

THE UNOFFICIAL, YET TERRIBLY EXCLUSIVE SONGBOOK



**Compiled
by Kate Alton '93
because it was more
fun than writing
a senior thesis**

**Updated
by Natalie Bender '98
because it sounded
like a cool thing to do**

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Editors' Notes and Legal Disclaimer

The material contained here is NOT the official songbook of the Yale Precision Marching Band. If it were the official songbook, there would not be any bad words in it, and there would be a big picture of Mr. Duffy on the cover. This is a collection of songs that are known by some people who happen to be members of the YPMB. It does not reflect the attitudes, values, or morality of the Band in general. They're just fun to sing, ok? So, if you work for the Daily or the New York Times or something, please do not write a nasty article about how the Band is misogynistic or racist or rude or has bad breath or anything, at least based on the contents of this collection.

Thank you for not suing me, the Band, the College, the University, The Corporation, the State of Connecticut, and to the Republic for which it stands, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Love and Milk Duds,

Kate Alton '93
February 9, 1993

Special thanks from me to: Kate Alton, Jason Barkham, Jonathan Bellack, Andy Cole, Brooke Conti, Matthias Ferber, Howie Freidman, Jonathan Gelbord, Jen Gitzus, Melissa Harwitt, Brian Levinson, Benn Oshrin, Dave Ross, Mitch Ross, Ben Rota, Andrew Ryder, Daniel Simon, Heather Sinclair, Pete Smith, Rich Storrs, and all y'all.

Love and experimental theater,

Natalie Bender '98
November 11, 1995

Any complaints about this collection should be addressed to:

Skull 'n' Bones
54 High Street
New Haven, CT 06512

CHAPTER 1

Cheers!!!
etc.

CHEERS

FOOTBALL:

You fumbled the ball, you fumbled the ball,
You embarrassed yourself, your team and your mother!

Scrotum, scrotum, quarterback sack!
Scrotum, scrotum, quarterback sack!

Defense! Social spending!

CHAINSAW

Gimme an S! S!
Gimme an A! A!
Gimme a W! W!
What's that spell? SAW!
What kind of saw? Chainsaw! Chainsaw! Chainsaw! (Ad nauseam)

Up the middle, up the middle, up the middle
Punt!
Carmen Cozza is a ... coach!

Break 'em, Bust 'em
That's our custom
Hit 'em on the head with a brick!
Ugh!

Blood makes the grass grow, DIE DIE DIE!

Gimme a B! B!
Gimme an R! R!
Gimme an A! A!
What's that spell? Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em!

Gimme an O! O!
Gimme an R! R!
Gimme a G! G!
Gimme a Y! Y!
What's that spell? Teamwork!

Gimme an S! S!
Gimme an E! E!
Gimme an X! X!

What's that spell? Score!

FOOT! BALL! F-O-OT-BALL!

HOCKEY:

Skate on Faces!

Hey (goalie's name), you're not a goalie; you're a sieve
Hey (goalie's name), you're not a sieve; you're a funnel
Hey (goalie's name), you're not a funnel; you're a vacuum
Hey (goalie's name), you're not a vacuum; you're a black hole
Hey (goalie's name), you're not a black hole; YOU JUST SUCK!

Blood makes the ice melt, DIE DIE DIE!

BASKETBALL:

Boing! (bounces)
Pass! (passes)
Brick! (shots)

ALL-PURPOSE:

hARVARD SUX

Gimme an S!	S!
Gimme a U!	U!
Gimme a C!	C!
Gimme a K!	K!
Gimme another S!	S!
What's that spell?	SUCKS!
Who sucks?	harvard sucks!
What do they suck?	Goats!
What kind of goats?	Dead goats!
	harvard sucks dead goats!
	harvard sucks dead goats!
	harvard sucks dead goats! (Ad nauseam)

Be dyslexic!
E B lysdexic!

Let's Go Bulldogs!
Let's Blow Bullfrogs!

We're gonna maim, kill, pillage and burn
We're gonna maim, kill, pillage and burn - eat babies!

We're gonna burn, burn burn, and burn
We're gonna burn, burn, burn, and burn - burn babies!
(repeat with other words)

2-4-6-8:

We breathe because we respirate
Priests and nuns are celibate
d-y-d-x then integrate
Show us how you masturbate
We can count to eight (by twos!)

6-4-2

Now it's time to mutilate
Cornell we must extricate
LESS FILLING! TASTES GREAT!

Da na na na
Da na na na
Hey hey hey
Goodbye!

HEIDY TEIDY

(the KBB cheer)

Heidy teidy, God Almighty
Who the fuck are we?
Cock sucker, mother fucker
We're from KBB
We're the best fraternity and all the others suck
Kappa Banga Banga
RA RA FUCK!

[the clean version]

Heidy teidy, Gosh Almighty
Who the Heck are we?

We're from KBB
We're the best fraternity and all the others stink
Kappa Banga Banga
RA RA FUCK!

PRÖPS CHEER

(from the end of the 1990 season)

On the twelfth day of football season

Party gave to me

12 million things to do

11 props to carry

10 cans of paint

9 unwashed brushes

8 feet of ladder

7 Bart Simpson teeth

6 heavy trunks

5 rolls of duct tape!

4 paper signs

3 fire extinguishers

2 cardboard eyes

and a kite in a Charlie Brown tree.

CALISTHENICS

Time Warp

Left Warp

Bunny Saunter

Toe Touches

Contact Lens

Mark (Seth, Peter, Sam, Matt, Andrew) is God!

Stop in the Name of Love

Pavlov

Dartmouth Pavlov

Meditation

Deep Meditation

Circles

Squares

Triangles

Dodecahedrons

Swimming

Think about the Brain

Remember to always use the word "penis" in exchange for any nouns in the recap of formations.

CADENCES

(verbal interactions for drum cadences)

FADE AWAY

I'm gonna tell ya how it's goin' to be
You're gonna give your love to me
My love for you 's got to be real
So I'm gonna tell ya just how I feel
My love for you won't fade away
Bleeeeeeeeeech!

TOOLFACE

Left!
Left!
Left! Left! Left!

BUST A MOVE

Oh oh ah yea
Oh oh ah yea
Oh oh ah yea
Oh oh ah yea
 Just bust a move
You want it
You got it
You want it
Baby, you got it
 Just bust a move

YO MAMA

Yo' Mama

Creatures

DEAD PUPPIES

Dead puppies, dead puppies,
Dead puppies aren't much fun

They don't come, when you call
They don't chase squirrels at all
Dead puppies aren't much fun

My puppy died late last fall
He's still rotting in the hall
Dead puppies aren't much fun
No, no, no

Mom says puppy's days are through
She's going to throw him in the stew
Dead puppies aren't much fun

Dead puppies, dead puppies,
Dead puppies aren't much fun
(come on everybody out there, sing along, ok?)
Dead puppies, dead puppies,
Dead puppies aren't much fun
(one more time)
Dead puppies, dead puppies,
Dead puppies aren't much fun

FISH HEADS

Fish heads, fish heads, roly poly fish heads
Fish heads, fish heads, eat them up - yum

Fish heads, fish heads, roly poly fish heads
Fish heads, fish heads, eat them up - yum

In the morning, laughing happy fish heads
In the evening, floating in the soup

Fish heads, fish heads, roly poly fish heads
Fish heads, fish heads, eat them up - yum

Ask a fish head anything you want to
They won't answer; they can't talk

Fish heads, fish heads, roly poly fish heads
Fish heads, fish heads, eat them up - yum

I took a fish head out to see a movie
Didn't have to pay to get it in

Fish heads, fish heads, roly poly fish heads
Fish heads, fish heads, eat them up - yum

They can't play baseball; they don't wear sweaters
They're not good dancers; they don't play drums

Fish heads, fish heads, roly poly fish heads
Fish heads, fish heads, eat them up - yum

Roly poly fish heads are never seen drinking cappuccino
In Italian restaurants with Oriental women - yeah

Fish heads, fish heads, roly poly fish heads
Fish heads, fish heads, eat them up - yum
(3x)
(yeah)

GODZILLA

With a purposeful grimace and a terrible sound,
He pulls the spinning high-tension wires down.

Helpless people on subway trains
Scream bugged-eyed as he looks in on them

He picks up a bus and he throws it back down
As he wades through the buildings toward the center of town

Oh, no, they say he's got to go
Go go Godzilla (yeah)
Oh, no, there goes Tokyo
Go go Godzilla (yeah)

History shows again and again
How nature points up the folly of man (Godzilla)
(repeat 4x)

THE PURPLE PEOPLE EATER

Well, I saw the thing coming out of the sky
It had one long horn, and one big eye
I asked a Mr. Shechem, and he said to me
"It looks like a purple people eater to me"

It was a one-eyed, one horned, flying purple eater
One-eyed, one horned, flying purple eater
One-eyed, one horned, flying purple eater
Sure looks strange to me

Well, it came down to earth
And he lit in a tree
I said "Mr. Purple People Eater, don't eat me"
I heard him say, in a voice so gruff
"I wouldn't eat you cause you're so tough"
(chorus)

(one horn?)
I said "Mr. Purple People Eater
What's your line?"
He said eating purple people and it sure is fine
But that's not the reason that I came to land
"I want to get a job in a rock'n'roll band"

Well, bless my soul, rock'n'roll, flying purple eater
Pigeon-toed, undercrowded, flying purple eater
(We wear short shorts) friendly little people eater
What a sight to see

And then he swung from the tree and he lit on the ground
And then he started to rock and really rockin' around
He was a crazy ditty with a swinging tune
"I say a bub bappa buppa lappa lum bam boom"

Well, bless my soul, rock'n'roll, flying purple eater
Pigeon-toed, undercrowded, flying purple eater
"I like short shorts" flying purple eater
What a sight to see

(purple people?)

Well, he went on his way and then what do ya know
I saw him last night on the TV show
He was blowing it out really knockin' 'em dead
Playing rock'n'roll music through the horn in his head

"Tequila"

WET DREAM

It was April the 41st, being a quadruple leap year
I was driving in downtown Atlantis
My Barracuda was in the shop,
So I was in a rented Stingray
And it was overheating
So I pulled into a Shell station
They said I'd blown a seal
I said, "Fix the damn thing and leave my private life out of it, ok pal?"
While they were doing that I walked over to a place called the Oyster Bar
A real dive
But I knew the owner
He used to play for the Dolphins
I said "Hi Gil!"
You have to yell; he's hard of herring

Chorus

Wet Dream
Cruising through the Gulf Stream
Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Wet Dream

Gil was also down on his luck
Fact is, he was barely keeping his head below water
I bellied up to the sand bar
He poured me the usual
Rusty Snail, hold the grunions, shaken, not stirred
With a peanut butter and jellyfish sandwich on the side
Heavy on the Maiko
I slipped him a fin, on porpoise
I was feeling good
I even dropped a sand dollar in the box for Jerry's squids
For the halibut
Well, the place was crowded
We were packed in like sardines
They were all there to listen to the big band sounds of Tommy Dorsal
What sole
Tommy was rocking the place with that very popular tuna
Salmon Chanted Evening
And the stage was surrounded by screaming groupers
Probably there to see the bass player
One of them was this cute little yellowtail

and she's giving me the eye
So I figured, this is my chance for a little fun
You know, piece of Pieces
But she said things I just couldn't fathom
She was too deep
Seemed to be under a lot of pressure
Boy, could she drink
She drank like a -
She drank a lot
I said, "What's your sign?"
She said, "Aquarian"
I said, "Great! Let's get tanked!"

