

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

1. My father's an apple pie vendor,
My mother makes synthetic gin,
My sister sells love for a living,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

Rolls in, rolls in,
My god, how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in.

2. My brother's a slum missionary,
Wot saves poor young women from sin.
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

3. My brother lies over the ocean,
My sister lies over the sea.
My father lies over my mother,
And that's how they got little me.

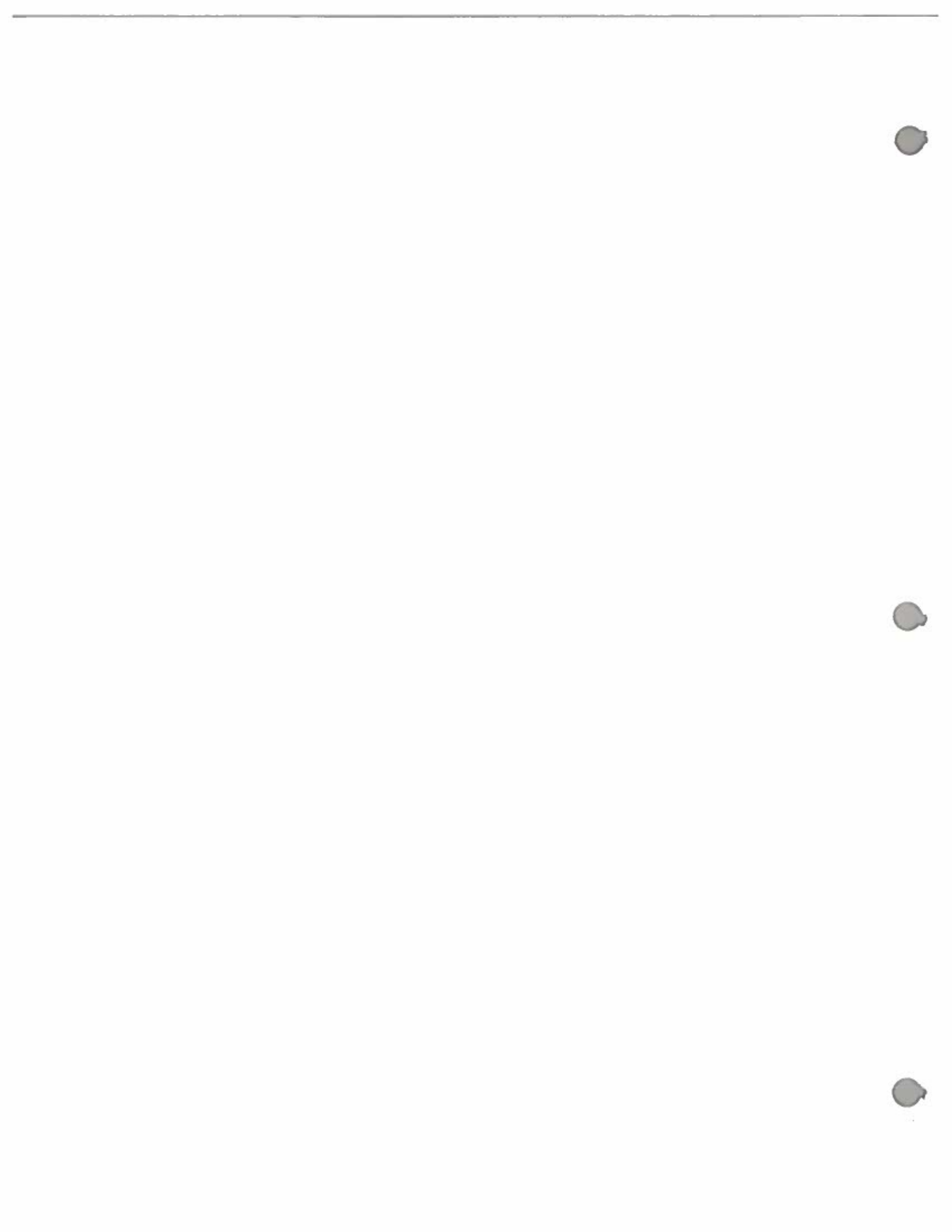
CHORUS

ALTERNATE VERSE

My one skin lies over my two skin,
My two skin lies over my three.
My three skin lies over my four skin,
So pull back my fourskin for me.

ALTERNATE CHORUS

Pull back, pull back,
Oh, pull back my fourskin for me, for me.
Pull back, Pull back,
Oh, pull back my fourskin for me.



SING US ANOTHER ONE

1. There once was a young girl named Alice,
Used a dynamite stick for a fallace,
They found her vagina in South Carolina,
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

CHORUS

That was a great little rhyme.
Sing us another one,
Just like the other one,
Sing us another one do.

2. There once was a girl from France,
Who boarded a train just by chance.
The engineer fucked her, so did the conductor,
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

CHORUS

3. 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've saved."

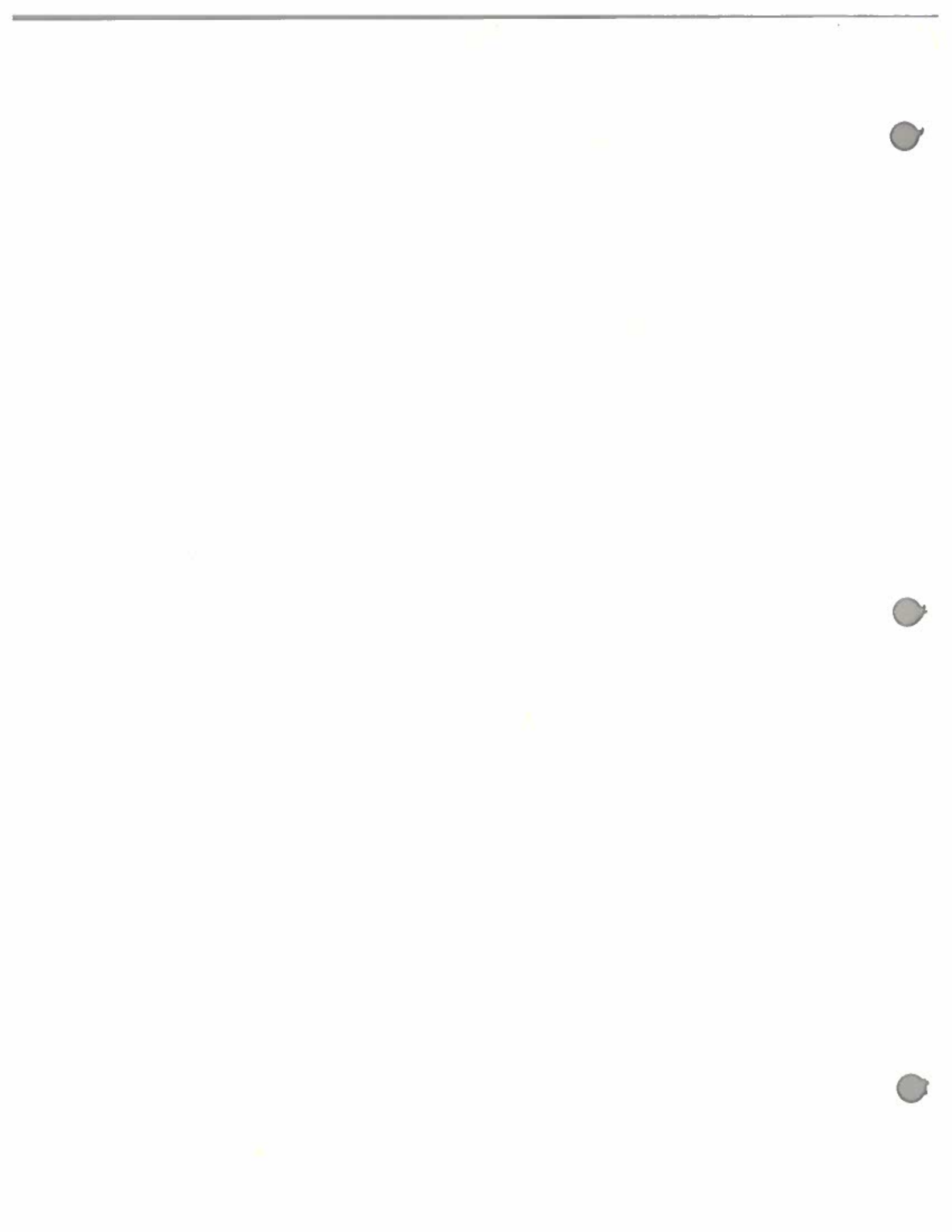
CHORUS

4. There once was a young girl named Gail,
Between her tits was the price of her tail,
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in Braille.

CHORUS

5. There once was a lady from Wheeling,
Who had a peculiar feeling.
She would lay on her back, and tickle her crack,
And then piss all over the ceiling.

CHORUS



THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

Oh the Ball, the Ball of Kerrymuir,
Where your wife and my wife,
Were a-doing on the floor.

Chorus: Balls to your partner,
***** against the wall,
If you never get *****
on a Saturday night
You'll never be ***** at all.

