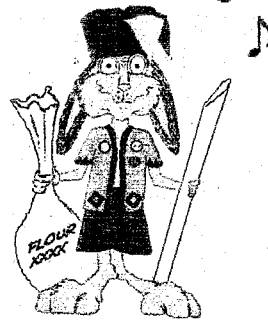
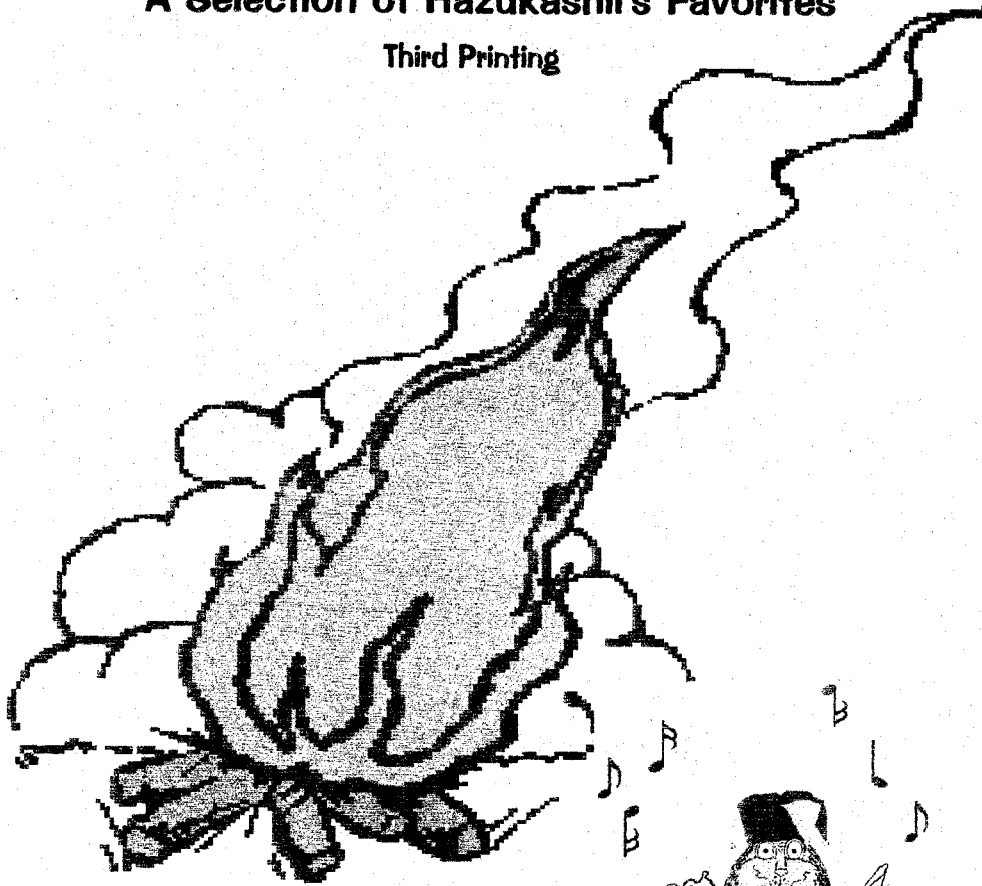
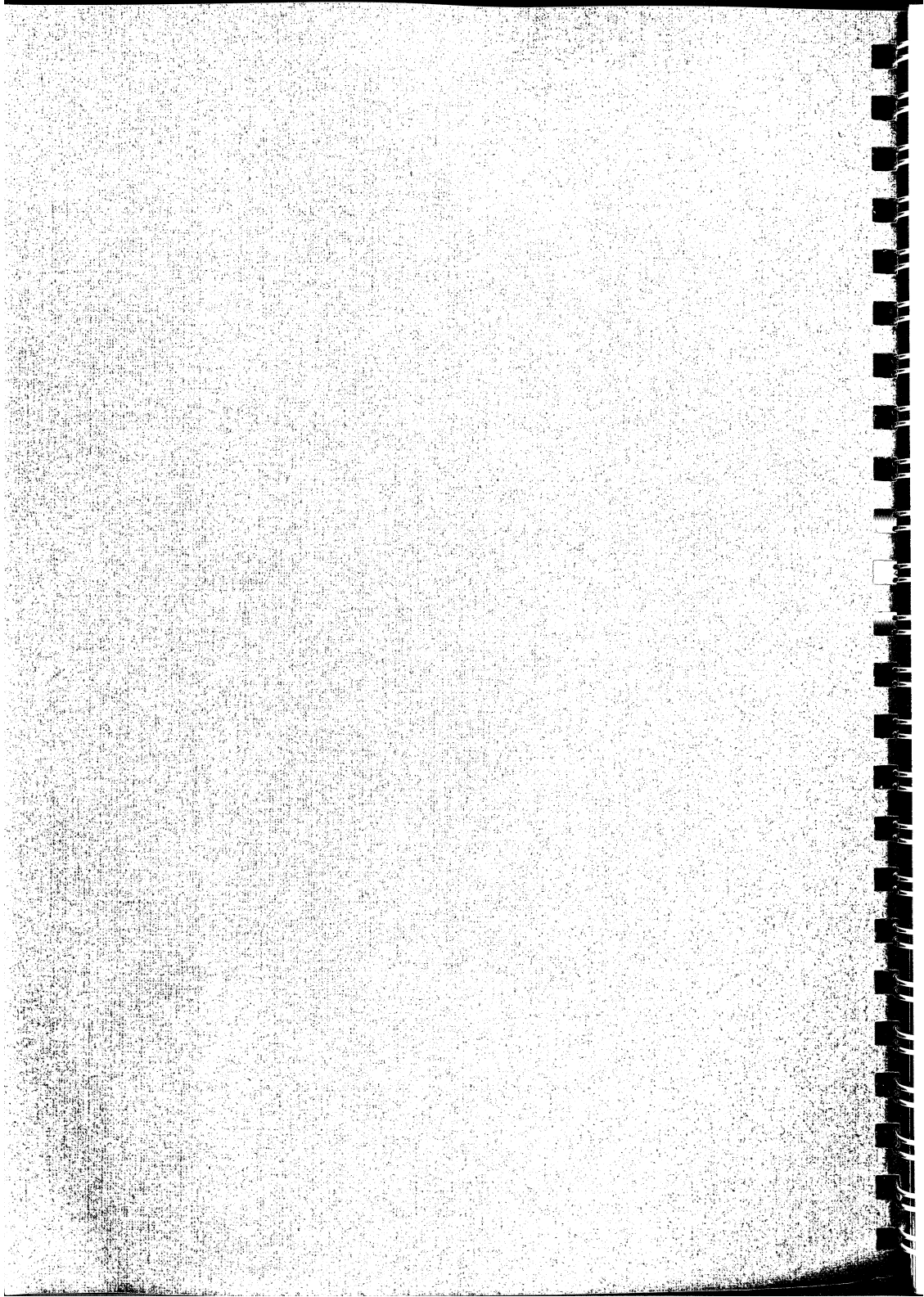


Hash Songs

A Selection of Hazukashii's Favorites

Third Printing



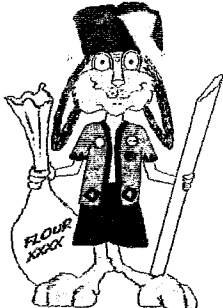
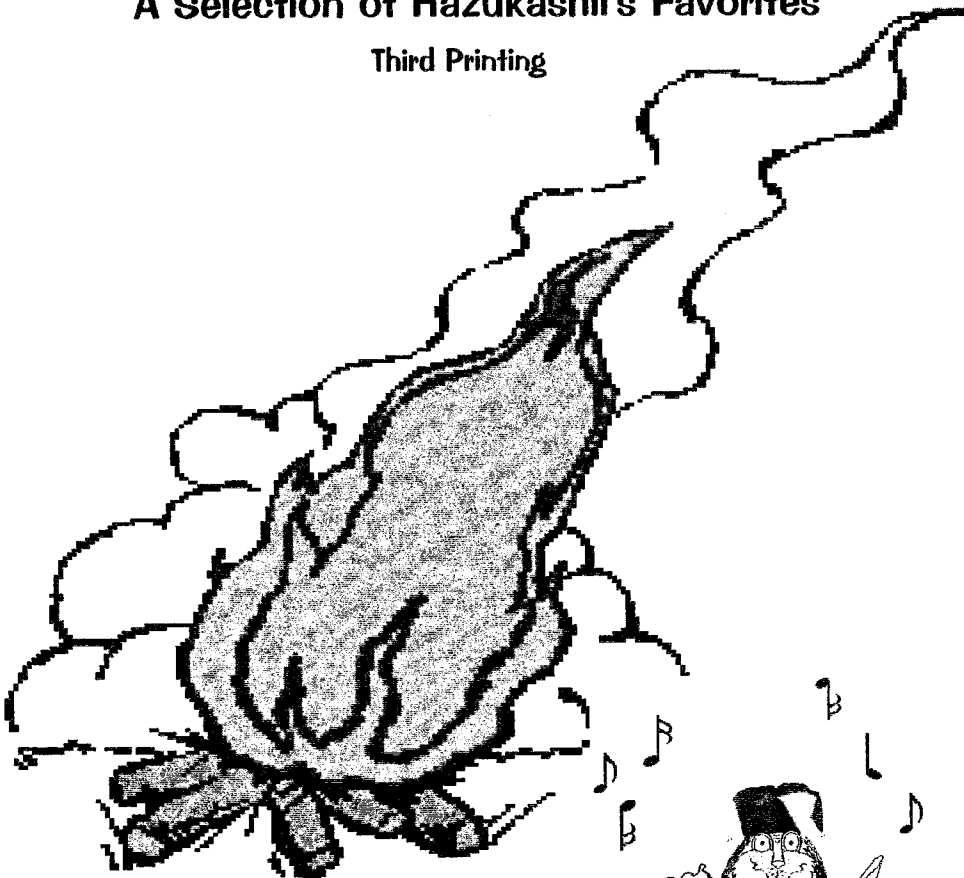


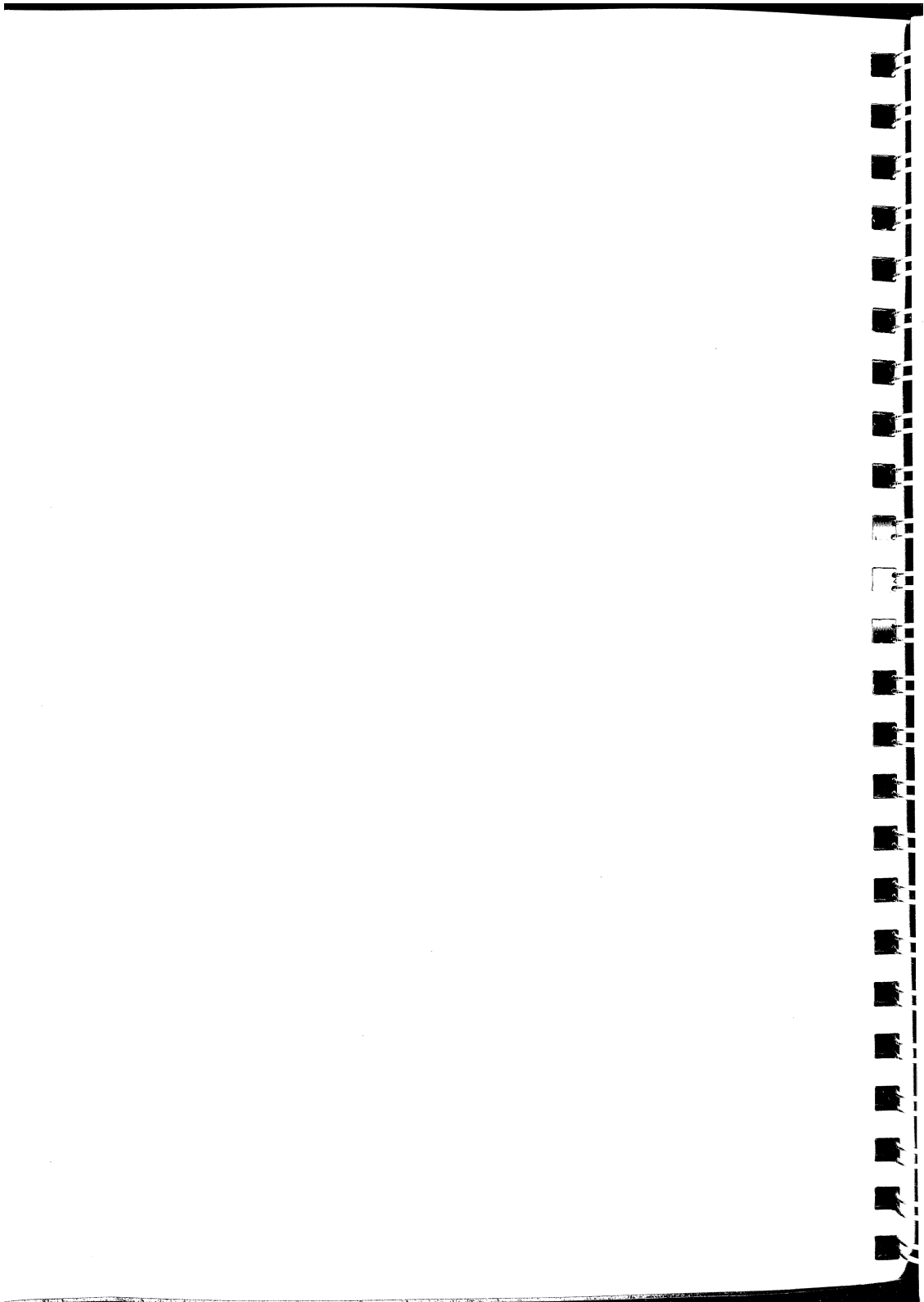
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Hash Songs

A Selection of Hazukashii's Favorites

Third Printing





This is a selection from **Hazukashii's Favorites**, or at least the ones I can remember. They have been collected from various songbooks, the Internet, plus I have added several new verses. As Hashing is just for fun, so are these songs. If you don't like the words, stop right now and go home. We don't want to offend.

