

EH3 Songbook

2010

Songmeister

Porta-Party

Choir

Immaculate Conception

Butt Sniffer

Chapped Lips

Won't Swallow

Pump it up

Phone Sax

G-Spot

French Tickler

Mud Slut

A Prayer

Leader: And now, gentlemen, a prayer,

Leader: A Prayer for the constipated.

Response: SHIT!

Leader: A prayer for the inebriated.

Response: PISS!

Leader: A prayer for the frustrated.

Response: FUCK!

Leader: A prayer for the dehydrated.

Response: BEER!

Leader: A prayer for the emasculated.

Response: BALLS!

Ball Game

Tune: [Take Me Out to the Ball Game](#)

Whip it out at the ball game
Wave it round at the crowd
Dip it peanuts and crackerjack
I don't care if you give it a whack
Because it's
Beat your meat at the ball game
If you don't cum it's a shame
It's one, two
And you're covered in goo
At the old ball game

Bestiality's Best (Abridged version)

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport

CHORUS:

Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best - FUCK A WALLABY!
Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best.
Drink it down, down, down, down....

Birthday Song

Tune: [Happy Birthday to You](#)

Happy birthday, fuck you,
Happy birthday, fuck you,
Happy birthday, you asshole,
Happy birthday, fuck you.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

Blessing of the Hares

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

Do Your Balls Hang Low?

Tune: Sailor's Hornpipe

Do your balls hang low?
Do they swing to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder,
Like a Continental soldier?
Do your balls hang low?
Drink it down, down, down, down.....

Do Your Tits Hang Low?

Tune: Sailor's Hornpipe

Do your tits hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder?
Do you need a boulder holder?
Do your tits hang low?
Drink it down, down, down, down.....

Father Abraham

CHORUS:

Father Abraham had seven sons.
And seven sons had Father Abraham.
And he never laughed,
And he never cried,
All he did was go like this.

(With motions)

With a left (arm), With a left
With a right (arm), With a right
With a left (leg), With a left
With a right (leg), With a right
With a HOO (head), With a HOO
With a AAH (pelvis), With a AAH

Father Abraham (HUAH) had seven sons (HUAH)
And seven sons had Father Abraham (HUAH)
And he never laughed (HUAH)
And he never cried (HUAH)
All he did was go like this (HUAH)

Get a life

Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life
Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life
Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life
Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life
Drink it down, down, down....

Get It Up, Get It In

Tune: Bonanza Theme

Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around
When I am done and I have cum
We'll start another round
Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do
Drink it down, down, down, down....

He Ought to be Publicly Pissed On

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

He's got a dose of the clap

He's got a dose of the clap on his dick,
He's got a dose of the clap on his dick,
He's got a does of the clap on his dick,
And all it does is drip, drip, drip
So drink it down, down, down....

He's the Meanest

He's the meanest,
He sucks the horse's penis,
He's the meanest,
He's a horse's ass.

Ever since he found it,
All he does is pound it,
He's the meanest,
He's a horse's ass.

He's always pissing on us,
He's rotten and dishonest,
He's the meanest,
He's a horse's ass. So drink it down, down, down . . .

Here's to Brother Hasher

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

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

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

He's a hasher, he's true blue!

(Great song for namings)

Here's to _____,
He's true blue,
He's a Hasher,
Through and through,
He's a pisspot,
So they say,
He'll never get to heaven in a long, long way)
So drink it down, down, down . . .

Hymn

Hymn, hymn
Fuck him
Drink it down, down, down, down....

I'm Your Mailman

Make me happy, make me gay,
I can come twice a day,
I'm your mailman.
Lift the knocker, ring the bell,
I can make you feel swell,
I'm your mailman.

I can come in any kind of weather,
Don't you know my bags are made of leather?
I'm your mailman.
Drink it down, down, down, down....

Love Me Tender

To the tune of "Love Me Tender"

Love me tender
Love me sweet
Wrap your lips around my meat
Hold me close and watch me grin
As my cum runs down, down, down, down....

