and my dick is on fire.
(Dick is on fire, dick is on fire)
O Horny Night, how do I quell this lust?
I need you now or my penis will bust.
(Penis will bust, penis will bust)
I need that stuff that dogs and cats fight
over,
And I won't stop 'till you go down on me.

Fall on your knees. Oh, put it in your
mouth.
Oh, Suck me off, 'tis the night ('tis the
night)
I shoot my wad (Crash Boom)
Oh, night, Oh, night, Oh, night.
O Horny Night.



Holly Jolly Hoe-Bag

Tune: Holly Jolly Christmas

She's a holly jolly hoe-bag,
With her lips wrapped 'round your pole.
I don't know how long she'll blow,
When she gets on a roll.

She's a holly jolly hoe-bag,
Cause when she walks down the street,
She will drop to suck the cock,
Of everyone she meets.

Yo, ho! Her shirt hangs low,
So that you can see,
Her tits are hanging out,
Kiss them once for me.

She's a holly jolly hoe-bag,
With her tongue stuck in your ear.
She will do whatever you say,
If you give her some beer.

Yea, Hey! She takes away,
All her skimpy clothes.
Her hole is so big,
You'd lose a fire-truck hose.

She's a holly jolly hoe-bag,
She'll suck and then swallow.
I don't know just where it goes,
The girl must be hollow.

She's a holly jolly hoe-bag,
You can see it in her eyes.
She can't wait to eat your bait,
And open up your thighs.

Yi, hi! Her skirt's up high,
You can see her crack.
She's never seen the ground,
Cause she's always on her back.

She's a holly jolly hoe-bag,
And in case you didn't hear.
Oh, by golly, you can have this,
Jolly hoe-bag, all year!

It's Beginning to Look
a lot Like Syphilis

Tune: take a guess

It's beginning to look a lot like syphilis,
Every time I come,
Take a look at my swollen head,
For the foreskin is turning red
And my shaft is covered from tip to end
with scum;

It's beginning to look a lot like syphilis,
When to piss I go,
Cause my eyesight's a memory,
And the chancres soon will be
At my own backyard.

Over the River and Through the
Woods

Tune: Same

Over the river and through the woods,
To the whorehouse we will go,
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh,
Across the drifting snow, oh,
Over the river and through the woods,
Thanksgiving time, yo ho,
A great tradition of marching band,
We started long ago.

Chorus:

We fucked a turkey, licked the bone,
We tell the old lady to stuff her own,
We fucked a turkey, a butterball,
We cum some gravy on 'em all.

Over the river and through the woods,
To grandmother's house we go,
She's deaf and blind and lost her mind,
But she still loves to blow, oh,
Granny's lost nearly all her teeth,
But brother she can gum
In twenty minutes,
She can even make my horsey cum.

(Chorus)

Over the river and through the woods,
Granny's on the sauce,
But some toothless rim is better than quim,
All covered up with moss, oh,
Over the river and through the woods,
And you thought I was sick;
My granny makes stew from menstrual goo,
And stirs it with my dick,
Yes, granny makes stew from menstrual
goo,
And stirs it with my dick.

I'm Dreaming of...

Tune: White Christmas

I'm dreaming of (insert name), just like that
slut I used to know,
With her (instrument name) dipping, her
small mouth sipping,
My love juices in the snow.

I'm dreaming of (insert name), just like I did
her mom last night.
When you give head, learn not to bite,
And may all your fetuses be white.

All the guys dream of (insert name), for all
the tricks her tongue can do.
She makes us drive, a hard 8 to 5,
(first name) we love the way you screw.

I'm dreaming of (insert name), just like her
mom the night before.
She loves it up the back door,
Oh dear daughter don't become a whore

My hand smells like (insert name), just like
the fish I had for lunch.
With her legs spread wide, my willy inside,
Her flesh is what I love to munch.

I got herpes from (insert name), from all the
chancre sores she's got.
You may think it's funny - It's not!
Oh (first name), you make me so hot.

Silent Night

Tune: Same

Silent night, horny night,
I'm so hard. She's so tight.
She must be a virgin and I'm her first guy.
I think I'll pull out and cum right in her eye.
But, my cock is stuck in her crease!
My cock is stuck in her crease.

Silent night, horny night,
My dick quakes at the sight.
Blood is streaming from her little split.
I can't cum cause my balls have just split.
And my cock's still stuck in her crease!
My cock's still stuck in her crease.

Silent night, horny night,
I tried to pull out, with all my might.
Trapped in her pussy, I'll never get far.
What I wouldn't give to have a crowbar.
Somebody call the police.
Somebody call the police!

The Restroom Door Said Gentlemen

Tune: God Rest You Merry Gentlemen

The restroom door said gentlemen,
So I just walked inside.
I took two steps and realized,
I'd been taken for a ride.
I heard high voices, turned and found
The place was occupied,
By two nuns three old ladies and a nurse.
What could be worse?
Than two nuns three old ladies and a nurse.

The restroom door said gentlemen,
It must have been a gag.
As soon as I walked in there,
I ran into some old hag.
She sprayed me with a can of mace,
And smacked me with her bag.
I could tell this just wouldn't be my day,
What could I say?
It just wasn't turning out to be my day.

The restroom door said gentlemen,
And I would like to find,
The crummy little creep
Who had the nerve to switch the sign.
Cause I have two black eyes,
And one high heel up my behind.
Now I can't sit with comfort and joy.
Boy oh boy,
No I'll never sit with comfort and joy.

It's the Most Wonderful Time to Drink Beer

Tune: It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year

Courtesy: Mike Montgomery & Gary Cope

It's the most wonderful time to drink beer.
Only one keg is floating, the others are
holding, so never to fear.
Oh we'll never, ever run out of beer.

Oh how I love Everclear.
190 proof makes you feel so aloof, but
you'll be in good cheer.
I'll probably die from drinking Everclear!

Chorus:

There'll be i-dot attendance,
And kegs thrown for distance,
And caroling out in the road.
There'll be scary rookie stories, and tales of
the glories, sung by alumni who are too
damn old!

Like how I loved my rookie year.
They said "don't make a peep," then they
pulled out the sheep,
but there's nothing to fear.
It was the best damn thing about that year!

(Chorus)

But the worst is when I butt-fucked a steer.
I was really damn drunk, and I passed on the
skunk, and it's been a damn year.
Oh my God, I just butt-fucked,
Oh my God, I just butt-fucked,
Oh my God, I just butt,
Fucked a Steer!

Carwile's a Douchebag

Tune: Frosty the Snowman
C-Row 2008

Carwile's a douchebag he's a big fat
fucking prick
We stole his hat, koch shat on that and
he rubbed it on his dick
When he discovered that hi hat was MIA
He bitched to Woods, they did all they
could to return his hat that day

He Knew there was some substance in
that fucking hat he found
For when he placed it on his head we
were laughing on the ground

OH!
Carwile's a douchebag and he acts that
way by choice
He'd suck Woods' cock all around the
clock just to hear his own damn voice

Chachitty chach chach
Chachitty chach chach
Carwile is a tool
Chachitty chach chach
Chachitty chach chach
His hat was full of stool

Droste's a Douchebag

Tune: Frosty the Snowman
Old Man Studebaker

Droste's a douchebag,
And on the field today;
You can bet on this,
That he will get pissed,
If he doesn't get his way.

If you want to play 1st trumpet,
You will have to suck his balls.
And up you'll go,
Like old x-row,
Who blows him best of all!

Oldies But Goodies

All My Semen

Tune: All My Lovin'

Close your eyes, spread your legs, let me
fertilize your eggs.

Remember, I'll always cum true.

And then while I'm away,

I'll beat off every day,

And I'll send all my semen to you.