Chorus

I invited her up to my place for a little midnight bait
Come on, baby, it will only take a few minnows
She threw me that same old line
"Not tonight, I gotta haddock"
And she wasn't kidding, either
Cause in came the biggest, meanest-looking haddock
I'd ever seen come down the pike
He was covered with mussels
He came over to me, he said, "Listen shrimp,
Don't you come trolling around here"
What a crab
This guy was steamed
I could see the anchor in his eyes
I turned to him I said, "Ah baloney
You're just being shellfish"
Well, I knew there was going to be trouble
And so did Gil, cause he was already on the phone to the cods
The haddock hits me with a sucker-punch
I catch him with a left hook
He eels over
It was a fluke
But there he was, lying on the deck, flat as a mackerel
Kelpless
I said, "Forget the cods, Gil, this guy is going to need a sturgeon"
Well, the yellowtail was impressed with the way I landed her boyfriend
She came over to me, she said "Hey big boy, you're really a game fish
What's your name?"
I said, "Marlin"

Chorus

Well, from then on, we had a whale of a time
I took her to dinner; I took her to dance
I bought her a bouquet of flounders
And then I went home with her
And what did I get for my trouble?
Case of the clams

Chorus (2x)

Chapter 3:

TV Tunes

BRADY MARCH

as performed in Hot Shots

(this song has been banned from Yale Bowl)

Here's the story

Of a lovely lady

Who was bringing up

Three very lovely girls

All of them had hair of gold

Like their mother

The youngest one

In curls

Here's the story

Of a man named Brady

Who was busy

With three boys of his own

They were four men

Living all together

Yet they

Were all alone

'Till the one day

When the lady met this fellow

And they knew

It was much more than a hunch

That this group

Must somehow form a family

That's the way they all became

The Brady Bunch

The Brady Bunch

The Brady Bunch

That's the way they became

The Brady Bunch

GILLIGAN'S ISLAND

sung to the tune of "Gilligan's Island" or "Amazing Grace"

Just sit right down and you'll hear a tale, the tale of a fateful trip
That started on this tropic port aboard this tiny ship.
The mate was a mighty sailor's man, the skipper brave and sure,
Five passengers set sail that day for a three hour tour
(A WHAT?) a three hour tour.

The weather it was getting rough, the tiny ship was tossed,
If not for the courage of the fearless crew the Minnow would be lost
(THE WHAT?) the Minnow would be lost.

The ship washed up on the shore of this uncharted desert isle,
With Gilligan,
The Skipper too,
A millionaire,
And his wife,
A movie star,
The professor and Maryanne, here on Gilligan's Isle!

This was the tale of our castaways, they're here for a long long time.
They'll have to make the best of things; it's an uphill climb.
No phones, no lights, no motor cars, not a single luxury;
Like Robinson Carusoe, as primitive as can be.

So join us here each week my friend, you're sure to get a smile
From seven stranded castaways, here on Gilligan's Isle!

LOG THEME

from The Ren and Stimpy Show

What rolls downstairs
Alone or in pairs
Rolls over your neighbor's dog
What's great for a snack
And fits on your back
It's log, log, log!

It's log! It's log!
It's big; it's heavy; it's wood
It's log! It's log!
It's better than bad; it's good!

Everyone loves it log
You're gonna love it - log
Come on and get your log
Everyone needs a log, needs a log

New Log — From Blammo!

STAR TREKKIN'

Star Trekkin' across the universe
On the Starship Enterprise
Under Captain Kirk
Star Trekkin' across the universe
Only going forward, 'cause we can't find reverse

There's Klingons on the starboard bow,
starboard bow, starboard bow
There's Klingons on the starboard bow,
starboard bow, starboard bow, Jim

It's life, Jim, but not as we know it,
not as we know it, not as we know it
It's life, Jim, but not as we know it,
not as we know it, Captain
There's Klingons on the starboard bow,

Star Trekkin' across the universe
On the Starship Enterprise
Under Captain Kirk
Star Trekkin' across the universe
Only going forward, 'cause we still can't find reverse

It's worse than that; he's dead Jim, dead Jim, dead Jim
It's worse than that; he's dead Jim, dead Jim, dead Jim, dead
It's life, Jim, but not as we know it
There's Klingons on the starboard bow

We come in peace, shoot to kill, shoot to kill, shoot to kill
We come in peace, shoot to kill, shoot to kill, men
It's worse than that; he's dead Jim
It's life, Jim, but not as we know it
There's Klingons on the starboard bow (scrape them off, Jim!)

Star Trekkin' across the universe
On the Starship Enterprise
Under Captain Kirk
Star Trekkin' across the universe
Only going forward, and things are getting worse

You can not change the laws of physics, laws of physics, laws of physics

You can not change the laws of physics, laws of physics, Jim
We come in peace, shoot to kill (Scotty, beam me up!)
It's worse than that; he's dead Jim
It's life, Jim, but not as we know it
There's Klingons on the starboard bow

You can not change he's dead Jim
It's worse than that; it's physics Jim
Bridge to Enterprise - Warp factor nine
Don't give her anymore; she'll blow Captain! (boom)

Star Trekkin' across the universe
On the Starship Enterprise
Under Captain Kirk
Star Trekkin' across the universe
Only going forward, 'cause we can't find reverse

Star Trekkin' across the universe
On the Starship Enterprise
Under Captain Kirk
Star Trekkin' across the universe
Only going forward, 'cause we can't find reverse

CHAPTER 4:

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE

from Monty Python's the Life of Brian

Cheer up, Brian. You know what they say.
Some things in life are bad,
They can really make you mad.
Other things just make you swear and curse.
When you're chewing on life's gristle,
Don't grumble, give a whistle!
And this'll help things turn out for the best...
And...

Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the bright side of life
If life seems jolly rotten,
There's something you've forgotten!
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing,
When you're feeling in the dumps,
Don't be silly chumps,
Just purse your lips and whistle — that's the thing!

And always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the light side of life
For life is quite absurd,
And death's the final word.
You must always face the curtain with a bow!
Forget about your sin — give the audience a grin,
Enjoy it — it's the last chance anyhow!

So always look on the bright side of death!
Just before you draw your terminal breath.
Life's a piece of shit,
When you look at it.
Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true.
You'll see it's all a show,
Keep 'em laughing as you go.
Just remember that the last laugh is on you!

And always look on the bright side of life...
Always look on the bright side of life...
[whistling fade out]

ERIC THE HALF-A-BEE

performed by Monty Python's Flying Circus
(to be sung in the style of John Cleese, i.e.. badly)

[spoken]

Half a bee — philosophically —
must ipso facto half not be.
But can a bee, be said to be,
Or not to be an entire bee,
Due to some ancient injury?

[sung]

La dee dee, one two three,
Eric the half-a-bee,
Ho ho ho, tee hee hee,
Eric the half-a-bee.
Is this wretched demi-bee,
Half asleep upon my knee
Some freak from a menagerie?
NO!! It's Eric the half-a-bee!

Fiddle dee dum, fiddle-dee-dee,
Eric the half-a-bee,
A B C D E F G, Eric the half-a-bee.
I love this hive employe-ee,
Bisected accident-al-ly,
One summer afternoon by me;
I love him carnally.
(semi-carnally...)

-Cyril Connolly?
No, semi-carnally.
Oh.
(Cyril Connolly)
[whistled fade out]

EVERY SPERM IS SACRED

from Monty Python's The Meaning of Life

DAD:

There are Jews in the world, there are Buddhists,
There are Hindus and Mormons and then
There are those that follow Mohammed, -but-
I've never been one of them.

I am a Roman Catholic
And have been since before I was born,
And the one thing they say about Catholics is
They'll take you as soon as your warm.
You don't have to be a six-footer.
You don't have to have a great brain
You don't have to have any clothes on, you're
A Catholic the moment dad came,
...Because...

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

CHILDREN:

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

CHILD:

Let the heathens spill theirs,
On the dusty ground.
God shall make them pay for
Each sperm that can't be found.

CHILDREN:

Every sperm is wanted,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed
In your neighborhood.

MUM:

Hindu, Taoist, Mormon,

Spill theirs just anywhere,
But God loves those who treat their
Semen with more care.

MEN NEIGHBORS:

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,

WOMEN NEIGHBORS:

If a sperm is wasted,

CHILDREN:

God gets quite irate.

PRIEST:

Every sperm is sacred,

BRIDE & GROOM:

Every sperm is good,

NANNIES:

Every sperm is needed

CARDINALS:

In your neighborhood.

CHILDREN:

Every sperm is useful,
Every sperm is fine,

FUNERAL CORTEGE:

God needs everybody's,

FIRST MOURNER:

Mine!

LADY MOURNER:

And mine!

CORPSE:

And mine!

NUN:

Let the pagans spill theirs
On mountain, hill and plain.

STATUES:

God shall strike them down for
Each sperm that's spilled in vain.

Chorus and Finale

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

from Monty Python and the Holy Grail

KNIGHTS:

We're knights of the Round Table
We dance whene'er we're able
We do routines and chorus scenes
With footwork impeccable.
We dine well here in Camelot
We eat ham and jam and spam a lot.

We're knights of the Round Table
Our shows are formidable
But many times
We're given rhymes
That are quite unsingable.
We're opera mad in Camelot
We sing from the diaphragm a lot.

(xylophone-on-armor solo)

In war we're tough and able.
Quite indefatigable
Between our quests
We sequin vests
And impersonate Clark Gable
It's a busy life in Camelot.

MAN:

I have to push the pram a lot.

ARTHUR:

No, on second thought, let's not go to Camelot.

KNIGHTS:

Right!

ARTHUR:

It is a silly place.

THE LUMBERJACK SONG

performed by Monty Python's Flying Circus

Leaping from tree to tree! As they float along the mighty rivers of British Columbia!

With my best girl at my side!

The Larch!

The Pine!

The Giant Redwood Tree!

The Sequoia!

The Little Whopping Rule Tree!

We'd Sing! Sing! Sing!

Chorus:

I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK,

I sleep all night and I work all day!

(Oh he's a lumberjack and he's OK,

He sleeps all night and he works all day!)

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,

I go to the lavatory.

On Wednesdays I go shopping

And have buttered scones for tea.

(He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch,

He goes to the lavatory.

On Wednesdays he goes shopping

And has buttered scones for tea.)

Chorus

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,

I like to press wild flowers.

I put on women's clothing

And hang around in bars.

(He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,

He likes to press wild flowers.

He puts on women's clothing...

And hangs around in bars??)

Chorus

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,

Suspenders and a bra.

I wish I'd been a girlie,

Just like my dear papa.

(He cuts down trees, he wears high heels,

Suspenders and a bra?

???What's this? Wants to be a *girlie*?? Oh, my! And I thought you were so rugged!

Poofter! [and other such assorted disbelief])

Chorus

THE PENIS SONG (NOT THE NOEL COWARD SONG)

from Monty Python's the Meaning of Life

[spoken]

Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. Here's a little number I tossed off recently in the Caribbean.

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis?
Isn't it frightfully nice to have a dong?
It's swell to have a stiffy,
It's divine to own a dick,
From the tiniest little tadger
To the world's biggest prick.

So three cheers for your willy or John Thomas,
Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake.
Your piece of pork,
Your wife's best friend,
Your Percy or your cock.

You can wrap it up in ribbons,
You can slip it in your sock,
But don't take it out in public
Or they'll stick you in the dock
And you won't come back.

BRUCE'S PHILOSOPHER'S SONG

performed by Monty Python's Flying Circus

Emmanuel Kant was a real pissant
Who was very rarely stable
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar
Who could think you under the table
David Hume could out-consume
Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine
Who was just as sloshed as Schlegel.
There was nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach ya
'Bout the raising of the wrist
Socrates himself was permanently pissed.