These are time tested songs that are sure to get the pack singing. I would like to offer a special thanks to *Flying Booger*, *Zippy*, *Sky Queen*, and *Over There* who I have traded many songs with. Some came from their songbooks, and many came from my numerous hours standing around the fire or in the circle. In most cases the tune is provided with the song, if not provided, just go with what you know.

Caveat

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HAZUKASHII

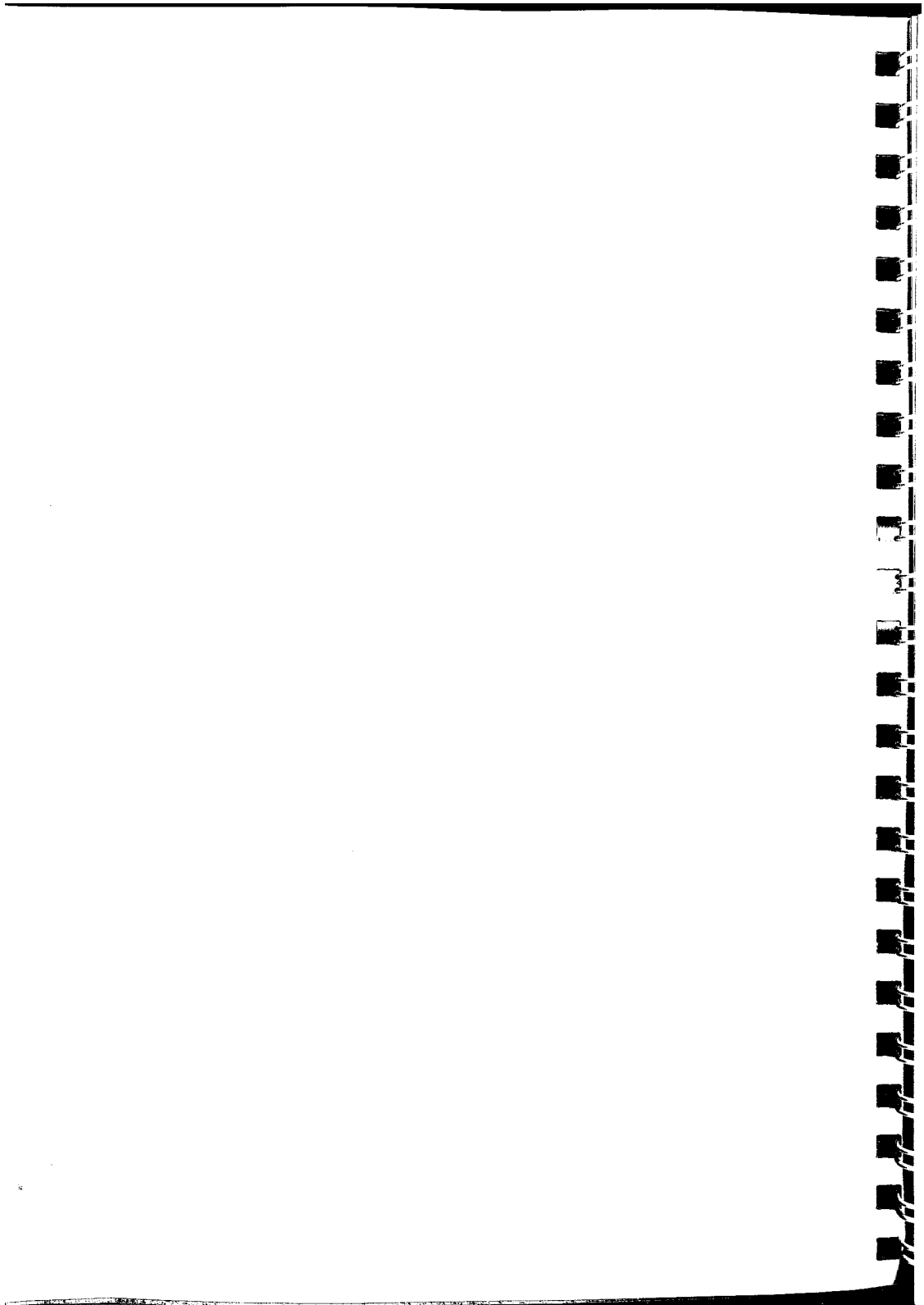
The International Song Meister and Original Hash Slut!
(I will run any hash, anywhere, anytime)

First Printing April 1997
Second Printing June 1998
Third Printing January 2000

Song Categories

Short Ditties to Get Things Going	pages 1-5
Various Drinking Songs	6-46
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SHORT DITTIES TO GET THINGS GOING

"LLOYD GEORGE"

Sung to: Onward Christian Soldiers

Lloyd George knew my father,
father knew Lloyd George;
Lloyd George knew my father,
father knew Lloyd George;
Lloyd George knew my father,
father knew Lloyd George. . .
(REPEAT AD NAUSEAM. . .)

"MARY ANN BURNS"

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the
acrobats,
She can do tricks that'll give a guy the shits,
She can shoot green peas from her
fundamental orifice,
Do a somersault and catch'em on her tits.
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch,
Twice as big as me,
Got hair on her ass like the
branches on a tree,
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Fly an airplane, drive a truck,
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

"PISSANYA, PISSANYA "

Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya,
It's Russian for "I love ya,"
If I had my way I'd Pissanya all day,
Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya.

Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya,
It's Russian for "I adore ya,"
If I had my way I'd Shittanya all day,
Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya.

Comeanya, Comeanya, Comeanya,
It's Russian for "I worship ya,"
If I had my way I'd Comeanya all day,
Pissanya, Shittanya, Comeanya.

"MASTERBATION SONG"

Sung to: Funiculi, Funicula

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.
You should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand,
And you should have seen me on the long
strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.
Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door,
Some people seem to think that fornication's
grand,
But for all-around enjoyment, I prefer to use
my hand!

"SEX IS BORING"

Sung to: Frere Jacques

Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Gonna cut my fingers off,
One by one. . .
(REPEAT)

"TWELVE-INCH HARD ON"

Sung to: I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard on
That I've had all afternoon.
Went to the doctor, he told me to cough
I wish that he would have whacked it right off!
Come to me, Venus, massage my penis,
And shrivel it like a prune,
'Cause I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard on
I'll probably have till June, till June.
I'll probably have till June.

SHORT DITTIES TO GET THINGS GOING

"BLESSING OF THE HARES"

Used to send off the hares.

Bless these hares,
Bless this trail,
Coppus no catch us,
Farmer no shoot us,
Doggus no bite us,
Heatus no stroke us,
Plenty of cold beer to drink,
Coitus non interruptus.

"BALLS OF O'LEARY"

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're stately and shapely,
Like the dome of Saint Paul's.
The women all muster,
To view that great cluster,
Oh, they stand and they stare,
At the bloody great pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.

"BALL GAME"

Sung to: Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Whip it out at the ball game,
Wave it round at the crowd,
Dip it in jello and Crackerjack,
I don't care if you give it a whack,
Because it's--
Beat your meat at the ball game,
If you don't come it's a shame,
For it's one, two,
And you're covered in goo,
At the old ball game!

"BURLESQUE SHOW"

Sung to: Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off to Work We Go

Hi ho! Hi ho! It's off to the burlesque show,
We'll sit up front,
To see their cunts,
Hi ho! Hi ho!

At half past eight,
We'll masturbate . . .

They're small on wits,
But big on tits . . .

"CHAPPED HIDE"

Sung to: Rawhide

Ballin', ballin', ballin',
That boy he keeps on callin',
His crabs, they keep on crawlin',
Chapped hide!

You thought he was the right one,
But he was a one-night stand one,
He's shootin' blanks with his gun,
Chapped hide!

Pick him up, take him home, ride him hard,
make him moan!
Wake him up, saddle up, Send him home!
Chapped hide . . . Yee Haw!!

"CUTE LITTLE SONG"

Sung to: Seasons in the Sun

We had joy, we had fun
We went streaking in the sun,
But the cops, they had guns
And they shot us in the buns.

SHORT DITTIES TO GET THINGS GOING

"THE COW KICKED NELLY"

CHORUS:

Oh, the cow kicked Nelly in the belly last night
(THREE TIMES),
But the farmer says she'll be all right.

LEADER: Second verse, same as the first,
a little bit louder and a little bit worse.

CHORUS

LEADER: Third verse, same as the first, etc.
(AN SO ON, OR UNTIL STONED BY THE
PACK)

"DEAD DOG ROVER"

Sung to: I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I over ran with the mower.
One leg is missing,
The other is gone,
The third leg is shredded,
All over the lawn.
You see there's no use explaining,
The one remaining,
It's spinning on the carport floor,
I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I over ran, that I over ran,
That I over ran with the mower!

"SHE HAD GREAT BIG MOUNTAINS"

She had great big mountains,
And a valley deep and wide,
And six brave British coal miners,
Are believed to be inside.
But a good YANK! could get 'em out.

"DOUGH, RAY, ME"

Dough, the stuff, that buys me beer,
Ray, the guy who serves me beer,
Me, the guy, who drinks me beer,
Fa, a long way to the john,
So, I'll have another beer,
La, I'll have another beer,
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer,
And that brings us back to,
Dough . . . (etc)

Bitch, a dog, a female dog,
Itch, a place for you to scratch,
Hitch, I pull my knickers up,
Grab, another word for snatch,
Bath, a place for making gin,
Sex, another word for sin,
Prick, a needle going in,
And that will bring us back to
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch . . .

Fuck a duck,
A female duck,
Screw a baby kangaroo,
Finger bang an orangutan,
Let an elephant eat you,
FEEL the penis of an eel,
WHACK the asshole of a yak,
MASTURBATE with a gnu,
That will bring us back to
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck . . .
Repeat with motions, humming, silence, etc

Give (name) a beer, a really big beer,
We will watch him drink it down.
Girls, you know if he drinks it all,
He will never get it up.
Oh, the stories sad to tell,
It picked up and then it fell.
You would die if you could see,
(name), slap his tiny wee-wee.

SHORT DITTIES TO GET THINGS GOING

"FORNICATION"

Sung to: Alouette

Chorus :
Fornication, I love fornication,
Fornication, I love to fornicate.

LEADER: How I like to be on top,

PACK: Yes, he likes to be on top

LEADER: Be on top,

PACK: Be on top,

LEADER: Fornicate,

PACK: Fornicate,

Chorus

Other verses:

Do it standing up

Hide the salami

Drive it deep

Bark like a dog

Bump and grind

Pump and hump

Grind her mound

Give jungle love

Do it in the dirt

etc . . .

"GIVE IT A BLOW"

Sung to: Let it Snow

Well the weather outside is frightful,
But my dick is so delightful.
If you really want to see it grow,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

"SALLY IN THE ALLEY"

Sally in the alley, siftin' cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,
Wind from her butt blew out six winders,
Cheeks of her ass went BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!