I'll pretend that I'm pissing on the hips I am
kissing,
And hope that my dreams will cum true.
And then while I'm away I'll beat off every day,
And I'll send all my semen to you.

All my semen I will send to you.
All my semen, darlin' I'll cum true.

Yesterday

Tune: same

Yesterday, Oh my climax was so far away.
Now it seems that it won't cum today.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, m cock's not half the cock it used to
be.
Now she'll just have to go down on me.
Oh, it went limp so suddenly.

Why, can't, I keep it hard I just don't know.
It wouldn't stay. Gee whiz,
We've only fucked off and on since yesterday...

Yesterday, thirteen inches she could have all
day.
Now she'll have to know of this delay.
Oh, I do long for yesterday.
I do long for... yesterday

Stroking off in Silence

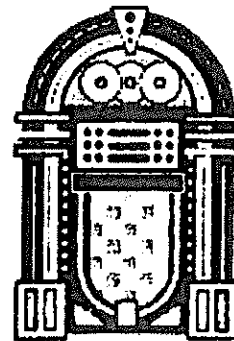
Tune: The Sound of Silence

Hello pecker, my old friend.
I've come to play with you again.
Because a wet dream softly creeping,
Left it's seeds while I was sleeping,
And your helmet is firmly planted in my hands,
It will expand- stroking off in silence.

In horny dreams I have a bone.
I beat it on the cobblestone.
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,
I see a whore who's gotten very damp.
When I grabbed her thighs, in a flash she was on
her back.
She spread her crack- she twitched her twat in
silence.

Fool said she, "You do not know.
How to make a pecker grow.
Whip it out that I might beat you,
Spread your legs that I might eat you."
But my sperm like silent raindrops fell.
And turned to gel- I stroked off in silence.

And the ants came out and played,
In the fucking mess I made.
And the sign flashed out it's warning.
Mom will find it in the morning!
So I rolled out of bed and rubbed it up in my
shirt,
God, what a squirt, from stroking off in silence!



Show Tunes

Last Night

Tune: Funiculí, Funiculá

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated.
It felt so good. I knew it would.
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated.
It felt so nice. I did it twice.

Oh you should see my up stroke;
It's really grand. I use my hand.
Oh you should see my down stroke;
It's really neat. I use my feet.

Beat it, bang it, up against the wall.
Squirt it, spurt it, all around the hall.
I beat my meat, I beat my meat!
I beat my meat, I beat my meat!
And I wake up in the morning
With a puddle at my feet.

Herpes Family

Tune: Addams Family

They're gooey and they're itchy,
They make your girlfriend bitchy.
They hide right in her snitchy.
The Herpes Family.

You can hardly see 'em,
But when you start a peein',
They'll really start you screamin',
The Herpes Family.



My Favorite Things

Tune: Same

Dildos and ticklers and rods of all sizes,
Gashes and butt cheeks all make me delighted.
Orgies and fuck-fests –
What pleasures they bring.
These are a few of my favorite things.

Trojans and tampons and sponges and douches,
Hard dicks and big tits and small furry pooches.
Cum in my mouth and good head that's got zing.
These are a few of my favorite things.

Broken hymen, open cankers, and bloody
discharge.
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I don't feel soooooo bad.

Daisy

Tune: Same

Daisy, Daisy, give me a piece or two.
I'm half crazy, wanting to get in you.
Please don't think that I'm a flubber.
I can't afford a rubber.
On a waterbed built for two.

Maria

Tune: Same

Maria, I just fucked a whore named Maria.
Her face is one big zit,
And she only has one tit, I know.
Maria, I just fucked a whore named Maria.
And suddenly I know, how syphilis can grown
in me. Maria...

Hi Ho

Tune: Same

Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to bed we go,
I paid 2 bits to see your tits, hi ho, hi ho, hi ho,
Hi ho, hi ho it's off to bed we go,
Get in that sack and spread your crack, hi ho, hi
ho, hi ho,
Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to bed we go,
Just squeeze your cunt and make me grunt, hi
ho, hi ho, hi ho,
Hi ho, hi ho, it's up your butt I go,
Please wash your butt you fucking slut, hi ho, hi
ho, hi ho,
Hi ho, hi ho, it's time for you to blow,
Please get me hard you tub of lard, hi ho, hi ho,
hi ho,
Hi ho, hi ho, into your bush I'll blow,
I'll make you splash inside your gash, hi ho, hi
ho, hi ho,
Hi ho, hi ho, you're humping me too slow,
I'm going limp you fucking blimp, hi ho, hi ho,
Please give me head my dick is dead, hi ho, hi
ho.

Dr. Woods March

Tune: Mickey Mouse March

Who's the leader of the band
That's made for you and me?
D-O-C T-O-R W-OO-DS
Doctor Woods (Jon Waters)
Doctor Woods (Jon Waters)
For ever we will hold your ladder high! High!
Ohio!

Come along and play a song and join my band-
o-ree!
D-O-C T-O-R W-OO-DS!

Puff the Magic Tampon

Tune: Puff the Magic Dragon

Courtesy of [REDACTED] E-Row

Puff the magic tampon, lived between her knees,
And frolicked in that awful mess, in the land of
yeast and cheese.
Puff the magic tampon, when he first took the
plunge,
He made a splash inside her gash and swelled up
like a sponge.

Now little Jackie's pecker loved that rascal Puff.
He'd fuck till his little head got red, he couldn't
get enough.
They'd screw and screw for hours and just as
they were through,
Little Jackie'd reach his climax and he'd fill
Puff with his goo!

Puff the magic tampon, lived between her knees,
And frolicked in that awful mess, in the land of
yeast and cheese.
Puff the magic tampon; well he just had a blast.
And when Jackie wasn't stuffin' Puff, he was up
that bitch's ass.

Tampons aren't eternal and though I must be
blunt,
It's clear to me that someday soon, he'd leave
that nasty cunt.
So then it finally happened, poor Puff sprang a
leak.
But don't complain, you sleazy bitch, you've
been wearing him a week.

Puff the magic tampon, lived between her knees,
And frolicked in that awful mess, in the land of
yeast and cheese.
Puff the magic tampon was thrown in the
garbage can.
He got recycled and now he's in Kellogg's
Raisin Bran.

Let Me Fuck Your Mother

Tune: Let Me Call You Sweetheart

Let me fuck your mother,
Let me suck her tits.
Let me run my tongue
Along her throbbing clit.

Sucking on my penis
She is so much fun.
Let me fuck your mother,
Like you've always done.

Let me lick your vulva,
I'm in love with you.
Let me eat your pussy,
Like I used to do.

A tongue in the vagina,
Is much better than a screw.
Let me lick your vulva,
I'm in love with you.

Fuck Crockett

Tune: Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Courtesy of F-Row

Hey Crockett where are my pictures,
I already paid you.
Hey Crockett where are my enlargements,
That you promised me too.

I've put up with all your Bull Shit,
And your stupid kids too.
Hey Crockett, give me my pictures,
Before I come kill you.

Bye-Bye Cherry

Tune: Bye-Bye Blackbird

Back your ass against the wall.
Here I come, balls and all.
Bye-bye cherry.
Won't your mother be disgusted,
When she finds your hymen busted?
Bye-bye cherry
Wrap your legs around a little tighter.
I can feel my load is getting tighter.
So shake your ass and wiggle your tits.
'til my pecker splits.
Cherry, Bye-bye.

Bye-Bye Woody

Tune: Bye-Bye Blackbird

Now you've done it you old goat.
Punched that guy right in the throat.
Bye-bye Woody
Now you did it, you got fired.
You dumb shit you could've retired.
Bye-bye Woody.
Now we'll get to go to Pasadena.
Pastures are beginning to look greener.
So goodbye Woody, Now you're through.
It's been swell but.... Fuck You!
Woody, Bye-Bye.