John Stuart Mill, of his own free will
On half a pint of shandy was particularly ill.
Plato, they say, could stick it away,
Half a crate of whiskey every day,
Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle,
Hobbes was fond of his dram,
And René Descartes was a drunken fart,
"I drink therefore I am."
Yes, Socrates himself was particularly missed...
A lovely little thinker but a bugger when he's pissed.

SIR ROBIN

from Monty Python and the Holy Grail

MINSTREL:

Bravely bold Sir Robin, rode forth from Camelot,
He was not afraid to die, oh Brave Sir Robin,
He was not at all afraid to be killed in nasty ways
Brave, brave, brave, brave Sir Robin.

He was not in the least bit scared to be mashed into a pulp
Or to have his eyes gouged out and his elbows broken;
To have his kneecaps split and his body burned away
And his limbs all hacked and mangled, brave Sir Robin.

His head smashed in, and his heart cut out,
And his liver removed, and his bowels unplugged,
And his nostrils raped, and his bottom burned off,
And his penis split... and his...

ROBIN:

Er, that's... That's enough music for a while, lads.

SIT ON MY FACE

performed by Monty Python's Flying Circus

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me,
I'll sit on your face and say that I love you too.
I love to hear you moralize,
When I'm between your thighs
You blow me away.

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you;
I'll sit on your face and say love you truly.
Life can be fine if we're both sixty-nine,
If we sit on our faces in all sorts of places and love
'Till we're blown away.

SPAM

performed by Monty Python's Flying Circus

Lovely spam, wonderful spa-a-m

Lovely spam, wonderful spam

Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am

Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am

SPA-A-A-A-A-A-A-AM

SPA-A-A-A-A-A-A-AM

LOVELY SPAM, LOVELY SPAM

LOVELY SPA-AAA-AM...

SPA-AM SPA-AM SPA-AM SPAAAAM!!

I LIKE TRAFFIC LIGHTS

performed by Monty Python's Flying Circus

I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
No matter where they've been.

I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
But only when they're green.

He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
No matter where they've been.

He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
But only when they're green.

I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
That is what I said.

I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
But not when they are red.

He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
That is what he said.

He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
He likes traffic lights
But not when they are red.

I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights
Although my name's not Bamber,

I like traffic lights
I like traffic lights....
... oh, God ...

CHAPTER 5:

Spinal Tap

BIG BOTTOM

by Spinal Tap

The bigger the cushion, the sweeter the pushin'
That's what I said.
The looser the waistband, the deeper the quicksand,
or so I have read.
My baby fits me like a flesh tuxedo,
I'd like to sink her with my pink torpedo.

Big Bottom
Big Bottom
Talk about bum cakes
my girl's got 'em!
Big Bottom drive me outta my mind!
How could I leave this behind?

I met her on Monday, 'twas my lucky bun-day,
You know what I mean.
I love her each weekday, each velvety cheek-day,
You know what I mean.
My love gun's loaded and she's, in my sights
Big game is waitin' there inside her tights, yeah

Big Bottom
Big Bottom
Talk about mud flaps
my girl's got 'em!
Big Bottom drive me outta my mind!
How could I leave this behind?

My baby fits me like a flesh tuxedo,
I'd like to sink her with my pink torpedo-o-o.
Big Bottom
Big Bottom
Talk about bum cakes
my girl's got 'em!
Big Bottom drive me outta my mind!
How could I leave this behind?

GIMME SOME MONEY

by Spinal Tap

Stop wastin' my time,
you know what I want.
You know what I need,
or maybe you don't.
Do I have to come right flat out and tell you everything?
Gimme Some Money
Gimme Some Money

I'm nobody's fool
I'm nobody's clown
I'm treatin' you cool,
I'm puttin' you down.
But baby I don't intend to leave empty-handed
Gimme Some Money
Gimme Some Money

(Oh, yeah!)
(Go Nigel, Go!)

Gimme Some Money
Gimme Some Money
Don't get me wrong, (Gimme Some Money)
Try gettin' me right. (Gimme Some Money)
Your face is okay,
but your purse is too tight.
I'm lookin' for pound notes, loose change, bad checks, anything
Gimme Some Money
Gimme Some Money
Gimme Some Money
Gimme Some Money
Gimme Some Money
Gimme Some Money
(fade out)

HELL HOLE

by Spinal Tap

The window's dirty, the mattress stinks,
this ain't a place to be a man.

In ain't got no future, ain't got no past,
and I don't think I really care.

The floor is filthy, the walls are thin,
the wind is howlin' in my face.

The rat's are big and, I'm losing ground,
can't seem to join the human race.

(Yeah)

I'm living in a hell hole

Don't wanna stay in this hell hole

Don't wanna die in this hell hole.

Girl get me out of this hell hole!

I rode a jet stream, I hit the top,

I'm eatin' steak and lobster tails.

The sauna's drafty, the pool's too hot,
the kitchen stinks of boilin' snails.

The taxman's coming, the butler quit,
This ain't a way to be a man.

I'm goin' back, to where I started,

I'm flashin' back into my pan.

(Yeah, that's what I'm doin')

It's better in a hell hole,

know where you stand in a hell hole,

folks lend a hand in a hell hole,

girl get me back to my hell hole!

ROCK AND ROLL CREATION

by Spinal Tap

When there was calm,
a simple void was king
and ruled the elements.
When there was si-
lence then the hush was
almost deafening!

Out of the emptiness...
Salvation! (Salvation!)
Rhythm and light and sound!

It was a rock 'n roll Creation!
'Twas a terrible Big Bang.
It was the ultimate mutation!
Yin was searching for his Yang:
and he looked, and he saw
that it was good!

When I'm alone
beneath the stars and
feeling insignificant,
I turn within to
see the forces
that created me...

I look to the stars and the answer is clear.
I look in the mirror and see what I fear.

'Tis the rock and roll Creation,
'Tis the absolute reverse.
'Tis the rolling of the ocean,
and the rocking of the earth.
And I looked, and I saw
that it was good!

SEX FARM

by Spinal Tap

Workin' on a sex farm,
tryin' 'a raise some hard love,
gettin' out my pitchfork,
pokin' your hay.
Snatchin' in your hen house,
sniffing at your feed bag,
slippin' out your back door,
leavin' my spray.

Sex farm woman,
I'm gonna mow you down.
Sex farm woman,
I'll rake 'n hoe ya down.
Sex farm woman,
Oh! She must travel ridin' high, hi-hi-high, hi-iiiiigghhhhh!

Workin' on a sex farm,
hosin' down your barn door,
botherin' your livestock,
they know what I need.
Workin' up a hot sweat,
crouchin' in your pea patch,
plowin' through your beanfield,
plantin' my seed.

Sex farm woman,
I'll be your hired hand.
Sex farm woman,
I'll let my offer stand.
Sex farm woman,
Don't ya hear my tractor revvin' high, hi-hi-high, hi-iiiiiiighhhhh!

Workin' on a sex farm,
tryin' 'a raise some hard love,
gettin' out my pitchfork,
pokin' your hay.

STONEHENGE

by Spinal Tap

In ancient times, hundreds of years before the dawn of history, lived a strange race of people: the Druids. No one knows who they were, or what they were doing, but their legacy remains, hewn into the living rock of Stonehenge.

Stonehenge: Where the demons dwell,
where the banshees live
(and they do live well)!
Stonehenge: Where the men are men,
and the children dance
to the pipes of Pan!

Stonehenge: 'Tis a magic place,
where the moon doth rise
with a dragon's face!
Stonehenge: Where the virgins lie,
and the prayers of devils
fill the midnight sky-iy-high.

And you my love,
won't you take my hand?
We'll go back in time
to that mystic land.
Where the dewdrops cry
and the cats meow,
I will take you there,
I will show you how.

(Anguished yell)

And oh how they danced, the little children of Stonehenge, beneath the haunted moon,
for fear that daybreak might come too soon.

(Folk dance interlude)

And where are they now, the little people of Stonehenge? And what would they say to us, if they were here — tonight?

CHAPTER 6:

“Weird AI”

Yankovic

(mwah hah hah hah!!!)

I THINK I'M A CLONE NOW

by “Weird Al” Yankovic

sung to the tune of “I Think we’re Alone Now” by Ritchie Cordell, as performed by Tiffany

Isn't it strange? ...Feels like I'm looking in the mirror
What would people say... if they only knew that I was
Part of some geneticist's plan
Born to be a carbon copy man
There in a petrie dish late one night
They took a donor's body cell and fertilized a human egg, and so I say...

I think I'm a clone now
There's always two of me just a-hangin' round
I think I'm a clone now
'Cause every chromosome is a hand-me-down

Look at the way... we go out walkin' close together
I guess you could say... I'm really beside myself
I still remember how it began
They produced a carbon copy man
Born in a science lab late one night
Without a mother or a father, just a test tube and a womb with a view...

I think I'm a clone now
There's always two of me just a-hangin' round
I think I'm a clone now
'Cause every chromosome is a hand-me-down
I think I'm a clone now
And I can stay at home when I'm out of town
I think I'm a clone now
'Cause every pair of genes is a hand-me-down

Signing autographs for my fans
Come and meet the carbon copy man
Livin' in stereo, it's all right
Well I can be my own best friend and I can send myself for pizza, so I say...

I think I'm a clone now
There's always two of me just a-hangin' round
I think I'm a clone now
'Cause every chromosome is a hand-me-down
I think I'm a clone now

I've been on Oprah Winfrey, I'm world-renowned
I think I'm a clone now
And every pair of genes is a hand-me-down
I think I'm a clone now
That's my genetic twin always hangin' around
I think I'm a clone now
'Cause every chromosome is a hand-me-down

DARE TO BE STUPID

by “Weird Al” Yankovic

Put down that chainsaw and listen to me.
It's time for us to join in the fight.
It's time to let your babies grow up to be cowboys.
It's time to let your bedbugs bite.
You better put all your eggs in one basket.
You better count your chickens before they hatch.
You better sell some wine before its time.
You better find yourself an itch to scratch.

You better squeeze all the Charmin you can,
When Mr. Whipple's not around.
Stick your head in the microwave, and get yourself a tan.
Talk with your mouth full.
Bite the hand that feeds you.
What can you do?
Dare to be stupid.

Take some wooden nickels.
Look for Mr. Goodbar.
Get your mojo working now.
I'll show you how.
You can dare to be stupid.

You can turn the other cheek.
You can just give up the ship.
You can eat a bunch of sushi, then forget to leave a tip.
Dare to be stupid.

Come on and dare to be stupid.
It's so easy to do.
We're all waiting for you.
Let's go!

It's time to make a mountain out of a molehill.
So can I have a volunteer?
There's no more time for crying over spilled milk.
Now it's time for crying in your beer.
Settle down and raise a family, join the P.T.A.
Buy some sensible shoes and a Chevrolet.
Then party till you're broke, and they drag you away.

It's okay.
You can dare to be stupid.

It's like spitting on a fish.
It's like barking up a tree.
It's like I said, you gotta buy one if you wanna get one free.
Dare to be stupid.

Yes. Why don't you dare to be stupid.
It's so easy, so easy to do.
We're all waiting for you.
Burn your candle at both ends.
Look a gift horse in the mouth.
Mashed potatoes can be your friends.

You can be a coffee achiever.
You can sit around the house
And watch "Leave it to Beaver."
The future's up to you.
So what you gonna do?
Dare to be stupid.
Dare to be stupid.