"HASH HOUSE HARRIERS"

Sung to: Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive and
Their running is convulsive
They're morally repulsive,
The Hash House Harriers
[(Da Da Da Da)(Snap fingers twice)Repeat]

Their flatulence is rude and
Their genitals protrude when
They're running in the nude in
The Hash House Harriers
[(Da Da Da Da)(Snap fingers twice)Repeat]

They're always shiggy tracking,
From constantly bushwhacking
Intelligence they're lacking
The Hash House Harriers
[(Da Da Da Da)(Snap fingers twice)Repeat]

"JUNGLE SMELL"

Sung to: Jingle Bells

Jungle smell, jungle smell
Shiggy all the way
Oh what fun it is to run
Through a swamp on Sunday-hey!

Dashing through the jungle
Following hash all the way
All those SCBs
Cursing all the way.

Dashing through the jungle
Following hash all the way
All those drunkard SCBs
Cursing all the way.

SHORT DITTIES TO GET THINGS GOING

"TWENTY TOES"

Here's to the game of twenty toes,
It's played all over the town,
The girls play it with ten toes up,
The boys with ten toes down.

"SINGING IN THE RAIN"

Sung to: Singing in the Rain

CHORUS: We're singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain,
What a glorious feeling,
We're hap! hap! happy again,

VERSE/ACTION:

Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!
Arms out!

CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS ADDING NEW LINE
AND ACTION EACH TIME:

Hands together!
Thumbs up!
Elbows bent!
Shoulders back!
Chest out!
Stomach in!
Ass out!
Knees together!
Heels together!
Toes together!
Tongue out!
Shorts down!

"A SOLDIER I WILL BE"

Asshole, Asshole, A Soldier I will be,
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee,
For cunt, for cunt, to fight for old country,
Asshole, Asshole, Asshole, Asshole,
A Soldier I will be.

"THREE CHINESE CRACKERS"

Sung to: Hail Britannia

Hail britannia, marmalade and jam,
Three Chinese crackers up your ass-hole,
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Two Chinese crackers up your asshole,
Bang! Bang! (AND SO ON. . .)

"TWINKLE, TWINKLE"

Sung to: Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little Hasher,
Can't you suck a little faster?
Down upon my meat so slow,
Like a whale about to blow,
Twinkle, twinkle, little Hasher,
Can't you suck a little faster?

"WHO NEEDS SEX?"

Sung to: Three Blind Mice

Who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun,
It's no fun,
You chase after women and what do you get?
You grumble and fumble and break out in
sweat,
You wake the next morning just deeper in
debt,
So, who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun,
It's no fun,
You meet a new women and go on a date,
You hug and you kiss and you think it's great,
She gives you blue balls and you masturbate,
So, who needs sex?
Who needs sex?

Hazukashii's Favorites

"AAHLAWETTA"

Sung to: Alouette
(FEMALE VOLUNTEER A MUST)

CHORUS: Aahlawetta, Shon-ta Aahlawetta,
Aahlawetta Shon-ta Aahlaw-way.

LEADER: Does she have ze stringy hair?

ALL: Yes, she has ze stringy hair,

LEADER: Stringy hair,

ALL: Stringy hair,

LEADER: Aahlawett! Oooooh. . .

CHORUS

LEADER: Does she have ze furrowed brow?

ALL: Yes she has ze furrowed brow,

LEADER: Furrowed brow,

ALL: Furrowed brow,

LEADER: Stringy hair,

ALL: Stringy hair,

LEADER: Aahlawett! Aah, Aah, Aah. . .

CHORUS

MORE

Wooden eye (Yes I would!). . .

Broken nose. . .

Blow job lips. . .

Two buck teeth. . .

Double chin. . .

Swinging tits. . .

Beer belly. . .

Bulbous butt. . .

Furry thing. . .

(CONTINUE ALL THE WAY DOWN)

LEADER: Now isn't she a very nice girl?

ALL: Yes she is a very nice girl.

"AAHLAWETTA"

(HARRIETTES' VERSION)
(MALE VOLUNTEER A MUST)

CHORUS We're not wet yet,
we're not even wet yet
We're not wet yet,
we're not even wet.

LEADER: Does he have the thinning hair?

ALL: Yes, he has the thinning hair,

LEADER: Thinning hair,

ALL: Thinning hair,

ALL: Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah. . .

Wrinkled brow. . .

Roving eyes. . .

Crooked nose. . .

Lifeless tongue. . .

Double chin. . .

Hairy tits. . .

Big beer belly. . .

Big fat ass. . .

Tiny thing. . .

Rug-burned knees. . .

Smelly feet. . .

Now isn't he a very nice guy?

Yes, he is a very nice guy,

Nice-a guy,

Nice-a guy,

Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah. . .

CHORUS

Hazukashii's Favorites

"BARNACLE BILL"

Sung to: Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.
It's only me from across the sea,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

OTHER VERSES

Why are you knocking at my door?
'Cos I'm young enough and ready and rough.

You can sleep upon the floor.
Oh get off the floor, you dirty old whore.

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

You can sleep on the stairs.
Oh bugger the stairs they ain't got hairs.

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

You can sleep between my thighs.
Oh bugger your thighs, they're covered with
flies.

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

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

"BESTIALITY'S BEST"

Sung to: Traditional
(TAKE TURNS LEADING VERSES)

CHORUS: Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best FUCK A WALLABY!
Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best.

Oh, put your log up a dog, Claude,
Put your log up a dog BESTIALITY!
Don't you fancy a dog, Claude,
Put your log up a dog.

CHORUS

Stick your lug in a slug, Doug,
Stick your lug in a slug BESTIALITY!
Aren't you hot for a slug, Doug,
Stick your lug in a slug.

Slip your slew to a ewe, Lou,
Slip your slew to a ewe BESTIALITY!
Don't you dream of a ewe, Lou,
Slip your slew to a ewe.

Get turned on by a duck, Chuck,
Get turned on by a duck BESTIALITY!
Doesn't that make you go quack, Chuck,
Get turned on by a duck.

Tickle the clit of a gnat, Matt,
Tickle the clit of a gnat BESTIALITY!
Isn't that just where it's at, Matt,
Tickle the clit of a gnat.

Rough love with a horse, Boris,
Rough love with a horse BESTIALITY!
You gotta use force with a horse, Boris,
Rough love with a horse.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"BALL OF KIRRIEMUIR"

Four and twenty virgins,
Came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over,
There were four and twenty less,

CHORUS: Singing balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall,
If you've never been laid on Saturday night,
You'll never get laid at all.

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't up too much,
He lined them up against the wall
And shagged them with his crutch.

The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey,
The King was in the chambermaid,
And she was in the money.

They were fucking in the ante-room,
And fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet,
For the cunts and curly hairs.

First lady forward,
Second lady back,
Third lady's finger,
Up the fourth lady's crack.

Officer O'Malley he was there,
The pride of all the force,
They found him in the stable,
Just a wanking off his horse.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
Jumping off the mantelpiece,
And landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the parlor,
They were fucking in the grass,
And all that you could see were waves,
Of undulating ass.

The chimney sweep he was there,
But soon he got the boot,
For every time he passed some wind,
The room was filled with soot.

The minister's wife was at the ball,
A-sitting in the front,
A wreath of flowers 'round her ass,
A carrot up her cunt.

Little Jimmy he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys,
To make their voices higher.

The Vicar's wife she was there,
Dressed in a long white shroud,
Swinging on the chandelier,
And pissing on the crowd.

There was fucking in the hallways,
There was fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music,
For the swishing of the pricks.

The village doctor he was there,
He had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances,
He was sterilizing pricks.

A couple of Hashmen they were there,
A' looking for a fuck
But all the cunts were occupied,
And they were out of luck.

Little Tommy he was there,
He was only eight,
He was too small for the women,
So he had to masturbate.

Hazukashii's Favorites

The village magician he was there,
Doing his favorite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head,
And vanishing up his prick.

The Vicar's wife she was there,
Back up against the wall,
"Put your money on the table boys,
I'm fit to do ye all."

The village idiot he was there,
And in the corner he sat,
Amusing himself by abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

Giles he played a dirty trick
We cannot let it pass,
He showed his lass his mighty prick,
And shoved it up her ass.

The village butcher he was there,
His cleaver in his hand
And every time he turned around,
He circumcised the band.

There was fucking in the kitchen,
And fucking in the halls,
Except for the moaning all you heard,
Was the clanging of the balls.

The bride was in the kitchen,
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the parlor,
Explaining to his bride,
The penis not the scrotum,
Is the part that goes inside.

The village smithy he was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score,
With a red-hot piece of wire.

The smithy's brother he was there,
A mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall,
And shagged them three by three.

The village economist, he was there,
His penis in his hand,
Waiting for the time to come,
When supply would meet demand.

The tax collector he was there,
Collecting all his tax,
But the woman who couldn't pay,
Were paying on their backs.

The local herder he was there,
And he began to weep,
All these willing ladies,
And not a single sheep.

The local harlot she was there,
A layin on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs,
The vacuum shut the door.

The village leper he was there,
Sitting on a log.
Peeling off his foreskin,
And feeding it to the dog.

The groom was all excited,
And racing 'round the halls,
A-stumblin' on his pecker,
And tripping o'er his balls.

There was fucking in the cornfield,
Fucking in the oats,
Most were doing lassies,
But (insert a hasher here) was doing the goats.

And when the ball was over,
The maidens all confessed,
Although they liked the music,
The fucking was the best.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"BIG FAT ASS"

Sung to: The little chicky cried and the little chicky begged

Here's a song about something we've all seen,
About a girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And more of something else than there ought to be.

Living in the land of good and plenty here,
We've got a lot of good food, wine, and beer.
Hard to keep trim with all that going on,
But a single man might sing this song:

Hey look at those girls sitting over there.
From here they all look pretty fair.
Look at them jugs, and that loose fitting dress,
Tell tale signs of a big fat ass.

A big fat ass,
A big fat ass,
God damn I hate a big fat ass.

So just stay put, we'll drink some beer,
We can't be sure from over here,
When she goes to the john it'll tell the tale,
I told you so, it's a baby whale.

A baby whale,
A baby whale,
I won't put any moves on a baby whale.

Here's another little verse about the same old thing,
About this girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And more in back than what's meant for me.

We're living in the land of good and plenty here,
Too much food, and wine, and beer.
Hard to keep fit with all that going on,
But her boyfriend might just sing this song:

You know I don't mind the smoking, or the halitosis,
A few bad zits, or a mild neurosis.
A little B.O., or a flabby gut,
But I just can't hack your big fat butt.

Your big fat butt,
Your big fat butt,

Hazukashii's Favorites

Don't want to be seen with that big fat butt.

I don't mind your bad grooming habits,
You can bay at the moon, you can go run rabbits.
In fact, I can name a few tests you pass,
But you just flunked out with that big fat ass,

Your big fat ass,
Your big fat ass,
I'm giving you an "F" for your big fat ass.

Here's another little verse about the same old thing,
About this girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And a rear like a five ton GMC.

We're living in the land of good and plenty here,
Too damn much food, and wine, and beer.
Hard to keep trim with all that going on,
But a married man might sing this song:

Now baby, what the hell can I do with you?
To buy you dinner costs the price of two.
At games and shows, you need two seats,
The city's planning wider streets.

Wider walks,
Wider seats,
Now we've got to have wider streets.

Well, you broke my chair with those humongous hocks,
The car's gotten four new overload shocks.
You broke the toilet and an escalator,
Now you've got to ride in a freight elevator.

A freight elevator,
And an escalator,
You even crushed your new vibrator.

Well about this girl with everything,
This candidate for Dairy Queen.
She's pissed off now so I'll end this song,
Get rid of them buns and we'll get it on.

Get it on.
Get it on,
Get rid of them buns and we'll get it on.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"THE EAT-BITE SONG"

Well, we went to a party and what did we do,
We took off our socks and we took off our shoes,
We took off our shirts and we took off our pants,
I had a hunch we weren't gonna dance.

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 lie in shit.

Ahhhhh, Haaaaa
(to catch breath and lead into next verse)

Well, everybody everybodys ass was bare,
No broads left just the queer over there,
All of this didn't phase me a bit,
I just jumped on the pile and grabbed me some tit.

CHORUS (FASTER)

Well you know my girls a sports fan,
She plays with balls whenever she can,
Because her favorite sport you see,
Is playing tonsil hockey.