Bye-Bye Earle

Tune: Bye-Bye Blackbird

I read in the paper, and guess what?
They just fired "Jupiter butt."
Bye-Bye Earle.
Jennings did it, what a gas.
Kicked ol' Earle out on his ass.
Bye-bye Earle.
No we'll have no more 9 and 3 seasons.
Y'know there weren't really any reasons.
But, bye-bye Earle, it's kind of sick,
Now our head coach is some dumb hick.
Earle, Bye-Bye.

Cunnalingus

Tune: Oklahoma

Cunnalingus ever night my honey lamb and I,
Sit at home and lick a perfect slit.
While the pubic hairs are rising high.
Cunnalingus spread your legs and sit down on
my face.
With your knees spread wide, my tongue inside,
and a stench that equalizes mace.
With my teeth I pick off all the scabs.
And into my nose jumps the crabs.
And then the smell.... Woooooh!
The pud begins to swell.... Woooooh!
You know she's cuming. You're doing fine
cunnalingus.
Cunnalingus. Eat Out!

Sit on my Face

Tune: Swing On A Star

Chorus:

Oh, how'd you like to sit on my face?
It's a very comfortable place.
Just put your hole right over my nose,
Or would you rather...

....suck my hose?

A hose is an animal that lives in my pants.
It stands up and does a little dance.
His neck is brawny but his head is weak.
So pull down my zipper and take a peek.
Or if you'd rather, for a nickel or a dime,
You can blow me anytime.

Chorus

....eat my balls?

A ball is an animal that lives in a bag.
When its hot out he really tends to sag.
His face is wrinkled and he has lots of hair.
So look in that zipper and peek if you dare.
Or if you'd rather, for a nickel or a dime,
You can blow me anytime.

Oh, how'd you like to sit on my face?
It's a very comfortable place.
Just put your hole right over my nose...then
You'll be much better than you are.
So let's just go out to my car.

Brassiere

Tune: Brazil

Obligato:

Suck those tits, bite the nipples off.

Brassiere, you hold those things we hold so dear.
So round and big and full of cheer.
I wish I had a big pair here, brassiere, brassiere,
brassiere.

Woodsy, we doubt your masculinity.
And though your cock's shaped like a "T"
We've heard that it's so very wee Woodsy,
Woodsy, Woodsy.

Kotex, one smell would stop Tyrannosaurus
Rex.
If not for that old monthly hex,
We could enjoy unlimited sex, Kotex, Kotex,
Kotex.

We're Off to See the Wimpy

Tune: We're off to see the Wizard

We're off to see the Wimpy,
The Wonderful Wimpy that's odd.
We hear the slide trombone is back,
Oh, Droste's a stupid clod.
If ever, oh ever a wimp there was,
The Wimpy is one because, because,
Because, because, because, because...
Because of the wimpy things he does.
We're off to see the Wimpy.
The Wonderful Wimpy that's odd.

Bring Back My Boner

Tune: Bring Back My Bonnie to Me

My boner once spouted with stroking,
My boner once drove between thighs,
My boner was sucked like a cream pop,
But now my poor boner won't rise.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my boner to me, to me!
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my boner to me!

My boner was not very particular,
My boner likes both left and right,
But now my poor boner likes nothing,
And leaves me alone for the night.

Chorus

Twat Valley

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Twat down in the valley where red rivers flow.
Where maidens did flourish and cock-suckers
grow.
That's where I met Lupe, the girl I adore.
She's a hot-fucking cock-fucking Mexican
whore.

She'll blow you. She'll roll you.
She'll screw you. And then
She'll gnaw on your gnats
And she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs 'round you
And squeeze 'til you die.
But I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

Let's Talk Dirty to the Animals

Tune: Same

A rooster says "Good Morning"
With a cock-a-doodle-doo. (good morning)
A horse's neigh is just his way of saying,
"How are you?"
A lion growls "Hello" and owls
Ask why and where and who.
May I suggest you get undressed
And show them your wazoo. Oh....

The animals, the animals,
Let's talk dirty to the animals.
Up your's, Mr. Hippo.
Piss off, Mr. Fox.
Go tell a chicken, "Suck my dick" and
Give him chicken pox. Oh....

The animals, the animals,
Let's talk dirty to the animals.
From birds in treetops
To snakes in the grass, but
Never tell an Alligator, "bite my..." No!
Never tell an Alligator, "bite my..." Yes!
Never tell an Alligator, "bite my..." Snatch!

My Daughter Rebecca

Tune: See page 40

Question:
Was it you that did the pushin'?
Left the stains upon the cushion?
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Do do do
If it was you, you sly woodpecker
Who got into my daughter Rebecca.
If it was, you better leave this town.

Reply:
Yes, 'twas me who did the pushin'.
Left the stains upon the cushion.
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
Do do do
But since I got into your daughter
I've had trouble passing water.
So, I guess we're even all around.

Crash and Burn

Tune: Baby Face

Crash and burn
See the marching band crash and burn.
As we bank into that final turn, crash and burn.
Listen to that screaming sound as we plummet to
the ground.
Crash and burn.
See the flaming wreckage fall down from the
sky.
We hear the engines cough and then the wings
fall off.
Oh God we're all gonna...
Oh crash and burn...
Oh God we're all gonna die!

Choke and Puke

Tune: Baby Face

Choke and puke
Oh see the marching band choke and puke.
As we guzzle down that last fry, watch us die.
Listen to those dying gasps as we fall down and
then collapse.
Choke and puke.
Oh see the vomit falling down from the sky.
Then as we get the heaves and we fall to our
knees.
Oh God we're all gonna...
Into the toilet...
Oh God we're all gonna die!

Pubic Hairs

Tune: Baby Face

Pubic hairs.
You've got the cutest little pubic hairs.
Nobody else's hair just could compare to your
pubic hairs.
Nothing ever could be finer than to be in your
vagina.
Pubic hairs.
Oh, I'm in heaven when I'm in your underwear.
I love that touch of lace when you sit on my
face.
With those tender little pubic...
Talk about those pubic...
Love those little pubic hairs!

Billy Jean

Tune: Baby Face

Billy Jean.
We used to think that you wre nice and clean.
But now we find that you are obscene, Billy Jean.
Strapping on that dildo. Just how far will you go?
Billy Jean.
Your mother never thought that you would lick vaginas clean.
You used to flick a dick, now you just lick a tit.
You stupid lessie Billy...
Your leather clothes look silly...
You stupid lessie Billy Jean!

Somewhere Under Your Pubies

Tune: Over the Rainbow

Courtesy of [REDACTED] and R-Row

Somewhere under your pubis,
By your side.
There's a crab that I left there,
Singing a lullaby.

Somewhere under your clitora,
There's an itch.
It's a view of his family,
Picnicking in your snatch.

They skip, they jump, they laugh, they sing.
The crabs run races.
Undemeath your pubis.

They crawl, they fight, they drink all night.
They've even got a traffic light,
Inside your asshole.

Somewhere under your pubies,
Crabs do chew.
A bearded clam appetizer,
But mostly they munch on you!

If I get little crabbies,
Bet your fucking ass,
You're gonna get 'em too!!!

Jed Clampett

Tune: Beverly Hillbillies

Let me tell you a story 'bout a man named Jed.
Poor mountaineer always kept his wife in bed.
Then one day he was shootin' at some food,
And up through her cunt came a bubblin' crude.

(Blood, that is..Menstruation..Liquid People)

Well the first thing you know ol' Jed was in her hair.
Then she said, "Jed stick your cock in there,"
She said, "My vagina is the place you ought to be,"
So he pumped her fifty times and they raised a family.