Meet the Hashers

To the tune of "The Flintstones"

Hashers, meet the hashers
We're the biggest drunks in history
From the Hash of Gypsies
We are leaders in debauchery

Drink it down, down, down, down....

My cock will choke you

My cock will choke you,
My cock will choke you,
When I put it in your mouth
My cock will choke you,
My cock will choke you,
When I put it in your mouth
Drink it down, down, down, down.....

Put Your Left Leg Over My Shoulder

Put your left leg over my shoulder,
Put your right leg over my shoulder,
(Wag tongue)
La-la-la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.

Put your left tit over my shoulder,
Put your right tit over my shoulder,
(Shake head side to side)
Bla-bla-bla-bla, bla-bla-bla, bla-bla-bla.

Wimmin's verse:

Put your left nut over my shoulder,
Put your right nut over my shoulder,
(Move head in and out)
Humma-hum-hum, humma-hum-hum, hum-hum-humm.

Roll back my foreskin

My one skin hangs over my two skin,
My two skin hangs over my three,
My three skin hangs over my foreskin,
My four skin hangs down to my knees,
Roll back, roll back, oh roll back my foreskin for me, for me
Roll back, roll back, oh roll back my foreskin for me,
Drink it down, down, down, down.....

Sex is Boring

Tune: Frere Jacques

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Pulling out my pubic hairs,
Pulling out my pubic hairs,
One by one...

Sexual Life of the Camel

The sexual life of the camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season,
It tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice,
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS:

Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, titty-bum.
Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, aye.
Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, titty-bum.
Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, aye.

Shitty Trail

To the tune of "The Mickey Mouse Club"

S-H-I, T-T-Y

T-R-A-I-L

Shitty trail (It sucked!)

Shitty trail (Totally fucked!)

I'd rather sit here

And drink my beer

Than run your shitty trail

Someone's in my Sister's vagina

Someone's in my sister's vagina,
Someone's in my sister I kno-o-o-o-w,
Someone's in my sister's vagina,
Pumping like a dynamo,
Drink it down, down, down, down....

Soldier Song

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I will be,
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee,
For cunt, for cunt, to fight for my country,
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
A soldier I will be.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

This is Your Down-Down Song

This is your Down-Down song,
It isn't very long . . .
Drink it down, down, down...

Virgin Song

Virgins, virgins whoever you may be you are now hashers with the EH3
So drink your beer and we'll give a good cheer
And we'll bugger you all because some of us are queer
So, drink it down, down, down, down...

What a Wank

Tune: [William Tell Overture](#)

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank.

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank,
wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank wank.

Drink it dow, down, down, down...

Why Are We Waiting?

Why are we waiting,
Slowly masturbating,
Oh, why are we waiting,
Oh, why, why, why?

Why are we waiting,
We could be fornicating,
Oh, why are we waiting,
Oh why, why, why?

Oh, why are we waiting,
Oh, why are we waiting,
So fucking long!

Why was he born?

Why was he born so beautiful?

Why was he born at all?

He's no fuckin' use to anyone,

He's no bloody use at all.

They say he's a joy to his mother,

But he's a pain in the asshole to me,

So drink it down, down, down . . .

Would You Like a Finger?

Would -- you like -- a finger in your ear

Or would -- you like -- a finger in your rear

(Beer held over head, twirling)

Not fucking likely

Not fucking likely

Not fucking like-ly

So drink mother fucker,

So drink mother fucker

Drink it down, down, down.

EH3 CHRISTMAS SONGS

Chipmunks Roasting on an Open Fire

(To: The Christmas Song by Nat King Cole)

Chipmunks roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost ripping up your nose,
Yuletide carollers being thrown in the fire,
And folks dressed up like buffaloes.
Everybody knows a turkey slaughtered in the
snow,
Helps to make the season right,
Tiny tots with their eyes all gouged out,
Will find it hard to see tonight.
They know that Santa is on his way,
He's loaded lots of guns and bullets on his sleigh,
And every mother's child is sure to spy,
To see if reindeer really scream when they die.
And so I'm offering this simple phrase,
To kids from one to ninety two,
Although it's been said many times, many ways,
Merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas,
Screw you.