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

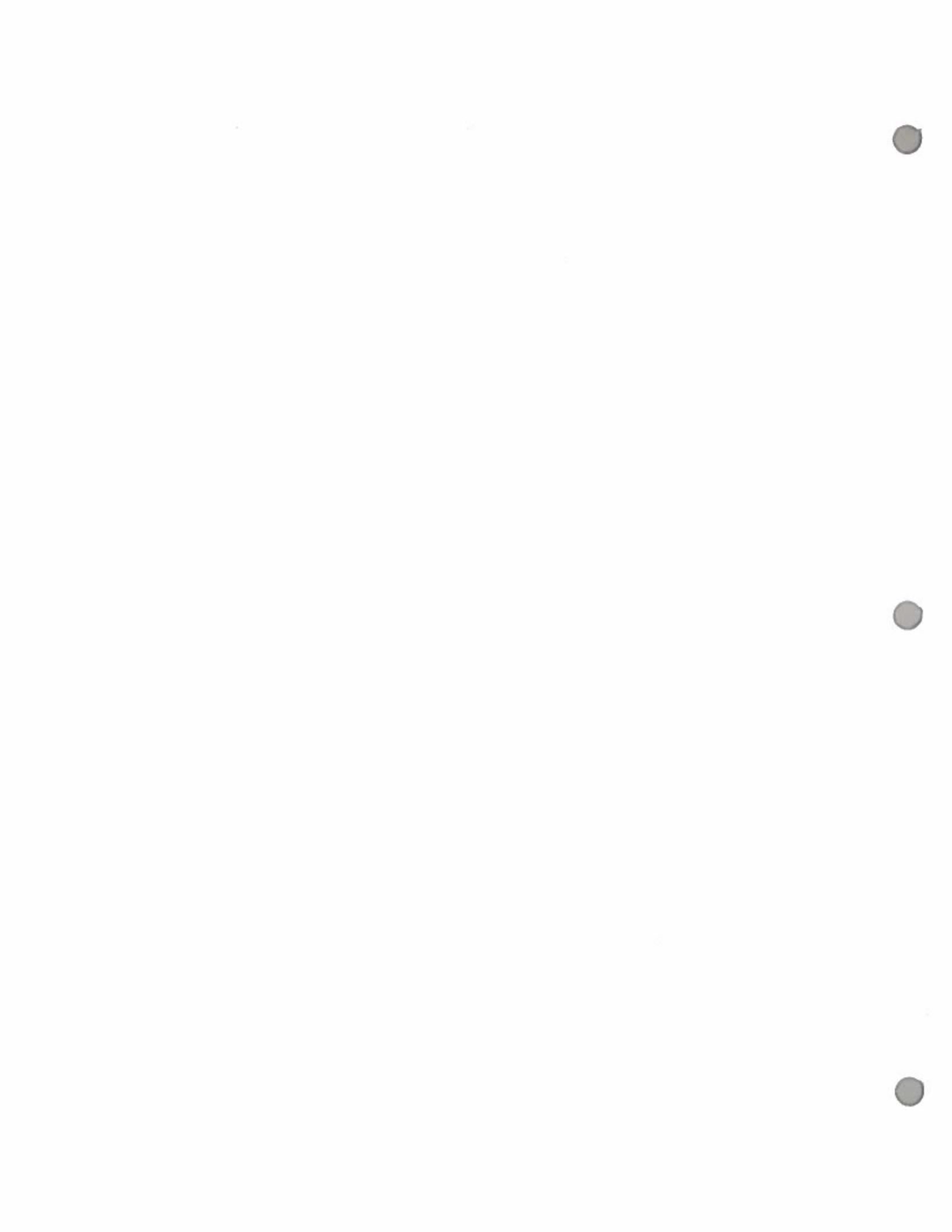
Four and twenty prostitutes
Came up from Glockamore
And when the ball was over
They were all of them double bore.

The village plumber he was there
He felt an awful fool
He'd come eleven leagues or more
And forgot to bring his tool.

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

There was ***** in the kitchen,
And ***** in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music for
The clanging of the *****.

There was ***** in the ante-room,
And ***** on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the ***** and curly hairs.



THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

Sandy McPherson he came along,
It was a bloody shame,
He ***** a lassie forty times
And wouldna take her haim.

The parson's daughter she was there,
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her ****
And thistle up her ****.

The Vicar's wife, well she was there,
A-sitting by the fire
Knitting rubber Johnnies
Out of india rubber tyre.

The village idiot he was there,
Sitting on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head
And whistled through the hole.

Mrs. O'Maley she was there
She had the crowd in fits
A-jumping off the mantelpiece
And bouncing off her tits.

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

The village magician he was there,
Up to his favourite trick,
Pulling his **** hole over his head
And standing on his *****.

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



THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR CON'T.

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

Now farmer Giles he was there,
His sickle in his hand
And every time he swung around
He circumcised the band.

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

The Vicar and his wife
Were having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger
Up another lady's bum.

There was ***** on the highways,
And ***** in the lanes,
You couldn't hear the music
For the rattling of the stones.

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

Father O'Flanagan he was there,
And in the corner he sat,
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And catching it in his hat.

There was ***** in the couches,
There was ***** in the cots,
And lying up against the wall
Were rows of grinning *****.



THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR CON'T.

Farmer Brown he was there,
A-jumping on his hat,
For half an acre of his corn
Was fairly ***** flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick,
We canna let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty *****
Then shoved it up her *****.

Bayard Stockton he was there,
Drunk beyond a doubt,
He tried to stuff the parson's wife
But couldna get the root.

Dino's had an even stroke,
His skill was much admired,
He gratified one ***** a time,
Until his skill expired.

Lindsay Bedogni he was there,
And he was in despair,
He couldna get his ***** through
The tangles of the hair.

Jockie Stewart did his *****
Right upon the moor,
It was, he thought, much better
Than ***** on the floor.

Jock McVenning he was there,
A-looking for a *****,
But every ***** was occupied
And he was out of luck.

Mike McMurdock when he got there,
His ***** was long and high,
But when he'd ***** her forty times
He was ***** mighty dry.



THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR CON'T.

McTavish, oh, yes, he was there,
His ***** was long and broad,
And when he'd ***** the furrier's wife
She had to be rebored.

McCardew-Roberts he was there,
His ***** was all alert,
But when half the night was done
'Twas dangling in the dirt.

The chimney sweep he was there,
They had to throw him out,
For every time he passed his wind
The room was filled with soot.

The doctor's daughter she was there,
She went to gather sticks,
She couldna find a blade of grass
For ***** and standing *****.

The village builder he was there,
He brought his bag of tricks,
He poured cement in all the holes,
And blunted all the *****.

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

Now little Tommy he was there,
But he was only eight,
He couldna root the women,
So he had to masturbate.

The village postman he was there,
The poor man had the pox,
He couldna **** the lassies
So he ***** the letterbox.



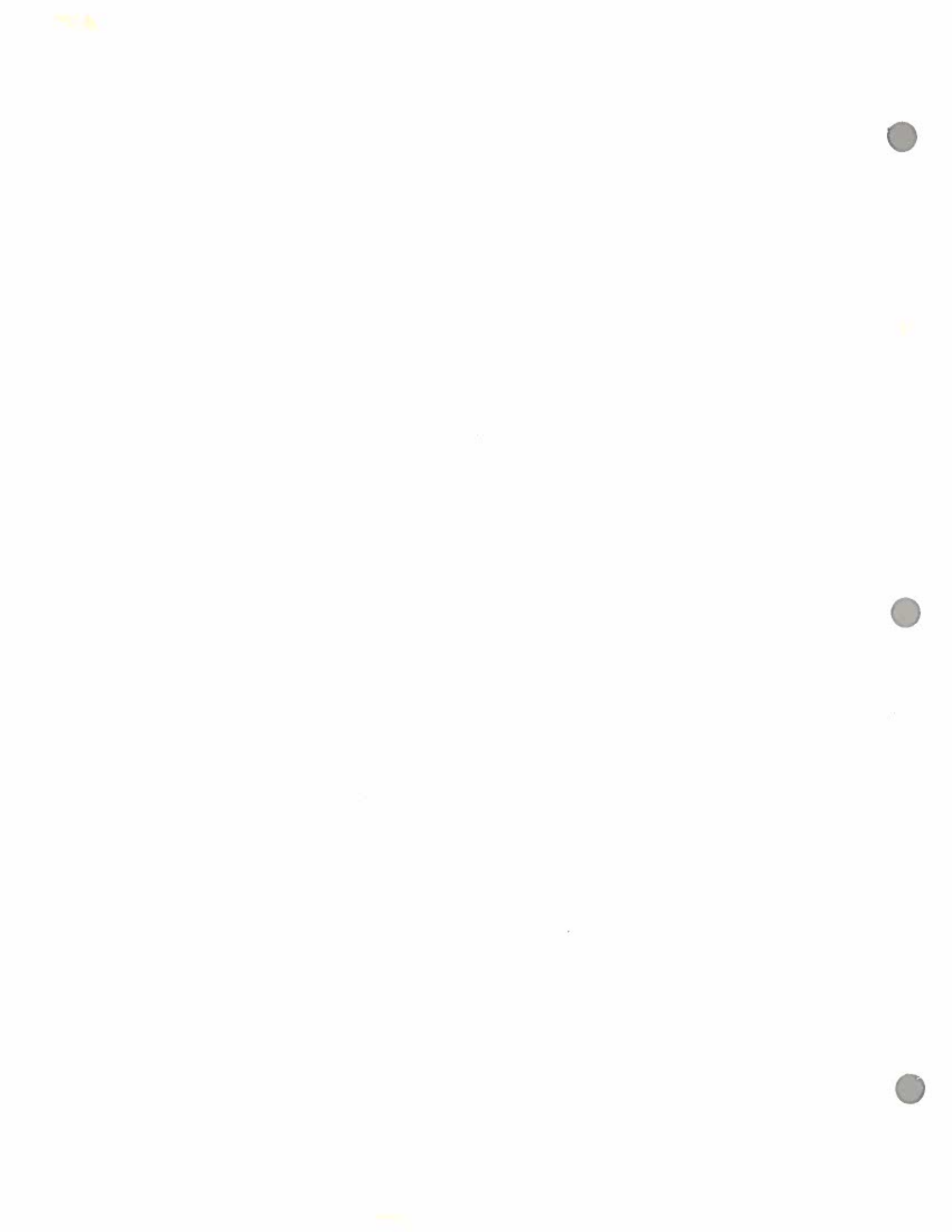
THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR CON'T.