The Impossible Cream

Tune: The Impossible Dream

To cream the impossible cream.
To screw the unscrewable whore.
To lay the unlayable virgin.
To fuck where no man's fucked before.
For this is my quest, and I'll never rest.
I'll fuck on forever cause I am the best.
I'll cum in your cunt and I'll cum in your mouth.
I'll cum to the north and I'll cum to the south.
And I know if I'll only be true to this glorious quest
That my cock will lie peaceful and calm when I'm laid to rest.
And my dick will be better for this
To strike down pure and chaste from afar.
To find someone there with the courage to fuck the exhaust of my car.
For this is my quest, and I'll never rest.
I'll fuck on forever cause I am the best.
I'll cum in your cunt, and I'll cum in your mouth.
To cream the impossible cream!

The Bobbitt Hillbillies

Tune: Beverly Hillbillies

Courtesy of C-Row

Here's a little story of a man named John.
A poor ex-Marine with a little fraction gone.
It seemed one night after gettin' at his wife.
She lopped off his schlong with the swipe of a
knife.
(Penis, that is...Rodeoed...Fillet-foed)

Well, the next thing you know there's a Ginsu
by his side.
And Lorena's in the car taking willie for a ride.
She soon got tired of her purple-headed friend.
And tossed him out the windo as she rounded a
bend.
(Curve, that is...Pricker shrubs...Wheel hubs)

She went to the cops and confessed to the attack.
And they called out the hounds just to get his
weenie back.
They sniffed and they barked. Then they pointed
"over there."
To John Wayne's Henry that was wavin' in the
air.
(Found, that is...By a fence...Evidence)

Now peter and John couldn't stay apart too long.
So a Dick-Doc said, "Hey, I can fix your dong."
A needle and a thread's just the thing you're
gonna need.
Then the world held its breath till they learned
that Johnny peed.
(Whizzed, that is...Stitched Seam...Straight
Stream)

Well he healed and he hardened, and he took his
case to court.
With a cock-eyed lawyer, since his assets came
up short.
They cleared her of assault, and acquitted him of
rape.
And his pecker was the only one they didn't
show on tape.
(Video, that is...Unexposed...Case closed)

Shepherd Boy

Tune: Same

Said the shepherd boy to David Shanks,
Would you like to fuck sheep? (echo)
Think that you can take it David Shanks?

Said David Shanks to the shepherd boy,
Give me half a dozen (echo)

Chorus
A lamb, a lamb, soft with lots of wool.
And now I'll insert my tool.
And now I'll insert my tool. (Shanks sucks)
My tool. (Shanks sucks)

Said the shepherd boy to the Magistrate,
Do you see what I see? (echo)
Some nut in that herd fucking sheep.
Do you see what I see? (echo)

Chorus

Said the Magistrate to the mighty Judge.
You Honor have you heard? (echo)
He's been fucking your herd.

My flock! That cock! I'll send him to the rock.
And although that's too good for you,
We'll see what we can do. (Shanks sucks)
Can do. (Shanks sucks)

Said the executioner to David Shanks,
Have you any last wish? (echo)
Before I cut your cock off, David Shanks.
Have you any last wish? (echo)

Chorus

Under the Sheets

Tune: Under the Sea

The pussy is always pinker.
In somebody else's cunt.
You dream about going in there,
And that would be quite a stunt.
Unless she's a lifelong virgin,
Perhaps you will see the day,
When she'll spread her legs wide for you,
And you'll get a damn good lay.
Under the sheets,
Under the sheets,
Darling it's better,
Down where it's wetter,
Take it from me!
Down in the bush the crabs they play,
And all the sperm they swim away,
If you be lucky,
Then you can fuck me,
Under the sheets!

Jon Waters

Tune: Green Acres

Anonymous

Jon Waters is a fucking dick.
He likes to get his asshole licked.
Falls on his knees really quick.
Says that Woods' pubes are really thick.

You Slut, You Whore

Tune: New York, New York

Courtesy of [REDACTED]

Start spreading your legs.
I'm cumming tonight.
I want to be inside of you.
You Fucking Whore.

These empty long necks,
Have lowered your guard.
I'm gonna break right through it,
Your Hymen.

I wanna wake up,
In a bitch that doesn't sleep.
And find I'm on top of her hills,
And king of her heap.

These little town whores,
I've all fucked dry.
I'll make a brand new start of it,
In the Marching Band.

If I can--Do them here,
I'll do them--Anywhere.
It's up to me,
R-Row, Beware.

You Slut, you whore.

When I wake up in the morning from my sleep
I'll roll over and start the day right,
With a dawning delight,
Quick morning lay,
It starts the day off right.

You better be good,
I've paid in advance.
I may not have a 12 inch dick,
But say I'm huge.

If I can--Stick it here,
Turn around bitch cause I'm gonna--stick it
there.
It's up to me,
You Slut, You Whore.

The Cabalero Song

Tune: Same (by [REDACTED])

Oh, I'm a gay cabalero.
I'm going to Rio de Janeiro.
I'm taking with me
My La Trombilee
And both of my La Trombilo-hos.

I'm seeking a fair seniorita.
An exceedingly fair seniorita.
I'll show her the end of
My La Trombilee
And both of my La Trombilo-hos

I've found a fair seniorita.
An exceedingly fair seniorita.
I put in the end of my La Trombilee
And one of my La Trombilo-hos.

Now, damn that fair seniorita.
She gave me a dose of claprita.
Right on the end of my La Trombilee
And one of my La Trombilo-hos.

I'm seeking a fair physiestos.
An exceedingly fair physiestos.
I'll show him the end of my La Trombilee
And one of my La Trombilo-hos.

I found a fair physiestos.
He pulled out a sharp stilettos.
He cut off the end of my La Trombilee and one
of my La Trombilo-hos.

Now I'm a sad cabalero.
I'm leaving Rio de Janeiro.
Minus the end of my La Trombilee
And one of my La Trombilo-hos.

Now each night as I lay on my pillow.
I reach down to play with my willow.
But all I find there is a hand full of hair
And one of my La Trombilo-hos.

Vagina in the Morning

Tune: Carolina in the Morning

Nothing could be finer than to be in your vagina
in the morning.
Nothing could be sweeter than to pork you with
my peter in the morning.
If I had a prostitute for only a day,
I'd lay her out and eat her out and here's what I
say, (oh lordy)
Nothing could be finer than to be in your vagina
in the... Morning.

I Am Pussy

Tune: I Am Woman

I am pussy, hear me roar!
My tits are too big to ignore,
And if I don't reach orgasm, I pretend.
Because I've jerked them off before,
I've even banged them on the floor,
But, no one's ever going to dry-hump me again.

Oh, yes, I am wide.
It's the perfect place to hid.
Yes, when I get wet, they say it's like a tide.
But, if I have to, I can fuck anything!
I am stronger; (strong) I am so stretchable;
(stretchable)
I am pussy!

I am pussy, eat me out.
My cunt is turning inside out.
And my labia is frothing at the hole,
And I'll hump you even stronger; not a novice
any longer.
Because you've deepened the construction of
my hole.

Oh, yes, I'm a slut
I'm an Ohio slut,
And if you tongue my twat, I'll let you fuck me
twice.
If I have to, I can fuck anything!
I am stronger; (strong) I am so stretchable; (so
stretchable)
I am Pussy!

PATRIOTIC SONGS

She's a Grand Old Bag

Tune: You're a Grand Old Flag

She's a grand old bag, she's a low-flying hag.
You can tell by the dick in her hand.
On your cock she'll suck 'til she's filled with
muck.
Because she thinks cum is so grand.
Oh, her hands beat you 'til your cock's turning
blue.
With never a cry of a nag.
When all the other girls are shot
We'll all fuck the grand old bag.