What did I say?
(Dare to be stupid.)
Tell me, what did I say?
(Dare to be stupid.)
It's all right.
(Dare to be stupid.)
We can be stupid all night.
(Dare to be stupid.)
Come on, join the crowd.
(Dare to be stupid.)
Shout it out loud.
(Dare to be stupid.)
I can't hear you.
(Dare to be stupid.)
Okay, I can hear you.

LIKE A SURGEON

by “Weird Al” Yankovic

sung to the tune of “Like a Virgin” by Madonna

I finally made it through med school, somehow I made it through.
I’m just an intern; I still make a mistake or two.
I was last in my class,
Barely passed at the institute,
And now I’m trying to avoid,
Yeah, I’m trying to avoid a malpractice suit...

Hey! Like a surgeon, cutting for the very first time.
Like a surgeon, organ transplants are my line.

Better give me all your gauze, nurse, this patient’s fading fast.
Complications have set in; don’t know how long he’ll last.
Let me see that IV.
Here we go, time to operate,
I’ll pull your insides out,
Yeah, his insides out and see what he ate.

Like a surgeon, hey! cutting for the very first time.
Like a surgeon, here’s a waiver for you to sign
whoa...

It’s a fact, I’m a quack,
The disgrace of the AMA
Because my patients die
Yeah, my patients die before they can pay.

Like a surgeon, hey! cutting for the very first time.
Like a surgeon, got your kidneys on my mind,
Like a surgeon, whoa, like a surgeon,
When I reach inside,
With my forceps
And my scalpel
And retractors, whoaaa, whoaaa, whoa, ooh baby, yeah!
I can hear your heart beat for the very last time...

NATURE TRAIL TO HELL

By “Weird Al” Yankovic

Coming this Christmas to a theatre near you,
The most horrifying film to hit the screen.
There’s a homicidal maniac who finds a Cub Scout Troop,
And he hacks up two or three in every scene.

Please don’t reveal the secret ending to your friends.
Don’t spoil the big surprise.
You won’t believe your eyes when you see

Nature Trail to Hell,
Nature Trail to Hell,
Nature Trail to Hell,
In 3-D!

Nature Trail to Hell,
Nature Trail to Hell,
Nature Trail to Hell,
In 3-D!

See severed heads almost fall right in your lap.
See that bloody hatchet coming right at you.
No, you’ll never see hideous effects like this again,
Till we bring you “Nature Trail to Hell — Part 2.”

So bring the kids along, it’s good clean family fun.
What have you got to lose,
If you like the six o’clock news, then you’ll love

Nature Trail to Hell,
Nature Trail to Hell,
Nature Trail to Hell,
In 3-D!

Nature Trail to Hell,
Nature Trail to Hell,
Nature Trail to Hell,
In 3-D!

ONE MORE MINUTE

by "Weird Al" Yankovic

Well I heard that you're leaving
Gonna leave me far behind
'Cause you found a brand new lover
You decided that I'm not your kind

So I pulled your name out of my rolodex
And I tore all your pictures in two
And I burned down the malt shop where we used to go
Just because it reminds me of you

That's right; you ain't gonna see me crying
I'm glad that you found somebody new
'Cause I'd rather spend eternity eating shards of broken glass
Than spend one more minute with you

I guess I might seem kind of bitter
You got me feeling down in the dumps
'Cause I'm stranded all alone in the gas station of love
And I have to use the self-service pumps-oh!

So honey, let me help you with that suitcase
You ain't gonna break my heart in two
'Cause I'd rather get a hundred thousand paper-cuts on my face
Than spend one more minute with you

I'd rather rip out my intestines with a fork
Than watch you going out with other men
I'd rather slam my fingers in a door
Again and again and again and again and again
(Oh, can't you see what I'm trying to say darlin')

I'd rather have my blood sucked out by leeches
Shove an ice pick under a toenail or two
I'd rather clean all the bathrooms in Grand Central Station with my tongue
Than spend one more minute with you

Yes, I'd rather jump naked on a huge pile of thumbtacks
Or stick my nostrils together with crazy glue
I'd rather dive into a swimming pool filled with double-edged razor blades
Than spend one more minute with you

I'd rather rip my heart right out of my ribcage with my bare hands
and then throw it on the floor and stomp on it 'till I die
Than spend one more minute with you

THEME FROM ROCKY XIII

by “Weird Al” Yankovic, sung to the tune of “Eye of the Tiger”

Old and weak, such a disgrace
Guess the champ got too lazy
Ain't gonna fly now he's just takin' up space
Sold his gloves, threw his eggs down the drain

But he's no bum, he works down the street
He bought the neighborhood deli
Back on his feet, now he's choppin' up meat
Come inside, maybe you'll hear him say...

Try the rye or the kaiser, they're our special tonight
If you'd like you can have an appetizer
If you want substitutions I won't put up a fight
You can have your roast beef on the rye... or the kaiser.

So today, his deli comes first
Still he dreams of his past days of glory
Goes in the back and beats up on liverwurst
From inside you can still hear him say...

Try the rye or the kaiser or the wheat or the white
If you want, you can have an appetizer
If you want substitutions I won't put up a fight
But you just can't go wrong with the rye... or the kaiser.

It's the rye or the kaiser, it's the thrill of one bite
Won't you let me be your catering advisor
Stay away from the tuna, it smells funny tonight
But you just can't go wrong with the rye... or the kaiser.

YODA

by "Weird Al" Yankovic
sung to the tune of "Lola" by the Kinks

I met him in a swamp down in Dagobah
Where it bubbles all the time like a giant carbonated soda
S-O-D-A soda

I saw the little runt
Sitting there on a log
I asked him his name and in a raspy voice he said
Yoda
Y-O-D-A Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda

Well I've been around
But I ain't never seen
A guy who looks like a Muppet
But he's wrinkled and green
Oh my Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda

Well I'm not dumb
But I can't understand
How he can lift me in the air just by raising his hand
Oh my Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda

Well I left home just a week before
And I'd never ever been a Jedi before
But Obi-Wan he set me straight of course
He said go to Yoda and he'll show you the Force

Well I'm not the kind that would argue with Ben
So, it looks like I'm going to start all over again
With my Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda

Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda

So I use the Force
I pick up a box
I lifted some rocks
While I stood on my head
Well I won't forget what Yoda said
He said "Luke, stay away from the darker side
And if you start to go astray, let the Force be your guide."
Oh my Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda

"I know Darth Vader's really got you annoyed
But remember, if you kill him
Then you'll be unemployed."
Oh my Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda

Well I heard my friends really got in a mess
So I'm gonna have to leave Yoda I guess
But I know that I'll be coming back someday
I'll be playing this part
'Till I'm old and gray

The long-term contract I hadda sign
Said I'll be making these movies 'till the end of time
With my Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda

Yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yoda
(6 times)

Chapter 7:

Schwe

e!

AMERICAN PIE

by Don McLean

A long, long time ago
I can still remember how that music used to make me smile
And I knew if I had my chance
That I could make those people dance
And maybe they'd be happy for a while....
But February made me shiver
With every paper I'd deliver
Bad news on the doorstep
I couldn't take one more step
I can't remember if I cried
When I read about his widowed bride
But something touched me deep inside
The day the music died
So...

Chorus:

Bye bye Miss American Pie
Drove the Chevy to the Levee but the Levee was dry
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
And singin' this'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die

Did you write the book of love
And do you have faith in God above
If the bible tells you so
Now do you believe in rock and roll
Can music save your mortal soul and
Can you teach me how to dance real slow
Well I know that you're in love with him
'Cause I saw you dancin' in the gym
You both kicked off your shoes
Man I dig those rhythm and blues
I was a lonely teenage bronkin' buck
With a pink carnation and a pick-up truck
But I knew I was out of luck
The day the music died
I started singing...

Chorus

Now for ten years we've been on our own
And moss grows fat on a rolling stone
But that's not how it used to be
When the Jester sang for the King and Queen
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean
And a voice that came from you and me
Oh and while the King was looking down
The Jester stole his thorny crown
The courtroom was adjourned
No verdict was returned
And while Lenin read a book on Marx
The quartet practiced in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark
The day the music died
We were singing...

Chorus

Helter skelter in the summer swelter
The birds flew off with a fallout shelter
Eight miles high and fallin' fast
It landed foul on the grass
The players tried for a forward pass
With the Jester on the sidelines in a cast
Now the half-time air was sweet perfume
While the sergeants played a marching tune
We all got up to dance
But we never got the chance
'Cause the players tried to take the field
But the marching band refused to yield
Do you recall what was revealed
The day the music died?
We started singing...

Chorus

And there we were all in one place
A generation lost in space
With no time left to start again
So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack Flash sat on a candlestick 'cause
Fire is the devil's only friend
And as I watched him on the stage

My hands were clenched in fists of rage
No angel born in Hell
Could break that Satan's spell
And as the flames climbed high into the night
To light the sacrificial rite
I saw Satan laughing with delight
The day the music died
He was singin'...

Chorus

I met a girl who sang the blues
And I asked her for some happy news
But she just smiled and turned away
I went down to the sacred store
Where I'd heard the music years before
But the man there said the music wouldn't play
And in the streets the children screamed
The lovers cried and the poets dreamed
But not a word was spoken
The Church bells all were broken
And the three men I admire most
The Father, Son and the Holy Ghost
They caught the last train for the coast
The day the music died
And they were singing...

Chorus 2X

THE ASSHOLE SONG

by Denis Leary

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

But sometimes that just ain't enough to keep a man like me interested
(Oh no) No way (Uh-uh)
No, I've got to go out and have fun at someone else's expense
(Oh yeah) Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

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

I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, such an asshole)

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

I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, he's the world's biggest asshole)

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

I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, he's a real fucking asshole)

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

NAAAAAAH!

I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, he's the world's biggest asshole)

SPOKEN

You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna get myself a 1967 Cadillac El Dorado convertible, hot pink with whaleskin hubcaps and all leather cow interior and big brown baby seal eyes for headlights. Yeah! And I'm gonna drive around in that baby at 115 MPH getting one mile per gallon, sucking down quarter-pound cheeseburgers from McDonald's in the old-fashioned non-biodegradable styrofoam containers and when I'm done suckin' down those greaseball burgers, I'm gonna wipe my mouth with the American flag and then I'm gonna toss the styrofoam right out the side and there ain't a goddamned thing anyone can do about it. You know why? Because we got the bombs.

Two words: Nuclear Fucking Weapons, okay? Russia, Germany, Romania — they can have all the democracy they want. They can have a big democracy cakewalk right through the middle of Tiananmen Square and it won't make a lick of difference because we got the bombs, okay?

John Wayne's not dead — he's frozen. And as soon as we find a cure for cancer we're gonna thaw out the Duke, and he's gonna be pretty pissed off. Do you know why? Have you ever taken a cold shower? Well, multiply that by 15 billion times. That's how pissed off the Duke is gonna be. I'm gonna get the Duke and John Cassavetes (Hey) and Lee Marvin (Hey) and Sam Peckinpah (Hey) and a case of whiskey and drive down to Texas...

(Hey, you know you really are an asshole.)

Why don't you just shut up and sing the song, pal?

I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole (He's the world's biggest asshole)

A-S-S-H-O-L-E Everybody A-S-S-H-O-L-E

BARKING:

Arf Arf Arf Arf Arf Arf Arf
Fung Achng Tum A Fung Tum A Fling Chum
Oooh Oooh

SPOKEN:

I'm an asshole and proud of it.

