

Gross Songs (Part 2)

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The Banana Slug Song

Sung to the tune of "Twist & Shout". The song uses a lead singer and a backup group (sung by the audience)

Lead Singer

Backup Group

You know I love my baby

The way she hugs

But people don't understand it

She's a banana slug

Chorus (all)

Ba...Na...Na..Slug

She's got one foot

And she's got no toes

She hangs out in the forest

And helps it decompose

**Chorus (all)
Ba...Na...Na..Slug**

**The way she wiggles her antennae
You know it gives me such bliss
C'mon C'mon C'mon Banana Slug
Let me give you a kiss**

**Chorus (all)
Ba...Na...Na..Slug**

**And when she slides through the forest
You know she looks so fine
C'mon C'mon C'mon Banana Slug
Let me lick off your slime**

**Chorus (all)
Ba...Na...Na..Slug**

**Some folks say she's gross
But I won't hear that jive
If it weren't for my baby
The forest might not survive**

**Chorus (all)
Ba...Na...Na..Slug**

**Final verse (all)
Ba ba banana slug, banana slug
Ba ba banana slug, banana slug
Ba ba banana slug, banana slug
Ba ba banana slug, banana slug**

**Love my baby
Way she hugs
Don't understand it
Banana slug**

**Got one foot
Got no toes
Hangs out in the forest
Helps it decompose**

Wiggles her antennae

Gives me such bliss
C'mon banana slug
Give you a kiss

Slides through the forest
Looks so fine
C'mon banana Slug
Lick off your slime

Say she's gross
Hear that jive
Weren't for my baby
Might not survive -- Thanks to Jim Fuller

Long Johns

(Tune : Bye, bye, blackbird)

I have lost my underwear,
I don't care,
I'll go bare,
Bye, bye long johns.

They were very dear to me,
Tickled me,
tee, hee, hee,
Bye, bye long johns.

If you ever wonder where to find me,
Just open up that trap door right behind me.
I have lost my underwear,
I don't care,
I'll go bare,
Bye, bye long johns.

Pink Pajamas

(To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Oh, I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot,
And I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's not,

And sometimes in the springtime, and sometimes in the fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, what's it to ya?
Balmy breezes blowin' through ya
With nothing on at all!

The MacTavish Brothers

(To the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman")

Oh, MacTavish is dead and his brother don't know it,
His brother is dead and MacTavish don't know it,
There're both of them dead in the very same bed...
And neither one knows that the other is dead.

The Little Green Frog

Gaaloomph went the little green frog one day
Gaaloomph went the little green frog
Gaaloomph went the little green frog one day
And the frog went gloomph gloomph gloomph

But we all know frogs go [clap] laa dee daa dee daa
[clap] laa dee daa dee daa [clap] laa dee daa dee daa
We all know frogs go [clap] laa dee daa dee daa
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

And we all know frogs go SQUELCH when you step on them
SQUELCH when you step on them SQUELCH when you step on them
We all know frogs go SQUELCH when you step on them
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

And we all know frogs go POP in the microwave
POP in the microwave POP in the microwave
We all know frogs go POP in the microwave
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

And well know frogs go WHZZZ in the blender
WHZZZ in the blender WHZZZ in the blender

We all know frogs go WHZZZ in the blender
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

And we all know frogs go SPLAT in the ceiling fan
SPLAT in the ceiling fan SPLAT in the ceiling fan
We all know frogs go SPLAT in the ceiling fan
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

The tune to the little green frog song is one of those ones that sounds like a stock tune, but after further thought is very difficult to pin down exactly. As I am not into sending ASCII musical notation, I shall be forced to offer the following:

*Dee dum dee dee deedle dee dum daa daa
dee dum dee dee deedle dee dum
dee dum dee dee deedle dee dum daa daa
daa dee dum dum dum dum dum*

*Dum dum daa daa daa daa [clap] laa dee daa dee daa
[clap] laa dee daa dee daa [clap] laa dee daa dee daa
dee daa dum daa daa [clap] laa dee daa dee daa
dee daa dum daa daa dum*

There are a couple of hand actions that go with it, but by and large you can just make them up.

