

### Three Prominent Bastards

Oh, the children of the bakers make the most delicious bread  
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds  
The Bourbons and DePysters and some others I could name  
Have inherited the features that perpetuate their fame.

My position in the structures of society I owe  
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago  
For my father was a gentleman, and musical to boot  
He used to play piano in a house of ill-repute.

My mother was a madam and a credit to her cult  
She liked my father's playing and I was the result  
So my mother and my father, they're the ones I have to thank  
I'm chairman of the board of the National County Bank.

Our parents forgot to get married  
Our parents forgot to get wed  
Did a wedding bell chime, it was always the time  
Our parents were somewhere in bed  
Thanks to our kindhearted parents,  
We're kings in the land of the free,  
The banker, the broker, the washington joker,  
Three prominent bastards are we.

In a cozy little cottage in a cozy southern dell  
A dear old fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell  
She was pretty, she was charming, she was tender, she was mild,  
And her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child.

Oh, the year her hospitality attained a record high  
She became the mother of a little infant, which was I  
And whenever she was gloomy I could make her grin  
By childishly inquiring who my daddy might have been.

For such were mammy's motives and so great was her allure  
That even Walter Winchell wasn't absolutely sure  
So I took my mother's morals and I took my daddy's crust  
And I grew to be the founder of a big investment trust.

#### CHORUS

On a dusty little chain gang on a dusty southern road  
My late lamented pappy made his permanent aboad  
Now some were there for stealing, but pappy's only fault  
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.

His philosophy was simple and quite free from moral taint  
Seduction is for sissies, a he-man wants his rape  
So pappy's list of victims was embarassingly rich  
Though one of them was my mother, he could never tell me which.

Well, I've never gone to college but I've got my degree  
For I am a model of a perfect S.O.B.  
I'm a debit to the country, I'm a credit to my dad  
I'm the most expensive senator this country's ever had.

#### CHORUS

### Humoresque

Our passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is in the station; darling I love you  
We encourage constipation  
While the train is in the station  
Moonlight always makes me think of you.

If you wish to pass some water,  
Kindly call the pullman porter  
He'll place a vessel in the vestibule;  
If the porter isn't here  
Try the platform in the rear;  
The one in front is likely to be cool.

If the woman's room be taken  
Never feel the least forsaken  
Never show a sign of sad defeat;  
Try the men's room cross the hall  
And if some man has had the call  
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts are in vain  
Then simply break a window pane  
This novel method's used by very few;  
We go strolling through the park  
Goosing statues in the dark  
If Sherman's horse can take it why can't you?

### Red Wing

There once was an Indian maid, who always was afraid;  
That some buckaroo would fly around her flue, As she lay sleeping in the shade;  
She had an idea grand, she'd fill it up with sand;  
To keep all the boys from forbidden joys, in Red Wings promised land.

Oh, the sun shines down on pretty Red Wing,  
As she lay sleeping, this buck came creeping,  
With his one good eye he was a-peeping  
He hoped to reach the promised land.

Now he was an Indian wise, he reached for Red Wings thighs;  
With an old rubber boot on the end of a root, he made Red Wing open her eyes;  
But when she came to life, she grabbed her Bowie knife;  
It flashed in the sky as she let a-fly, and shortened his love life.

Oh, the moon shines down on pretty Red Wing,  
As she lay snoring, her knife adoring,  
For no longer do the braves come whoring  
They won't pay the price of the promised land.

Oh, girls if you want to be wives, put away those knives;  
Boys like to play for a fling in the hay, they don't want to pay the rest of their lives  
Mind what mama said; if you'r lying in your bed,  
If you can't evade, don't reach for a blade, have a hell of a time in stead.

Oh, the clouds go floating over Red Wing, as she lay snoring where life is boring  
Why she'd even welcome Herman Goering, into the pleasure of her promised land.

The Caving Song ?

Oh the mud, the mud and bat manure,  
As your feet and my feet  
Go sloshing through the sewer,  
Singing, "Oh where the hell's my hard hat,  
Where the hell's my light,  
My butt's stuck in a crevice and there's no one else in sight".

We're a bunch of happy cavers  
We're all filled up with gin  
We're looking around Gainesville town  
For women, booze and sin.