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

performed by Queen

Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landslide; no escape from reality
Open your eyes, look up to the skies, and see

I'm just a poor boy; I need no sympathy
Because I'm easy come, easy go, little high, little low
Any way the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me, to me

Mama, just killed a man
Put a gun against his head; pulled my trigger, now he's dead
Mama, life had just begun, but now I've gone and thrown it all away
Mama, oooh, didn't mean to make you cry
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow
Carry on, carry on
As if nothing really mattered

Too late, my time has come
Sent shivers down my spine, body's achin' all the time
Goodbye, everybody, I've got to go
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth
Mama, oooh, didn't mean to make you cry
Sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

(guitar solo)

I see a little silhouetto of a man
Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the fandango?
Thunderbolt and lightning, very very frightening, me
Galileo (galileo) Galileo (galileo)
Galileo Figaro — Magnifico!
I am just a poor boy, nobody loves me
He is just a poor boy, from a poor family
Spare him his life from this monstrosity
Easy come, easy go, will you let me go?
Mismillach, No! We will not let you go
Let him go!
Mismillach, we will not let you go
Let me go!
Mismillach, we will not let you go
Let me go! Will not let him go

Let me go! Will not let him go
Let me go oooh...
No no no no no no no!
Oh mamma mia, mamma mia,
Mamma mia let me go,
Beelzebub, has the Devil put aside for me, for me, for me?

(guitar solo)

So you think you can stomp me and spit in my eye?
So you think you can love me and leave me to die?
Oh, baby, can't do this to me baby
Just gotta get out, just gotta get right out of here

(guitar solo)

Oooh, ooh yeah, ooh yeah, ooh yeah
Nothing really matters, anyone can see
Nothing really matters, nothing really matters to me
(any way the wind blows...)

THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY

Remember when you ran away
And I got on my knees and begged you not to leave
Because I'd go berserk? Well,
You left me anyhow and then
The days got worse and worse
And now you see I've gone completely out of my mind, and

They're coming to take me away - ha ha
They're coming to take me away - ho ho
Hee hee ha ha to the funny farm
Where life is beautiful all the time
And I'll be happy to see those nice young men
In their clean white coats
And they're coming to take me away ha ha

You thought it was a joke and so you laughed
You laughed when I had said that
Losing you would make me flip my lid - right?
You know you laughed I heard you laugh
You laughed you laughed you laughed and then you left
But now you know I'm utterly mad - and

They're coming to take me away - ha ha
They're coming to take me away - ho ho
Hee hee ha ha to the happy home
With trees and flowers and chirping birds
And basket weavers who sit and smile
And twiddle their thumbs and toes and
They're coming to take me away - ha ha

I cooked your food I cleaned your house
And this is how you pay me back
For all my kind unselfish loving deeds -hunh?
Well you just wait, they'll find you yet
And when they do they'll put you in the ASPCA you mangy mutt - and

They're coming to take me away - ha ha
They're coming to take me away - ho ho
Hee hee ha ha to the funny farm
Where life is beautiful all the time
And I'll be happy to see those nice young men

In their clean white coats
And they're coming to take me away ha ha
To the happy home
With trees and flowers and chirping birds
And basket weavers who sit and smile
And twiddle their thumbs and toes and
They're coming to take me away - ha ha
To the funny farm
Where life is beautiful all the time
And I'll be happy to see those nice young men
In their clean white coats...

EXISTENTIAL BLUES

Hey man, what are you really into, huh?

The elusive butterfly has just tiptoed past my door
My buddy likes the Yankees; he says "Hey T-Bone, what's the score?"
And I say "Well, Randy, got 1 and 1 and 3 and 25 is 6 to 4
Is a left wing really pinko? Colonel Sanders, what a bore
You ask so many questions; what answers should I choose?
Is this schizoid paranoia or just existential blues?"

The amenities of life have been chasing my soul
And my mind is transcendental and I'm losing all control
And I'm sinking in the quagmire of illusions and Thoreau
I cry out "My name is T-Bone, and a hound dog digs a hole"
You ask so many questions; what answers should I choose?
Is this plain old heebie jeebies or just existential blues?"

Sailing, sailing
What is illusion? What is true?
Sailing, sailing
Over the existential blues

God bless America
And Old Glory, too
May she always wave for us
With the red, white and existential blues

(Ba bidda ba etc)
The existential blues
You can do what you want but lay off my existential blues
My blue suede existential blues

I was on a quest (walking down the road again, doo dah, doo dah)
I was walking down the road and I was looking for the truth of life
And I came across all of these little people (little people little people)
They looked up at me and said, "Hey Mister, are you tall?"
I said, "Yes, I'm tall, but who are you weird little wonders?"
And they looked up at me with their big red bloodshot eyes and said,
"We are the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids
We are the lollipop kids, we welcome you to munchkin land"
I said, "Hey, hey, weird little wonders, I'm on a quest
(walking down the road again, doo dah, doo dah)"

I said, "Hey kids, I'm looking for the truth of life;
where do I go; who do I see?"
He says, "Hold on, Mister, in order to find the truth of life
One must see — The Wizard!"
I said, "The Wizard?
Where does this wizard old wise one live?"
They said, "See the big green glow-in-the-dark house up on the hill?"
I said, "Yes, I see the big green glow-in-the-dark house up on the hill."
There's a big dark forest between me
And the big green glow-in-the-dark house up on the hill
And a little old lady on a Hoover vacuum cleaner going
"I'll get you my pretty and your little dog Toto, too!"
"But I don't even have a little dog Toto"
Such predicaments, I must forge ahead
(walking down the road again, doo dah, doo dah)
I must find the truth of life
I said, You know, kids, I can handle the big green glow-in-the-dark
house up on the hill
I can handle the dark forest; I can handle the little old lady
This is a very strange road that you're sending me down
I've seen yellow stripes in the middle of the road before,
But kids, they're never quite this wide
All right, tighten your shorts, pilgrim, and sing like the Duke
Follow the Yellow Brick Road, follow the Yellow Brick Road
Follow follow follow follow follow the Yellow Brick Road
If ever oh ever a wiz there was, the wizard of Oz is one because
Because because because because because
Because of the wonderful things he does la la la la la la ha ha
We're off to see the wizard, the wonderful wizard of Oz (a hahahahaha)

Well, I got a little bit tired of walking down the road again, doo dah, doo dah
A little bit tired of walking down this old blinding yellow road
So I pulled my little tired body off into a little rest area
And lo and behold there was this little field of little red flowers out there
And, uhh, smelled so good, I was getting pretty tired
And they smelled so good, well
I'll just stretch out in this little field of Poppies! (poppies poppies)
Well I had this strange dream, and I, well those little flowers
Just smelled awfully good and I was having a great time
And the old wizard's just going to wait, man, cause I'm just going
To stretch out in this little field of Poppies! (poppies poppies)

(weird sound effects)

Along came this old man in a green El Dorado II,
Screached to a halt, And a little short man with a big red nose
Toking a bottle of Yukon Jack
Strolled up to me and he said, "Hey son"
I said, "Old man, don't bother me" (poppies, poppies)
He said, "T-Bone. "I said, " Wait a minute.
This man knows my name. He must be the Wizard!"

"You must be the wizard, the wizard of Oz
Why have you come to haunt me, oh wizard of Oz"

I said oh wizard oh wise one, I have been on a quest
(walking down the road again, doo dah, doo dah)
We are the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids
I got tired Poppies (poppies, poppies)
Oh man, I've been through hell
He said, "Hey son, slow down, relax"
I said, "But wizard oh wise-ard, I've come so far to find the truth of life"
He said, "Hey son, slow down, relax," he said, "to tell you the truth, son —"
I said, "wizard, that's what I've come to find is the truth"
He said, "No, no, son, you got me all wrong
To tell you the truth son, uh, how can I tell you this, uh
I've been in this field of poppies a long time, myself
And I've come to find, son, that the only truth
In life is right here in this bottle"
I said, "Wizard!"
He said, "No, truly, son, in fact
I'd rather have this bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy!"
"How profound wizard"

Some girl with psychic powers, she said "T-Bone, what's your sign?"
I blink and answer, "Neon;" I thought I'd blow her mind
She's reading Moby Dick, by some fruitcake named Herman
She's dropping on a knackwurst, vere de dutches really goiman?
You ask so many questions; what answers should I choose?
Is this really Butte, Montana or just existential blues?
Really Butte, Montana?
Plain old heebie jeebies?
Is it schizoid paranoia?
(weird sound effects)
Lalalalalalala, existential blues

YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'

performed by the Righteous Brothers

You never close your eyes anymore when I kiss your lips,
And there's no tenderness like before in your fingertips.
You're trying hard not to show it,
But baby, baby I know it...

Chorus:

You've lost that lovin' feelin',
Whoa, that lovin' feelin',
You've lost that lovin' feelin' 'cause it's gone, gone, gone,
Whoawoah...

Now there's no welcome look in your eyes when I reach for you,
And girl, you're starting to criticize little things I do.
It makes me just feel like crying (baby...),
'Cause baby, something beautiful's dying...

Chorus

Baby baby, I'd get down on my knees for you,
If you would only love me like you used to do.
We had a love, a love, a love you don't find every day.
So don't (DON'T!), don't (DON'T!), don't (DON'T) don't let it slip away.
Baby (baby) baby (baby)
I'm beggin' you please (please!), I'm beggin' you please (please),
I need your love (I need your love), I need your love (I need your love),
So bring it on back (bring it on back), bring it on back (bring it on back),
Bring it on back (bring it on back) bring it on back (bring it on back)...

Bring back that lovin' feelin',
Whoa, that lovin' feelin'.
Bring back that lovin' feelin', 'cause it's gone, gone, gone,
And I can't go on, Whoawoah...

MASOCHISM TANGO

I ache for the touch of your lips, dear
But much more for the touch of your whips, dear
You can raise welts
Like nobody else
As we dance to the masochism tango

Let our love be a flame, not an ember
Say it's me that you want to dismember
Blacken my eye
Set fire to my tie
As we dance to the masochism tango

At your command
Before you here I stand
My heart is in my hand (uugh)
It's here that I must be
My heart entreats
Just hear those savage beats
And go put on your cleats
And come and trample me

Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany
That's why I'm in such exquisite agony
My soul is on fire
It's aflame with desire
Which is why I perspire when we tango

You caught my nose
In your left castanet, love
I can feel the pain yet, love
Every time I hear drums
And I envy the rose
That you held in your teeth, love
With the thorns underneath, love
Sticking into your gums

Your eyes cast a spell that bewitches
The last time I needed 20 stitches
To sew up the gash
You made with your lash
As we dance to the masochism tango

Bash in my brain
And make me scream with pain
Then kick me once again
And say we'll never part
I know too well
I'm underneath your spell
So Darling, if you smell
Something burning, it's my heart
(excuse me)

Take your cigarette from it's holder
And burn your initials in my shoulder
Fracture my spine
And swear that you're mine
As we dance to the masochism tango

MONEY FOR NOTHING

performed by Dire Straits

I want my....

I want my MTV

Now look at them yo-yos, that's the way you do it,
You play the guitar on the MTV.
That ain't workin', that's the way you do it,
Get your money for nothing and your chicks for free.
That ain't workin', that's the way you do it,
Lemme tell ya, them guys ain't dumb,
Maybe get a blister on your little finger,
Maybe get a blister on your thumb.

Chorus

We got to install microwave ovens,
Custom kitchen deliveries,
We got to move these refrigerators,
We got to move these color TV's.

That little fucker with the earring and the makeup,
Yeah, buddy, that's his own hair.
The little fucker got his own jet airplane;
The little fucker he's a millionaire.

Chorus

I should have learned to play the guitar,
I should have learned to play them drums,
Look at that mama, she got it stickin' in the camera man...
(You could have some)
And look at that, what's that, Hawaiian noises,
You're banging on the bongos like a chimpanzee.
Oh, that ain't workin', that's the way you do it,
Get your money for nothing and your chicks for free.