Over There

Tune: Same

Over there, over there.
Send a hand on my gland over there.
A yank and I'm cumming, a yank and I'm
cumming.
Two more yanks and I'll be there.
Over there, over there.
Send a hand on my gland over there.
You know we're coming, we're coming over.
And we won't be back 'til we're cumming over
there.

He's a Sweet Gay Fag

Tune: You're a Grand Old Flag

He's a sweet gay fag, he's a purse-toting fag.
You can tell by the lace on his gland.
As he smiles I know, that he's not shy.
He's reamed every guy in the band.
Yes, He'll blow you too, if you're gay or true
blue.
As long as you pay in advance,
With maize and blue, his fav'rite hue,
He's a fucked up old M*ch*g*n fag.

Eternal Bother

Tune: The Navy Hymn

Eternal bother concerts gave,
With four-part singing we did slave;
The "Band-O-Rama," we did weep,
Because no profits we did keep.

The School of Music tells us we,
Are one big happy family.

Yank My Doodle

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Yank my doodle, it's a dandy,
Yank my doodle, it's a joy.
Get a real blow job from your Uncle Sam.
A bang on the Fourth of July.
Screw a yankee doodle sweetheart,
Fuck a yankee doodle whore.
Yank my doodle up and down
And yank my doodle sideways.
I think my doodle's getting sore.

Proud to be a Homosexual

Tune: God Bless the USA

Courtesy of F-Row

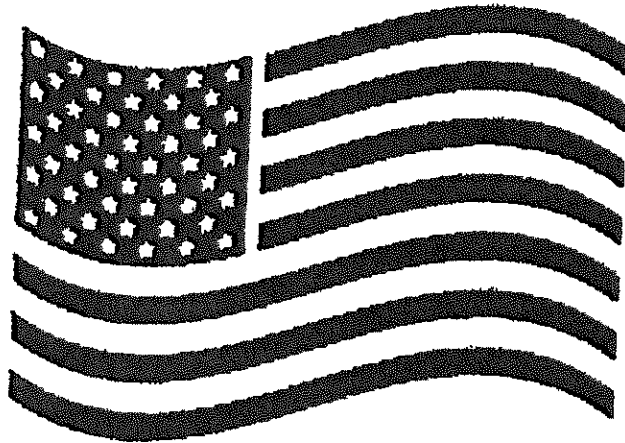
If tomorrow the Eagle Bar was gone,
It'd be the worst day of my life.
So I'd have to start again with just my butt-plugs
and Bill, my wife.
I'd thank my lucky stars to be in the band of
today.
Cause the rainbow stands for freedom,
And they can't take that away.

Chorus
And I'm proud to be a homosexual,
Where at least I can run free.
And I won't forget the fags with AIDS,

Who gave that right to me.
And I'll gladly bend over,
and spread my cheeks,
So you may sodomize me.
Cause there ain't no doubt, I love male glands.
God bless the OSUMB.

Harassed in Minnesota,
Thrown out of Tennessee.
Drug behind a truck through Texas,
Oppressed from seat to shining sea.
Then we were exiled to Ohio,
And found a band that would take us.
It's the most P.C. band in the land,
And it's bad in Co-lum-bus.

Chorus



Party Songs

The Kotex Factory

Tune: Caissons Go Rolling Along

You can tell by the smell
That she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk
That tonight you'll only talk,
When the end of the month rolls around.

CHORUS:

For it's "HI-HI-HEE", in the Kotex Factory.
Small, medium, large, or bail of hay.
Well, you're out of luck,
If you're looking for a fuck.
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her pout
That her eggs are falling out,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the stench
That there's blood up in her trench,
When the end of the month rolls around.

CHORUS

Then she sucks on your tube
And gives a real good lube,
When the end of the month rolls around.

Then you reach for her box
'Cause you want to shoot your rocks,
When the end of the month rolls around.
CHORUS

And you take her to bed
But her pussy is all red,
When the end of the month rolls around.

Then she sits on your head
And you wish that you were dead,
When the end of the month rolls around.
CHORUS

But your balls, they still ache
So a chance you now must take,
When the end of the month rolls around.

So she opens her thighs
And you have to shut your eyes,
When the end of the month rolls around.
CHORUS

But your problem's still there
As the blood drips off her hair,
When the end of the month rolls around.

So you get down to the job
As the juice flows off your knob,
When the end of the month rolls around.
CHORUS

With a "HI-HI-HEE"
You shoot so merrily,
Though the end of the month rolls around.

So you suck and bite and eat her
For the good she's done your peter,
When the end of the month rolls around.

Balls to Your Partner

Tune: See page 39

CHORUS:

Balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall.
If you never get laid on Saturday night,
You'll never get laid at all.

The village Smitty, he was there,
His balls were made of brass.
And every time they clanged and banged,,
The sparks flew out his ass, singin'
CHORUS

The village cripple, he was there,
He wasn't up to much.
He lined 'em up against the wall,
And fucked 'em with his crutch, singin'
CHORUS

The village whore, she was there,
Lying on the floor.
And every time she spread her legs,
The vacuum slammed the door, singin'
CHORUS

If you never get laid on a Saturday night,
You'll never get laid at all.

Gangbang

Tune: Billboard

Solo: Knock-Knock

Chorus: Who's there?

Solo: I wanna.

Chorus: I wanna who?

All: I wanna gangbang, I always will.
'Cause the gangbang gives me such a thrill.
When I was younger and in my prime,
I used to gangbang all the time.
But now I'm older and turning gray,
I only gangbang twice a day.

Sheila.
Sheila who?
She loves a gangbang.

Olive.
Olive who?
I love a gangbang.

Tijuana.
Tijuana who?
Tijuana bring your mother to the gangbang?

Gladiator.
Gladiator who?
Gladiator out before the gangbang.

Urine.
Urine who?
Urine for sloppy seconds at the gangbang.

Joe.
Joe who?
Joe mama loves a gangbang.

Jeff.
Jeff who?
Jeffather loves a gangbang.

Charlie Pride.
Charlie Pride who?
Charlie Pride her legs apart at the gangbang.

Emerson.
Emerson who?
Emerson nice tits, Bitch!

Urinate.
Urinate who?
Urinate, but if you had bigger tits you'd be a ten!

Eileen.
Eileen who?
Eileen'd her against the wall and fucked her in the ass.

Eileen.
Eileen who?
Eileen'd her over the oven and ate her cake.



Eat Bite

By: [REDACTED]

Well, I went to a party and what did they do?
They took off their socks and they took off there shoes,
They took off their coats, and they took off their pants.
I had a hunch, they weren't gonna dance.

(Chorus)

Oh, eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew,
Nipple, bosom, hairpie, fingerfuck, screw,
moose-piss, cat-pud, orangutan-tit,
sheep-pussy, camel-crack, pig and lion shit.

Awww-shit.

Well, everybody-everybody's ass was bare,
No broads left, just a queer over there,
But the whole damn thing didn't faze me a bit.
I just jumped on the pile, and grabbed some tit.

Chorus again and again; faster and faster (et cetera).

Well, my baby's not a sports fan,
But she plays with balls
Whenever she can,
Because her favorite sport you see,
Is playing tonsil hockey

Beer Poem

By: [REDACTED]

The ice house was rocking cause the shitlitz was all
there guys were popping silver bullets there was
bush in the air while Labats blew a Canadian
Jenny creamed up tot Dave southern comfort to
Samuel Adams while Molson licked her golden
spot Papst put up and Blue Ribbon and said we
will have a competition to see which lady's Honey
Brown was truly fuckin' bitching Killion's Red the
results Mrs. Miller won we laughed but when she
spread her legs we felt a Genuine Draft the orgy's
that followed was a real Wild Turkey I was
Smirnoff the juice with my little beef jerky Johnny
Walker blacked out and woke up to find Pete's
wicked Moosehead shoved up his behind, Foster's
had a Spanish bitch but when he went to eat em he
found her way to salty her name was Margarita St.
Pauly's Girl was on the floor her stats filled to the

rim Bud yelled out if her tot cant hold it I bet her
Hieny can and next to her lay Old Milwaukee his
face down in some piss gargling like a pig it just
doesn't get any better then this so when your wild
little wide mouth and your brewing needs some
head have a Amstel Light the side that hangs
above my bed lick her in the rear SUCK MY
FUCKING DICK BITCH AND SPIT IT IN MY
BEER.