EH3 CAMPFIRE SONGS

Bestiality's Best

Tune: [Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport](#)

* Take turns leading verses *

CHORUS:

Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best - FUCK A WALLABY!
Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Keep making up verses until begged to stop.
(Following are over 100 suggestions)**

Any which way with a jay
Anyway you can with a pelican
Be a queer with a deer
Be a rotter with an otter
Be very pleasant to a pheasant
Bring a flea to his knees
Chuck your sperm in a worm
Come from behind with a hind
Cunnilingo with a dingo
Do an illegal with an eagle
Do it funky with a monkey
Down the throat of a goat
Drink the pee of a bee
Drip your juice on a moose

Drip your yeast on a wildebeest
Drop some goo in a shrew
Ejaculate in a snake
Fool with the tool of a mule
Get a suck from a duck
Get in deep with a sheep
Get it out for a trout
Get the pox off a fox
Get under the tail of a snail
Get your oats with some stoats
Get your release in a fleece
Give a half to a giraffe
Give a lickin' to a chicken
Give some cock to a croc
Give your gerbil some verbal
Give your milk to an elk
Go a rounder with a flounder
Go and defile a crocodile
Go the whole way with a moray
Grind your mound on a hound
Ground your mound on a hound
Have a chimp with an imp
Have a cracker with a quacker
Have a deer from the rear
Have a filler with a gorilla
Have a frig with a pig
Have a fuck with a duck
Have a goose with a moose
Have a hug with a bug
Have a lark with an aardvark
Have a rape with an ape
Have a screw with a shrew
Have a shag with a stag
Have a shaggin' with a dragon
Have a squirm with a worm
Have a toss with a hoss
Have intercourse with a horse
Help old Watson with a dachshund
In a bag with a stag
In a heap with a sheep
In the Bahamas with some llamas
In the bog with a dog
In the dark with a shark
In the ear of a deer
In the esophagus of an octopus
In the lake with a drake
In the lug of a slug
In the sack with yak
Jam your cam in a ram
Lick the clit of a nit
Make a llama a mama
Make a moose real loose
Make an eel squeal
Make an eel squeal
Make it coarse with a horse
Make it limp in a chimp
Make it twirl in a squirrel
Make it wonky with a donkey
Make love with a dove
Make some porn with a unicorn
Mate a 'gator then fellate her
Move your tool in a mule
On a honeymoon with a raccoon
On a train with a crane
On the lawn with a prawn
On top of the easel with a weasel
Out your wool next to a bull
Part the hare of a mare
Put it in the mid of a squid
Put it in the mouth of a sloth

Put it through a gnu
Put your brillo next to an armadillo
Put your cock in a peacock
Put your juice in a moose
Put your load in a toad
Put your noodle to a poodle
Put your spear in a deer
Put your sperm in a worm
Put your thang in an orangoutang
Rub the thigh of a fly
Rub your beaver on a retriever
Rub your box on a fox
Rub your clitoris on a hippopotamus
Rub your clitty on a kitty
Rub your cunt on an elephant
Shoot your load in a toad
Shoot your spunk into a skunk
Shove your log in a dog
Shove your willy up a filly
Sixty-nine with a swine
Skull fuck a duck
Stick you rod up a cod
Stick your cock in a hawk
Stick your dork in a stork
Stick your log in a frog
Stick your needle in a beetle
Stick your rod in a cod
Take a whirl with a squirrel
The best course is a horse
Up the ass of a bass
Up the back of a yak
Up the box of a fox
Up the fanny of a nanny
Up the flue of a shrew
Up the hole of a mole
Up the rear of a deer
Up the spout of a trout
Up the tail of a whale
You can only wish for a fish

Dead Whore

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

I passed a dead whore on the roadside
I knew right away she was dead.
For the skin on her stomach was flaking
She hadn't a hair on her head
She hadn't a hair on her head.