Chorus

That ain't workin', that's the way you do it,
You play the guitar on the MTV.
That ain't workin', that's the way you do it,
Get your money for nothing and your chicks for free.

Get your money for nothing
And your chicks for free
Get your money for nothing
And your chicks for free
Look at that, look at that

I want my

I want my

I want my MTV

[repeat until dead]

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Start spreading the news,
I'm leaving today.
I'm gonna be a part of it, New York, New York.
These vagabond shoes
Are longing to stray
Into the very heart of it, New York, New York.

I want to wake up in the city that doesn't sleep,
To find I'm king of the hill, top of the heap.

These little town blues
Are melting away
I'll make a brand new start of it, in old New York.
If I can make it there I'll make it anywhere,
It's up to you, New York, New York.

New York, New York...
I want to wake up in the city that doesn't sleep,
To find I'm king of the hill, top of the heap, cream of the crop, A number one...
These little town blues
Are melting away,
I'm gonna be a part of it, in old New York.
If I can make it there, I'll make it anywhere,
It's up to you, New York, New York.

PARTICLE MAN

by They Might Be Giants

Particle man, Particle man
Doing the things a particle can
What's he like? It's not important
Particle man
Is he a dot, or is he a speck?
If he's under water does he get wet?
Or does the water get him instead?
Nobody knows, Particle Man

Triangle Man, Triangle man
Triangle man hates Particle man
They have a fight
Triangle wins
Triangle Man

Universe Man, Universe man
Size of the entire universe man
Usually kind to smaller man
Universe man
He's got a watch with a minute hand
Millennium hand and an eon hand
When they meet it's a happy land
Powerful man, Universe man

Person Man, Person Man,
Hit on the head with a frying pan
Lives his life in a garbage can
Person man
Is he depressed, or is he a mess?
does he feel totally worthless?
Who came up with Person man?
Degraded man, Person man

Triangle man, Triangle man
Triangle man hates Person man
They have a fight, triangle wins
Triangle Wins, Triangle man

WA DA N CHU

Beakley's song

(sung by one person with everyone else echoing)

wa da n chu

wa da n chu

bo do skid eet n dot n

wa da n chu

bo do skid eet n dot n

wa da n chu

is bid e o tin do tin

bo do skid eet n dot n

wa da n chu

is bid e o tin do tin

bo do skid eet n dot n

wa da n chu

It n dit n lit n dit n

is bid e o tin do tin

bo do skid eet n dot n

wa da n chu

It n dit n lit n dit n

is bid e o tin do tin

bo do skid eet n dot n

wa da n chu

YPMB RAP

by the scriptwriters '89

(See Band music archives for accompaniment.)

Yo Mom and Dad
We know you're sad
But don't be mad
'Cause we're real glad
That we're at Yale
If we don't fail
Life won't be stale
If you send by mail
Some money

SEND MONEY!

Since we left home
Been writin' this pome
No time to Rome
'Cause we're suckin' back foam
But we got time
To sit 'n' rhyme
We don't do crime
Ain't got a dime
'S Send Money

SEND MONEY!

We blowin' off class
We might not pass
Life goes real fass
So don't give us no sass
If you don't help out
If you don't lend a hand
We be forced to join
The YPMBand!
The YPMBand!
THE YALE
PRECISION
MARCHING
BAND

It's just a jump to the left...

CHAPTER 8:

Parodies

10,000 MEN OF HARVARD

DIRTY VERSION:

10,000 men of harvard
9,000 are gay
500 are bisexual
The rest just act that way
So if you are a Cantabridgian
You better know whose ass your dick is in
10,000 men of Harvard
9,000 are gay

PC VERSION:

10,000 men of harvard
Suck dead goats today
Don't bother to ask them what for
It's just the cantab way
And if you're a Cantabridgian
Your dead goat libido's fidgetin'
10,000 men of harvard
Suck dead goats today

CECILIA

sung to the tune of "Cecilia" by Paul Simon, as performed by Simon & Garfunkel

Cecilia, you're breaking my heart
'Till death do us part will not stop me
Necrophilia
I'm holding you close
All I ask is that you don't
Decompose

FUN TIMES FOR NOTHING

by Pete Smith YPMB '94

Parody of: "Money for Nothing", by Dire Straits

Performed by: Feeding the Lizard

Dedicated to: Kate Alton (she gave me the idea)

Join the Y...

Join the Y.P.M.B.

[Repeat four times]

Now look at them bandies, that's the way you do it
You play the trumpet for the Y.P.M.B.
That ain't workin' that's the way you do it
Fun times for nothin' and the games for free
Now that ain't workin' that's the way you do it
Lemme tell ya them guys ain't dumb
Maybe get a blister on your middle finger
Maybe get a blister on your thumb

We get to run all over the Yale Bowl
Making bitchin' phraseologies
We get to play these cool arrangements
We get to play these melodies

See the little flautist with the buttons and the mohawk
Yeah buddy that's his own hair
That little flautist will get a Yale diploma
That little flautist: future millionaire

We get to run all over the Yale Bowl
Making bitchin' lobotomies
We get to jam on these cool arrangements
We get to play these melodies

I shoulda learned to play the trombone
I shoulda learned to play them drums
Look at that siouxsas, I think it's on fire!
Man we sure could have some fun
And he's up there, what's that? Such a crazy hat
Bangin' on the bass drum like a true bandie
That ain't workin' that's the way you do it
Get your fun times for nothin' get the games for free

We get to run all over the Yale Bowl
Making bitchin' theologies
We get to wail on these cool arrangements
We get to play these melodies

Now that ain't workin' that's the way you do it
You play the trumpet for the Y.P.M.B.
That's ain't workin' that's the way you do it
Good times for nothin' and the games for free
Good times for nothin' and the games for free
[Repeat a lot]

[Background:]

Join the Y.

Join the Y.

Join the Y.P.M.B.

[Repeat six times]

LEPROSY

Origin Unknown

(To the tune of "Yesterday" by the Beatles)

Leprosy

I've got pieces falling off of me
I'm not half the man I used to be
Oh why did I get leprosy

Syphilis

It all started with a simple kiss
Now it hurts like hell to take a piss
Oh why did I get syphilis

Why her box was sick I don't know

She wouldn't say

Now my dripping dick won't get thick like yesterday

Pubic lice

It all started out so very nice
My balls are spotted like a pair of dice
Oh why did I get pubic lice

LOSING MY ERECTION

by Doug Rusnack '94 and Benn Oshrin '97
sung to the tune of "Losing My Religion" by R. E. M.

Oh mine, is bigger
It's bigger than yours
And yours is not mine
The lengths that I will go to
The distance between my thighs
Oh no, I've touched too much
It won't stay up

That's me in a condom
That's me in your crotch and
Losing my erection
Trying to keep...it...up
But I don't know if I can do it
Oh no, it's getting soft
It isn't hard enough
I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you say,
"I think I saw you start to cry"

Every whisper
Every waking hour I'm
Reading my porno mags
Trying to keep it hard in you
Like a well hung and well built stag — stag
Oh now I've touched too much
It won't stay up

Consider this
Consider this
The hint of the century
Consider this the slip
That brought me to my knees — soft
What if all these fantasies
Don't help me to get hard
And now I've touched
Too much

I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you say,

"I think I saw you start to cry"

Or was that just a dream
Was that just a dream

That's me in a condom
That's me in your crotch and
Losing my erection
Trying to keep...it...up
But I don't know if I can do it
Oh no, it's getting soft
It isn't hard enough
I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you say,
"I think I saw you start to cry"
But that was just a dream,
Try, cry, why, why
That was just a dream,
Just a dream, just a dream (whew)

BLOW YOUR GOAT

Drunken Band Bus, circa 1990.

(The harvard Version of Row Your Boat,
which can be repeated in a round.)

Blow, blow, blow your goat
Gently lick the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
You can eat the cream.

SHE LOVES ME

sung to the tune of "She Loves You" by the Beatles

You think you lost your love
Well you're absolutely right
It's me she's thinking of
So it won't be you tonight

Because she loves me
And for you it's just too bad
She loves me
And you know you should be sad

(Wooooooo!)

Because she loves me,
Nyah Nyah Nyah
She loves me,
Nyah Nyah Nyah
With a love like that, you'd better jump off a bridge.

SWEET BAND O' MINE

by Pete Smith YPMB '94

Parody of: "Sweet Child of Mine", by Guns n' Roses

Performed by: Pistols 'n' Shrubberies

Dedicated to: The Members of the YPMB

They've got a style of insanity
Their minds filled with wild festivities
Where everyone is so crazed
And wears bright blue dye.
Now and then, on each Saturday,
I can't wait for the band to play
And when they play so loud,
My pants just don't stay dry.

Oh, the band for me.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Y.P.M.B.

They've got brass of assorted size
That often shoot out flames.
I love to listen to those guys
At all of the football games.
So there you'll find me at the Yale Bowl stands
Where the Y.P.M.B. blows notes
And plays so much better than the bands
That march in straight lines or blow goats.

Oh, the band for me.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Y.P.M.B.

Oh yeah
Oh, the band for me.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Y.P.M.B.
Oh, the band for me.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Y.P.M.B.

Why don't you join?
Why don't you join now?
Why don't you join?
[Repeat]

Why don't you join?

Why don't you join now?
Why don't you join?
Sweet band
Sweet band of mine.

TROY'S FAVORITE FLINGS

by Troy Udulutch '95

(to the tune of "My Favorite Things" from The Sound of Music)

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens
Bound and gagged animals tied up with string
These are a few of my favorite flings

Cream-covered faces and hot horny poodles
Friends who will whip me with chains and wet noodles
Hot grease that's poured down my back and will sting
These are a few of my favorite flings

Girls without dresses that claw and leave gashes
Boys that allow me to watch while they washes
When you stick the socket on my wet fing - er
These are a few of my favorite flings

When you handcuff me to the bedpost
And you call me bad
I simply remember my favorite flings
And then I don't feel
So sad!

YPMB UNDER THE SEA

by Susan Harris '91

(to the tune of "Under the Sea")

The weather is always drier, at somebody else's school
You wish you was goin' elsewhere, but that means you are a fool
Just look at the things around you, right here in the big Yale bowl
The wonderful Band surrounds you, what more is you looking for?

YPMB, YPMB

Yale Band is better, though it is wetter, take it from me
The Princeton Band wear orange plaid,
They look so lame they sound so sad,
We may be drippy, but we're not dippy, YPMB

At Yale all the Band is happy, they yell till they get sore throats
At harvard the band ain't happy, they sad 'cause they suck dead goats
Their cruelty is so blatant, toward all their four footed pals
The Yale Band they worship Satan, but WE DON'T EAT ANIMALS!

YPMB, YPMB

Nobody take us, and try to make us march normally
The Cornell band is loud and red,
They wear dumb hats upon their head,
Life is delish here, we can wear fish in the YPMB

YPMB, YPMB

Since life is sweet here, we got the beat here, naturally
Even appoge who look like smurf,
He get the urge and start to surf,
Fun never ends here, make all your friends in the YPMB

Oh the flute they can toot, the brass they can blast,
The woodwinds come in and they kickin' ass,
The bones they can moan, the glock he can rock,
the Seth is the duke of soul
The props they don't stop, the sax play der axe,
The jugglers is hot, but chilled to the max,
The Seth he can blare, the Jen bang the snare,
and oh them siouxsas blow!

Ahhh, now you've got it

YPMB, YPMB

When KBB, begin to play schwee, it music to me
What Stanford got a lot of sand,
We got a hot precision Band,
Each trumpet bell here, sound loud as hell here, YPMB
Each clarinet here, make Benno wet here, YPMB
Each can of spam here, know how to jam here,
That's why we're hotter though full of water
Yeah, we in luck here, we can say FUCK in the YPMB!