The village idiot he was there
A-leaning on the gate,
He couldna find a ****
So he had to flatulate.

The blacksmith's father he was there,
A-roaring like a lion,
He'd cut his **** off in the forge,
So he used a red hot iron.

And when the ball was over
Everyone confessed,
They all enjoyed the dancing
But the ***** was the best.

And so the ball was over
They all went home to rest,
And the music had been exquisite,
But the ***** was the best.



CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

When you wake up in the morning
with the devil of a stand,
From the pressure of the liquid
on the seminary gland,
If you haven't got a woman
use your own horny hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

Chorus: Singing: Cats on the rooftop,
 cats on the tiles,
 Cats with the clap
 and cats with piles,
 Cats with their *****
 wreathed in smiles
 As they revel in the joys
 of fornication.

The Regimental Sergeant Major
Leads a miserable life,
He can't afford a mistress,
and he doesn't have a wife,
So he puts it up the bottom
of the Regimental Fife,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime
with a surge of sexual joy,
And your wife has got the rags on,
and your daughter's rather coy,
Then jam it up the jacksie
of your favourite choirboy,
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.

Long-legged curates grind like goats,
Pale-faced spinsters shag like stoats,
And the whole damn world
stands by and gloats,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.



CATS ON THE ROOFTOP CON'T.

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But whenever it does, it slips in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The ape is small and rather slow,
Erect he stands a foot or so,
So when he comes it's time to go,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The flea disports among the trees,
And there consorts with whom he please,
To fill the land with bastard fleas,
As he revels in the joy of fornication.

The elephant's **** is big and round,
A small one scales a thousand pound,
Two together rock the ground
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,
His night is made when he is done,
He always gets two humps for one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,
He hardly ever gets a poke,
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The orang-utan is a colourful sight
There's a glow on its arse like a pilot light,
As it jumps and it leaps in the night,
As it revels in the joys of fornication.

The hippopotamus, so it seems,
Very, very rarely has wet dreams,
But when he does he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.



CATS ON THE ROOFTOP CON'T.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell the he from the she,
But he can tell and so can she,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To sit and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time
Revelling in the joys of fornication.



FANNY BAY

If you ever go across the sea to Darwin,
Then maybe at the closing of the day,
You will see the local harlots
at their business,
And watch the sun go down on Fanny Bay.

Some are black and some are white,
And some are brindle,
And some are young
and some are old and grey,
And what will cost you twenty quid
in Lower Crown Street,
Will cost you half a zac in Fanny Bay.



THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
My God you should'av seen us,
The figurehead was a nude in bed
Sucking a red-hot *****.

Chorus: Frigging in the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
Masturbating on the grating
There was **** all else to do.

The captain's name was Slugger
He was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel ****
On any bugger's lugger.

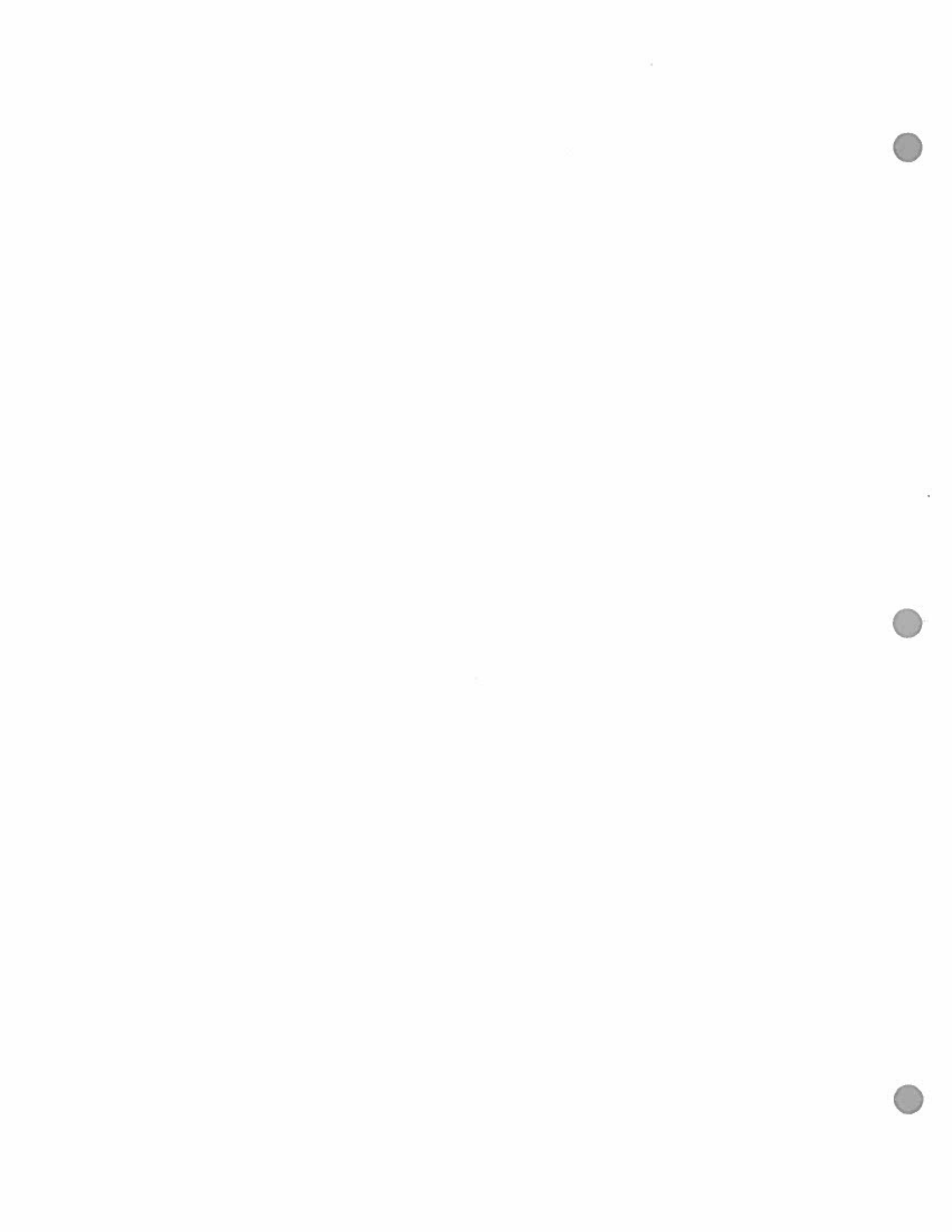
The first mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ****,
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer
Around the cabin wall.

The second mate's name was Andy
His ***** were long and bandy,
They filled his **** with molten brass
For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan,
He was a grisly Gorgon,
Three times a day he strummed away
Upon his sexual organ.

The captain's wife was Mabel
And whenever she was able
She gave the crew their Daily Screw
Upon the messroom table.

The Captain's randy daughter
Was swimming in the water,
Delighted squeals came as the eels
Entered her sexual quarter.



THE GOOD SHIP VENUS CON'T.

A cook whose name was Freeman,
He was a dirty demon,
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen.

Another cook was O'Malley,
He didn't dilly dally,
He shot his bolt with such a jolt
He whitewashed half the galley.

The Boatswain's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester,
Through hymens thick he shoved his *****
And left it there to fester.

