

The Harlequeer Song

Fort Worth, has only got one ball
Fort Sill has two, but they are very small
Denton, has got a bent one
And the Harlequins have no balls at all!

The Aggies, went out and bought one used
San Antonio lost theirs, because they were abused
Austin, had some but lost 'em
And the Harlequins have no balls at all!

Ablilene, flushed theirs down the latrine
Our Gang has two, but they cannot be seen
Permian Basin's, look like raisins
And the Harlequins have no balls at all!

The Old Boys, can tuck their balls inside
Waco has one, that cannot be denied
The Ponies, two balls are phonies
And the Harlequins have no balls at all!

Shreveport, used theirs for gator bait
Houston prematurely masturbates
And Dallas, has a calloused phallus
And the Harlequins have no balls--
The Harlequins have no balls--
The Harlequins have no balls at all!!

We Don't Play for Adoration

We don't play for adoration
We don't play for victory
We just play for entertainment
Dallas Rugby Club are we
Balls to the Harlequins
Balls to the Harlequins
We won't play you anymore
We won't play you any-more...

THE ENGINEER'S SONG

I met an engineer before he died,
A-rum titty rum titty rum titty rum
I met an engineer before he died,
and I have no reason to believe he lied
A-rum titty rum titty rum titty rum.

Well he had a wife with a twat so wide,
chorus...
That she could not be satisfied
chorus...

So he fashioned a great bloody wheel
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel.

He placed his wife upon the bed,
and tied her feet behind her head.

He placed the machine in a position to fuck,
and wished his wife the best of luck.

Round and round went the great fucking wheel,
in and ou went the prick of steel.

Higher and higher went the level of steam,
lower and lower went the level of cream.

Til at last the maiden cried:
"Enough, enough I'm satisfied!"

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

She was ripped from ass to tit,
and the whole bloody mess was covered with shit.

Now we come to the part that's grim
it jumped off her and jumped on him!

The moral of this story you know it well,
if you see it coming, you better run like hell!

Now we come to the part that's queer,
the last time we saw it,
it was on a John Deere...

POETRY

chorus: Poetry, poetry
how do you like my poetry?
Not as mellow, as Longfellow
but it's poetry!

Old Mother Hubbard,
went to her cupboard,
to get her poor dog a bone.
but when she bent over,
old Rover took over
and gave her a bone of his own!

Jack and Jill
went up the hill
riding on an elephant
Jill got off
and helped Jack off the elephant.

Rub-a-dub-dub
three men in a tub,
butt- fucking!

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall,
all the King's horses
and all the King's men,
fucked the queen!

Little Boy Blue,
til his mother found out.

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

THE ALPHABET

A is for asshole all covered with shit
chorus: Heigh Ho said Rolley.

B is the bugger who revels in it
chorus: Singing rolly polly
up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolley.

C is for cunt all dripping with piss
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for eunuch with only one ball
F is the fucker with no balls at all.

G is for gonorrhoea, goiter, and gout
and H is the harlot who spreads it about.

I is for injection for clap, pox, and itch
J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is for King who thought fucking a bore
L is the lesbian who came back for more.

M is for maidenhead tattered and torn
N is for noble who died with his horn.

O is for orifice gently revealed
P is for prick, all pranged up and peeled.

Q is for Quaker who shat in his hat
R is the Roger who rogered the cat.

S is the shitpot all full to the brim
T is the turds that are floating within.

U is the usher who taught us at school
V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking a farce
X, Y, and Z you can stuff up your ass!

A MEDLEY

Pubic Hair,
you've got the cutest little
Pubic Hair,
there is no other that can compare,
Pubic Hair,
asshole or vagina,
nothing could be finer!
Pubic Hair,
Oh! I'm in heaven
when I'm in your underwear
I didn't Need a shove,
to take a mouthful of,
those pretty Pubic Hairs!

Or would you like to sit on my face?
Spread your cheeks all over the place.
Stick your clitoris up my nose,
or would you rather eat my hose?

Well a hose is an animal
with one beady eye,
his favorite food is a sweet hairy pie.
He's warm and he's cuddley
and he's kinda cute,
a toota-toot
or would you rather
eat my roost, a toot, a roota toot-toot?

Let me lick your vulva
I'm in love with you.
Let me bite your cherry
like I used to do.
My tongue in your vagina
is much better than a screw.
So let me lick your vulva,
I'm in love with you!
In love with you...

