

CLUB SONGBOOK

ST ANDREWS UNIVERSITY
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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My husband's a ...

My husband's a builder, a builder, a builder,
A very fine builder is he.
All day long he lays bricks, he lays bricks, he lays bricks,
And when he comes home he lays me.

Chorus:

*You've got to dance a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band,
Follow the band with your tits in your hand
Dance a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band,
Follow the band all the way.*

My husband's a jockey, a jockey, a jockey,
A very fine jockey is he.
All day long he rides horses, he rides horses, he rides horses,
And when he comes home he rides me.

My husband's a miner...
All day long he delves down...

My husband's a climber...
All day long he ascends peaks...

My husband's a geologist...
All day long he cleaves rocks...

My husband's a nuclear physicist...
All day long he splits atoms...

My husband's a joiner...
All day long he nails planks...

My husband's an accountant...
All day long he fiddles books...

My husband's a taxidermist...
All day long he stuffs animals...

My husband's a painter...
All day long he spreads paint...

My husband's a dentist...
All day long he fills teeth...

My husband's a framer...
All day long he mounts pictures...

My husband's a paedophile, a paedophile, a paedophile,
A very fine paedophile is he.
All day long he fucks children, he fucks children, he fucks children,
And when he comes home he drinks tea.

Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Maiden Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill It's me, it's me, I'm back from the sea,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
It's me, it's me, I'm back from the sea,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Maiden Go away, you can't come in,
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill Open the door, you bloody great whore,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Maiden You may sleep upon my mat,
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill Bugger the mat, I can't shag that,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Maiden You may sleep upon my stair,
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill Bugger the stair, it's got no hair,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Maiden You may sleep upon my stool,
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill Bugger the stool, it hurts my tool,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Maiden You may sleep between my tits,
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill Bugger your tits, I prefer other bits,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Maiden You may sleep between my thighs,
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill Then open up wide, I'm coming inside,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Maiden What if we should have a child?
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill We'll drown the bugger, and fuck for another,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Maiden What if we should go to jail?
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill I'll pick the lock with my bloody great cock,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

I used to work in Chicago

Chorus I used to work in Chicago, in an old department store
I used to work in Chicago, and I don't work anymore

Lead A woman came in, and she asked for some nails.

Drunken Idiots Some nails from the store?

Lead She asked for some nails, I gave her a screw, and I don't work there anymore

A woman came in and she asked for a chicken.
A chicken from the store?
She asked for a chicken, I gave her my cock,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a coalmine.
A coalmine from the store?
She asked for a coalmine, I gave her my shaft,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a ruler.
A ruler from the store?
She asked for a ruler, I gave her my length,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for the main road
between Newcastle and Carlisle.
The main road between Newcastle and Carlisle from
the store?

She asked for the main road between Newcastle and
Carlisle, A69 she got,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some milk.
Some milk from the store?
She asked for some milk, I gave her my cream,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a silver bath.
A silver bath from the store?

A silver bath she asked for, a golden shower she got,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a seabird.
A seabird from the store?
She asked for a seabird, I gave her a shag,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some paper.
Some paper from the store?

Some paper she asked for, a ream she got,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some seafood.
Some seafood from the store?
She asked for some seafood, I gave her crabs,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a translator.
A translator from the store?

She asked for a translator, a cunning linguist she got,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a songbird.
A songbird from the store?
She asked for a songbird, I gave her thrush,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for one of the main
characters from Shakespeare's Hamlet.

One of the main characters from Shakespeare's
Hamlet from the store?