Chorus:
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my dead whore to me
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my dead whore to me.

I first met my dead whore at Mitch's
With a horrible snail-sucking face
She'd roll them around on her tongue one
And barf them back up in your face.
And barf them back up in your face.

Chorus...

My dead whore looked into a gas tank
The contents of it for to see
I lit a match to assist her
Oh bring back my dead whore to me, to me
Oh bring back my dead whore to me,.

While nibbling my dead whore's festered nipples
A horrible thing to discuss
I thought it was milk I was sucking
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus, green pus
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus.

Chorus...

My dead whore's vagina was swelling
A condition I thought would soon pass
I stuck in my pecker to explore it
And she farted green gas from her ass
She farted green gas from her ass.

Chorus...
I thought of a way of preserving
My dead whore for posterity
I'd dry her like a piece of beef jerky
With a leathery twat just for me, for me
With a leathery twat just for me.

Chorus...

I French-kissed my dead whore named Merly
I thought she had a very active tongue
But after an evening of kissing
I realized it was maggots from her lung
I realized it was maggots from her lung.

Chorus...

Once upon thinking it over
I realized my terrible sin
So I stuck my lips on her sweet pussy
And sucked out the load I shot in, shot in
And sucked out the load I shot in,
Chorus...

But before I could extract that jism
My dead whore was pregnant and more
Inside the maternity morgue
She gave birth to a dead baby whore
She gave birth to a dead baby whore.

Chorus...

(To the tune of Born Free)
Born dead, your baby was born dead
Three fingers and no head
Born dead to live in a jar
Stay dead, don't come back to haunt me;
You really don't want me.
Born dead to live in a jar.

Eskimo Nell

Gather round all you whorey,
Gather round and hear this story!

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the tip of the tool turns blue,
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle,
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Go forth in search of fun,
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick,
And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Are sore, depressed and sad,
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt,
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,
And such was their luck that they'd had no fuck,
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,
And a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick,
This was mighty slow.

So do or dare, this horny pair,
Set forth for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his might prick,
And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail,
No man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride,
A pregnant widow now stood.

They reached the sand of the Rio Grande,
At the height of the blazing noon,
And to slack the thirst and do their worst,
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide,
Both prick and gun flashed free,
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,
You'll fuck or you'll drink with me.

They'd heard of the prick of Dead-eye Dick,
From Main to Panama,
And with scarcely worse that a muttered curse,
Those Dingoos sought the bar.

The girls too know his playful ways,
Down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawers,
At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete,
Itch on the trigger grip,
And they didn't wait at a fearful rate,
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick,
With lecherous snorts and grunts,
As forty arses were bared to view,
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts,
If you can use your wits,
And if you're slick at arithmetic,
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight,
For a man with a raging stand,
It may be rare in Berkeley Square,
But not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few,
On the last preceding night,
This he had done just to show his fun,
And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,
As he backed and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart,
And scored a hole in one.

He bore this whore to the sandy floor,
And there he ground her fine,
And though she grinned, it put the wind,
Up the other thirty nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick,
He's got no time to spare,
For speed and length combined with strength,
He fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,
When into that Harlot's Hell,
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,
And her name was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick,
Well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,
She bawled to him: "Hey, you!"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick,
And the girl flew over his head,
And he wheeled about with an angry shout,
His face and his balls were red.