Oh Tom the Toad

(Sung to the tune of "Oh Christmas Tree" or "O Tannenbaum")

Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Didn't you see, that light turn red?
Now there are tracks, across your head.
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?

Why were you running from the mutts?
Now that truck, spread out your guts...
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?

Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
You did not see the hook ahead,
And now your head is stuffed with bread.
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?

Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.
Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.
You did not see the foot ahead,
and now your just a spot of red,
Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.

Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?
You used to like to play and track.
But now you are a gator's snack.
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?

Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
You were so big and green and fat
But now you're small and red and flat.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?

Oh AL the Gater, Oh AI the gater
You should have waited until later.
Oh AI the Gater, Oh AI the Gater
You should have waited until later.
You sat upon the yellow line,

and now you're just a streak of slime
Oh AL the Gater, Oh Al the gater
You should have waited until later.

Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
You did not look from East to West
Now on the road there's such a mess.
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?

Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
In the road you thought you'd travel,
Now you're ground into the gravel.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.

Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Why were you running from the mutts?
Now that truck, spread out your guts...
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?

Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
You did not see the hook ahead,
And now your head is stuffed with bread.
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?

Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.
Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.
Despite the other's evidence,
Please tell us why you had no sense

Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.

Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Didn't you see, that light turn red?
Now there's tracks, across your head.
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!
I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!
I had to prove to Tom & Sue,
& Sam & Pete, I could get through!
I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!

Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Along the road you swooped and flapped,
But a trucker's windshield got you zapped!
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?

Oh Jake the snake, Oh Jake the snake,
Why are you lying on the lake?
Oh Jake the snake, Oh Jake the snake,
Why are you lying on the lake?
You did not see the motor boat,
And now your guts are all afloat
Oh Jake the snake, Oh Jake the snake,
Why are you lying on the lake?

Jole the mole, Oh, Jole the Mole
Why did you fall into that hole
Jole the Mole, Oh, Jole the Mole
Why did you fall into that hole
You used to be so short and fat
And now you are a great big SPLAT
Jole the mole, Oh Jole the Mole

Why did you fall into that hole

**Oh, Tom the Cat, Oh, Tom the Cat,
Why did you have to chase that Rat?
Oh, Tom the Cat, Oh, Tom the Cat,
Why did you have to chase that Rat?
You were so soft, you loved to purr,
But now you're just blood, bones and fur,
Oh, Tom the Cat, Oh, Tom the Cat,
Why did you have to chase that Rat?**

**Armadillo Bob, Armadillo Bob,
Why did you leave your nice safe log?
Armadillo Bob, Armadillo Bob,
Why did you leave your nice safe log?
Your armor made you brave I think,
Now lying on the road you stink.
Armadillo Bob, Armadillo Bob,
Why did you leave your nice safe log?**

**Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
You did not see that truck go by
Now you look like a butterfly.
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?**

**Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
You thought you'd beat that bus across
Now you look like a pile of moss.
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet**

**Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Across the yellow line you strayed,
The truck hit you - like a grenade!
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?**

Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
You didn't look as you jumped out,
A ten-ton truck ran up your snout!
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?

Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
In the air you'd quickly speed,
An eighteen-wheeler made you bleed.
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?

Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Out in the lane you boldly went,
Now your bod's not worth a cent!
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.

Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
You did not see that car ahead
And you were flattened by the tread.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Out on the road you quickly jumped,
You didn't count on getting bumped.
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?

(name) has another one, another one, another one,
(name) has another one, he has them all the time.

I found my cow,
I found my cow,
I have some need for your bull now.

What a horrible way to die.
What a horrible way to die.
What a horrible way to be bored to death.
What a horrible way to die!

Related Verses

The Grand Old Duke of York, He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up the hill (and they got shot!)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Had omelets.

The Cremation of Sam McGee

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun
by the men who toil for gold.
The arctic trails have their secret tales
that would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen queer sights
but the queerest they ever did see,
was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge
when I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee
where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the south to roam
'round the poles, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold
seemed to hold him like a spell,
though he'd often say in his homely way
that he'd sooner live in Hell.