She asked for Horatio, I gave her fellatio,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a door-handle.
A door-handle from the store?
She asked for a door-handle, I gave her my knob,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a kitkat.
A kitkat from the store?
She asked for a kitkat, four fingers she got,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a camel.
A camel from the store?
She asked for a camel, I gave her a hump,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some fishing
equipment.
Some fishing equipment from the store?
She asked for some fishing equipment, I gave her my
rod,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a gun.
A gun from the store?
She asked for a gun, I gave her a bang,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a pirate.
A pirate from the store?
A pirate she asked, a jolly rogering she got,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some sailors.
Some sailors from the store?
She asked for some sailors, I gave her my semen,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a plank of wood.
A plank of wood from the store?
She asked for a plank of wood, I gave her my log,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a turkey.
A turkey from the store?
She asked for a turkey, I gave her a stuffing,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some taxidermy.
Some taxidermy from the store?
She asked for some taxidermy, and I mounted her,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked to complain.
To complain about the store?
She asked to complain, but I made her moan,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some meat.
Some meat from the store?
She asked for some meat, I gave her my sausage,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some fabric.
Some fabric from the store?
She asked for some fabric, and she got felt,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for a piano.
A piano from the store?
She asked for a piano, I gave her my organ,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some linoleum.
Some linoleum from the store?
She asked for some linoleum, and I laid her,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some jewellery.
Some jewellery from the store?
She asked for some jewellery, I gave her a pearl
necklace,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked for some assistance.
Some assistance from the store?
She asked for some assistance, I gave her AIDS,
And I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and she asked to be fucked.
To be fucked at the store?
She asked to be fucked, and fuck her I did,
And I don't work there anymore.

The Ball of Kirriemuir

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
But when the night was over there were four and twenty less.

Chorus Singing balls to your partner, arse against the wall,
If you cannae get shagged on Saturday night, you cannae get shagged at all.

The village blacksmith he was there, his balls were made of brass,
And every time he farted, sparks came out his ass.

The village granny she was there, sitting by the fire,
Knitting rubber condoms from an old tractor tire.

Little Johnny he was there, he was only eight,
He couldn't shag the women so he had to masturbate.

The village butcher he was there, mighty man was he,
Lined them up against the wall and fucked them three by three.

The village vicar he was there, doing his favourite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling down his dick.

The vicar's son he was there, tried to do the same,
Pulled his foreskin over his head, and was never seen again.

The vicar's wife she was there, doing her favourite stunt,
Sliding down the banister by the suction of her cunt.

The village barber he was there, razor in his hand,
And every time the music stopped he circumcised the band.

The village builder he was there, with his bag of tricks,
Poured cement in all the holes and blunted all the pricks.

The village postman he was there, the poor man had the pox,
He couldn't fuck the lassies so he fucked the letterbox.

Little Jimmy he was there, the leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys to make their voices higher.

The village policeman he was there, pride of all the force,
we found him in the stable, wanking of his horse.

The village economist he was there, his penis in his hand,
Waiting for the time to come when supply would meet demand.

The local farmer he was there, and he began to weep,
All these willing ladies, and not a single sheep.

The village vampire he was there, rolling in the mud,
Picking up the tampons, and sucking out the blood.

My name is Jack

(Call and repeat)

Oh my name is Jack
And I'm a necrophiliac,
I like to fuck dead women,
And I do it for a living.
But I get frustrated,
When they get cremated,
'Cos a shag is a must.
And you can't fuck dust.

Oh my name is Gus,
And I'm incestuous,
I like to fuck my mother,
And bugger my brother.
But when they die,
I will not cry,
'Cos just like Jack,
I'm a necrophiliac.

Oh my name is Kyle,
And I'm a paedophile,
Little girls, littler boys,
Are my sex toys.
But when I have my own,
I will not moan,
'Cos just like Gus,
I'm incestuous.

Oh my name is Mac,
And I'm a homicidal maniac,
I like to kill little kids,
And cut them up into bits.
But if they survive,
I like them alive,
'Cos just like Kyle,
I'm a paedophile.

Oh my name is Lee,
And I like bestiality,
I like to bugger my flock,
And screw the livestock.
But if the farmer's there,
I do not care,
'Cos just like Mac,
I'm a homicidal maniac.

Our family

My father makes counterfeit money,
My mother makes synthetic gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My god how the money rolls in.

Chorus Rolls in, rolls in,
 By god how the money rolls in, rolls in.
 Rolls in, rolls in,
 By god how the money rolls in, rolls in.

My brother's slum missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin
He'll save you a blond for a shilling
My god, how the money rolls in.

Now my grandma sells cheap prophylactics
She punctures the head with a pin
While grandpa gets rich from abortions
My god, how the money rolls in.

My uncle's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp, and thin,
He only does one operation,
My god, how the money rolls in.

My aunt runs a girls seminary,
Teaching young girls how to begin,
She doesn't say where they should finish,
My god, how the money rolls in.

We've spent all your counterfeit money,
We've drunk all your synthetic gin,
We had all your kisses for sailors,
By god what a state we are in.