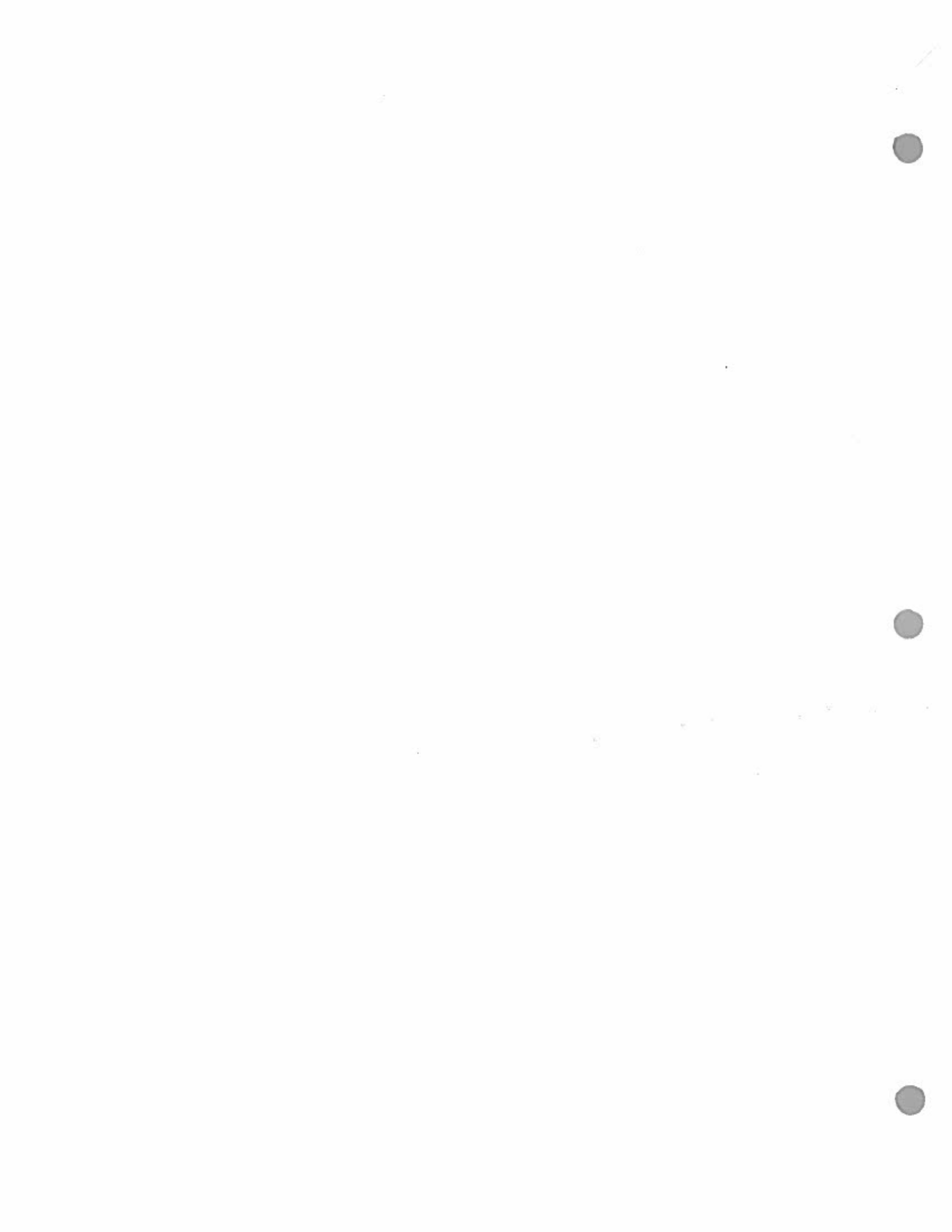
The engineer was McTavish
And young girls he did ravish,
His missing ****'s at Istanbul
He was a trifle lavish.

A homo was the Purser,
He couldn't have been worsser,
With all the crew he had a screw,
Until they yelled: "Oh no sir."

Another one was Cropper
Oh Christ he had a whopper,
Twice round the deck
Once round his neck
And up his bum for a stopper.

The cabin boy was Kipper,
A dirty little nipper,
They stuffed his **** with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover
The whole crew did him over,
They ground and ground the faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover.

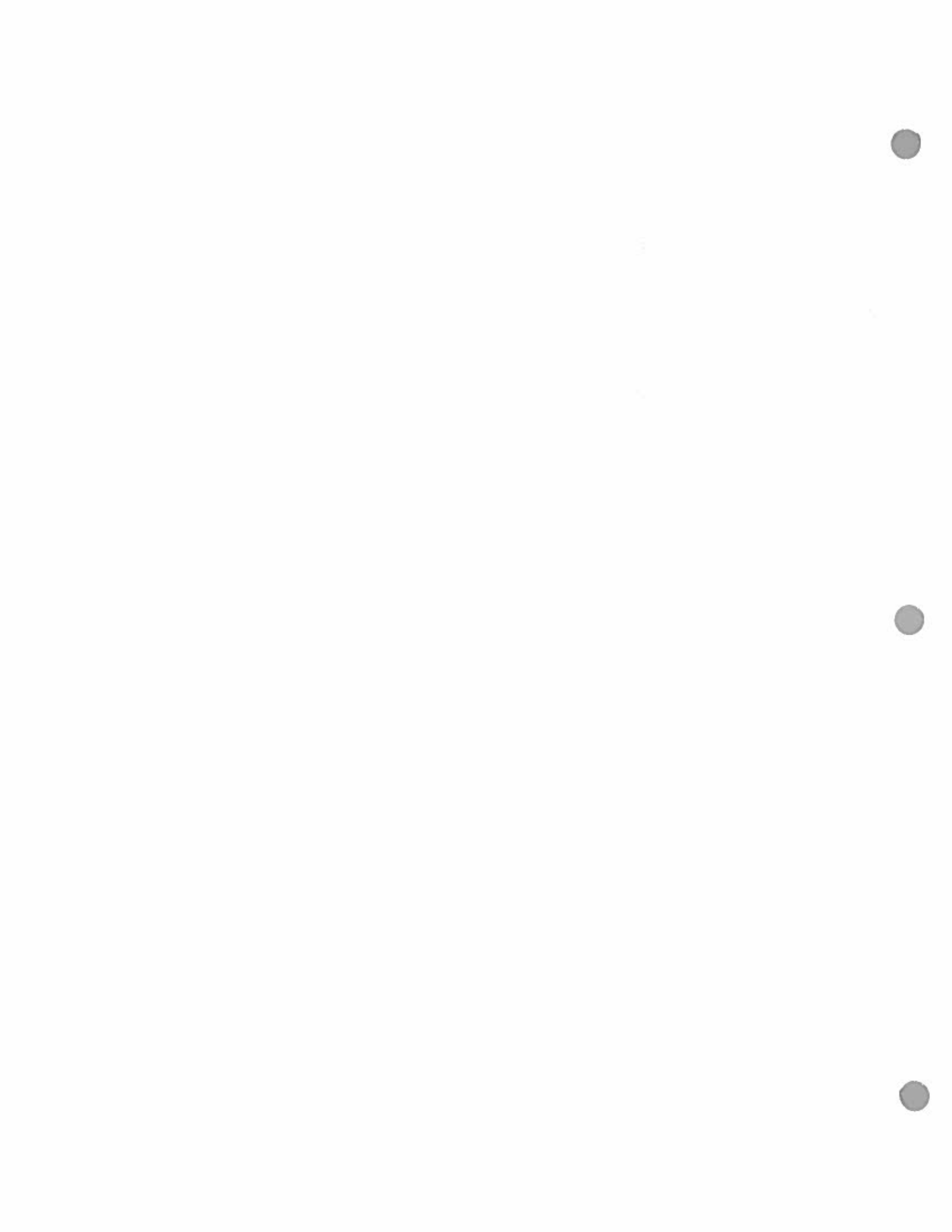


THE GOOD SHIP VENUS CON'T.

'Twas in the Adriatic
Where the water's almost static
The rise and fall of **** and ****
Was almost automatic.

The end of this narration
Came in jubilation,
For they sunk the junk in a sea of spunk,
Caused by masturbation.

So now we end this serial
Through sheer lack of material,
I wish you luck and freedom from
Diseases venereal.



THE GERMAN OFFICERS

Three German officers crossed the line,
Parlez-vous,
Three German officers crossed the line,
Parlez-vous,
Three German officers crossed the line
They ***** the women and drank the wine,
Inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

They came upon a wayside inn,
**** on the mat and walked right in.

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,
Lily-white tits and golden hair?

At last they got her on a bed
Shagged her till her cheeks were red.

And then they took her to a shed,
Shagged her till she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,
Shagged her back to life again.

They shagged her up, they shagged her down,
They shagged her right round the town.

They shagged her in, they shagged her out,
They shagged her up her waterspout.

Seven months went and all was well,
Eight months went and she started to swell.

Nine months went, she gave a grunt,
And a little white bastard popped out of her ****.

The little white bugger he grew and grew
He shagged his mother and sister too.

The little white bugger he went to hell,
He shagged the Devil and his wife as well.