CHORUS (FASTER)
CHORUS (FASTER) (until only the fastest person is still singing)

"THE CHANDLER'S SHOP"

A boy went into a chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,
But when he got to the chandler's shop, no chandler did he spy,
He loudly knocked, he loudly cried, enough to wake the dead,
But all he heard was a rat-a-tat-tat, right above his head.

Now he was a very inquisitive youth, so up the stairs he went,
And he was very surprised to find the chandler's wife in bed,
For she was lying upon her back with a man between her thighs,
And they were having a rat-a-tat-tat, right before his eyes.

And when the deed was over, the wife she raised her head,
And she was very surprised to find the boy beside the bed,
"Now if you can keep a secret, boy, to you I will be kind,
And you can have a rat-a-tat-tat, whenever you feel inclined."

Hazukashii's Favorites

"EYE, YEYE, YEYE, YEYE"

Sung to: Frito Bandito

Eye, Yeye, yeye, yeye,
Rodriguez the Mexican pervert,
He bugged his mother,
And cornholed his brother,
So they waltzed him around by his willy.

Eye, yeye, yeye, yeye,
your mother swims after troop ships.*
*(see list at the end of the song)

CHORUS:

So sing me another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
Sing me another one do.

VERSES:

There once was a couple from Adair
That made love at the top of the stair
On the sixty-eighth stroke, the banister broke
And they did 69 in the air.

There once was a girl from Jayling
Who said she had no sexual feeling
Until a cynic named Boris, touched her clitoris
And they're still scraping her off the ceiling.

There once was a man named Bruno
Who said "Fucking is one thing I do know.
A woman is divine, a cat is more fine,
But a llama is numero uno."

There once was a young lady from Dallas
Who used dynamite as a phallus
They found her vagina in North Carolina
And bits of her tits in Dallas.

There once was a woman from Peru
Who filled up her pussy with glue
She said with a grin "If they'll pay to get in
And they'll pay to get out of it too!"

There once was a woman from Abude
Who went to the movies in the nude
A man up front, said "I smell cunt"
Just like that, right out loud, Bloody Rude!

There once was a man from Nantucket
Who took a pig in the bushes to fuck it
But as he entered from the rear, the pig
squealed "UP HERE!"
Stand around front and I'll suck it.

When a woman in strapless attire,
Found her breasts working higher and higher,
A guest, with great feeling, Exclaimed, "How
appealing!
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"

There was a young man from Australia,
Who went on a wild bacchanalia,
He bugged a frog, Two mice, and a dog,
And a bishop in fullest regalia.

There was a young lady named Anna,
Who stuffed her friend's cunt with a banana,
Which she sucked bit by bit, From her partner's
warm slit,
In the most approved lesbian manner.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Just stroking the butt of his madam,
He was quaking with mirth, For in all of the
earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young lady called Alice,
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,
It was not for the need, She committed the
deed,
Out of simple sectarian malice.

There was a young man from Abersysthwyth,
Who said the girl he just kissed with
"That hole in your crotch, Is for fucking and
such,
And not just a gadget to piss with."

Hazukashii's Favorites

There was a young lady called Annie,
Who had fleas, lice and crabs up her fanny,
To get up her flue, Was like touring the zoo,
There were wild beasts in each nook and
cranny.

There was an old maid from the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered in sores,
Even dogs in the street, Wouldn't touch the
green meat,
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Assizes,
Whose breasts were of two different sizes,
The left one was small, quite nothing at all,
The right one was large and won prizes.

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

There once was a lady from Arden,
Who sucked a man off in a garden,
He said, "My dear Flo, Where does all that
stuff go?"
And she said, (Swallow hard) - beg pardon?"

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who thought of her cunt as a chalice,
One night sleeping nude, She awoke, feeling
lewd,
And found in her chalice a phallus.

There was a young man from Australia,
Who painted his ass like a dahlia,
The drawing was fine, The color divine,
But the scent--ah, that was a failure.

There once was a young girl from Belize,
Who said to her lover, "Oh please,
You would heighten my bliss, If you played
more with this,
And paid less attention to these."

A habit both vile and unsavory,
Kept the Bishop of London in slavery,
With lecherous howls, He deflowered little
owls,
That he kept in an underground aviary.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,
Went in for fucking quite heavily,
He fucked night and day, Till his balls gave
way,
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

There once was a fairy named Bloom,
Who took a queer up to his room,
They fought half the night, To see who had the
right,
To do what, and which to whom.

There was a young fellow named Babitt,
Who could screw nine times like a rabbit,
But a girl from Lahore, Could do it twice
more,
Which was just enough extra to crab it.

There once was a Duchess of Bruges,
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,
Said the King to this dame, As he thunderously
came,
"Mon Dieu! Apres Moi, Le deluge!"

There was a young fellow named Brewster,
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,
"It used to be grand, But just look at my hand,
You ain't wiping as clean as you used 'ter."

There was a young man of Bengal,
Who went to a fancy dress ball,
Just for a stunt, He dressed up as a cunt,
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

There was a young trucker named Briard,
Who had a young whore that he hired,
To fuck when not trucking, But trucking plus
fucking,
Got him so fucking tired he got fired.

Hazukashii's Favorites

There was a young sailor named Bates,
Who danced the fandango on skates,
He fell on his cutlass, Which rendered him
nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

There was a young man from Bengal,
Who had a rectangular ball,
The square of its weight, Plus his penis times
eight,
Was two-fifths of five eighths of fuck all.

There once was a Bishop of Buckingham,
Who wrote 'Woman and Twelve ways of
Fuckin' 'em',
He then went berserk, When outdone by a
Turk,
Who wrote 'Assholes and Twelve Way of
Suckin' 'em'.

When her daughter got married in Bicester,
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,
"That fellow you've won, Is sure to be fun,
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

Then there was the Bishop of Birmingham,
Who screwed all the girls while confirming
'em,
To the roars of applause, He would pull down
their drawers,
And inject his Episcopal Sperm in 'em.

There was a young man of Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,
But the heat of his prick, Turned it into a brick,
And it chaffed all his foreskin away.

A certain your maiden from Babylon,
Decided to lure all the rabble-on,
By dropping her shirt, And raising her skirt,
Exposing a market to dabble-on.

There once was a young man from Boston,
Who tried to get laid in an Austin,
There was room for his ass, And four gallons
of gas,
But his balls hung outside and he lost 'em.

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
And this is the story concerning 'em,
They lifted the frock, And diddled the cock,
Of the Bishop as he was confirming 'em.

But the Bishop was nobody's fool,
He'd been to a large public school,
He pulled down their britches, And diddled
those bitches,
With his ten-inch Episcopal tool.

But that didn't bother these two,
They said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker, And quicker and thicker,
And longer and stronger than you."

There's a charming young lady named Beaulie,
Who's often been screwed by yours truly,
But now -- it's appalling, My balls always fall
in!
I fear that I've fucked her unduly.

There was a young sailor from Brighten,
Who said to his girl "You're a tight 'un,"
She replied, " 'Pon my soul, You're in the
wrong hole,
There's plenty of room in the right 'un."

There was a young damsel named Baker,
Who was poked in a pew by a Quaker,
He yelled, "My God! What, Do you call that --
a twat?
Why the entrance is more that an acre!"

There was a young lady named Brent,
With a cunt of enormous extent,
So deep and so wide, The acoustics inside,
Were so good you could hear when you spent.

Hazukashii's Favorites

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria,
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,
Till a Prince from Peru, Who came for a
screw,
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There was a young girl who begat,
Three brats, by name Nat, Pat and Tat,
It was fun in the breeding, But hell in the
feeding,
When she found she had no tit for Tat.

There was a young fellow named Bliss,
Whose sex life was strangely amiss,
For even with Venus, His recalcitrant penis,
Would never do better than this.

There was a young lady in Brent,
When her old man's pecker got bent,
She said with a sigh, "Oh why must it die?
Let's fill it with Portland Cement."

On the bridge sat the Bishop of Buckingham,
Thinking of twats and of sucking 'em,
And watching the stunts, Of the cunts in the
punts,
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking
'em.

The Bishop of Alexandretta
Loved a girl and he couldn't forget her,
So he thought he'd enshrine her, As the Holy
Vagina
In the Church of the Sacred French Letter.

That old aussie hasher named Bruce,
Had a dick that was really no use,
But in bed with his Sheila, With his fingers
he'd feel her,
And his tongue would then lap up her juice.

The new cinematic emporium,
Is not just a super sensorium,
But a highly effectual, Heterosexual,
Mutual masterbatorium.

A nasty old bugger of Cheltenham,
Once shit in his bags as he knelt in 'em,
He sold them at Ware, To a gentleman there,
Who didn't much like what he smelt in 'em.

There was a young harlot of Crete,
Who was hawking her meat in the street,
Ambling out one fine day, In a casual way,
She clapped up the whole British fleet.

There was a young woman of Chester,
Who said to the man who undressed her,
"I think you will find, That it's better behind,
As the front is beginning to fester."

There was a young woman of Croft,
Who played with herself in a loft,
Having reasoned that candles, Could never
cause scandals,
Besides which they did not go soft.

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born,
He wouldn't have been, If his father had seen,
That the end of his lamb's skin was torn.

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, "Good things come only from God."
But 'twas not the Almighty, Who lifted her
nightie,
But Roger the lodger, the sod.

There was a young man from Calleen,
Who invented a fucking machine,
He pulled out the choke, And the bloody thing
broke,
And mixed both his balls into cream.

A lady while dining at Crewe,
Found an elephant's dong in her stew,
Said the waiter, "Don't shout, Or wave it about,
Or the others will all want one too.!"

Hazukashii's Favorites

King Louis gave a lesson in class,
One time he was sexing a lass,
When she used the word "Damn", He rebuked
her: "Please ma'am,
Keep a more civil tongue in my ass."

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

There once was a girl from Decator,
Who was laid by a big alligator,
Now nobody knew, The results of that screw,
'Cuz after he laid her, he ate her.

There was a young lady from Dee,
Whose hymen was split into three,
And when she was diddled, The middle string
fiddled,
"Nearer, My God, To Thee."

There was a young man named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,
She was missing a tit, And smelled quite a bit,
But think of the money he saved.

There was a strong man of Drumrig,
Who one day did seven times frig,
He buggered three sailors, Four butchers, two
tailors,
And ended by fucking a pig.

There was an old man of Duluth,
Whose cock was shot off in his youth,
He fucked with his nose, And with fingers and
toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was a young lady of Dexter,
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,
For whenever they'd start, He'd unfailingly fart,
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

The prior of Dunstan St. Just,
Consumed with erotical lust,
Raped the Bishop's prize fowls, Buggered four
startled owls,
And a little green lizard, that bust.

There once was a young lady named Dot,
Who lived on pigshit and snot,
When she could not get these, She ate the
green cheese,
That she scraped off the sides of her twat.

There once was a whore on the dock
From dusk until dawn she sucked cock
'Til one day it's said, She gave so much head
She exploded and whitewashed the block

There was a young lady from France,
Who decided to take just one chance.
For an hour or so, She just let herself go,
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There once was a girl from Hoboken,
Who claimed her cherry was broken,
From riding a bike, On a cobblestone pike,
But it was really broken from pokin'.

There once was a girl named Ann Heiser,
Who claimed no man could surprise her,
But Pabst took a chance, Found Schlitz in her
pants,
And now she is sadder Bud-weiser.

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis,
With possums and snakes sought his solace,
His children had scales, And prehensile tails,
And voted for Governor Wallace.

The aged Archbishop of Joppa,
Said, "I think circumcision improper,
If the organ is small, But I don't mind at all,
About cutting a slice off a whopper."

Hazukashii's Favorites

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose prick was so long that it bent,
To save himself trouble, He put it in double,
And instead of cumming - he went.

There was a young fellow named Keith,
Who liked to be fondled beneath.
It was fun, he decided, But only provided
The girl used her lips, not her teeth.

A Scotsman who lived by the Loch,
Had holes down the length of his cock,
When he got an erection, He would play a
selection,
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

Where is Little Boy Blue this fine morn?
In the haystack as sure as you're born,
But he isn't asleep; He's with Little Bo-Peep;
And just look where he's putting his horn.

"As for screwing," said Little Miss Muffet,
"I proclaim here and now that I love it.
I defy the authority, Of the Moral Majority.
They can take all their preaching and stuff it."