The Wild Pervert

(to the tune of The Wild Rover)

I've been the wild pervert for many a year,
And I've spent all my money on sexual gear.
Jackboots and leather and whips are the best,
Now bend over backwards and I'll piss on your chest

Chorus And it's no, nay, never, (*right up yer kilt!*)
 No, nay, never no more
 Shall I play the wild pervert,
 No never, no more.

I went to a shithouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'Nay',
So I shat on her floor and said take that away.

I went to a whorehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my penis were bent.
I asked her for sex, she said 'You're out of luck,
you'll need a straight one if you want to fuck".

I pulled from my pocket a cockring so bright,
That the landladies eyes opened wide with delight
I pulled out a dildo, it started to hum,
And at ten thousand hertz she just started to cum.

I went to my parents, confessed what I'd done
But I buggered my father and fisted my mum.
And as they enjoyed it as oft times before
I swore I would play the wild pervert once more.

Climbing Girls

Climbing boys, they take one, and they take it up the bum

Chorus With a knick-knack paddy whack, send the boys away, climbing girls are here to stay.

Climbing boys, they play two, they can't get it up to screw.

Climbing boys, they play three, they all think that sex is free.

Climbing boys, they play four, they can't get it up to score.

Climbing boys, they play five, little boys with no sex drive.

Climbing boys, they play six, little boys with little dicks.

Climbing boys, they play seven, masturbation is their heaven.

Climbing boys, they play eight, they don't come 'til far too late.

Climbing boys, they play nine, and they never come on time.

Climbing boys, they play ten, little boys who think their men.

Yogi Bear

There's a bear that we all know, Yogi, Yogi
There's a bear that we all know, Yogi, Yogi Bear.
Yogi Yogi Bear, Yogi Yogi Bear.
There's a bear that we all know, Yogi Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend,
Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo Bear...

Yogi has a girl friend,
Susie, Susie Bear

Susie likes it on the fridge,
Polar, polar bear

Susie's into whips and chains,
Kinky, kinky bear.

Yogi like it from behind,
Brown, brown bear

Yogi likes in police cars,
Panda, panda bear

Yogi does it in train stations,
Paddington, Paddington bear

Susie does it upside down,
Koala, koala bear...

Susie hates it up the bum,
Hard to, hard-to-bear...

Susie doesn't sahve below,
Grizzly, grizzly bear...

Yogi's knob is long and green
Cucum, cucum-bear

Yogi has a cheesy dick,
Camem, camem-bear

Yogi, he likes social workers,
Care bear, care, care-bear

Susie, she has got no teeth,
Gummi, gummi-bear

Yogi has a chainsaw,
Dismem, dismem-bear

Yogi, he has HIV
Dying, dying

Climbing Clementine

On a pinion, near Stobinian,
Where the climbing cliffs incline,
Clung a climber, fine old timer,
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus Oh my darling, Oh my darling
 Oh my darling Clementine.
 Thou art lost and gone forever,
 Dreadful sorrow, Clementine.

She was leading, like a fairy,
On a hundred feet of line.
While her father, nervous rather,
Fast belayed his Clementine.

From the cliff top, I was watching,
Thinking oh that she were mine!
You're so lovely, from above,
Oh my climbing Clementine.

She was groping, vainly hoping,
For a handhold mighty fine.
But alack there, was no crack there,
To support my Clementine.

Then the climber, fine old-timer,
Fearing for his Clementine.
Shouted 'Hi sir, you up there sir,
Can you drop my girl a line?'

Quick as thought, I hitched my nylon,
To a belay crystalline.
Standing firm as any pylon,
Dropped the rope to Clementine.

And she grasped it, quickly clasped it,
Round her slender waist divine,
Up I drew her, quite secure,
And so I saved my Clementine.

Then she rose up, cocked her nose up,
With a glance that chilled the spine.
'I'd no need sir, on that lead sir,
Of you help' said Clementine.

So I parted, broken hearted,
From the dreams that once were mine,
Gave all hope up, coiled the rope up,
And forgot my Clementine.

Then the climber, fine old-timer,
Bought me lots and lots of wine.
Now I'd rather climb with father,
Than with haughty Clementine

Bestiality's Best

Chorus Bestiality's best, boys, bestiality's best (Fuck a wallaby!)
Bestiality's best, boys, bestiality's best!

Shove your log in a dog, boys,
Shove your log in a dog. (Fuck a wallaby!)
Shove your log in a dog, boys,
Shove your log in a dog...