Roll Out Your Mother

Tune: Roll Out the Barrel

Roll out your mother,
We'll have a barrel of fun.
Roll out your mother,
We'll bring her back when we're done.
Roll out your mother,
We'll have her beggin' for more.
Everybody loves your mother,
'Cause she's a big fat stinky whore.

feel
your
boobies.

Dos a Beer

Tune: Do-Re-Me

Dos, a beer, a Mexican beer.

Ray, the guy who bought me beer.

Me, the person he bought beer for.

Fa, a long, long way for beer.

So, I think I'll have a beer.

La, la la la la la

Ti, no thanks I'll have a beer!

Which brings us back to Dos, Dos, Dos, Dos.
(Repeat to infinity)

Whip It Out At The Ballgame

Tune: Take Me Out To The Ballgame

Whip it out at the ballgame.
Wave it around at the crowd.
Dip it in peanuts and Cracker Jacks,
I don't care if I give it a whack!
For it's spank your frank at the ballgame,
If you don't spurt it's a shame,
Cause it's one, two, you're covered with goo,
At the old ballgame!

Carwile Sucks Raw Dick!

Tune: Camptown Ladies

In the band for 30 years
Carwile, Carwile.
He won't let us drink our beers,
Oh Fucking A!
Gonna drink all night,
Gonna drink all day.
Even if we're not allowed,
We'll drink them anyway.

Drink Beer Chant

By: [REDACTED]

Drink beer, drink beer,
Drink beer Goddamn drink beer.
I won't drink beer with any man,
Who won't drink beer with a Buckeye Fan.
Ohio once, Ohio twice,
Holy jumpin' Jesus Christ.
Drink, Fuck, Cock, Suck...Go Bucks!!

Monster Wheel

Tune: see page 39

There once was a sailor who since has died.
I'm beginning to think that the old man had lied.
He spoke of a women whose cunt was so wide,
That she could never be satisfied.

And so they invented the Monster Wheel.
And to it they attached a great prick of steel.
Two balls of brass all filled with cream.
The whole damn thing was run by steam.

CHORUS:

Round and round went the Monster Wheel.
In and out went the big prick of steel.
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Stop! Stop! I'm satisfied!"

But the Monster Wheel, there was no stopping it
It ripped her open from the twat to the tit.
The whole damn thing was blown to shit.
Revealing (insert name) inside of it.

Masturbation

Tune: Alouette

Masturbation, self-ejaculation.
Masturbation, this is how it's done.
First you take your jock off,
Then you beat your cock off.
Very fast, make it last, Oh—
Masturbation, self-ejaculation.
Masturbation, that is F-Row's fame.

Barnacle Bill

Tune: Someone will know

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

WELL! "Open the door you fucking whore!"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"Open the door you fucking whore!"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Maiden Verses: (In ball-wrenching falsetto)

2. "Are we going to the dance?"
3. "What's that thing between your legs?"
4. "What's that growing 'round your pole?"
5. "What's that dripping down your leg?"
6. "What if we should have a boy?"
7. "What if we should have a girl?" (Note: one time only)
8. "What if Ma and Pa should come home early?"

Bill's Responses: (Muy Macho con mucho testosterone)

2. "Fuck the dance and lower your pants!"
3. "It's just a pole to fill your hole!"
4. "It's only some grass to tickle your ass!"
5. "It's only a shot that missed your twat!"
6. "He'll go to sea and fuck like me!"
7. *(Interrupts maiden) "We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch!"
8. "I'll fuck your Ma and blow your Pa!"

Pieces of Baritone Shit

Tune: Across the Field

Courtesy of [REDACTED]

Bite my ass and lick my balls you mother fucking queers,
Get on your knees and tell me how the megaphone fits up your mother-fucking ass YOU GAY FAGS!
Lick my balls and lube up your ass,
Anal sex gives you nasty gas.
Fuck you, you big gay fags.
You pieces of Baritone shit!

The Hitler Song

Courtesy of [REDACTED]

Hitler (Hitler)
Hitler (Hitler)
H-I-T-L-E-R, ba dum dum dum
Hitler (Hitler)
Hitler (Hitler)

Well, he doesn't even drive a car.

Oh, he's short and he's fat and he kills the Jews.
He lives at Gayfer's and he's got no shoes.

SPOKEN:

'Cause it's hard to get shoes when you don't have a car, and it's hard to buy car when you don't have a job, and it's hard to get a job when you're...

Hitler (Hitler)
Hitler (Hitler)
H-I-T-L-E-R, ba dum dum dum

Nazi's here, Nazi's there, Nazi's Nazi's everywhere!

Hitler lives in Tampa Bay, doo dah, doo dah.
Hitler lives in Tampa Bay, Oh Fucking A.
Kill the Jews all night, Kill the Jews all day.
Hitler lives in Tampa Bay, Oh Fucking A.

Note: Spoken part could be some variation of what is written above. Words are usually made up by whoever is leading the song.

My Grandfather's Cock

Tune: My Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's cock was too large for his spouse,
So it spent ninety years in a big whore.
It was longer by half than the old man himself,
Yet it weighed not a pennyweight more.
'Twas erect on the morn of the day that he was born.
It was always his pleasure and his pride.
But it went (Shit!) limp (Fuck!) never to rise again,
When the old man died.

Asshole by [REDACTED]

Folks, I'd like to sing a song about the American Dream.

About me, about you, about the way our American hearts beat way down in the bottom of our chests, About that special feeling we get, way down in the cockles of our hearts.

Maybe below the cockles,
Maybe in the sub-cockle area,
Maybe in the liver,
Maybe in the kidneys,
Maybe in the colon.
We don't know.

I'm just a regular Joe with a regular job.
I'm your average white suburbanite slob.
I like football and porno and books about war.
I got an average house with a nice hardwood floor.
My wife and my job, my kids and my car,
My feet on the table, and a Cuban cigar.

But sometimes that just ain't enough,
To keep a man like me interested.
(Oh no)
No Way
(Uh uh)
No, I gotta go out and have fun at somebody else's expense.
(Oh yeah)
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

I drive really slow in the ultra fast lane
While people behind me are going insane.

CHORUS:

I'm an asshole (asshole)(I'm an asshole)
I'm an asshole (asshole)(I'm an asshole)

I use public toilets and I piss on the seat
I walk around in the summertime saying, "how about this heat?"

CHORUS

Sometimes I park in handicap spaces
While handicapped people make handicapped faces.

CHORUS

Maybe I shouldn't be singing this song
Ranting and raving and carrying on
Maybe they're right when they tell me I'm wrong....Nah.

CHORUS

You what I'm gonna do?
I'm gonna get myself a 1967 Cadillac Eldorado convertible. Hot pink with whale skin hubcaps and all leather cow interior and big round baby seal eyes for headlights.
Yeah, and I'm gonna drive 'round that baby, At 115 MPH, getting one mile per gallon, Sucking down quarter pounder cheeseburgers from McDonalds, in the old fashioned non-biodegradable Styrofoam containers
And when I'm down sucking down those grease ball burgers, I'm gonna wipe my mouth with the American flag, and then I'm gonna toss the Styrofoam container right out the side, and there ain't a Goddamn thin anyone can do about it. You know why?