There once was a young man from Missouri,
Who fucked with a terrible fury,
Till hauled into court, For his bestial sport,
And condemned by a poorly hung jury.

There once was a man named McNamiter,
With a tool of prodigious diameter,
But it wasn't the size, That opened girls eyes,
'Twas his beat - iambic pentameter.

There once was a fellow named McSweeney,
Who spilled some gin on his weenie,
Now just to be couth, He added vermouth,
And slipped his girl a martini.

A man on a farm in Moritz,
Once planted two acres of titz,
They came up in the fall, Pink nipples and all,
Then he leisurely chewed them to bitz.

There was a young lady from Maine,
Who enjoyed copulating on a train.
Not once, I maintain, But again and again,
And again and again and again.

There was a young lady from Munich,
Who was ravished one night by a eunuch,
At the height of her passion, He slipped her a
ration,
From a squirt gun concealed in his tunic.

There was a young woman named Melanie,
Who was asked by a man, "Do you sell any?"
She replied, "No siree, I give it away free.
To sell it, dear sir, is a felony.

A kinky hasher named Martinez,
Liked to carve grooves in a penis,
To make it so rough, It would scuff her tough
muff,
And bring her passion to a zenith.

I once knew a girl named Maureen
Her cunt was a mass of gangrene
But health nuts she found, Would still eat her
mound
'Cause maggots are high in protein.

At the orgy I fucked twenty-two,
And man, was I glad to get through,
A whole night of sexing, Turns boring and
vexing,
But at orgies, what else can you do?

There once was a fellow named Perkin,
Who was constantly jerkin' his yerkin,
Said his father with a plea, "Son listen to me,
Your yerkin's not for jerkin, it's fer ferkin."

There was a young man from Patee,
Who buggered an ape in a tree,
The result was quite horrid, All ass and no
forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

Hazukashii's Favorites

There once was a man from Rangoon,
Who was born nine months too soon,
He had not the luck, To be born by a fuck,
He was scraped off the sheets with spoon.

There was a young fellow named Rick,
Who was cursed with a spiraling dick,
He started to hunt, For a twisted up cunt,
That would match his curly-cue prick.

He found one and took it to bed,
And then in dismay he dropped dead,
For that spiraling snatch, Though nearly a
match,
Had cum with a left-handed thread.

There once was a rabbi from Keith,
Who circumcised men with his teeth.
It was not for the treasure, Nor sexual pleasure,
But to get at the cheese underneath.

There was a young man from Racine,
Who invented a fucking machine,
Concave or convex, It could fit either sex,
And jerk itself off in between.

There was a young lady from Sidney,
Who took it right up to the kidney,
One fellow by heck, put it up to her neck,
He had a long one, now didn't he?

There once was a monk from Siberia,
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,
He did to a nun, What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a mother superior.

There was a young man of Trieste,
Who loved his young wife with such zest,
That despite all her howls, He sucked out her
bowels,
And puked up the mess on her chest.

A lady astrologist in Vancouver,
Once captured a man by maneuver.
Influenced by Venus, She jumped on his penis,
And nothing on Earth could remove her.

There once was a man from Wheeling,
Who beat his meat with great feeling.
And then like a trout, He stuck his mouth out,
And they caught the drops from the ceiling.

A methodical fellow named Wade
Could recall every girl that he'd laid.
He recorded each poke, Every thrust, every
stroke,
And precisely how much he had paid.

***REFRAINS**

Your mother and father were brothers.
Your brother fills empty cream donuts.
Your father eats your brothers cream donuts.
Your mother and sister are brothers
Your sister leaves slime trails like snails.
Your mother does squat thrusts on fire
hydrants.
Your sister licks bat shit off cave walls.
Your sister douches with Drano.
Your sister swims after troop ships,
And catches them,
And swims back.
Your sister's in love with a carrot.
Your sister goes down for a quarter .
Your sister sucks moose cum off pine cones
Your father does eight year old Brownies
Your mother uses Frisbees for diaphragms.
Your sister got turned down by hashers.
Your mother's vibrator is made by John Deere.
Your mother sucks farts from dead chickens.
Your mother uses hamsters for tampons.
Your sister rides bikes without seats.
If you like this your a sick motherfucker.
Your sister can suck-start a Harley.
Your mother uses tampax for teabags.
Your mother uses an orthopedic douche bag.
Your sister eats green spots out of bird shit.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"THE FARTING CONTEST"

Sung to: Sweet Betsy from Pike

I'll tell you a story that is sure to please,
Of a great farting contest in Los Angeles,
Where all the best farters paraded the field,
To compete in a contest for various shields.

Some tighten their bumcheeks and fart up the scale,
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale,
Whilst others whose arseholes are biggest and
strongest,
Compete in the section for loudest and longest.

Now, this year's event had drawn quite a big crowd,
And the betting was even on Mrs. McDowd,
For it had appeared in the evening edition,
That this lady's ass was in perfect condition.

Now old Mrs. Jones had a perfect backside,
Half a forest of hairs with a wart on each side,
And she fancied her chance of winning with ease,
Having trained on a diet of cabbage and peas.

The vicar arrived and ascended the stand,
And thus he addressed this remarkable band:
"The contest is on as is shown on the bills,
We've precluded the use of injections and pills."

Mrs. Bingle arrived amid roars of applause,
And promptly proceeded to pull down her drawers,
For though she'd no chance in the farting display,
She'd the prettiest bottom you'd see on this day.

Now, young Mrs. Porter was backed for a place,
Though she'd often been placed in the deepest
disgrace,
By dropping a fart on a Sunday in church,
And disturbing the sermon of Reverend McGurch.

The ladies lined up at the signal to start,
And winning the toss, Mrs. Jones took first fart,
The people around stood in silence and wonder,
As she attempted to rip off some lightning and
thunder.

Now Mrs. McDowd was next at the stand,
She silenced the crowd with a wave of her hand,
She took up her place with her ass opened wide,
But unluckily shit and was disqualified.

Then young Mrs. Porter was called to the front,
And started by doing a wonderful stunt,
She took a deep breath, and clenching up her hands,
She blew the whole roof off the popular stands.

That left Mrs. Bingle who shyly appeared,
And smiled at the clergy who lustily cheered,
And though it was reckoned her chances were small,
She ran out a winner, outfarting them all.

With hands on her hips she stood farting alone,
And the crowd stood amazed at the sweetness of tone,
And the clergy agreed without hindrance or pause,
And said, "First to Mrs. Bingle, now pull up your
drawers."

But with muscles well-tensed and legs full apart,
She started a final and glorious fart,
Beginning with Bethoven, and ending with Bach,
She went right up the scale of Hickory, Dickory,
Dock.

She went to the podium with maidenly grace,
And took from the vicar the shield for first place,
Then she turned to the vicar with sweetness sublime,
And smilingly said, "Come up and see me sometime."

Hazukashii's Favorites

"DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?"

Sung to: Sailor's Hornpipe

Do your balls hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
*Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder,
*Like a Continental soldier?
Can you do the double shuffle,
When your balls hang low?

CHORUS:

Ting-a-ling, God damn,
Find a woman if you can.
If you can't find a woman,
Find a clean old man.
If you're ever in Gibraltar,
Take a flying fuck at Walter.
Can you do the double shuffle,
When your balls hang low?

*Additional verses for measures 5 and 6:

Do they make a lusty clamor,
When you hit them with a hammer?

Can you bounce 'em off the wall,
Like an Indian rubber ball?

Do they have a hollow sound,
When you drag 'em on the ground?

Do they have a mellow tingle,
When you hit 'em with a shingle?

Do they have a salty taste,
When you wrap 'em 'round your waist?

Do they chime like a gong,
When you pull upon your dong?

"HEY JIGGY JIGGY"

(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,
Follow the band,
Follow the band with my gland in your hand,
Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,
Follow the band,
Follow the band all the way.

My (boyfriend's/wife's/etc. . .) a butcher,
a butcher, a butcher,
A very fine butcher is he, is he.
All day long he stuffs sausage,--
-- stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage,
And when he comes home and stuffs me.

MORE

Jockey/rides thoroughbreds/rides me.
Carpenter/whacks nails/whacks me.
Private/eats shit/eats me.
Postman/licks stamps/licks me.
Bus Driver/drives buses/drives me.
Plumber/lays pipes/lays me.
Pervert/molests children/molests me.
Pianist/tickles ivory/tickles me.
Pimp/beats whores/beats me.
Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me.
Policeman/cuffs crooks/cuffs me.
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me.
Student/fucks off/fucks me.
Lawyer/screws clients/screws me.
Chimney Sweep/pokes smokestacks/pokes me.
Guitarist/plays licks/licks me.
Hasher/runs trail/sleeps.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"MOOSE SONG"

Sung to: Sweet Betsy from Pike

CHORUS (sung while making antlers on head with hands):

Moose, moose, I love a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose,
My life has been merry,
My women been loose,
But nothing compares to the love of a moose.

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,
I open the window and spread it around,
Because moose will come running when there's hay on the ground.

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,
I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,
I never got treated that way by a moose.

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,
I spend all my money on them in the bars,
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.

Now I've made it with all kinds of beasties with hair,
I'd make it with snakes if their fangs were not there,
I've made it with walrus, two ducks and a goose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,
But lions and tigers, they puts up a fight,
It just ain't the same when you slams her caboose,
As the feeling you gets when you humps with a moose.

Now that I'm older and into my years,
I'll have you to know that I shed no tears,
While I lay by the fire with a glass of Mateus,
Playing hide the salami with Margret the Moose.

When I was much younger I read dirty books,
I stroked on myself with each gazing look,
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
Then getting it off with that studly Bullwinkle.

Hazukashii's Favorites

HARRIETTES' VERSES:

There's an infamous song goin' 'round 'bout a moose,
It's really quite funny and quite full of juice,
But all of it's told from a masculine view,
And a lot of us women want to get a piece too.

Chorus: Moose, moose, I want a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose.
I've had lots of others, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

All my past lovers did brag about size,
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,
But a moose is the size that a man ought to be,
That's why from now on it's mooses for me.

I figured it all out one day by myself,
When my man went off and left me on the shelf,
He'd found him a new love, a nubile moose-ess,
Which gave me a bad case of rampant distress.

"What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose,"
Said I as I set out to find me a moose,
But I ran into problems that men do not mind,
For male moose are seasonal creatures, you'll find.

I hunted in winter, I hunted in spring,
I hunted all summer and found not a thing,
But I found my moose when leaves started to fall,
And . . . oh brother! did I have a ball.

With my arms 'round his barrel, my feet by his tail,
I hanged and we banged and we really did flail,
Bouncing and jouncing I came with a roar,
I never had had such a great lay before.

But autumn soon passed and so I said goodbye,
I'll be here next year when the leaves start to fly,
Yes I will return when the leaves start to fall,
And we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball.

And so, my dear sisters, I have to confess,
Being balled by a moose, it is really the best,
But you'll make out with others for most of the year,
For male moose are seasonal creatures, I fear.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"MADELINE SCHMIDT"

Sung to: Sweet Betsy From Pike

There was a young maiden named Madeline Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass!

CHORUS: It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
And the whole world was covered in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

When her ass hit the cold air she didn't even quiver,
What came out looked like 10 pounds of cow's liver,
She screamed and she hollered and gave out a moan,
She sounded like she was passing a stone.

CHORUS

She shit and she shit and she shit out alot,
The doctor said why not try using the pot,
It's over in the corner right next to the sink,
I'm leaving right now cause I'm sure it will stink.

CHORUS

She didn't leave the window she just let is loose,
That medicine went through her like eggs through a goose,
What came out of her next, I must confess,
Was one stinking, brown God awful mess.

CHORUS

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He just happened to be on that side of the street,
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,
And a big lump of shit hit him right in the EYE!

CHORUS

That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
Down at the park you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying BLINDED BY SHIT!

CHORUS

Hazukashii's Favorites

"MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN"

Sung to: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
Take turns leading verses

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

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

OTHER VERSES

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

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

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

My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
He punctures the tips with a pin,
For Grandma gets rich off abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

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

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

"NELLIE DARLING"

Sung to: I Wish I Were an Oscar-Meyer Weiner

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a thousand flies buzzing 'round your pussy,
You're the rottenest, fuckin' bitch I've ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your naval,
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass,
You have enough ear wax to make a candle,
So why don't you make one and shove it up your ass.

Oh, your breath could knock a buzzard off a shit wagon,
And your ingrown toenails exude a pussy cream,
Your nose hair's long enough to braid or curl,
Your every Ft. Eustis hasher's fuckin' dream.