Up the rear of a deer...

Intercourse with a horse...

Have a fuck with a duck...

Plunge in deep with a sheep...

Chuck your sperm in a worm...

Lick the twat of a cat...

Up the hole of a mole...

Give some cock to a croc...

Get your tadger in a badger...

Hit the spot with a marmot...

Shoot your load in a toad...

Get in deep with a sheep...

Have a frig with a pig...

Fool with the tool of a mule...

Deep throat with a goat...

Stick you rod up a cod...

Put your noodle to a poodle...

Sixty-nine with a porcupine...

Have a shag with a stag...

Give a lickin' to a chicken...

In the sack with yak....

Get a suck from a duck...

Be a queer with a deer...

Have a deer from the rear...

They ain't gonna climb no more

'Will it go around the chockstone?' said the belay leaning back,
Our hero feebly answered 'yes' and fumbled with the rack,
He was trying to drive a piton when he fell out of the crack,
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

Chorus Gory, gory what a helluva way to die,
 With a crampon up your arsehole, and an ice axe in your eye,
 Gory, gory man was never meant to fly,
 And they ain't gonna climb no more.

He reached the final overhang before he fell I'm told
The rope was weak and rotten, it was ten or twelve years old
It was frayed and tattered, it would never ever hold
And he ain't gonna climb no more

The belay felt the rope pull taught and tried to let it run,
But it jerked him from position and he knew his time had come,
He left the edge behind him as he shot towards the sun,
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

They slithered over the friction pitch, and passed the southern col,
They has such good exposure that it made a glorious fall,
They tumbled through the chimney and then sped on down the wall,
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

The days they'd lived and loved and laughed went running through their minds,
They thought about the girls back home, the one's they'd left behind,
They thought about the rescue teams and wondered what they'd find.
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

One had a rope around his neck, and pitons through the head,
The other found an ice-axe had embedded in his leg,
Trails of red marked their decent as they neared the slopes of green,
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

They hit the ground with such impact the blood went spurting high,
Their comrades then were heard to say 'What a colourful way to die,'
As they lay there rolling in what was the welter of their gore,
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

With brains and guts and blood spilt out there clearly was no hope,
Intestines pilled nicely up along the greasy slope,
We picked up all the pieces after salvaging the rope,
And they ain't gonna climb no more

Ski Club Hate Song

(to the tune of 'On top of Old Smokey')

On top of old Cairnwell, all covered in snow
Stood two lonely climbers who downward did go.
They struggled and panted, to get down alive,
But the ski bus departed quite promptly at five

They ran to the Spittal, that pub in Glen Shee
No sign of a skier, no sign of a ski.
They'd gone to the Pictures way back in St. A's
And left our two climbers to hitch hike and pray.

There thumbs held aloft with frost bite not far
When a Shepherd came past them on route to Braemar
Two lonely ice axes were left there to rust
There's ne'er been a skier a climber can trust

The 'Not Noel Coward' or Penis Song

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis.
Isn't it simply grand to have a dong.
It's swell to have a stiffy, it's divine to own a dick,
From the tiniest little tadger to the world's biggest prick...

So three cheers for your Willy or John Thomas,
Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake.
Your piece of pork, your wife's best friend,
Your Percy or your cock,
You can wrap it up in ribbons, you can slip it in your sock,
But don't take it out in public or they'll stick you in the dock,
And you won't a-come a-back.

Lumberjack Song

I never wanted to do this job in the first place!
I... I wanted to be... A LUMBERJACK!

Leaping from tree to tree! As they float down the mighty rivers of
British Columbia! With my best girl by my side!
The Larch!
The Pine!
The Giant Redwood tree!
The Sequoia!
The Little Whopping Rule Tree!
We'd sing! Sing! Sing!

Oh, I'm a lumberjack, and I'm okay,
I sleep all night and I work all day.

Chorus: He's a lumberjack, and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,
I go to the lava-try.
On Wednesdays I go shoppin'
And have buttered scones for tea.

Mounties: He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch,
He goes to the lava-try.
On Wednesdays 'e goes shoppin'
And has buttered scones for tea.

Chorus

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,
I like to press wild flowers.
I put on women's clothing,
And hang around in bars.

Mounties: He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,
He likes to press wild flowers.
He puts on women's clothing
And hangs around.... In bars???????