GENTLEMEN SHOULD PLEASE REFRAIN

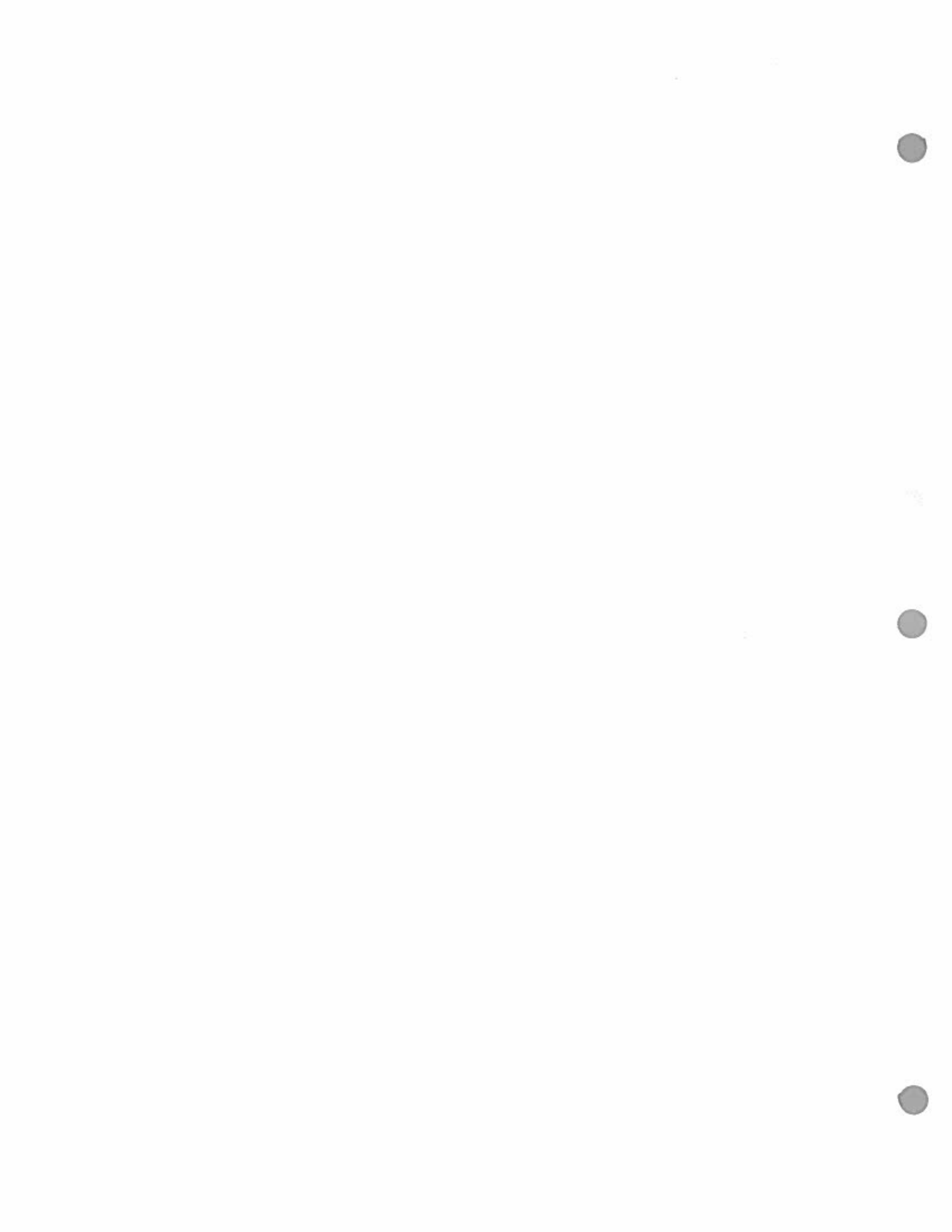
Gentlemen should please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station for a while.
We encourage contemplation
While the train is in the station,
Cross your legs and grit your teeth and smile.

If you wish to pass some water
You should sing out for a porter
Who will place a basin in the bog;
Tramps and hoboes underneath
Get it in the eye and teeth,
But that's what comes from being underdog.

Drinking while the train is moving
Is another way of proving,
That control of eye and hand is sure;
We like our clients to be neat,
So please don't wet upon the seat,
Or, even worse, don't splash upon the floor.

If the Ladies' Room be taken,
do not feel the least forsaken,
Never show the sign of sad defeat,
Try the Gents across the hall,
and if some man has felt the call
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts are in vain,
then simply break the window pane,
This novel method's used by very few,
We go strolling through the park,
a-goosing statues in the dark
If Peter Pan can take it, why can't you?



SEVEN OLD LADIES

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Seven old ladies locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Sunday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to
have tea with the Vicar,
They went in together,
they thought it was quicker,
But the lavatory door was a bit of a sticker,
And the Vicar had tea all alone.

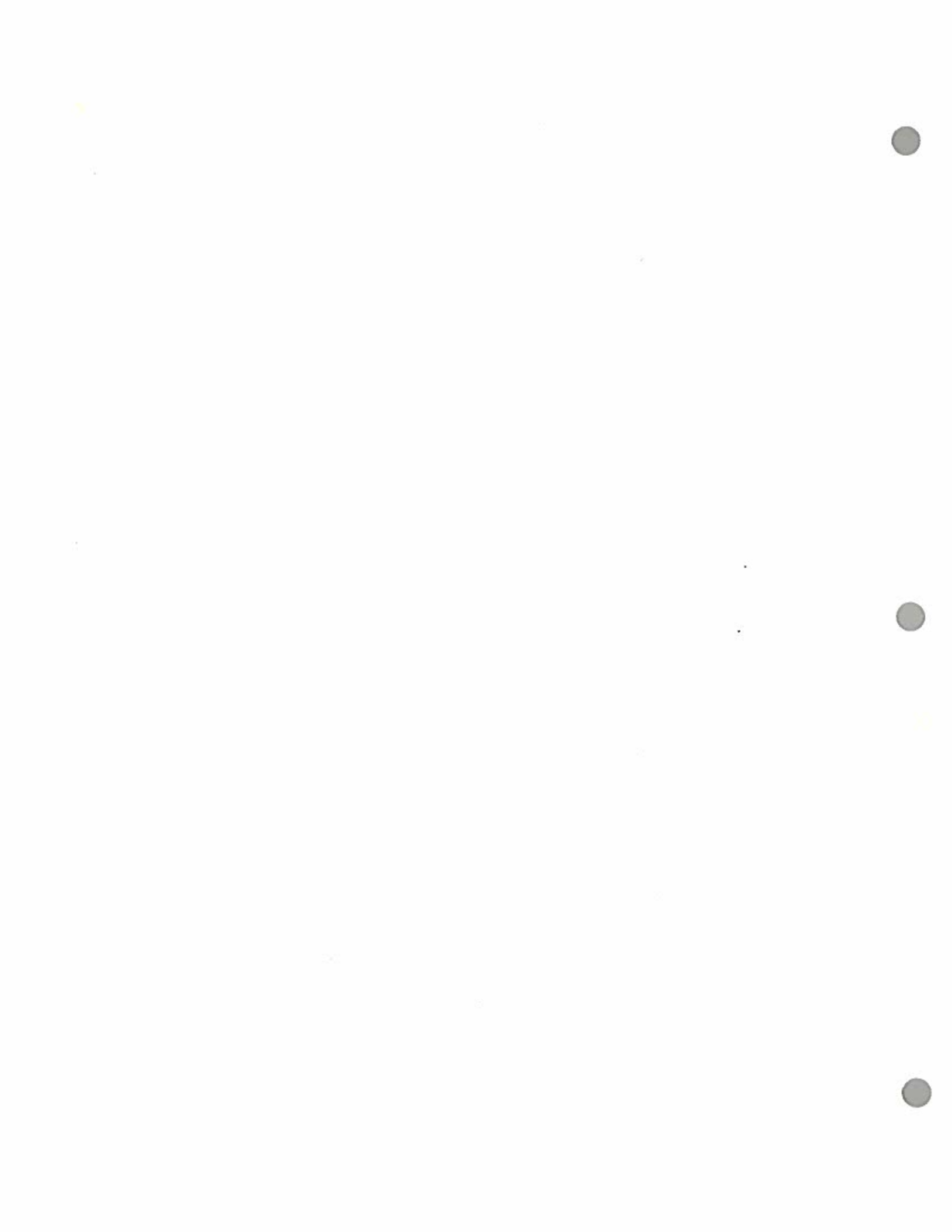
The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,
And though she was known
as a bit of a rover,
She liked it so much
she thought she'd stay over,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,
She found herself in a desperate pickle,
Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the
Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
Who went in to pass some superfluous water,
She pulled on the chain
And the rising tide caught her,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady with Abigail Humphrey,
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
And then she found out
she could not get her bum free
And nobody knew she was there.

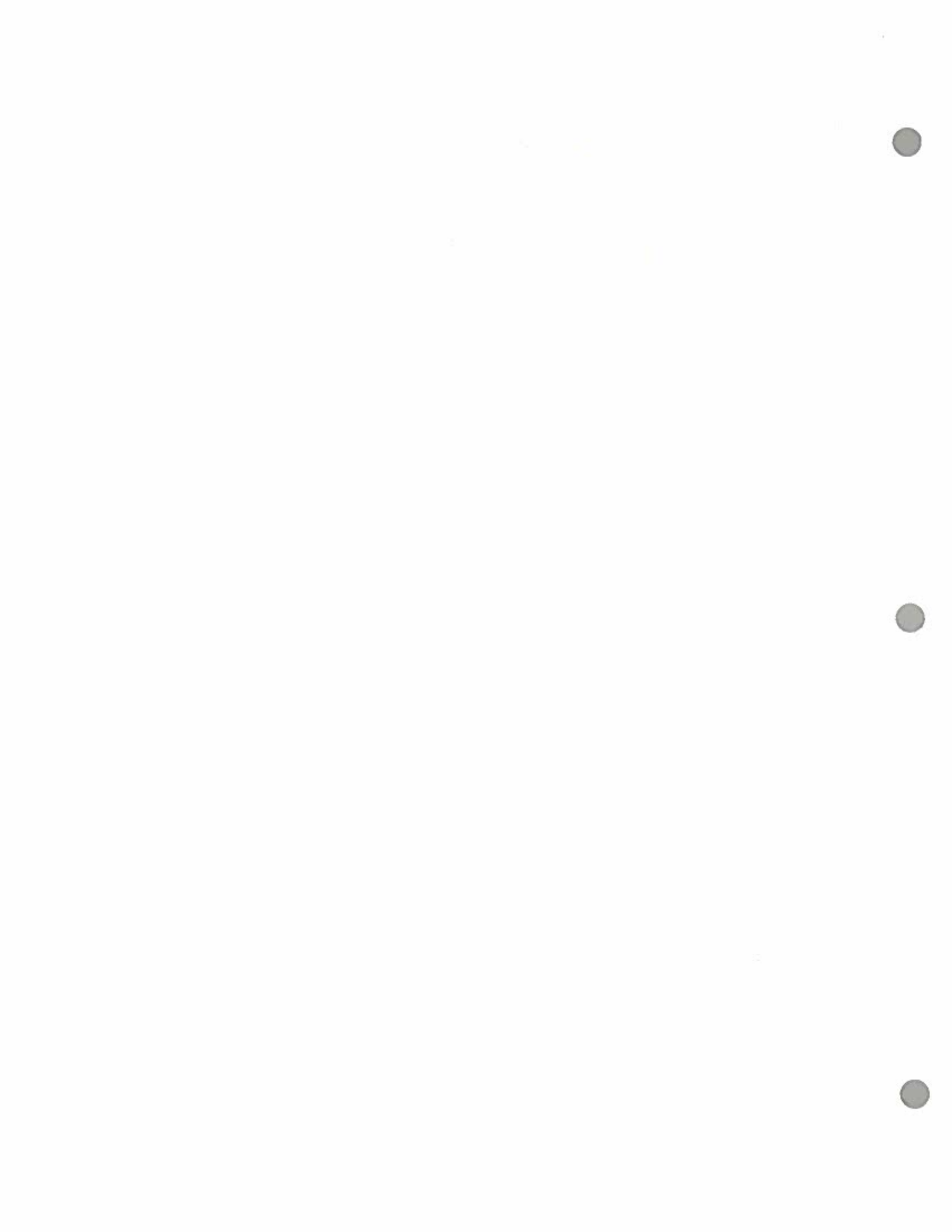
The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
Who was doing all right
till a vagrant suspender
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.