Because we got the bombs, that's why.
Two words, "nuclear fucking weapons", OK?
Russia, Germany, Romania
They can all have the democracy they want; they can have a big democracy cakewalk, right through the middle of Tiananmen Square. And it won't make a lick of difference.
Because we've got the bombs, okay?
John Wayne's not dead, he's frozen,
And as soon as we find a cure for cancer, We're gonna thaw out the Duke and he's gonna be pretty pissed off. You know why?
Have you ever taken a cold shower?
Well multiply that by fifteen million times, That's how pissed off the Duke's gonna be.
I'm gonna get the Duke, and John Cassavettes, Lee Marvin, and Sam Beckamore, and a case of whiskey and drive down to Czech.....
(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey)
(You know what? You really are an asshole)
Why don't you shut up and sing the song pal?

CHORUS

A-S-S-H-O-L-E
A-S-S-H-O-L-E
(Woo, ooh)
A-S-S-H-O-L-E
A-S-S-H-O-L-E
I'm an asshole and I'm proud of it!

Tribute to Old S-Row

Tune: The Trolley Song

I saw her sitting on a bar stool,
I wanted her for my own,
"Oh, my God please, honey,"
As I asked her to come home.

Up and down went her tushy,
Back and forth went her tits,
"Oh my God," said my honey..
As I gave her a few more licks.

Squeak, squeak, squeak, went the bed springs,
Bang, bang, bang went the bed,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
As she went down on my head.

Squish, squish, squish went her pussy,
Squirt, squirt, squirt went my dick,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
As I put in my big, fat prick.

In and out went my member,
Arch, arch, arch went my back,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
As she felt underneath my sack.

Slurp, slurp, slurp went my penis,
Suck, suck, suck went her cunt,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
As she let out a big, fat grunt.

Rip, rip, rip went her hymen,
Drip, drip, drip went the blood,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
As I came in one hell of a flood.

Slap, slap, slap went our bellies,
Squirt, squirt, squirt went my cum,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
"Is it true that we're finally done?"

Buzz, buzz, buzz went the dildo,
Hap, hap, hap went her clit.
"Oh my God," said my honey,
"Don't you think that it's time to quit?"

Fart, fart, fart went her asshole,
Smell, smell, smell went my nose,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
As I butt plugged her with my toes.

Grow, grow, grow went the fetus,
Small, small, small went my tube,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
As she gave me one more lube.

Clamp, clamp, clamp went the doctor,
Stretch, stretch, stretch went her crack,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
As she looked at her embryo sack.

Suck, suck, suck went the vacuum,
Out her crack came the goop,
"Oh my God," said my honey,
"It looks like vegetable soup."

Cock of Ages

Tune: Rock of Ages

Cock of ages up for me.
Let my shoot my wad in thee.
18 inches cut in half.
Yesterday I fucked a calf.
Now I'm worried as can be.
Cause I think I've got VD.

Cock of ages, cum for me,
For my balls could just burst free.
My best whore is hot tonight.
Her twat fits me nice and tight.
Hear me moan in grateful pain.
Faithful cock you've cum again.

Big Spreader

Tune: Big Spender

The minute you sat on my face,
I could tell you were a broad with distinction.
A real big spreader.
Pubic hairs well defined,
I knew you weren't the ordinary cock-sucking
kind.
So why don't you insert my tool?
Now I feel that you will fuck every guy that you
see.
Hey, Big Spreader! (Hey Big Spreader!)
Spread your lips and go down on me.

Ten Tons of Titty

Tune: These Things Remind Me of You

Ten tons of titty, in a loose brazier,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,
Ejaculation in my glass of beer,

Chorus
These things remind me of you.

A toothless blowjob in a taxi cab,
A bloody fetus on a marble slab,
A ring of puss around a crust scab.

Chorus
A real quick hand-job in a grocery store,
A licking session with the les next door,
Using a Kotex that you've used before.
Chorus

Eating dead bat shit off an old cave wall,
A crusty spear stuck through an elephant's balls,
Sucking some vomit through a clear glass straw.
Chorus

Watching your cock bleed from a paper cut,
Fucking a pregnant woman in the butt,
Picking the scabs off of a two-bit slut.
Chorus

Sticking your finger up an old man's ass,
Eating your girlfriend out when she has gas,
Hem'roidal bleeding while you're sitting in class.
Chorus

A sliced off scrotum in formaldehyde,
Syphilitic semen shot in your eye,
Eating the pussy of a girl that's died.
Chorus

Raping the woman from United Way,
A nearby boner on a closet gay,
Eating the afterbirth of Doris Day.
Chorus

A ruptured hymen that was nice and thick,
Licking an asshole 'til you're wretchedly sick,
Malignant tumors on a bloody prick.
Chorus

Two massive mammaries that swing and sag,
Finding out that Walter Cronkite's a fag,
Fucking a dead man 'til you start to gag.
Chorus

A dead ba-by wrapped in a highway map,
Having a bag of shit dropped in your lap,

Doing cunnalingus on a girl with the clap.
Chorus

Being buried in a pile of shit,
A load of semen in your catchers mitt,
A flaming faggot on a mafia hit.
Chorus

A makeshift Trojan of electrical tape,
A girl who fucks you and then cries, "Rape!"
A dozen homos and there's no escape.
Chorus

A man in traction thinking thoughts incarnate,
A rash that spreads at an incredible rate,
Having your cock crushed 'tween two slabs made
of slate.
Chorus

(Christmas related verses)

Ten turds of penguin shit lined up in a row,
A neutered reindeer giving Santa a blow,
A Christmas bowl game in the sand with no snow.

Chorus: These things remind me of Yuletide

A real-life rim-job 'round a wreath made of shit,
A frothing Rudolph in a nicotine fit,
An elfish fuck in an industrial pit.
Chorus

Female effluvium on Santa's sleeve,
The scent of penguin pussy that won't leave,
A flaming airplane wreck on Christmas eve.
Chorus

A sleigh and reindeer wreck on top of a hill,
A Christmas stocking that you'd love to fill,
Finding that Mrs. Claus is on the pill.
Chorus

A fruity elf with an incredible gland,
Salvation Army Santas mugged by the band,
Eight tiny reindeer dead of thirst in the sand.
Chorus

A Round

Tune Frer Jacques

Mother-fucker, mother-fucker,
Eat my shorts, eat my shorts.
How'd you like to blow me?
How'd you like to blow me?
Suck me off, suck me off.

Dildo

Tune: Bingo

There was a man who bit his wong,
And Dildo was his name-o
D-I-L-D-O, D-I-L-D-O, D-I-L-D-O,
And Dildo was his name-o.

Incest

Tune: Row Your Boat

Fuck, fuck, fuck your mom,
Fuck your daddy twice.
Have your sister suck your dick,
Oh, isn't incest nice.

Fellatio

Tune: Harrigan or The Lollypop Song

F-E-double L-A, T-I-O spells fellatio.
Now that you have all heard all about it,
With R-Row around how could we doubt it?
F-E-double L-A, T-I-O you see,
With your lips around my gland,
You'll see quite soon I'm feeling grand,
Fellatio's for me!

Pun-tang

Tune: Oscar Meyer Theme

My Pun-tang has a first name,
It's P-U-S-S-Y.
My Pun-tang has an address,
It's upstairs near her thigh.

Oh, I love to eat it everyday,
And if you ask me why I'll say,
Cause tuna spread tastes OK,
With B-O-L-O-G-N-A.

Ah-Fuck!

Tune: Unknown

Chorus:

Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew,
Nipple, bosom, hair-pie, finger-fuck, screw,
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit,
Sheep pussy, camel crack, pig 'n' lion shit.
Ah-Fuck, Ah-Fuck, Ah-Fuck!