Chorus

I chop down trees, I wear high heels,
Suspenders and a bra.
I wish I'd been a girlie
Just like my dear papa.

Mounties: He cuts down trees, he wears high heels
Suspenders?? and a a Bra???\n(spoken, raggedly) What's this? Wants to be a *girlie*? Oh, My!
And I thought you were so rugged! Poofter!

Chorus

Sperm song

There are Jews in the world, there are Buddhists,
There are Hindus and Mormons and then
There are those that follow Mohammad, but
I've never been one of them.

I'm a Roman Catholic,
And have been since before I was born,
And the one thing they say about Catholics is
They'll take you as soon as you're warm.

You don't have to be a six footer,
You don't have to have a great brain,
You don't have to have any clothes on,
You're a Catholic the moment Dad came,
because

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

Let the heathen spill theirs,
Opon the dusty ground,
God shall make them pay for
Each sperm that can't be found.

Every sperm is wanted,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed,
In your neighbourhood.

Hindu, Taoist, Mormon,
Spill theirs just anywhere,
But God loves those who treat their
Semen with more care.

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed,
In your neighbourhood.

Every sperm is useful,
Every sperm is fine,
God needs everybody's,
Mine, and mine, and mine.

Let the pagans spill theirs,
O'er mountain, hill and plain.
God shall strike them down for
Each sperm that's spilt in vain.

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed,
In your neighbourhood.

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

American Pie

A long, long time ago I can still remember how
that music used to make me smile
And I knew if I had my chance
That I could make those people dance
And maybe they'd be happy for a while.

But February made me shiver
With every paper I delivered,
Bad news on the door step,
I couldn't take one more step,

I can't remember if I cried
When I read about his widowed bride
But something touched me deep inside,
The day, the music, died.
So...

Chorus:

Bye, bye Miss American Pie
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the
levee was dry
Them good ol' boys were drinkin'
whiskey 'n' rye
Singin' this will be the day that I die.
This will be the day that I die.

Did you write the book of love
And do you have faith in God above,
If the bible tells you so.
And do you believe in rock 'n' roll?
Can music save your mortal soul?
And can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Well I know that you're in love with him
Cuz I saw you dancin' in the gym.
You both kicked off your shoes
And I dig those rhythm and blues.

I was a lonely teenage bronkin' buck
With a pink carnation and a pick up truck
But I knew I was out of luck,
The day, the music, died.
I started singin'...

Chorus

Now for ten years we've been on our own
And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone
But that's not how it used to be,
When the jester sang for the king and queen
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean
And a voice that came from you and me.

Oh and while the king was looking down,

The jester stole his thorny crown
The courtroom was adjourned;
No verdict was returned.

And while Lennon read a book on Marx,
The quartet practiced in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark,
The day, the music, died.
We were singin'...

Chorus

Helter Skelter in a summer swelter
The birds flew off with a fallout shelter,
Eight miles high and fallin' fast.
It landed foul on the grass.
The players tried for a forward pass
With the jester on the sidelines in a cast.

Now the half-time air was sweet perfume
While the sergeants played a marching tune.
We all got up to dance
Oh but we never got the chance.

As the players tried to take the field
The marching band refused to yield.
Do you recall what was revealed,
the day, the music, died?
We started singin'...

Chorus

Oh and there we were all in one place,
A generation lost in space
With no time left to start again.
So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick.
Jack Flash sat on a candle stick
Because fire is the devils only friend.

Oh and as I watched him on the stage,
My hands were clinched in fists of rage,
No angel born in hell
Could break that Satan's spell.

And as the flames climbed high into the night
To light the sacrificial rite
I saw Satan laughing with delight,
The day, the music, died.
He was singin'...

Chorus

I met a girl who sang the blues

And I asked her for some happy news
But she just smiled and turned away.
I went down to the sacred store
Where I'd heard the music years before
But the man there said the music wouldn't play.

And in the streets the children screamed,
The lovers cried, and the poets dreamed.
But not a word was spoken,
The church bells all were broken.

And the three men I admire most,
The Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost,

They caught the last train for the coast,
The day, the music, died.
And they were singin'...

Chorus

They were singin'...
Bye, bye Miss American Pie
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was
dry
Them good ol' boys were drinkin' whiskey 'n' rye
Singin' this will be the day that I die.