SEVEN OLD LADIES CON'T.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,
She only sat down on a personal whim
But she somehow got pinched
twixt the cup and the brim,
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,
Went in with a bottle to booze on the sly,
She jumped on the seat
and fell in with a cry,
And nobody knew she was there.



THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

In the days of old there lived a maid,
She was the mistress of her trade,
A prostitute of high repute
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus: Hi ho Cathusalem,
Cathusalem, Cathusalem
Hi ho Cathusalem,
Harlot of Jerusalem.

And though she ***** for many a year
Of pregnancy she had no fear,
She washed her passage out with beer,
The best in all Jerusalem.

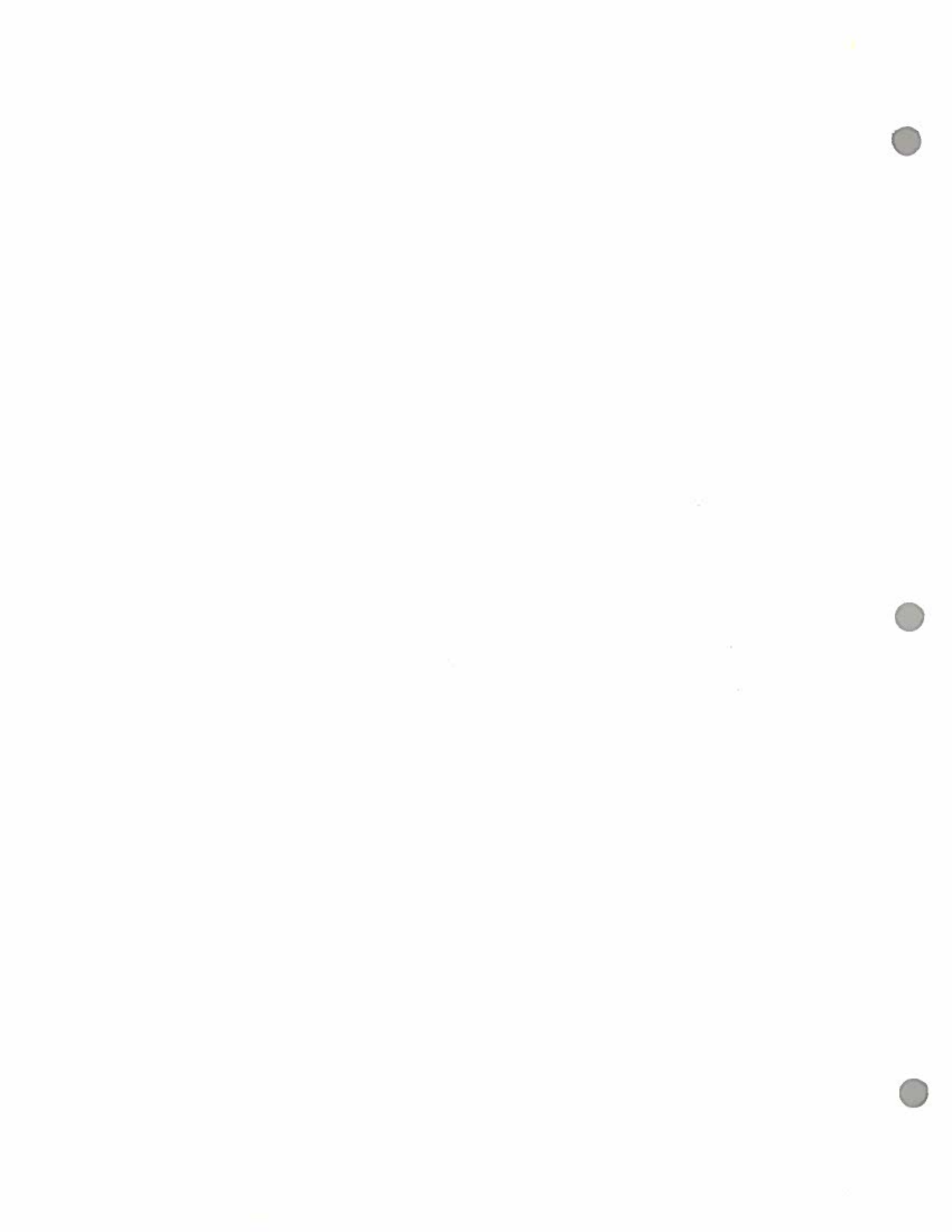
Now in a hovel by the wall
A student lived with but one ****,
Who'd been through all, or nearly all
The harlots of Jerusalem.

His phallic limb was lean and tall
His phallic art caused all to fall
And victims lined the Wailing Wall
That goes around Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree
With customary whore-lust he
Made up his mind to call and see
The harlot of Jerusalem.

It was for her no fortune good,
That he should need to root his pud,
And chose her out of all the brood
Of harlots of Jerusalem.

For though he paid his women well,
This syphilitic spawn of hell,
Struck down each year and tolled the bell
For ten harlots of Jerusalem.



THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM CON'T.

Forth from the town he took the slut,
For 'twas his whim always to rut,
By the Salvation Army hut
Outside of Old Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look,
He took out from its filthy nook,
His organ twisted like a crook
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He leaned the whore against the slum
And tied her at the knee and bum,
Knowing where the strain would come,
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bum,
And rattling like a Lewis gun,
He sowed the seed of many a son
Into the fair Cathusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick
To hear him grunt so fast and quick
While rending with his crooked *****
The womb of fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,
With warty ***** besmeared with *****,
He'd sworn that he would gaol that night
The harlot of Jerusalem.

He loathed the act of copulation,
For his delight was masturbation,
And with a spurt of cruel elation
He saw the whore Cathusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,
With roars of rage he rent the air,
And vowed that he would soon take care
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.



THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM CON'T.

Upon the earth he found a stick
To which he fastened half a brick
And took a swipe at the mighty *****
Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by his crook,
Without a single furious look
And flung him over Kedron's brook
That babbles past Jerusalem.

The student gave a furious roar
And rushed to even up the score,
And with his swollen **** did bore
The **** of Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rage and fight
He pushed the bastard Onanite,
And rubbed his face in Cathy's ****,
The foulest in Jerusalem.

