

DALLAS R.F.C. SONGS

Dallas Fight Song

She wears a "D" for his Depravity,
She wears an "A" for his Asshole (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'll have wet dreams about – she creams about
Her man of Dallas R.F.C.!!

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!

Abilene, 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 'jaculates
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...

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

Him, him – fuck him!
So drink motherfucker, drink...

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

Chorus: 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 out 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 hie 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 roly 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 arse!

A Medley

Pubic hair, you've got the cutest little
Pubic Hair, there is no other that can compare,
Public Hair, asshole or vagina, nothing could be finer!
Public 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 sweet hairy pie.
He's warm and he's cuddly, and he's kinda cute, a toota-toot,
or would you rather eat my root, 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 want 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 bollocks 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'd 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 Gunga Din"
Take that shit away from me, and go 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 bonnie 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 Frenchman lay.
When Nelson spied his sailor boys, drinking tots of rum,
Then up the mast, the signal ran
to every true born Englishman:

[Chorus]

The shades af 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:

[Chorus]

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 bee 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 aftger he
With a bloody great stick
I knock he down
Blackbird, I'll have ye
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!

Nellie 'Awkins

I met Nellie 'awkins on the old Kent road,
Her drawers were hanging down 'cause
She's 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.