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't to join the Army
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around
Piccadilly Underground
living off the earnings of a
high-born lady
I don't want a bayonet
up me asshole,
I don't want me bollicks shot away
I'd rather stay in Dallas,
in merry, merry Dallas,
and fornicate me fucking life away

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
and Wednesday I confess,
I lifted up her dress,
Thursday, blimey, oh how slimey,
Friday I laid her hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a twitch,
and Sunday after supper,
I rammed me fucker up her,
and now I'm paying seven and six a week!

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to go to sea,
I'd much rather go down to old Soho
tickling all the girlies on their
um-titteley um-pums
I don't want no Froggy women,
London's full of girls I've never 'ad
I'd rather stay in Blighty,
Lord God Almighty,
following in the footsteps of me Dad.

Call out the Army and the Navy,
call out the Queen's Artillery
call out me brother,
me sister and me mother,
but cor-blimey! Don't call I'm-bey
I don't want to join the Army,
I don't want to go to war.
I rather stay in Dallas
in merry, merry Dallas,
and fornicate me fucking life away!

BEER IS BEST

Twas on the Libyan desert,
upon the burning sand
when along came a dirty old warrior
with water in his hand.
I said "you dirty old warrior,
God damn you Gunqa Din!
Take that shit away from me
and go and find a brewery!"

chorus:

Cause beer is best,
have another one
beer is best!
It makes you shit, it makes you strong,
it puts more muscle on your old ding dong,
Beer makes honnie babies,
puts hair upon your chest,
BIG CHEST!
What did Adam say to Eve but
"Beer is best!"

Twas on the good ship Victory
out in Trafalgar Bay
for miles and miles and miles around
the gallant Frenchmen lay.
When Nelson spied his sailor boys
drinking tots of rum,
Then up the mast
the signal ran
to every trueborn Englishman:
"Beer is best!"...

The shades of night were falling,
falling thick and fast,
as through the Alpine village,
three weary hikers passed.
Excelsior! they shouted,
Excelsior they cried,
and marched into the snow and ice
and came back with this strange advice:
"Beer is best!"...

DALLAS FIGHT SONG

She wears a 'D' for his Depravity,
She wears an 'A' for his Ass-hole
(so sweet and nice)
She wears an 'L' for lacerated face
She wears an 'L' for his long pole
(his totem pole)
She wears an 'A' for his asthmatic wheeze
She wears an 'S' for sodomy
(with cats and squirrels)
And you can bet she has wet dreams about
She creams about
Her man from Dallas R.F.C.

THE OGGIE SONG

Half a pound of flour and rice
makes a lovely batter
Just enough for you and me
Cor! Bugger Jagger.
And Oh! how happy us shall be
When us gets to the West Country
Where the Oggies grow on trees
Cor! Bugger Jagger.

Where be that blackbird to?
I know where he be
He be up yon Wurzel tree
and I be after he
For he sees I and I sees he
and he knows I be after he
With a bloody great stick
I knock he down
Blackbird, I'll have he
You make fast kiss my ass
Make fast together.

And we'll all go back to Oggieland
to Oggieland, to Oggieland
And We'll all go back to Oggieland
Where you can't tell sugar from
tissue paper, tissue paper,
marmalade and jam OI!
Five Chinese crackers up your asshole
bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!

WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

Why was he born so beautiful,
why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
he's no fucking use at all!

He ought to be publicly pissed on,
he ought to be publicly shot
(bang, bang)
and hung in a public urinal
to swing there and fester and rot!

Him, him fuck him
Sh drink mother-fucker...

NELLIE 'AWKINS

I met Nellie 'awkins on the old Kent road,
her drawers were hanging down 'cause
she'd been with Charlie Brown.
I stuck a filthy tenner
in her filthy, bleeding hand,
cause she's a low down whore.

She wore no blouses, and I wore no trousers,
we both wore no underwear, underwear, underwear.
And when she caressed me,
she damn near undressed me,
what a blessing no one knows!

Well I went to the Doctor
he said "Where have you fucked her?"
I said "Down where the green grass grows!"
He said "Quick as a winkle,
that pimple on your Dinkle
will be redder than a red, red rose!"

Roll over baby, it's better on the other side!

WE ONLY CAME DOWN FOR THE BEER

We only came down for the beer,
we only came down for the beer.
I feel like a douche,
as we walk down the street,
'cause we only came down for the beer.