Well, I went to party, and what did they do?
They took off their socks and they took off their shoes.
They took off their shirts and they took off their pants,
I had a hunch that they wasn't gonna dance.

Chorus

Well, everybody, everydodies ass was bare,
No broads left, but a queer over there.
But the whole damn thing didn't phase me a bit.
I jumped on the pile and grabbed me some tit.

Chorus

Well, my baby's not a sports fan,
But she plays with my balls whenever she can.
Because her favorite sport, you see,
Is playing tonsil hockey.

Chorus

Fornication

Tune: Celebration

There's an orgy going on right here.
A fornication that lasts throughout the year.
So bring leather, and your whips and chains.
We gonna fornicate, gonna fuck out your brains.
Come on now...
FOR-NI-CA-TION
Let's all fornicate and have a good time.
FOR-NI-CA-TION
You bring the rubbers and I'll bring the wine.
It's time to come together,
It's up to you, what's your pleasure?
Doggie style or 69, Come on!

Clitoris

Tune: Oscar Meyer Theme

My clitoris has a first name,
It's J-U-I-C-Y!
My clitoris has a second name,
It's P-U-S-S-Y!
Oh, it must be eaten everyday,
And if it's not I masturbate.
So, Eat me, lick me, suck me,
Fuck me, chew me, swallow me, OK!

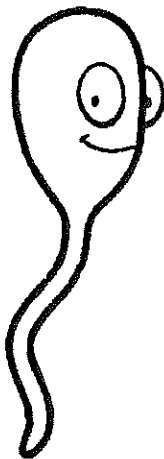
There's a Skeeter on my Peter

Tune: If You're Happy and You Know It

There's a skeeter on my peter, whack it off.
There's another on my brother's, whack it off.
There's another half-a-dozen just a-buzzin'
round my cousin's.
There's a skeeter on my peter, whack it off.

There's a wimpy on my ass, get him off.
There's a wimpy on my ass, get him off.
I think he's kind of crass, it's because he has no
class.
There's a wimpy on my ass, get him off.

There's a tympani on the field, get it off.
There's a tympani on the field, get it off.
You can blame old Doctor Moore, he thinks
we're going corps.
There's a tympani on the field, get it off.



Scrotum

Tune: Ja-Da

Scrotum, Scrotum,
S-C-R-O-T-U-M (ba-dum-dum-dum)
Scrotum, Scrotum,
It's what you keep your testicles in.
Well it's wrinkled and it's hairy, and it's shaped
like a bag.
If you didn't have one you would be a fag.
Scrotum, Scrotum,
S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Asshole, Asshole,
A-S-S-H-O-L-E (ba-dum-dum-dum)
Asshole, Asshole,
Right behind the place where you pee.
Well, it's round and it's wrinkled and it smells
like shit.
What would you do if you didn't have it?
Asshole, Asshole,
A-S-S-H-O-L-E

Cunt-lips, Cunt-lips,
C-U-N-T-L-I-P-S (ba-dum-dum-dum)
Cunt-lips, Cunt-lips,
Touch them and you'll make her say yes.
Well, they're slimy and they're gooey and they
smell like fish.
Put them on a plate, it makes a tasty dish.
Cunt-lips, Cunt-lips,
C-U-N-T-L-I-P-S.

Boobies, Boobies,
B-O-O-B-I-E-S (ba-dum-dum-dum)
Boobies, Boobies,
They'll entertain you all night long.
Well, they're round and they're smooth and they
have a nip.
They might give you milk if you suck on it.
Boobies, Boobies,
B-O-O-B-I-E-S

Cumblood

Tune: Beer Run

Courtesy: F-Row

C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
One is red and one is white, put them together
what a delight
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood

C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
One is white and one is red, you get them both
from real bad head
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood

C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
One is thin and one is thick, and they both come
out of your dick
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood

C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
One gets you pregnant, they both give you
AIDS, mix 'em together in so many ways
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood

C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood, Cumblood
Cut your hand and masturbate, your hand really
hurts but your dick feels great
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood

Tag ending (slower):

If you're sitting in your room, and you're
dreamin'
Of period blood and pure white semen
C-U-M-B-L-double O-D Cumblood

On the Floor Again

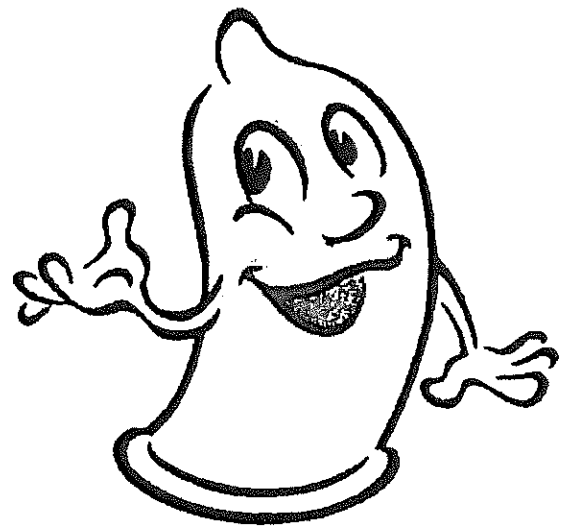
Tune: On the Road Again

On the floor again,
My fucking wife is on the floor again,
Her ass has worn the floor boards right down to
the tacks,
She's been on more floors than Goddamn
Johnson's Wax.

In her pants again,
I just can't wait to get in her pants again,
I just can't wait to get down and munch between
her thighs,
I just can't wait to hear all those moans and
sighs.

In her mouth again,
She's got lockjaw but between her teeth is my
favorite place.
And in the end, there's a sticky river flowin' on
her piller case, That bitch moved her face.

On the rag again,
My little girl is on the rag again,
And it don't matter much to me how long it's
been,
When she's on the rag, I'm on the road again.



B-Row Rookie (2005-2006) Song

[Sing along to "We're an American Band"
and "Taking Care of Business"]

Jizz in your mouth
Come on and gargle it up
Suck my cock, lick my balls
Come on, take it in the ass.

Showtunes...went...to...easy street and
Liz...was...standing...on the corner
And then they went back to Liz's place
(Liz's place, oooooooooo)
And then they had lots of wild sex
(Lots of wild sex, seeexxx)

She, She, She, She
Took, Took, Took, Took
His, His, His, His, Cock-and-balls
And put, put, put, put
It in, in, in, in
Her, Her, Her, Her...

[Build a B Major Chord]
Vagina, Vagina, Vagina, Vagina


Jizz in your mouth
Come on and gargle it up
Suck my cock, lick my balls
Come on, take it in the ass....Snowball

Zak woke up in the morning
To the alarm clock's warning
His penis was still fuckin' bleeding
So he rolls right out of bed
And gives himself a check
Last night he took a big, bad beating


'Cause he's taking care of business
(On the field)
Taking care of business
Zak sucks at life
Yes, he's taking care of business
(On the field)
Taking care of business
Zak's a piece of shit, word out...

Balls to Your Partner

Chorus

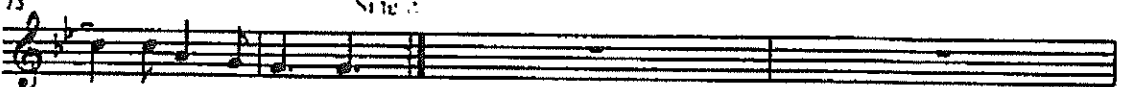


5



13

Solo



Monster Wheel

Chorus



7

2nd Verse



14

% Chorus



21

End

2nd Verse



28

General D.S. al Fine



Was it you? (My daughter Rebecca)