UPTOWN GIRL

Uptown Girl

She may be wealthy but she gives good head

We use her money and we buy some drugs

And then we make love in her parents' bed

She gives good head.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE?

sung to the tune of "Would You Like To Swing On A Star?"

Would you like to sit on my face
It's a very comfortable place
Suck my dork till it runs out of taste
Or would you rather eat my shorts?

My shorts are a baggy pair, they hang from my waist
They smell just as rotten as they taste.
If you eat to slow you'll just get sick
You'll get gas if you eat too quick!
So unless you want to throw up in disgrace
You'd better sit upon my face!

Would you like to sit on my face
It's a very comfortable place
Suck my dork till it runs out of taste
Or would you rather eat my shorts?

YALE BAND ROCK 'N' ROLL

by Pete Smith, YPMB '94

Parody of: "Old Time Rock 'n' Roll", by Bob Seger

Performed by: Matt Comeau and a karaoke tape

Dedicated to: Matt Comeau, since he asked me to write it.

Just take that old jacket off the wall
Wear it and come on down to Hendrie Hall
The other bands ain't got the same soul
I like that Yale Band rock 'n' roll

Ain't like those bands you knew in high school
Their stupid costumes made you look like a fool
Those lame Q-Tips never do nothing cool
Unlike the Yale Band rock 'n' roll

Still like that Yale Band rock 'n' roll
We act so strange for the half-time show
With all the people running to and fro
Playing Yale Band rock 'n' roll

[Guitar solo]

Won't go to hear no band in Boston
The bands in Cambridge don't know how to have fun
Those harvard students are a bunch of assholes
Who can't play Yale Band rock 'n' roll

Call me eccentric, well, that's fine with me
'Cause nothing's better than the Y.P.M.B.
So come join us down at the Yale Bowl
Where we play Yale Band rock 'n' roll

Still like that Yale Band rock 'n' roll
The only band to make drums explode
It even causes me to drop my load
That the Yale Band rock 'n' roll

[Sax solo]

Still like that Yale Band rock 'n' roll
We've got drums to beat and horns to blow
It's even better that fellatio

I like Yale Band rock 'n' roll

[Percussion only]

Still like that Yale Band rock 'n' roll

That kind of music just soothes the soul

Where having fun is the most central goal

I like that Yale Band rock 'n' roll

Still like that Yale Band rock 'n' roll

Bring your trumpet or your saxophone

All you woodwinds, drums, and big trombones

Come play Yale Band rock 'n' roll

YMCA by the YPMB

sung to the tune of YMCA, as performed by the Village People
performed by the Village Guys (Dante, Jonathan Katz, Tim Kubik, Charles Rosenblum &
Rich Stankhe) in the 1987 YPMB Movie

Young man, can you march out of line?
I say, young man, have you no sense of time?
Can you do things without bein' ashamed
At a Yale home football game?

Hendrie, is the place that you will
Get a trumpet, ask somebody for Phil,
You can hang out, write a script with the folks
And tell really dirty crude jokes.

Oh you can march with the YPMB!
It's fun to march with the YPMB!
You can be on TV
Or in a magazine,
Just provided your pants are clean.

Oh you can march with the YPMB!
It's fun to march with the YPMB!
You can have a good time,
You can be on the go,
Durin' one of the half-time shows.

I was a freshman, I was really confused,
I was thinking about joining the "news"
When a senior gave me some good advice,
And I did not have to think twice.

Young man, life at Yale is a bore,
But wait, young man, there's a way to do more:
You can try out for the YPMB
And see football games for free.

Oh you can march with the YPMB!
It's fun to march with the YPMB!
You can eat a box lunch
With a nice tangerine,
You can dance with a tambourine.

YPMB!

It's fun to march with the YPMB!

Young man, young man, and you young woman, too,
Young man, young man, there's just so much to do.

YPMB!

It's fun to be in the YPMB!

Young man, young man, and you young woman, too,
Young man, young man, there's just so much to do.

CHAPTER 9:

The Singing Bus...

BLOW ME

by James "Sparky" O'Neill '90

(To the tune of that old Yale Classic, "Bingo.")

Blow me, blow me
Blow me very gently
Do not bite me
That will arouse my prick
If there's to be fellatio
I hope the jiz don't stick.
Bla-bla-bla-blow me
Blow me
Blow me fast I have to hit the road
Blow me,
Harder tighter deeper
Blow me, blow me
Eat my load.

CHIGAGO

(from Phil '97)

I used to work in Chicago.
In a Department Store.
I used to work in Chicago,
I don't work there anymore.
A [wo]man came in and asked for _____
I asked her/him what kind [s]he adored
_____, [s]he said, so _____ her/him I did
I don't work there anymore...

LINES:

a bear/polar/pole
some cable/jumper/jump
some cards/poker/poke
a cake/layer/lay
some china/bone/bone
a dress/jumper/jump
a drink/liquor or screwdriver/lick or screwdrive
a fastener/nail/nail
a fastener/screw/screw
a faucet/Price Pfister/fist
a fish/smelt/smell
a gourd/pumpkin/pump kin¹
a joke/filler/fill
a Kennedy/Jack/jack
some meat/pork/pork
some paper/ream/ream
a parent/yo momma/yo momma
some shoes/decks/deck
some shoes/pumps/pump
a sum/Rheimann/ream
a [power] tool/plug, screwdriver, plow or drill/plug, screw, plow or drill
a tower/Bingham/bang
some candy/sucker/suck²

¹“My cousin” can be substituted for “A [wo]man”

² “My boss/supervisor” can be substituted for “a [wo]man”, and “And then I got promoted” can be substituted for the last line

FIREMAN

Traditional.

My father is a fireman
He puts out fires
Hmmmmmmm.

My mother is a fireman's wife
She puts out fires
Hmmmmmmm.

My brother is a fireman's son
He puts out fires
Hmmmmmmm.

My sister is a fireman's daughter
She puts out -
Hmmmmmmm.

THE FRESHMEN UP AT YALE

Traditional.

Oh, the freshmen up at Yale get no tail
Oh, the freshmen up at Yale get no tail
So to ease up their frustration,
They resort to masturbation
Oh, the freshmen up at Yale get no tail

Oh, the sophomores up at Yale get no tail
Oh, the sophomores up at Yale get no tail
So half the freshman class
Has to take it up the ass
Oh, the sophomores up at Yale get no tail

Oh, the juniors up at Yale get no tail
Oh, the juniors up at Yale get no tail
So to satisfy their yen
They resort to harvard men
Oh, the juniors up at Yale get no tail

Oh, the seniors up at Yale they get tail
Oh, the seniors up at Yale they get tail
After half a bottle of scotch
Anyone will open their crotch
Oh, the seniors up at Yale they get tail

Oh, the Group IV majors up at Yale they get tail
Oh, the Group IV majors up at Yale they get tail
They just go up to the lab
For cadavers on the slab
Oh, the Group IV majors up at Yale they get tail

Oh, the squids up at Yale they get tail
Oh, the squids up at Yale they get tail
It just never gets dull
With those ten tentacles
Oh, the squids up at Yale they get tail

Oh, KBB up at Yale they get tail
Oh, KBB up at Yale they get tail
You can see we're having fun
With all that banging going on

Oh, KBB up at Yale they get tail

Oh, the faculty up at Yale they get tail
Oh, the faculty up at Yale they get tail
If they want a piece of ass
They just keep it after class
Oh, the faculty up at Yale they get tail

Oh, the TA's up at Yale, they get tail
Oh, the TA's up at Yale, they get tail
'Cause to get a passing grade
Some poor Co-ed will get laid
Oh, the TA's up at Yale, they get tail

Football players up at Yale get no tail
Football players up at Yale get no tail
When they satisfy their glands
It's illegal use of hands
Football players up at Yale get no tail

Oh, the President up at Yale gets no tail
Oh, the President up at Yale gets no tail
Since his wife is rather frigid
It's just hard to keep it rigid
Oh, the President up at Yale gets no tail

Oh, Dean Betty up at Yale she gets tail
Oh, Dean Betty up at Yale she gets tail
With all that confiscated liquor
She gets all the frat boys quicker
Oh, Dean Betty up at Yale she gets tail

Oh, the bulldog up at Yale has no tail
Oh, the bulldog up at Yale has no tail
After 4 years in these halls
He is lucky he's got balls
Oh, the bulldog up at Yale has no tail

GANG BANG - ORGY

No one will admit to writing this song.

There are two versions of this song.
The first one has been banned from the busses.

Knock knock
Who's there?
(insert lines, answers)
...At the gang bang
Oh yes I will
Because the gang bang gives me such a thrill
When I was younger
And in my prime
I used to gang bang all the time
But now I'm older
And turning gray
I only gang bang once a day.

Knock knock
Who's there?
(insert lines, answers)
...At the orgy
Oh yes I will
Because the orgy gives me such a thrill
When I was younger
And in my prime
I went to orgies all the time
But now I'm older
And turning gray
I go to orgies once a day.

Lines

Eisenhower/ I's an hour late to
Gladiator/ Glad he ate her at
I'm offended/ I'm offended that I wasn't invited to
Lena/ Lean her up against the wall at
Will/ Will you bring a goat to

LIMERICKS

(begin with verse, chorus last word of first and second lines)

Oh, ei, yei, yei, yei,

(insert line here)

So sing me another one

That's worse than the other one

And waltz me around by my Willy.

Verses

There once was a preacher named Roth

A venerable man of the cloth

He preached masturbation

To his congregation

And was washed down the aisle by the froth

There once was a man from Nantucket

Whose dick was so long he could suck it

He said with a grin

As he wiped off his chin

If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent

Whose dick was so long it was bent

To save him the trouble

He put it in double

And instead of cumming he went

There once was a woman named Alice

Who used dynamite for a phallus

They found her vagina

in North Carolina

And bits of her tits down in Dallas

There once was a fellow named Cass

Whose testes were made out of brass

When they tinkled together

They played 'Stormy Weather'

And lightning shot out of his ass

There once was a man from Rangoon

Whose farts could be heard on the moon

When you'd least expect 'em

They'd burst from his rectum

With the force of a raging typhoon

There once was a man from Rangoon

And he was born nine months too soon

He hadn't the luck

To be born with a fuck

He was scraped off the sheets with a spoon

There once was a woman from Wheeling
Who had a particular feeling
She lay on her back
And tickled her crack
And jitted all over the ceiling

There once was a fellow named Dean
Who invented a fucking machine
Both concave and convex
To fit either sex
And jerk itself off in between

There once was a girl from Antetum
Who liked horse turds so much she would eat 'em
She would lie on its rump
And swallow the chunks
Just as fast as the beast could excrete 'em

There once was a girl from Belize
Whose breasts were made out of Swiss cheese
But the heat of the sun
Would cause them to run
Until they hung down to her knees

There once was a hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said "I'll admit
I'm a bit of a shit
But look at the money I save."

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who once got stuck belly to belly
Because in their haste
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly

There once was a young man named Carter
The world's most prestigious farter
He could play anything
From "God Save the King"
To Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

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

There was a young man named Adair

Who was fucking a girl on the stair
The banister broke
But he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in midair

There once was a vampire named Mabel
Who's menstrual cycle was stable
One night by the moon
She took out a spoon
And drank herself under the table

There once was a plumber named Lee
Who was plumbing his girl by the sea
Said the lady "Cease plumbing
'Cause somebody's coming"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "That's me"

There once was a young man named Tupper
Who took a young lady to supper
They started to dine
At a quarter till nine
And at a quarter till ten he was up her

A clever young man named Eugene
Invented a jack-off machine
On the twenty-third stroke,
The Goddamn thing broke
And beat both of his balls to a cream

There once was a young lady from Wheeling
who claimed to lack sexual feeling
but a cynic named Boris
touched her clitoris
and she had to be scraped off the ceiling

A worried young man from Stamboul
Discovered red spots on his tool
Said the doctor, a cynic
"Get out of my Clinic!
Just wipe off the lipstick, you fool!"