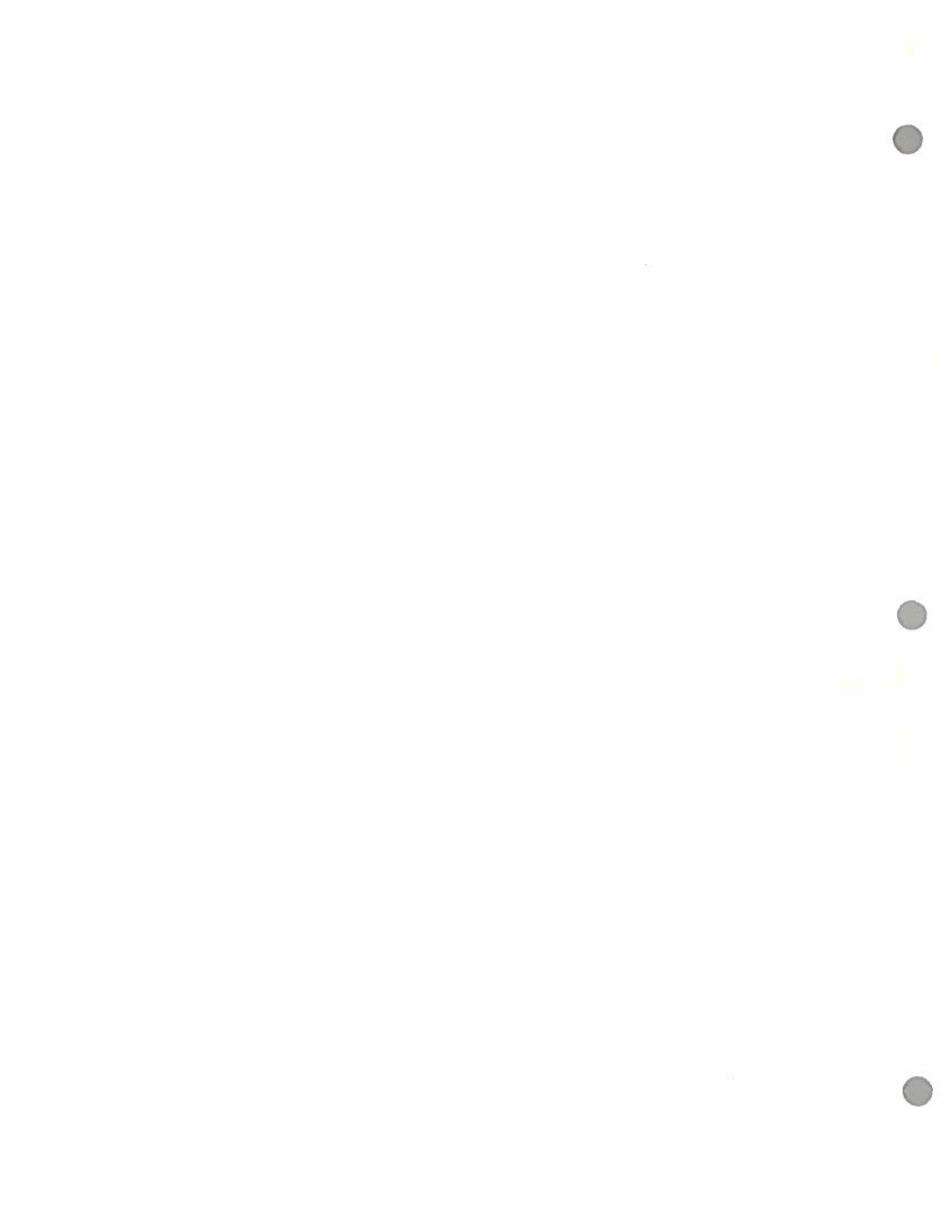
Cathusalem she knew her part
She closed her **** and blew a fart,
That sent him flying like a dart,
Right over old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee
He flew straight out towards the sea,
But caught his **** hole in a tree
That grows in old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see
His **** hole hanging from that tree,
Let that to you a warning be
When passing through Jerusalem.

And when the moon is bright and red,
A castrated form sails overhead,
Still raining curses on the head
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

As for the student and his lass,
Many a playful night did pass,
Until she joined the V.D. class
For harlots in Jerusalem.



LYDIA PINK

CHORUS

We'll drink a drink, a drink
To Lydia Pink a Pink a Pink,
The saviour of the human race.
For she's invented a vegetable compound,
And all the papers, they publish her face.

1. Now Mrs. Brown had an invisible bosom,
It barely showed beneath her blouse.
She rubbed her chest with the vegetable compound,
And now they milk her with the cows.

CHORUS

2. Now brother Bill had a-been castrated,
He never had a single nut.
He rubbed his crotch with the vegetable compound,
And now they dangle round his butt.

CHORUS

3. Mrs. Jones had a very bad stricture,
She could hardly bear to pee.
So they gave her some vegetable compound,
And now they pump her direct to the sea.

CHORUS

4. Mr. Brown had a very small penis,
And he could hardly raise a stand,
So they gave him some vegetable compound,
And now he comes in either hand.

CHORUS

5. Mrs. Green was having a baby,
And the pain was hard to bear.
So they gave her some vegetable compound,
Now she's having it over a chair.

CHORUS



LYDIA PINK CON'T.

6. Mrs. Black had a very tight grommet,
And she could hardly pee at all.
So they gave her some vegetable compound,
And now she's like Niagara Falls.

CHORUS

7. Now Mrs. Murphy had baby trouble,
To have a baby made her fear,
So they gave her some vegetable compound,
And now she has them twice a year.

CHORUS

8. Now Mrs. Johnson had husband trouble,
She did not how to fiddle-dee-de.
But when they gave her some vegetable compound,
They had to tie her to a tree.

CHORUS



OLD KING COLE

1. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his Privates three.

CHORUS

"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
To the fighting Infantry."

2. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his Corporals three.

CHORUS

"Left right, Left right, left," said the Corporals.
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
To the fighting Infantry."

3. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his Sergeants three.

CHORUS

"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeants.
"Left right, Left right, left," said the Corporals.
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
To the fighting Infantry."



OLD KING COLE CON'T.

4. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his Subalterns three.

CHORUS

"We do all the work," said the Subalterns
"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeants.
"Left right, Left right, left," said the Corporals.
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
To the fighting Infantry."

5. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his Captains three.

CHORUS

"We want ten days leave," said the Captains
"We do all the work," said the Subalterns
"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeants.
"Left right, Left right, left," said the Corporals.
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
To the fighting Infantry."

6. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his Majors three.

CHORUS

"Shine my boots and spurs," said the Majors.
"We want ten days leave," said the Captains
"We do all the work," said the Subalterns
"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeants.
"Left right, Left right, left," said the Corporals.
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
To the fighting Infantry."



OLD KING COLE CON'T.

7. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his Colonels three.

CHORUS

"Where's my second-in-command?" said the Colonels.
"Shine my boots and spurs," said the Majors.
"We want ten days leave," said the Captains
"We do all the work," said the Subalterns
"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeants.
"Left right, Left right, left," said the Corporals.
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
To the fighting Infantry."

8. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his Generals three.

CHORUS

"The old corps's gone to hell," said the Generals.
"Where's my second-in-command?" said the Colonels.
"Shine my boots and spurs," said the Majors.
"We want ten days leave," said the Captains
"We do all the work," said the Subalterns
"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeants.
"Left right, Left right, left," said the Corporals.
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
To the fighting Infantry."



OLD KING COLE--423 SQUADRON

1. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was Old King Cole.
He called for his wife
In the middle of the night,
And he called for his Airmen three.

CHORUS

"Beer, beer, beer," said the Airmen,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of 423."

2. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was Old King Cole.
He called for his wife
In the middle of the night,
And he called for his Corporals three.

CHORUS

"Left right, left right, left," said the Corporals,
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Airmen,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of 423."

3. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was Old King Cole.
He called for his wife
In the middle of the night,
And he called for his Sergeants three.

CHORUS

"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeant.
"Left right, left right, left," said the Corporals,
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Airmen,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of 423."



OLD KING COLE--423 SQUADRON

4. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was Old King Cole.
He called for his wife
In the middle of the night,
And he called for his Flight Sergeants three.

CHORUS

"Close the hangar doors," said the Flight Sergeants.
"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeant.
"Left right, left right, left," said the Corporals,
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Airmen,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of 423."

5. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was Old King Cole.
He called for his wife
In the middle of the night,
And he called for his Navigators three.

CHORUS

"Eighty-five miles off course," said the Navigators.
"Close the hangar doors," said the Flight Sergeants.
"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeant,
"Left right, left right, left," said the Corporals,
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Airmen,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of 423."

con't.....



OLD KING COLE--423 SQUADRON CON'T.

6. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was Old King Cole.
He called for his wife
In the middle of the night,
And he called for his Pilots three.

CHORUS

"We don't give a damn," said the Pilots.
"Eighty-five miles off course," said the Navigators.
"Close the hangar doors," said the Flight Sergeants.
"Move to the right in threes," said the Sergeant,
"Left right, left right, left," said the Corporals,
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Airmen,
"Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of 423."



THE WOAD SONG

1. What's the good of wearing braces,
Vests and pants and boots with laces,
Spats or hats you buy in places
Down on Brompton Road?
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten,
These affairs are simply rotten--
Better far is WOAD.
WOAD's the stuff to show, men--
WOAD to scare your foemen--
Boil it to
A brilliant blue
And rub it on your back and your abdomen.
Ancient Briton never hit on
Anything as good as WOAD to fit on
Necks or knees or where you sit on--
Tailors, you be blowed!

2. Romans came across the Channel,
All wrapped up in tin and flannel,
Half a pint of WOAD per man'll
Dress us more than these.
Saxon you can waste your stitches,
Building beds for bugs in breeches,
We have WOAD to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.
Roman keep your armour--
Saxon your pyjamas--
Hairy coats
Were meant for goats
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas.
Tramp up Snowden with your WOAD on
Never mind if we be rained or blowed on
Never want a button sewed on--
Go it Ancient B's.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

1. I'll sing you one-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your one-oh?
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.

2. I'll sing you two-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your two-oh?
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor,
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.

3. I'll sing you three-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your three-oh?
Three, three, the RAP -- Bang, bang!
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor.
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.

4. I'll sing you four-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your four-oh?
Four, four, for the rifle companies.
Three, three, the RAP -- Bang, bang!
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor.
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.

5. I'll sing you five-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your five-oh?
Five, five, for the five-barrelled mortars.
Four, four, for the rifle companies.
Three, three, the RAP -- Bang, bang!
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor.
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.



GREEN GROW THE RUSHES CON'T.

6. I'll sing you six-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your six-oh?
Six, six, for the old six-pounder.
Five, five, for the five-barrelled mortars.
Four, four, for the rifle companies.
Three, three, the RAP -- Bang, bang!
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor.
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.

7. I'll sing you seven-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your seven-oh?
Seven, seven, for the seven days privilege leave.
Six, six, for the old six-pounder.
Five, five for the five-barrelled mortars.
Four, four, for the rifle companies.
Three, three, the RAP -- Bang, bang!
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor.
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.

8. I'll sing you eight-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your eight-oh?
Eight, eight, for the sentries at the gate.
Seven, seven, for the seven days privilege leave.
Six, six, for the old six-pounder.
Five, five, for the five-barrelled mortars.
Four, four, for the rifle companies.
Three, three, the RAP -- Bang, bang!
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor.
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.