On a Christmas day we were mushing our way
over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold, through the parka's fold

it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze
'til sometimes we couldn't see.
It wasn't much fun, but the only one
to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night while we lay packed tight
in our robes beneath the snow,
and the dogs were fed, and the stars o'er head
were dancing heel and toe,
he turns to me, and "Cap" says he
"I'll cash in this trip, I guess.
And if I do, I'm asking that you
won't refuse my last request."

Well, he looked so low that I couldn't say no,
then he says with a sort of a moan,
"It's the cursed cold, it's got right hold
'til I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet tain't being dead, it's my awful dread
of an icy grave that pains.
So I want you to swear that foul or fair,
you'll cremate my last remains."

Well, a friend's last need is a thing to heed,
so I swore I would not fail.
We started on at the streak of dawn,
but, God, he looked ghastly pale!
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day
of his home in Tennessee,
and before nightfall, a corpse was all
that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death,
and I hurried on, horror stricken.
With a corpse half hid, that I couldn't get rid,
because of a promise I'd given.
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say,
"You may tax your brawn and your brains,
but you promised true, and it's up to you
to cremate these last remains."

And every day that quiet clay
seemed to heavy and heavier grow.
But on I went, though the dogs were spent
and the grub was getting low.

The trail was bad, and I felt half mad,
but I swore I would not give in.
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing
and it harkened with a grin!

Then I came to the marge of Lake LeBarge
and a derelict there lay.
It was choked with ice, but I say in a thrice
it was named the "Alice May".
I looked at it, and I thought a bit,
then I turned to my frozen chum,
and "This" said I with a sudden cry
"is my crematorium!"

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor
and lit the boiler fire.
Some coal I found that was lying around
and heaped the fuel higher.
The furnace roared and the flames they soared,
such a blaze you seldom see.
Then I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal
and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like
to hear him sizzle so.
And the heavens scowled and the huskies howled
and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled
down my cheeks, I don't know why.
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak
went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow
I wrestled with grisly fear.
But the stars were out and they danced about
'ere again I ventured near.
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said
"I'll just take a peek inside.
He's probably cooked, it's time I looked."
Then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cold and calm
in the heart of the furnace roar.
He wore a smile you could see a mile,
and he said "Please shut that door!
It's warm in here, but I greatly fear

you'll let in the cold and storm.
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee,
it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun
by the men who toil for gold.
The arctic trails have their secret tales
that would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen strange sights,
but the queerest they ever did see
was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge
when I cremated Sam McGee.

Granny's in the Celler

Granny's in the cellar
Glory, can't you smell her
Making biscuits on her brown and dirty stove.
In her eye there is some matter
That keeps drippin' in the batter
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.

Down her nose.
Down her nose.
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.
That keeps drippin' in the batter
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.

Beans

Ate a bean
The bean was loaded
Up went the covers
Up went the sheet
Fifty yard dash to the bathroom seat!
Da-da-da-da-da, pth-ahhh

Beans, Beans, a wonderful fruit
The more you eat, the more you toot
The more you toot, the better you feel
Let's eat beans for every meal!

The Outhouse Song

When you are sleepy and you have to go pee pee,
You can always go, Outhouse.
When you are droopy and you have to go poopy,
You can always go, Outhouse.
Listen to the frogs sing at the bottom of the toilet.
If you are a camper
I am sure you will enjoy it, Outhouse

McDonalds

McDonald's is your kind of place
Hamburgers in your face
French fries between your toes
Dill pickles up your nose
and don't forget those chocolate shakes
Made from polluted lakes
McDonalds is your..... kind of place

The MacTavish Brothers

O'I Malley is dead and O'I Riley don't know it,
O'I Riley is dead and O'I Malley don't know it.
They're both of them dead in the very same bed,
And neither one knows that the other one's dead!

Big Birdie Song

Way up in the sky (jump high)
The big birdies fly (flap arms)
While down in the nest (form nest with arms)
The little birdies rest (hands next to head like napping)
Shhh! THEY'RE SLEEPING! (stage whipser shh! shout they're sleeping)
The bright sun comes up (jump high with arms above head)

The dew goes away (hands like banging on a keyboard)
Good morning, good morning the little birdies say (raise arms up and down)

Of course, it also has a parody: (without motions)
Way up in the sky
The big birdies die
While down in the nest
So do the rest
Shhh! THEY'RE DYING!
The bright sun comes up
The blood dries away
Good morning, good morning the happy hunters say.