A picnicking lad from Manassas
Anointed his loins with molasses
His date thought it swell
And the bears did as well
So there's nothing much left where his ass is

There once was a man from Wheeling
Who pounded his pud with great feeling
He shot with a shout;
Then stuck his tongue out

And awaited the drops from the ceiling.

There was a young woman from Sydney
Who liked it in up to her kidney.
But a man from Quebec
Shoved it up to her neck;
He really diddled her, didn't he?

There once was a Bishop from Birmingham
Who buttered three maids while confirming 'em
While praying to God
He excited his rod
And pumped his Episcopal sperm in 'em.

The once was a girl from Brazil
Who tried dynamite (TNT) for a thrill
They found her vagina
In South Carolina
And her tits were all over Brazil

There was a young lady named Inge
Who went on a popsicle binge.
I won't breathe a word
Of what really occurred
But her cunt has a damp sticky fringe.

There once was a young chemist from Reed
Who ne'er washed his hands before he peed.
The stuff on his hands
Got into his glands,
So now he's unable to breed.

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

There once was a man from Los Leaver
Who had an affair with a beaver
The results of that fuck
Were a canvas-backed duck
Two canoes and a golden retriever.

There once was a man named Matt
Who was short, bald, ugly, and fat
I'm willing to bet
The only pussy he'll get
Is when he goes home to his cat.

There once was a lad named Kevin

Who's girlfriend was four foot eleven
She looked at his cock
When it was hard as a rock
And it was ten inches long... minus seven.

A bather whose clothing was strewed
By breezes that left her quite nude,
Saw a man come along
And, unless I'm quite wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd.

A mathematician named Hall
Has a hexahedronical ball,
And the cube of its weight
Times his pecker's, plus eight
Is his phone number -- give him a call.

There was a young lady from Vogel
Who sat herself down on a molehill.
A curious mole
Nosed into her hole
Ms. Vogel's ok, but the mole's ill.

A wanton young lady from Wimley
Reproached for not acting quite primly
Said, "Heavens above!
I know sex isn't love,
But it's such an entrancing facsimile."

An architect fellow named Yoric
Could, when feeling euphoric,
Display for selection
Three kinds of erection --
Corinthian, ionic, and doric.

He hated to mend, so young Ned
Called in a cute neighbor instead.
Her husband said, "Vi,
When you stitched up his torn fly,
Did you have to bite off the thread?"

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Massaging the bust of his madam,
He chuckled with mirth,
For he knew that on earth,
There were only two boobs and he had 'em.

Said a horny young girl from Milpitas,
"My favorite sport is coitus."
But a fullback from State
Made her period late,

And now she has athlete's fetus

Said a swinging young chick named Lyth
Whose virtue was largely a myth,
"Try as hard as I can,
I can't find a man
That it's fun to be virtuous with."

My back aches, my pussy is sore;
I simply can't fuck any more;
I'm covered with sweat,
And you haven't come yet,
And my God, it's a quarter to four!

There once was a freshman named Lin,
Whose tool was as thin as a pin,
A virgin named Joan
From a bible belt home,
Said "This won't be much of a sin."

There once was a hacker named Ken
Who inherited truckloads of Yen
So he built him some chicks
Of silicon chips
And hasn't been heard from since then.

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

There once was a Scot named McAmeter
With a tool of prodigious diameter.
It was not the size
That cause such surprise;
'Twas his rhythm -- iambic pentameter.

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 t
h
i
s
.

There was a young girl named Sapphire
Who succumbed to her lover's desire.
She said, "It's a sin,

But now that it's in,
Could you shove it a few inches higher?"

There was a young girl of Angina
Who stretched catgut across her vagina.
From the love-making frock
(With the proper sized cock)
Came Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

There was a young lad name of Durcan
Who was always jerkin' his gherkin.
His father said, "Durcan!
Stop jerkin' your gherkin!
Your gherkin's for ferkin', not jerkin'.

There was a young lady named Clair
Who possessed a magnificent pair;
At least so I thought
Till I saw one get caught
On a thorn, and begin losing air.

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her toes in a doorway.
She said to her beau
"Just look at me Joe
I think I've discovered one more way."

There was a young man named Crockett
Whose balls got caught in a socket.
His wife was a bitch,
And she threw the switch,
As Crockett went off like a rocket.

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

There was a young man of St. John's
Who wanted to bugger the swans.
But the loyal hall porter
Said, "Pray take my daughter!
Those birds are reserved for the dons."

There was an old man of the port
Whose prick was remarkably short.
When he got into bed,
The old woman said,
"This isn't a prick; it's a wart!"

There was an old pirate named Bates
Who was learning to rumba on skates.
He fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

A food replicator's malaise
Produced meals of purples and greys.
Kirk's bowels, it was told
Could not be controlled
So they beamed his ass out into space.

There once was a man from Racine
Who built a Beat-Off Machine
Concave or Convex
It serviced both Sex
But Oh, What a Bitch to Clean!

There once was a girl named Dot.
Who lived on Pig Shit and Snot.
When she couldn't get these,
She ate the Green Cheese,
That she scraped from the walls of her TWAT!

There once was another man from Racine,
Who built yet another Beat-Off Machine.
On the 99th stroke,
The damn thing broke!
And Beat his balls to a cream!

There once was a man from Polenz
Whose balls were simply immense.
It took forty-four laymen,
Four priests and a shaman
to carry them hither and thence.

There was a young lady of Madras
Had a beautifully well rounded ass
Not soft, round and pink
As you probably think
But grey with long ears that ate grass.

There once was a girl from the Azores (NOOOOOOOOOO!)
Whose twat was all covered with big sores
And the dogs in the street
Would eat the green meat
That hung from the sides of her drawers

Lines*

* Insert other relatives where appropriate.

Your sister's been seen with a stallion
Your mother swims out to meet troop ships
The troops ships rejected your mother
Your mother does squat-thrusts on chainsaws
Your mother and father are sisters
Your father rides bicycles seatless
Know 'em before you sing 'em
Your father mounts steeples and rotates
Your mother does squat thrusts in corn fields
Your father licks bat dung off cave walls
Your brother gives blow jobs to puppies
Your brother likes to rape puppies
Your brother's in love with a knothole
Your father refills cream doughnuts
Your mother's in love with a carrot
Your father gets off on exhaust pipes
Your sister could suck start a Harley
That's aural sex spelled "AU" (Nantucket only)
Your mother could suck-start a Harley
If you like that you're a sick motherfucker (Azores only)

MY FATHER

No one wants to be associated with this song.

Verse

My father's a _____
And a very fine _____ is he
All day he _____
And when he comes home he _____

Refrain

So dance, little piggy,
Fuck, little piggy,
Follow the Band (eee eee)
Follow the Band with your balls in your hand. (BAAAAAALLLSSS!!!!)
Dance, little piggy,
Fuck, little piggy,
Follow the Band (eee eee)
Follow the Band all the way.

Lines

accordion player/pumps bellows/pumps me
ad man/plugs products/plugs me
analyst/spreadsheets/spreads me
artist/finger paints/fingers me
art collector/mounts paintings/mounts me
bad gardener/deflowers/deflowers me
baker/cremes donuts/creams me
baker/kneads bread/kneads me
barbarian/sacks hamlets/sacks me
baseball player/slides into home/slides into me
boxer/fist fights/fists me
business consultant/negotiates contracts/fucks my brains out
butcher/cleaves meat/cleaves me
C.A./fingers people/fingers me
campaign worker/licks envelopes/licks me
candidate/blows hot air/blows me
Carl Lewis/jumps hurdles/jumps me
carpenter/pounds nails/pounds or nails me
clarinetist/licks reeds/licks me
clown/blows balloons/blows me
comedian/cracks jokes/cracks me
construction worker/jackhammers/ jacks me
cowboy/pokes cattle or rides horses/pokes or rides me

cryptologist/cracks codes/cracks me
Dan Quayle/fucks up/fucks me
Dean Kagan/blows hot air/blows me
death/reaps souls/reaps me
deli owner/spreads mayo/spreads me
dentist/drills teeth/drills me
drummer/rims shots/rims me
electrician/plugs lights in/plugs me
Elkman/eats food/eats me
farmer/plows fields/plows me
Fed.Ex. man/comes in time/comes in me
flute player/tongues notes/tongues me
fugitive/lays low/lays me
geyser/spews in the air/spews into me
geneticist/splices genes/splices me
German/screws Poland/screws me
gigolo/fucks women/goes to sleep
glutton/eats food/eats me
from harvard/sucks dead goats/sucks me
Jesus/does miracles/does me
judge/bangs gavels/bangs me
lawyer/screws clients/screws me
Lit major/probes subtext/probes me
mason/lays bricks/lays me
Mitch/blows sioüxsa/blows me
Moses/parts waters/parts me
oarsman/strokes oars/strokes me
overachiever/succeeds/sucks my seed
Perot/pulls out/pulls out of me
physicist/splits atoms/splits me
pilot/takes off/takes me
pirate/boards vessels/boards me
plumber/reams pipes/reams me
policeman/eats donuts/eats me
postal worker/licks stamps or plugs civilians/licks or plugs me
professor/bores students/bores me
programmer/enters data/enters me
repo man/seizes cars/seizes me
restaurant critic/eats out/eats me out
salesman/plugs products/plugs me
sax player/licks reeds/licks me
shoe salesman/fits shoes/fits me
squid/squirts ink/squirts me

suck-cut/sucks my will to live/sucks me
swordsman/impales rivals/impales me
tailor/takes measurements/takes me
taxidermist/stuffs animals/stuffs me
Tom Duffy/strokes himself/strokes me
track star/jumps poles/jumps me
trumpeter/blows notes/blows me
usher/takes tickets/takes me
vampire/sucks blood/sucks me
vandal/spray paints/sprays me
Wayne Gretzky/slaps shots/slaps me
weight lifter/pumps iron/pumps me

AIRBORNE RANGER

(repeat each line)

I want to be an Airborne Ranger
I want to lead a life of danger

I want to pick up soap in prison
I want a road trip to the Philippines
I want to butt-fuck Mr. Rogers
I want to french-kiss Cookie Monster
I want to shower with Kadafi
I want to scream and be redundant
I want to scream and be redundant
I want to douche with Liquid Plummer™
I want to be a sheep at Dartmouth
I want to be a goat at hARVARD
I want to sing *like Ethel Merman*

Sound off - 1 - 2

Bring it on down - 3 - 4

Sound off - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4

1 - 2 - 3 - 4!

SIR JASPER

Traditional.

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 , (3x)
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper, do not , (3x)
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper, do , (3x)
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper , (3x)
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir , (3x)
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh , (3x)
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

TWO CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS

Traditional.

Two chocolate eclairs,
Two chocolate eclairs,
Sitting on a plate,
Sitting on a plate (slurp)

One chocolate éclair,
One chocolate éclair,
Sitting on a plate,
Sitting on a plate (slurp)

No chocolate eclairs,
No chocolate eclairs,
Sitting on a plate,
Sitting on a plate (blech)

One chocolate éclair,
One chocolate éclair,
Sitting on a plate,
Sitting on a plate (blech)

repeat a lot