CHORUS

You do not like the mud my sweet  
Your distain I can tell  
Either come and cave all night with me  
Or you can go to HELL

CHORUS

Take my hard hat dearie  
Take my light as well  
Hand me down my aqua-lung  
Cause in this pool I've fell.

CHORUS

Oh, Climax is a cruddy hole  
Yet we enter that place with glee  
In the night with a carbide light  
And a banjo on our knee.

CHORUS

Big Bob Smith was standing there  
His butt against the wall  
"Get me off this damn stalagmite  
Before I loose a foot.

CHORUS

Duff and his goddamn Zundap  
Were both full up with gin  
The chimney's small, but damn it all  
I'm going to drive it in.

## CABIN IN THE WOOD

In a cabin in the wood  
Little man by the window stood  
Came a rabbit hopping by  
knocking at his door  
Help me! Help me! Help me! he said  
or the hunter shoot me dead  
Little Rabbit come inside  
Safely you'll abide.

## THE MERMAID SONG

1. 'Twas Friday night when we set sail  
And we were not far from the land,  
When the Captain spied a pretty mermaid  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

### Chorus

Oh the ocean waves may roll and  
The stormy winds may blow  
While we poor sailors go skipping  
to the top  
And the land lubbers lie down below  
below, below  
And the land lubbers lie down below.

2. Then up spake the Captain of our  
gallant ship  
And a well-spoken man was he,  
"I married me a wife in Salem town  
And tonight she a widow will be".

### Chorus

3. Then up spake the cook of our  
gallant ship  
And a red-hot cook was he  
"I care much more for my pottles  
and my kets  
Than I do for the bottom of the sea".

### Chorus

4. Then up spake the cabin boy of  
our gallant ship  
And a right good lad was he  
"I've a mother and a father in Boston  
town  
And tonight childless they'll be"

### Chorus

5. Then three times round went our  
gallant ship,  
And three times round went she  
Then three times round went our gallant  
ship  
And she sank to the bottom of  
the sea, the sea, the sea,  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

## RED MEN

1. We are red men  
Tall and quaint  
In our feathers and war paint

### Chorus

Pow Wow, Pow Wow,  
We're the men of the olden cow  
We are the red men  
Feathers in our head men  
Down among the dead men  
Pow Wow

2. We can fight with sticks and stones  
Bows and arrows, bricks and bones

### Chorus

3. We come home from fighting wars  
Crested by our long nosed squaws.

OH HOW LOVELY IS THE EVENING

Oh how lovely is the evening  
When the bells are sweetly ringing  
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad  
All the livelong day.  
I've been working on the railroad  
Just to pass the time away.  
Can't you hear the whistle blowing  
Rise up so early in the morn?  
Can't you hear the captain shouting  
"Dinah blow your horn!"

Dinah won't you blow  
Dinah won't you blow  
Dinah won't you blow your He-o-o-orn  
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow  
Dinah won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Someone's in the kitchen I know-ow-ow-ow  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Strumming on the old banjo

Singing fee, fie fidaly eye-o  
fee, fie, fiddly eye oh oh oh oh  
fee, fie fiddly eye oh  
Strumming on the old banjo

WE GO TO COLLEGE

We go to college, to college go we,  
We never lost our virginity,  
We might have lost it, if only they'd forced it,  
We are from Broward Hall.

We go to college, each christmas dance,  
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,  
We like to give the freshmen a chance  
We are from Broward Hall.

We go to college, we have our fun,  
We know exactly the way that it's done,  
We saw the movies in C-61,  
We are from Broward Hall.

We go to college, don't we have pluck,  
We do our work without asking a buck,  
Come out some time boys, you might be in luck,  
We are from Broward Hall.

We go to college, we can be had,  
Don't take our words, boys, ask dear old dad,  
He brings his buddies for graduate studies,  
We are from Broward Hall.

MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes book on the corner,  
My mother makes poor bathtub gin,  
My sister makes love for a dollar,  
My God, how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in, my god, how the money rolls in, rolls in,  
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My brother's a poor missionary,  
He saves all the young girls from sin,  
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,  
My God, how the money rolls in.

Grandma sells cheap prophylactics,  
She punctures the head with a pin,  
'Cause Granpa gets rich from abortions,  
My God, how the money rolls in.

My uncle is whittling out candles,  
From wax that is especially soft,  
He says that they will come in handy,  
If ever his business falls off.