GREEN GROW THE RUSHES CON'T.

9. I'll sing you nine-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your nine-oh?
Nine, nine, for the boys in the firing line.
Eight, eight, for the sentries at the gate.
Seven, seven, for the seven days privilege leave.
Six, six, for the old six-pounder.
Five, five, for the five-barrelled mortars.
Four, four, for the rifle companies.
Three, three, the RAP -- Bang, bang!
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor.
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.
10. I'll sing you ten-oh,
Green grow the rushes, oh.
What is your ten-oh?
Ten, ten, for the CO's Rover.
Nine, nine, for the boys in the firing line.
Eight, eight, for the sentries at the gate.
Seven, seven, for the seven days privilege leave.
Six, six, for the old six-pounder.
Five, five, for the five-barrelled mortars.
Four, four, for the rifle companies.
Three, three, the RAP -- Bang, bang!
Two, two, the Second-in-Command,
They call him Sunray Minor.
Number One is the old CO
And ever more shall be so.



SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

1. Around her neck she wore a silver locket,
She wore it in the springtime, and in the month of May.
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for an airman who was far, far away.

CHORUS

Far away (far away), far away (far away),
She wore it for an airman who was far, far away.

2. Around her leg she wore a purple garter,
She wore it in the springtime, and in the month of May.
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for an airman who was far, far away.

CHORUS

3. Around her waist she wore a dirty girdle,
She wore it in the springtime, and in the month of May.
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for an airman who was far, far away.

CHORUS

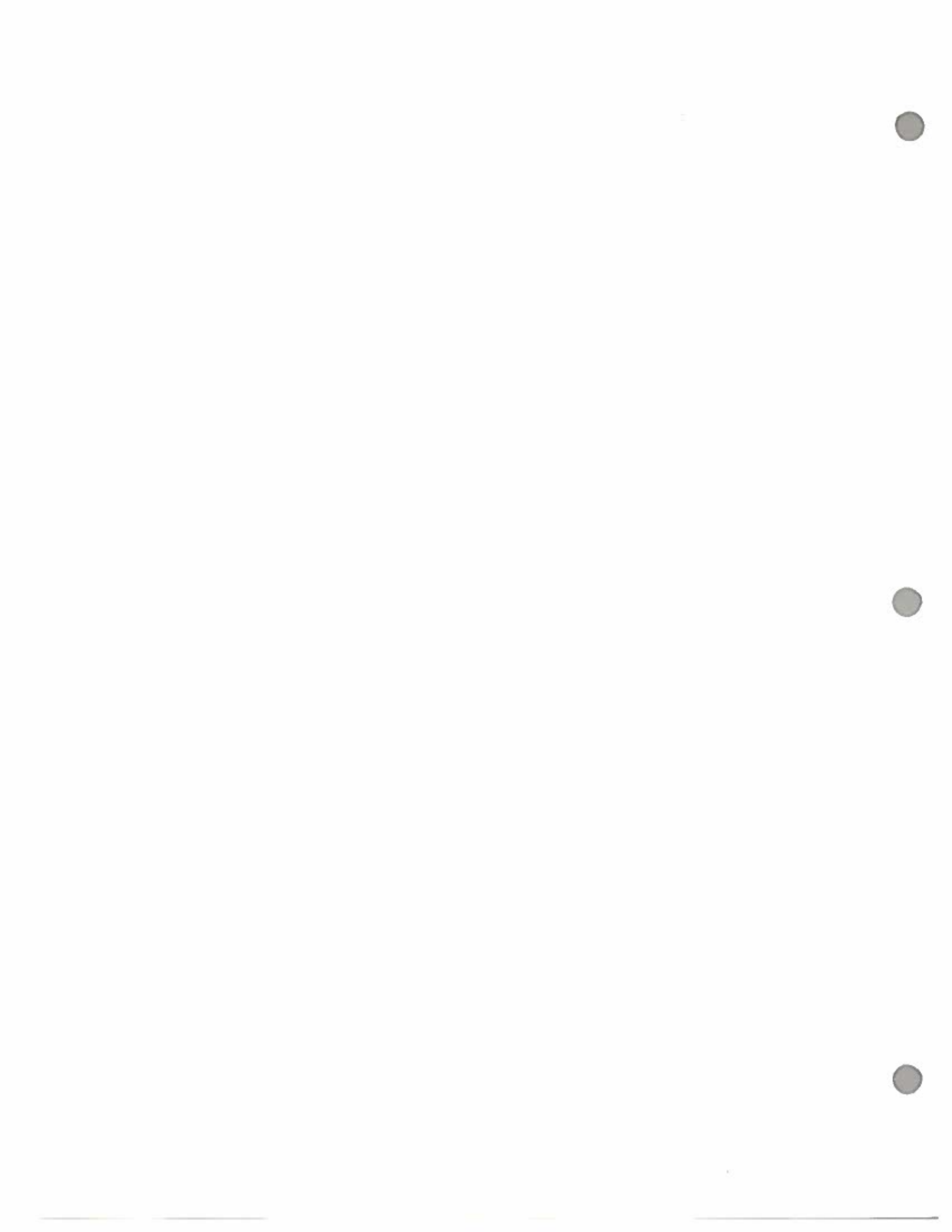
4. Around the park she pushed a baby carriage,
She pushed it in the springtime, and in the month of May.
And if you asked her why the hell she pushed it,
She pushed it for an airman who was far, far away.

CHORUS

5. Behind the door her father kept a shot-gun,
He kept it in the springtime, and in the month of May.
And if you asked him why the hell he kept it,
He kept it for an airman who was far, far away.

CHORUS

con't.....



SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON CON'T.

6. Upon a grave she placed a bunch of posies,
She placed them in the springtime, and in the month of May.
And if you asked her why the hell she placed them,
She placed them for an airman who was six feet down.

CHORUS

Six feet down(six feet down), six feet down(six feet down),
She placed them for an airman who was six feet down.

7. Our story told, the airman was a sucker,
We tell it when we're dead broke, and when we're in the dough,
For if you looked into the baby carriage,
Now who the hell was in there, but little Smokey Joe.

CHORUS

Smokey Joe(Smokey Joe), Smokey Joe(Smokey Joe),
Now who the hell was in there, but little Smokey Joe.

ALTERNATE VERSE

And on the wall she keeps a marriage license,
She keeps it in the springtime, and in the month of May,
And if you ask her why the heck she keeps it,
She keeps it for her lover who is far, far, away.



TIPPERARY

1. Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold,sure, ev'ry one was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly,Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited,then he shouted to them there:

CHORUS

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye-Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!"

2. Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',
Saying "Should you not receive it,write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in spelling,Molly dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

CHORUS

3. Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying,"Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly--hoping you're the same."

CHORUS



QUARTER MASTER'S STORE

1. There were rats, rats, big as alley cats,
In the stores, in the stores,
There were rats, rats, big as alley cats,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me,
I have not brought my specs with me.

ALTERNATE CHORUS

My cock is limp, I cannot fuck
The nitrate it has changed my luck,
The nitrate it has changed my luck.

2. There was beer, beer, to bring us all good cheer,
In the stores, in the stores,
There was beer, beer, to bring us all good cheer,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS

3. There was cheese, cheese, rotting, stinking cheese,
In the stores, in the stores,
There was cheese, cheese, rotting, stinking cheese,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS

4. There was bread, bread, heavy as lumps of lead,
In the stores, in the stores,
There was bread, bread, heavy as lumps of lead,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS

5. There was whiskey, whiskey, the stuff that makes you frisky,
In the stores, in the stores,
There was whiskey, whiskey, the stuff that makes you frisky,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS



QUARTER MASTER'S STORE CON'T.

6. There were socks, socks, filthy, smelly socks,
In the stores, in the stores,
There were socks, socks, filthy, smelly socks,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS

7. There were tents, tents, full of holes and rents,
In the stores, in the stores,
There were tents, tents, full of holes and rents,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS

8. There was rice, rice, full of bugs and lice,
In the stores, in the stores,
There was rice, rice, full of bugs and lice,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS

9. There were flies, flies, eating all the pies,
In the stores, in the stores,
There were flies, flies, eating all the pies,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

CHORUS



LILLI MARLENE

1. Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate,
Darling I remember the way you used to wait;
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly,
That you loved me, you'd always be,
My Lilli of the lamplight,
My own Lilli Marlene.

2. Time would come for roll call, time for us to part.
Darling I'd caress you and press you to my heart
And there 'neath that far off lantern light,
I'd hold you tight, we'd kiss "Good-night,"
My Lilli of the lamplight,
My own Lilli Marlene.

3. Orders came for sailing somewhere over there,
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear;
I knew you were waiting in the street,
I heard your feet, But could not meet,
My Lilli of the lamplight,
My own Lilli Marlene.

4. Resting in a billet just behind the line,
Even tho' we're parted your lips are close to mine;
You wait where that lantern softly gleams,
Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams,
My Lilli of the lamplight,
My own Lilli Marlene.



THE GREAT WHEEL

1. An airman told me before he died,
And I've no reason to think he lied,
That his wife had a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied.

 2. So he built her a tool of steel,
Driven by a bloody great wheel,
Balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

 3. Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
'Till in ecstasy she cried,
"Jesus Christ! I'm satisfied!"

 4. Now we come to the bitter bit,
There was no means of stopping it,
And she was split from arse to tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.
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