Sucking on your toes would gag Jeff Daummer,
After sex with you my balls begin to itch,
You need a chainsaw to trim out your armpits,
You're a regular Tidewater Hash House BITCH.

Oh, your butts about as wide as a Buick,
And the cellulite hangs off your thighs in chunks,
When your swimming at the beach in the summer,
You look like a Battleship that's sunk.

Well it's told you've been turned down by Hashers,
That crotch rot your sportin's gettin' red,
Could also be the sagging of your titties,
Or the spotty patches of baldness on your head.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"ODE TO THE FOUR-LETTER WORDS"

Banish the use of the four-letter words
Whose meanings are never obscure
The Anglos, the Saxons those hardy old birds,
Were vulgar, obscene and impure.
But cherish the use of the weasling phrase
That never quite says what you mean
You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways
Than as vulgar, impure and obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking it out,
When the ladies, God bless 'em are milling about;
You may pee-wee, make water or empty the glass
You can powder your nose, even Johnny can pass,
Shake the dew off the lily, see a man 'bout a dog;
When everyone's soused, it's condensing the fog;
But please to remember, if you would know bliss
That only is Shakespeare do characters piss.

A woman has bosoms, a bust or a breast
Those lily white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest
They are towers of ivory or sheaves of new wheat
In a moment of passion ripe apples to eat.
You may speak of her nipples as fingers of fire
With hardly a question of raising her ire;
But by Moses' beard, she will throw several fits
If you speak of them roundly as good, honest tits.

It's a cavern of joy you're thinking of now,
A warm tender field awaiting your plough;
It's a quivering pigeon caressing your hand,
Or the National Anthem - it makes us all stand.
It's known amongst men as the center of love
The hope of the world or a velvety glove.
But friend, heed this warning, beware the affront,
For heaven sakes never call it a cunt.

Though a lady in waiting will always be kind,
If you think before saying what's on your mind;
You may tell her your hungry, you need to be swung,
You may ask her to see how your etchings are hung.
Or mention the ashes that need to be hauled;
Put the lid on her saucepan, even romping its called;
But the moment you're forthright, get ready to duck,
For the girl isn't born who'll stand for "let's Fuck."

So banish the words that Elizabeth used,
When she was a Queen on her throne;
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four-letter words all alone.
Let your morals be clean as an Alderman's vest
If your language is always obscure
Today not the act but the word is the test
Of the vulgar, obscene and impure.

"GIVE ME THAT GOOD OLD VINO"

I like my gin--it helps me get in,
But give me that good old vino.
I like my vino,
It gives me a stand supremo.

Chorus: Aye, yi-yi-yi,
Si, si, senora,
My seester Belinda she pissed out the winder,
And filled my brand new sombrero.

I like my Shiner--nothing could be finer,
But give me my . . .

Other verses:
I like my brandy--it makes me feel randy
I like my Anker--it helps me wank-a
I like my stout--it helps me get out
I like my martini--it's good for the weenie
I like my rum--it helps me cum
I like my coke-a--it helps me poke-a
I like my beer--it helps gonorrhea
I like my wine--it stiffens the vine
I like my liquor--it makes me come quicker
I like my Foster--it helps me accost her
I like my Sam Adams--it gives me orgasms
I don't like my Schlitz--it gives me the shits
I don't like my Bud--it softens the pud
I don't like my Coors--it tastes like old sewers
I like my cider--it helps me fit inside her
I like my whisky--it makes me feel frisky
I like Mateus--it makes women loose

Hazukashii's Favorites

"THE SCOTSMAN'S KILT"

A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair
One could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his share
He fumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet
Then stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

'bout that time two young and lovely girls just happened by,
One says to the other with a twinkle in her eye
See yon sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt.

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt.

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be
Then lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see
And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

They marveled for a moment then one said we'd best be gone
But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow
Around the bonnie spar the Scot's kilt did lift show

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
Around the bonnie spar the Scot's kilt did lift show

The Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled toward the trees
Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees
Then in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes
"Lad I don't know where you've been but I see you won first prize"

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
"Lad I don't know where you've been but I see you won first prize"

Hazukashii's Favorites

"POETRY"

Take turns leading verses

Chorus: Poerty, poetry,
How do you like my poerty?
Not as mellow as Longfellow,
But it's poetry.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day,
school one day, school one day,
It followed her to school one day,
And a big black dog fucked it!

Mary had a little sheep,
And with the sheep she went to sleep,
The sheep turned out to be a ram,
And Mary had a little lamb.

When Mary had a little lamb,
The doctor was surprised.
But when Old MacDonald had a farm,
The doctor nearly died.

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead.
Now Mary takes the lamb to school,
Between two hunks of bread.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.
Now Mary found the price of meat too high,
Which really didn't please her.
Tonight she's having leg of lamb,
The rest is in the freezer.

Mary had a little lamb,
She tied it to a pylon.
10,000 volts went up its ass,
And turned its wool to nylon.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard this tale before;
But did you know she passed her plate,
And had a little more!

Mary had a little lamb,
She kept in her yard.
Every time she took her panties off,
His little wooly dick got hard.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was black as charcoal.
Every time it jumped the fence,
You could see its little asshole.

Mary had a little lamb,
The doctors were astounded.
Everywhere that Mary went,
Gynecologists surrounded.

Mary had a little lamb,
A little roast, a little jam.
An ice-cream soda topped with fizz,
Boy, how sick our Mary is.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Fingering his sister Mary.
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "Ain't it supposed to be a cherry?"

Little Boy Blue . . .
Because he needed the money.

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And said, "What's in the bowl, bitch?"

Hazukashii's Favorites

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came another spider,
And crawled up inside her,
So she crushed it to death with her spoon.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.
But when Mother bent over,
Rover he drove her, 'cause
He had a bone of his own.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor daughter a dress.
When she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so was her daughter, I guess.

There once was an old lady,
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many kids that her
Cunt could stretch over a trash can.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She said, "With my pension, that's all I can do.
It may be substandard, but just down the block,
I know an old lady who lives in a sock."

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

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
On an elephant.
Jill got down and helped
Jack off the elephant.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
For just an itty bitty.
Jill's now two months overdue,
And Jack has left the city.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Each with a quarter.
Jill came down with fifty cents;
Do you think they went for water?

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.
Silly Jill forgot the pill,
And now they have a daughter.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To have a little fun.
Stupid Jill! Forgot that pill!
So now they have a son.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
With a keg of brandy.
Jack got stewed, Jill got screwed,
Now it's Jack, Jill and Andy

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To smoke a little leaf.
Jack got high, pulled down his fly,
And Jill said, "Where's the beef!"

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Each with a buck and a quarter.
Jill came down with two-fifty,
The fuckin' whore!

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Had one fucking big omelette.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jumped over the candlestick,
Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jackie boy he singed his prick.

Jack was nimble,
Jack was quick,
But Jill preferred the candlestick!

Hazukashii's Favorites

"TODAY IS MONDAY"

(hand and body motions required)

Song Meister: Today is Monday
Pack: Today is Monday

Monday is a wankin day
Monday is a wankin day

Are ya gonna have a good time
You bet your ass we are

CHORUS:
All: Do do do doot doot doot,
do do do doot doot doot
(with beer mug over your head
and spinning once around, slowly)

Song Meister: Today is Tuesday
Pack: Today is Tuesday

Tuesday is a finger day (pistoning finger)
Tuesday is a finger day (fist day...arm day)

Monday is a wankin day
Monday is a wankin day

Are you gonna have a good time
Ya bet your ass we are

Chorus

and so on:

Wednesday is a HMMM day
(tongue in V shaped fingers)

Thursday is a drinkin day
(mug in the air)

Friday is a Fuckin day
(thrusting pelvis)

(slowly) **Saturday** is a day of rest
(standing calmly)

(loud) **Sunday** is a Hashin day

Adjust the verses to match your
own particular hash.

"SIR JASPER"

Sung to: Battle Hymn of the Republic

She wears her silk pajamas in the summer
when it's hot,
She wears her woolen nightie in the winter
when it's not,
But later in the springtime, and early in the
fall,
She jumps between the lily-white sheets with
nothing on at all.

CHORUS: She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with
nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with
nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch!
(THREE TIMES, ETC.)

Oh, Sir Jasper do not!
(THREE TIMES, ETC.)

Oh, Sir Jasper do!
(THREE TIMES, ETC.)

Oh, Sir Jasper!
(THREE TIMES, ETC.)

Oh, Sir!
(THREE TIMES, ETC.)

Oh!
(THREE TIMES, ETC.)

CHORUS



Hazukashii's Favorites

"THE WILD WEST SHOW"

(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: We're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephant and the kangaroo-o-oo,
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

LEADER: Ladies and gentlemen,
In the first cage we have the laughing hyena.

PACK: The laughing hyena?
Fantastic!
Incredible!
No shit!
Tell us about the mother fucker!!

LEADER: This animal lives up in the mountains and once every year he comes down to eat.
Once every two years he comes down to drink, and once every three years he comes down for
sex. What the hell he has to laugh about I don't know.

MORE VERSES

The Giraffe: This creature is the most popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Every time
he goes into a bar he says, "Gentlemen, the high-balls are on me."

The Orangutang: This animal lives in the deepest jungle, and his scrotal sac is so pliant and
flexible that as he swings from branch to branch his balls go ORANG-U-TANG,
ORANG-U-TANG.

The Oster-reich: This animal, at the first sign of danger, buries its head in the sand and whistles
through the 'hole of the afternoon.

The Rhino-sauras: This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is reputed to be the richest in the world.
Its name is derived from the Latin "rhino" meaning money, and "sore ass" meaning piles;
hence, piles of money.

The Keerie Bird: This bird lives only in the Antarctic, and every time it lands on the ice it says,
"Keerie, Keerie, Keeriest, it's cold!"

The Leo-pard: Yes, folks, the leopard has one spot on its coat for every day of the year. What
about leap year? George, lift up the leopard's tail and show the lady the 29th of February.

The Winky Wanky Bird: Folks, by some mystery of nature, the nerves of this bird's eyelids are
connected to its scrotum. Every time it winks, it wanks, and every time it wanks, it winks. Hey
you, boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eye!

Hazukashii's Favorites

The Ele-phant: The elephant has an enormous appetite. In one day it eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas, and twenty buckets of rice. Madam, please don't stand too near the elephant. Madam? Oh, dear God! George, get the shovel!

The Famous Tattooed Lady: On the inside of her left thigh she has tattooed MERRY CHRISTMAS, and on the inside of her right thigh she has tattooed HAPPY NEW YEAR, and she'd like to invite you to come up between the holidays!

Prince, the Rock 'n' Roll Star: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, living proof that Little Richard and Liberace were once man and wife!

The Mathematical Impossibility: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the girl you see before you in this cage was ate before she was seven!

The Second Tattooed Lady: On one leg she has tattooed FIRE, and on the other leg she had tattooed BRIMSTONE, and in between it looks like HELL!

The French Pervertable: This fine automobile is the last of it's kind, no longer for sale anywhere in the world. Notice the convertible top, the five-speed manual transmission, the automatic cruise control, and the dual halogen headlights. It seats two in the front and comfortably accomodates 69 in the back.

The Tattooed Cowgirl: The tattooed cowgirl has a tattoo of Roy Clark on her left thigh and a tattoo of Hank Williams on her right thigh . . . and who's that in the middle, Willy Nelson?

The Antique Sales Lady: The Antique Sales Lady sells only period furniture . . . everything has stains on it.

The Circus Acrobat: If you will but observe the Circus Acrobat's ass you will observe a tattooed M on one cheek and a corresponding M on the other. When he bends over he spells MOM. When he stands on his head he spells WOW. When he turns cartwheels, he spells WOW MOM WOW.

The Female Mathematician: This lady, folks, believes that this (hold fingers three inches apart) is twelve inches.

The Gay-zelle: This pretty little four-footed animal you see on your right, ladies and gentlemen, has the peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock it farts, and the scientists are still trying to determine whether it farts because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

The Well-Known Oolie-Goolie Bird: This bird, as you will observe if you look carefully at it, has no legs, and is called what it is, ladies and gentlemen, because when the male of the species comes in to land you can hear him cry, "Ooh, me goolies! Ooh, me goolies!"