She glanced our hero up and down,
Her tits were proud and high,
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn,
That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette,
Over his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete,
That he failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,
In accents clear and cool;
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,
You call that a 'kingly tool'?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"
She sneered to those cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one,
With an air of conscious pride,
And as she stood in her womanhood,
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on table top,
Where someone had left his glass.
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits,
Between the two cheeks of her ass.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,
And spread her legs apart,
With a friendly nod to the horny sod,
She gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,
He meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was fucking bliss,
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his arsehole in an out,
And made his balls inflate,
Until they looked like granite knobs,
On top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,
His balls increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick,
Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol,
And made it steaming hot,
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob,
With a cayenne pepper pot.

Then neither did he take a run,
Nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop,
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight,
Along his mighty tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in,
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons,
On the might C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse?
Well, you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn,
The ins and outs of the trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run,
By a guy named Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,
As good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,
And the rock of ages between 'em.

She could take the stream of a lover's cream,
Like the flush of a water closet,
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood Lock,
On the National Safe deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick,
He meant to conserve his powers,
If he'd had a mind he'd grind and grind,
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,
The grip of her cunt grew keener,
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry,
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick,
As to set in complete defiance,
The basic cause and primary laws,
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code,
Which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools,
In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end,
Of copulation's classic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,
And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more,
His passions extinct and dead,
And he did not shout as his prick fell out,
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread.

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet,
To avenge his pal's affront,
With a jarring jolt he rammed his Colt,
Right up her gaping cunt.

He rammed it hard to the trigger guard,
And fired it three plus three,
But to his surprise she closed her eyes,
And squealed with ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,
"Bully," she said, "for you."
"It's hard to believe that was the best,
That you poor cunts could do.

"When next, my friend, that you intend,
To sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick,
Any yourself an elephant gun.

"I'm going back to the frozen North,
Where the pricks are hard and strong,
Back to the land of the frozen stand,
Where the nights are six months long.

"It's hard as tin when they put it in,
In the land where spunk is spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,
But a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand,
What it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed,
And the babies masturbate.

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,
Where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,
That's where they'll sing this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,
Where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold,
Wrapped up in a ball of snow.

"In the valley of death with baited breath,
That's were they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,
And the rotting corpses screw.

"Back to the land where men are men,
Terra Bellicum,
And there I'll spend my worthy end,
For the North is calling: 'Come!'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick,
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

Yes, when a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the end of his tools turns blue,
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

Yogi Bear

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi,
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

CHORUS:

Yogi, Yogi Bear,
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend,
Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo. . .
Boo-Boo has a girlfriend,
Suzi, Suzi. . .
Yogi has a girlfriend,
Cyndi, Cyndi. . .
Cyndi has a shaven snatch,
Grizzly, Grizzly. . .
Cyndi wears crotchless undies,
Teddy, Teddy. . .
Cyndi likes it on the ice,
Polar, Polar. . .
Suzi likes it up the rear,
Dirty, Dirty. . .
Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth,
Gummi, Gummi. . .
Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese,
Camen, Camen,
Suzi she has great big tits,
More than, More than (I can bear). . .
Suzi gets four bits an hour,
Jingle, Jingle. . .
Cyndi's tampon has no string,
Cotton, Cotton. . .
Yogi didn't use a condom,
Daddy, Daddy. . .
Boo-Boo likes it upside down,
Koala, Koala. . .
Suzi does it with a Kennedy,
Teddy, Teddy
Yogi got a case of crabs,
Itchy, Itchy. . .
Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool,
Wanker, Wanker. . .
Yogi also likes young boys,
Poofter, Poofter. . .
Yogi doesn't wipe his butt,
Brown, brown. . .
Cindi has a girlfriend,
Klondike, Klondike..
Yogi likes to roll his own,
Smoky, Smoky
Yogi has an enemy,
Ranger, Ranger
Ranger Smith lives by himself,
Wanker Wanker
Yogi uses condoms,
Clever, Clever. . .
Boo-Boo pokes holes in them,
Naughty, naughty. . .
Cindy gets what she deserves,
Pregnant, Pregnant. . .
Yogi has suspected AIDS,
Goodbye, goodbye. . .