Hazukashii's Favorites

The Famous Oooh-Aaah Bird: The male of this species, ladies and gentlemen, resides at the North Pole while the female resides at the South Pole. At the appointed season the male Oooh-Aaah flies south from the North Pole and the female Oooh-Aaah flies north from the South Pole until they meet at the Equator, whereupon one can here them call, "Ooooooooooh-Aaaaaaaaaah!"

The Tri-Angular Iceberg: A most uncommon iceberg, ladies and gentlemen, where on the first side you will see an Indonesian keeping a private school, and on the second side an American keeping a private school, while on the third side you will observe a polar bear sliding up and down, keeping his privates cool.

The Homosexual Sparrow: This bird is so called, ladies and gentlemen, because sometimes he flies backwards for a lark.

The Infamous Fugowee Tribe: This tribe, as you will see, dear friends, is composed of small-statured people that live in the middle of Africa, where the grass grows to an incredible height of 10 feet or more, and all day long the members of this tribe wander, calling, "Where the Fugowee? Where the Fugowee?"

"SAVE THE BEER"

A netter 40 footer left from Cleveland Friday night,
Chuggin out to Puddin Bay, where they would spend the night,
When the Captain stocked the boat up his intentions had been clear,
450 cases of Old Milwaukee beer.

Before they even left the flats the sky was looking bad,
And when the gale began to blow the Captain told his lads,
Down below I've piled and stocked an awful lot of brew,
And if we should go down tonight, this is what to do.

CHORUS:

Save the beer lads, save the beer!
Whatever you do tonight, you save the beer!
Lake Erie's got us in her grip, but Puddin Bay is near,
We may be going down but save the beer!

The storm it blew it's hardest just three miles from the docks,
They heard a mighty crash below as if they'd hit some rocks,
But it was just the cases smashing holes down below,
Letting in Lake Erie as they hurdled to and fro.

The Captain crawled across the deck and no one knew quite how,
He fell into the water as a wave crashed on the bow,

Hazukashii's Favorites

The crew was in a quandary but they thought of what he'd said,
They could have saved the Captain but they saved the beer instead.

CHORUS:
Save the beer lads, save the beer!
Whatever you do tonight, you save the beer!
Lake Erie's got us in her grip, but Puddin Bay is near,
We may be going down but save the beer!

As the boat was sinking they found timbers from the pier,
They lashed them all together and loaded up the beer,
By then the storm was over that had caused the boat to sink,
They may have lost the Captain but they had the beer to drink.

They drifted for an hour or two when something caught their eye,
Four waitresses from Hooters whose boat had sunk nearby,
Their shirts were torn and hanging as they bobbed in the swell,
Now they had some women and lots of beer as well.

CHORUS:
Save the beer lads, save the beer!
Whatever you do tonight, you save the beer!
Lake Erie's got us in her grip, but Puddin Bay is near,
We may be going down but save the beer!

But when the Hooters waitresses had climbed aboard the craft,
The extra weight from silicone began to swamp the raft,
The crew was in a quandary, and they had a choice to make,
Four bodacious ladies or beer thrown in the lake. . .

The women's chest were heaving, as they began to cry,
They got down on their knees and said, "We'll do anything for you guys!"
Their wet T-shirts were tempting, but still the choice was clear,
They said, "Throw back the waitresses, by God let's save the beer!"

CHORUS:
Save the beer lads, save the beer!
Whatever you do tonight, you save the beer!
Lake Erie's got us in her grip, but Puddin Bay is near,
We may be going down but save the beer!

Hazukashii's Favorites

"ENGINEER SONG"

(there are many versions of the Ah-hums)

An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum, or
(Ah-hum, ah-hum)

An engineer told me before he died, Ah-hum,
ah-hum, (Ah-huuummmm)

An engineer told me before he died,
I have no reason to believe he lied,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum.
(Ahh-hummmm, ah-hum, ah-hum, ah-hummmm,
ah-hummmm)

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Ah-hum.....etc.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Ah-hum.....etc.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied,
Ah-hum.....etc.

So he built this thing with a bloody great wheel,
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel.

The balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking thing was driven by
steam.

He tied her legs to the foot of the bed,
Tied her hands up over her head.

She lay there demanding a fuck,
He shook her hand and wished her luck.

'Round and 'round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam,
Down and down went the level of cream.

Till at last the maiden cried,
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied.

Now we come to the tragic bit,
There was no way of stopping it.

She was split from ass to tit,
And the whole fucking thing was covered in shit.

It jumped off her, it jumped on him,
And then it bugged their next of kin.

It jumped on an uptown bus,
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss,

The last time, Sir, that prick was seen
It was over in England fucking the Queen,

There is a lesson to the story I tell,
If you see it coming better run like hell.

Nine months later a child was born,
With two brass balls and a bloody great horn.

The moral of this story is mighty clear.
Don't ever fuck with an engineer.

"AS I WAS WALKING"

As I was walking through the wood,
I shat myself, I knew I would.
I cried for HELP! but no help came,
And so I shat myself again.

As I was walking through Saint Pauls,
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.
I cried for HELP! but no help came,
And so he grabbed my balls again.

As I was walking through St. Giles,
Some bastard grabbed me by my piles.
I cried for HELP! but no help came,
Ad so he grabbed my piles again

As I was walking down the street,
A whore grabbed me by the meat.
I cried for HELP! but no help came,
And so she grabbed my meat again.

As I lay sleeping in the grass,
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.
I cried for HELP! but no help came,
And so he rammed it up again.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"SAMMY SMALL"

Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh my name is Sammy Small, and I only have
one ball,
But it's better than none at all, So fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all, (2)
They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking
piece of lead,
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all,(2)
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a
fucking piece of string,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the parson he will come, fuck 'em all, (2)
Oh the parson he will come, with his tales of
kingdom come,
He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all,(2)
Oh the hangman wears a mask, for his silly
fucking task,
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the sheriff'll be there too, fuck 'em all, (2)
Oh the sheriff'll be there too, with his silly
fucking crew,
They've got fuck-all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

(WITH REVERENCE)
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all, (2)
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so
goddamn proud,
That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL!

Oh the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all,
Oh the hangman pulled the rope, thought it
was a fucking joke,
Now my goddamn neck is broke,
so FUCK 'EM ALL!

"BOY MEETS GIRL"

Spoken

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

Hazukashii's Favorites

"MAÑANA"

CHORUS:
Mañana, mañana,
Is my banana good enough for you?

Way down in Barcelona,
Where ladies learn to knit,
A lady stuck a knitting needle
in another lady's tit.
Said the lady to the lady,
"We're here to learn to knit,
Not to stick a knitting needle
in another lady's tit."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where drummers play the drum,
A drummer stuck a drumstick
up another drummer's bum.
Said the drummer to the drummer,
"We're here to play the drum,
Not stick a drumstick up
another drummer's bum."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where lepers decompose,
A leper picked a snotty from
another leper's nose.
Said the leper to the leper,
"We're here to decompose,
Not to pick a snotty from
another leper's nose."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where ladies learn to swim,
A lady put her finger up
another lady's quim.
Said the lady to the lady,
"We're here to learn to swim,
Not to put our fingers up
another lady's quim."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where beggars beg for food,
A beggar chucked a lunger

in another beggar's gruel.
Said the beggar to the beggar,
"We're here to beg for food,
Not to chuck a lunger in
another beggar's gruel."

Way down in Barcelona,
Where wankers yank their crank,
A wanker took a yank of
another wanker's crank.
Said the wanker to the wanker,
"We're here to yank our crank,
Not to yank a crank off
another wanker's crank."

Way down in Barcelona where
the miners shovel coal,
A miner shoved a shovel up
another miners hole,
Said the miner to the miner,
We're here to shovel coal,
And not to shove a shovel up
another miners hole.

Way down in New York City,
Where the cabbies drive so fast.
A cabby rammed his cab up
another cabbies ass,
Said the cabby to the cabby,
(Wind down window)
FUCK YOU - BUDDY!

Hazukashii's Favorites

"MY OWN GRANDPA"

I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

Many years ago,
When I was twenty three,
I was married to a widow,
Who was pretty as can be.

This widow had a grownup daughter,
Who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her,
And soon the two were wed.

This made my father my son-in-law,
Which changed my very life,
My daughter was my mother,
For she was my father's wife.

And to complicate the matter,
Even though it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of,
A bouncing baby boy.

This little baby then
Became the brother of my dad.
So became my uncle
Though it made me sad.

By then he was my uncle
And he also was the brother
Of the grownup daughter
Who of course was my step mother.

I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

My father's wife then had a son,
Who kept them on the run.
He just became the grandchild
For he was my daughter's son.

My wife is now my father's mother,
And it makes me blue.
Although she is my wife,
She is my grandmother too.

Now if my wife is my grandmother,
I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it,
It really drives me wild.

Now I have become the strangest
Case you ever saw.
I am the husband of my own grandmother:
I am my own grandpa.

And I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"THE BAGPIPE SONG"

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Aloha Founder's Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the jockey with his upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Aloha Founder's Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Aloha Founder's Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the queerie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Aloha Founder's Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Aloha Founder's Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the HASHER who was posing as a flasher
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Aloha Founder's Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Hazukashii's Favorites

Then there was the Wenchy doing down-down on a benchy
Making money for the HASHER who was posing as a flasher
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Aloha Founder's Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Now the moral of this ditty is that when your in our City
And you're with your favorite girlie chasing hairs all short and curly
Just remember to take her hashing and to give her a good bashing
And keep her away from the Wenchy doing down-down on a benchy
Making money for the HASHER who was posing as a flasher
Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the Aloha Founder's Hash.

"WOODPECKER SONG"

Sung to: Dixie

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
REMOVE IT!"

I removed my finger from the wood-
pecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
REPLACE IT!"

MORE VERSES:

Replaced/turn it round/REVOLVE IT!
Revolved/turn it back/REVERSE IT!
Reversed/in and out/RECIPROCATE IT!
Reciprocated/slow it down/RETARD IT!
Retarded/once again/REPEAT IT!
Repeated/let it go/RELEASE IT!
Released/pull it out/RETRACT IT!
Retracted/take a whiff/REVOLTING!

Hazukashii's Favorites

"WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND"

You can tell by the stain
that she's in a lot of pain
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her stance
she's got cotton in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.

CHORUS:

For it's hi, hi, hay, What ya gonna' say,
Shout out your sizes loud and clear:
We've got Super, Regular, Large,
We've got rags that fit a barge,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk
that you'll sit around and talk
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the blotch
that she's got a leaky crotch
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her eyes
there is blood between her thighs
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 her stance
that she's bleeding in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell that it itches
by the way she always bitches
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can bet it ain't sweat
when her underwear is wet
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the stink
that she isn't in the pink
When the end of the month rolls around.

"I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY"

Sung to: I Don't Want to Join the Army

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.

I don't want a bayonet up my asshole,
I don't want my ballocks shot away,
I'd rather stay in England,
In ruddy, bloody England,
And fornicate me fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday much success, I lifted up her
dress,
Thursday I saw you know what, and
Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, (tweak
tweak)
(slowly) And Sunday after supper, I rammed the
bugger up her,
And now she wants it seven days a week.

Wimmin's verse:

I don't want to be a housewife,
I'd much rather be a whore,
I'd rather turn some tricks, involving foot long
pricks,
Housework is a bore, gor blimey,

I don't want to do his laundry,
I don't want to cook his fucking food,
And if I'm getting laid,
I should be getting paid,
Or else I must be truly getting screwed, gor
blimey.

Call up the Provincial Territory,
Call up the navy and the Marines,
Call up me mother, me sister, and me brother,
But for God's sake don't call me-Gaw Blimey....

I don't want to join the army.....etc.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM"

Sung to:

Now Clancy was a peaceful man,
if you know what I mean.
The cops picked up the pieces
after Clancy left the scene.
He never looked for trouble,
that's a fact you can assume.
But never-the-less,
when trouble would press,
Clancy lowered the boom!

Chorus:

Oh, that Clancy! Oh, that Clancy!
Whenever they got his Irish up,
Clancy lowered the boom!

O'Leary was a fighting man,
they all knew he was tough.
He strutted 'round the neighborhood,
a-shootin' off his guff.
He picked a fight with Clancy,
then and there he sealed his doom.
Before you could shout
"O'Leary, look out!"
Clancy lowered the boom!

Chorus

Clancy left the barber shop
with tonic on his hair,
He walked into the poolroom
and he met O'Reilly there.
O'Reilly said "For goodness sakes,
now do I smell perfume?"
Before you could stack
your cue in the rack,
Clancy lowered the boom!

Chorus

Mulrooney walked into the bar
and ordered up a round.
He left his drink to telephone,
and Clancy drank it down.
Mulrooney said "Who drunk me drink?
I'll lay him in his tomb!"
Before you could pat
the top of your hat,
Clancy lowered the boom!

Chorus

O'Houlihan delivered ice
to Misses Clancy's flat.
He'd always linger for a while,
to talk of this and that.
One day he kissed her just as
Clancy walked into the room.
Before you could say
the time of day,
Clancy lowered the boom!

Chorus

The neighbors all turned out for
Kate O'Grady's weddin' night.
McDoogle said "Let's have some fun
I think I'll start a fight!"
He wrecked the hall, then kissed the bride
and pulverized the groom.
Then quick as a wink,
before you could think,
Clancy lowered the boom!

Chorus

Hazukashii's Favorites

"THE IRISH BALLAD"

By Tom Learer

About a maid I'll sing a song,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
About a maid I'll sing a song,
Who didn't have her fam'ly long.
Not only did she do them wrong,
She did ev'ryone of them in, them in,
She did ev'ryone of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
One morning in a fit of pique,
She drowned her father in the creek.
The water tasted bad for a week,
And we had to make do with gin, with gin,
We had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
Her mother she could never stand,
And so a cyanide soup she planned.
The mother died with the spoon in her hand,
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
a-Rickety-tickety-tin,
She set her sister's hair on fire,
And as the smoke and flame rose high'r,
Danced around the funeral pyre,
Playin' a violin, -olin,
Playin' a violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,
a-Rickety-tickety-tin,
She weighted her brother down with stones,
And sent him off to Davy Jones.
All they ever found were some bones,
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,
Occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
One day when she had nothing to do,
She cut her baby brother in two,
And served him up as an Irish stew,
And invited the neighbors in, -bors in,
Invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
And when at last the police came by,
Her little pranks she did not deny.
To do so she would have had to lie,
And lying, she knew, was a sin, a sin,
Lying, she knew, was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong,
Rickety-tickety-tin,
My tragic tale I won't prolong,
And if you do not enjoy my song,
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long,
You should never have let me begin, begin,
You should never have let me begin.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"O-B-G-Y-N"

Sung to:

There is a doctor in our town
A paragon of men
His specialty is known to some
As O-B-G-Y-N

His sense of touch is marvelous
He feels where he can't see
He started at the bottom and
That's where he'll always be.

Chorus: Well he's open and candid
I can't understand it and
So under handed is the O-B-G-Y-N

You'll walk into his office
And suddenly feel fear
You know that you would rather be
Anywhere but here.

You try to keep him talking
But your effort he ignores
Then you see two legs high in the air
And realize their yours.

Chorus:

You think he'd get enough of it
The thrill would soon be gone
But he works for the love of it
He fingers on and on.

He fly's with gay abandon
Where secret sorrows lurk
But he likes to keep his hand in it
'Cause he likes the inside work.

Chorus:

He closes up his office
And homeward makes his way
His wife is there to greet him
And tell him of her day.

She says I feel romantic
I'd like one night of love
In absent-minded reflex
He pulls out his rubber glove.

Chorus:

"PISSANYA, PISSANYA"

Sung to:

Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya,
It's Russian for "I love ya,"
If I had my way I'd Pissanya all day,
Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya.

Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya,
It's Russian for "I adore ya,"
If I had my way I'd Shittanya all day,
Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya.

Comeanya, Comeanya, Comeanya, Comeanya,
It's Russian for "I worship ya,"
If I had my way I'd Comeanya all day,
Pissanya, Shittanya, Comeanya.

"The MOUNTAIN BOY'S DREAM"

Sung to:

I strolled up to a whorehouse,
and knocked upon the door.
My knock was quickly answered
by a half-dressed whore.

She asked my what I wanted,
her feet were paved in brass.
I told her all I wanted was a little piece of ass.

I picked her up so gently
and I carried her upstairs,
My hand slipped down a time or two
among her golden hairs.

I was just about to come
for my feelings were so grand,
When I woke up in my damned old bunk,
a discharge in my hand.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"STUDY IN ANATOMY "

Sung to:

Now the portions of a woman that appeals to man's depravity,
Are fashioned with considerable care.
And what at first appears to be a simple little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.
Now surgeons who have studied the feminine phenomenae,
On numerous experiments on dames,
Have taken all the items of the feminine abdomena,
And given them delightful little names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the good old perinina,
And the hymen which is sometimes found in brides.
There's a lot of little gadgets, you would love 'em, if you knew 'em,
The clitoris and Lord knows what besides.
What a pity it is then when we common people chatter,
Of those mysteries to which I have referred.
We use for such a delicate and complicated matter,
Such a very short and unattractive word.

Now the erudite authorities who study the geography,
Of that obscure but entertaining land,
Are able to indulge a taste for intricate topography,
And view those tasty details close at hand.
But ordinary people thought aware of their existence,
And complexities beyond the public know,
Are normally contented to view them at a distance,
And to treat them, roughly speaking, as a show.

When therefore, all us laymen probe the secrets of virginity,
The language that we use is somewhat blunt.
And we don't becloud the issue with superfluous latinity,
But call the whole concern, a common cunt.
For men have made this useful and intelligent commodity,
The topic of a bawdy joke and jibe.
Yet though the name they call it is something of an oddity,
It seems to fit the subject they describe.

Hazukashii's Favorites

"THESE FOOLISH THINGS"

Sung to: These Foolish Things

(Take turns leading verses)

A pair of boobies in a loose brassiere,
A cunt that twitches like a moose's ear,
A dirty rubber in my glass of beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Chorus: Da-doo, da-doo,
da-doo-da-doo-da-doo-doo-doo, etc . . .

A running sore beside an open hole,
A Kotex floating in the toilet bowl,
A pubic hair on my breakfast roll,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Lipstick traces on an old French letter,
A dose of "you-know-what" that won't get better,
And when I piss it stings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin,
The broken jerry that I washed my face in,
The bed with the creaking springs,
These foolish things remind me of you.

An old dead fetus on a marble slab,
A toothless blowjob in a taxi cab,
A great big hard on with a syphilitic scab,
These foolish things remind me of you.

When I awoke upon the morning after,
I saw your tits and pissed myself with laughter,
Oh, how the left one swings!
These foolish things remind me of you.

The birth control book with its well-worn pages,
The contraceptive which comes off in stages,
Oh, how my foreskin stings!
These foolish things remind me of you.

"A-ROVIN"

Sung to:

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
Mark well what I do say,
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade,
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

chorus:
A-roving, a-roving, for roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I put my hand upon her knee,
Mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her knee,
She said, "Young man, you're rather free."
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I put my hand upon her thigh,
Mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her thigh,
She said, "Young man, you're rather high."
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I put my hand upon her quim,
Mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her quim,
She said, "For God sakes, shove it in."
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

She lay there upon the bed,
Mark well what I do say,
She lay there upon the bed,
I fucked her there, till she was dead.
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

She lay there in peace, and then,
Mark well what I do say,
She lay there in peace, and then,
I fucked her back to life again.
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

DOWN-DOWN SONGS

"DOES A HASHER?"

Sung to: The little chicky cried

Does a hasher like to walk,
Does a hasher like to run,
Does a hasher like to be where they're having
all the fun?
Can he drink a 12-ounce beer,
While his friends all sing and cheer,
Now your time has come.
So drink it down, down, etc . . .

(I changed it a little bit, take your choice)

Does he like to drink beer,
Does he like to hash run,
Does he always got to be where they're having
all the fun?
So grab yourself a beer,
And come right over here,
And drink it down.
So drink it down, down, etc . . .

"DRINK IT DOWN"

Sung to: The Underdog Theme
Another Hazukashii Original
(SM=Song Meister -- P=Pack)

(SM) There's no need to fear,
(P) WE'VE GOT LOTS OF BEER!

Oooh, ahhh ooh, ahhh ooh, . . .

When visitors at this hash appear,
and pay five bucks to drink our beer,
and offend all those who see or hear,
the cries go up both far and near to:
(SM) Drink it Down, (P) Drink it Down,
(SM) Drink it Down, (P) Drink it Down.
Speed of lightening, roar of thunder,
Chug it down or show us chunder,
Drink it Down, Drink it Down.

Oooh, ahhh ooh, ahhh ooh, . . .

When in this world the hash trash reads,
of those who think they've come to breed,
and visitors steal from those who need,
to right this wrong with blinding speed they'll:
(SM) Drink it Down, (P) Drink it Down,
(SM) Drink it Down, (P) Drink it Down.
Speed of lightening, roar of thunder,
Chug it down or show us chunder,
Drink it Down, Drink it Down, DRINK IT
DOWN!

"FT. EUSTIS'S VIOLATOR SONG"

You worthless, sniveling piece of trash,
Now you've gone and shown your ass!
Your behavior's unfit!
You must learn hash tradition!
So charge your vessel and assume the position:
On your knees, asshole!
Drink it down, down, down . . .

To the slow drinker:
All this time that you're taking,
I know that you're faking,
We could be masturbating,
I fear.
Now we've run out of song,
And we won't get along,
Until you finish,
That fucking beer!

"HERE'S TO "

Here's to , he's true blue,
He's a Hasher through and through,
He's a pisspot so they say,
Tried to go to heaven,
But he went the wrong way,
(But he turned out gay)
So drink it down, down, down, down, down,
down, down, etc. . .
(WHY ARE WE WAITING)

DOWN-DOWN SONGS

"HERE'S TO "

Here's to , she's a damn fine gal,
Here's to , she's a damn fine gal,
So drink, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
Here's to , She's a horse's ass.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, etc. . .

"THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON" Sung to: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

They ought to be publicly pissed on,
They ought to be publicly shot,
They ought to be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot,
Drink it down, down, down . . .

"HE'S A HASHER"

Sung to: Monty Python Lumberjack Song

He's a hasher, he's OK,
Works all day comes out to play,
Drinks it down without complaint,
Or he wears it well.
Drink it, Wear it
Drink it, Wear it, Wear it.....

"HERE'S TO BROTHER HASHER(S)" Sung to: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin

Here's to brother hasher
Bother hasher, brother hasher
Here's to brother hasher
May he chug-a-lug

He's happy, he's jolly,
He's fucked up by golly,
Here's to brother hasher
May he chug-a-lug

So drink motherfucker
Drink motherfucker

Drink motherfucker
Drink motherfucker
Here's to brother hasher
May he chug-a-lug

"MY ONE SKIN HANGS DOWN TO MY TWO SKIN"

Sung to: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My one skin hangs down to my two skin,
My two skin hangs down to my three,
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin,
My foreskin hangs down to my knee.

CHORUS:

Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me, for me.
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me.

or

My body lies over the ocean,
My body lies over the sea.
My father lied over my mother,
And that's how they created me.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

or

Her left tit hangs down to her belly,
Her right tit hangs down to her knee.
If her left tit did equal her right tit,
She'd get lots of weenie from me.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

DOWN-DOWN SONGS

"HASH-STONES"

Sung to: The Flintstones

Hashers, meet the Hashers
They're the biggest drunks in history
From the hash of " " "
They're the leaders in debauchery
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years
Watch them as they down a lot of beers
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down, down, down!

"SHORT HYMN"

(WITH REVERENCE)

Hymn, hymn,
Fuck hymn. . .

"THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD"

Sung to: Little chicky cried
(good song for multiple violators)

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd,
A-sittin' on a telephone pole.
He ruffled up his neck,
And shit about a peck,
He puckered up his little asshole.
(point at violators): Asshole, asshole, asshole,
asshole,
He puckered up his little asshole.

"ZIGGY ZAGGY"

For those immediately punishable offenses

Ziggy zaggy, ziggy zaggy, oye oye oye
Ziggy zaggy, ziggy zaggy, oye oye oye
Motorcycle, motorcycle, vroom vroom vroom
Helicopter, helicopter, whirl whirl whirl
Telephone, telephone, ring ring ring
(make them up as you go. . .)

"ZULU WARRIOR"

A-lay zooma, zooma, zooma
A-lay zooma, zooma, HEY
A-lay zooma, zooma, zooma
A-lay zooma, zooma, HEY

Drink it down,
you Zulu Warrior,
Drink it down,
you Zulu Chief Chief Chief Chief,
Suck swallow hurl,
Suck swallow hurl,
Hurl, hurl, hurl. . .

Hazukashii's Favorites

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By now you have realized that they are not in alphabetical order. So what!