Little Cabin in the Woods

Little Cabin in the Woods (draw cabin with fingers)
Little man by the window stood (hand on forehead like blocking sun)
Saw a rabbit hopping by (two fingers hopping)
Knocking at my door (knock in air)
Help me! Help me! Help me he cried! (raise arms up and down)
'Fore the hunter shoots me dead (make gun with hand)
Come little rabbit, come inside (come in motion)
Safely to abide. (cradling one arm with the other)

-- or --

Little Cabin in the Woods
Little Man by the Window Stood
Saw a Rabbit Hopping By Knocking at my door
Help me, Help me, Help me cried
Or the Hunter will Shoot me Dead
Little Rabbit Come Inside Safely to Abide

Comment: When you're hugging your rabbit, make sure to put ears on it, otherwise you're hugging a log and only Nature Staff does that.

Texas Chainsaw Massacre

Little arbiteu in the woods (draw arbiteu (Fr) with fingers)

Leatherface by the window stood (Hold hand over face, or run fingers over cheeks)

Saw a motorist driving by (hands as if on steering wheel)

Looking for some gas (hand on forehead blocking sun)

Help me! Help me! Help me he cried. (raise arms up and down)

'Cause it's cold and dark outside (hugging self as if shivering)

Come little motorist, come inside (beckoning motion)

Fore it's time to die! Rrrrrmmmm! (starting a chainsaw)

"Little Cabin in the Woods" and "Leatherface" are both sung by dropping one verse each time while keeping the motions and speeding up.

The Austrian Yodeller

Once an Austrian went yodeling on a mountain so high

When along came an avalanche interrupting his cry.

Oh holeroohahee holerahoohoo, holeroohahee oh hoo rumble rumble

An Old Austrian

An old Austrian went climbing on a mountain top high,

When along came an Avalanche interrupting his cry.....

Oh ley kee (pat Knees)

Oh (pat) ley (clap) KeeKee (snap)

Oh (pat) ley (clap) kookoo (snap) SWISH (sound/motion for avalanche) 2x

Oh Ley keekee oh.....

An old Austrian went climbing on a mountain top high

When along came a grizzly bear interrupting his cry. (GRRR)

Saint bernard (panting sound)

Milking cow

Fair maiden (kiss)

Maid's papa (BANG) - this verse ends the song!!

Paddy McGinty's Goat

Paddy McGinty, an Irishman of note

Fell into a fortune, and bought himself a goat
Now this very goat, he had an appetite
And early one morning he ate some dynamite
One box of matches, a quart of kerosene
Two pints of nitro, the same of gasoline
Sat by the fire and didn't give a hang
A great big spark went down his throat
And he went off with a BANG! (As loud as they can shout it)

Now if you go to heaven, I'll bet you a dollar note
The angel with the whiskers
Is Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!
Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!
Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!

The Worms Crawl In

If you should see a hearse go by
You'll know that you are the next to die
They wrap you up in a big white sheet
And bury you down about six feet deep

It all goes well for about a week
And then the coffin begins to leak
The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out
The mice* play pinochle on your snout

One little worm that isn't so shy
Craws in your ear and out your eye
Your eyes they turn a gushy green
Your stomach turns to whipped ice-cream

You spread it all on a piece of bread
And that's what you eat when you're dead.

Johnnie Verbeck

There was a Dutch-man,
his name was John-nie Ver-beck.
He was a dealer in sausages and sauerkraut and spec.
He makes the finest sausages that ever you did see.

But one day he invented a wonderful sausage machine.

Chorus

**Oh, Mister Johnnie Verbeck,
How could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.
All the neighbors cats and dogs
Will never more be seen,
For they'll be ground to sausage meat
In Johnnie Verbeck's machine.**

**One day a little fat boy came a walking in the store
He brought a pound of sausage and piled them on the floor.
The boy began to whistle and he whistled up a tune.
And all the sausages went a dancing 'round the room.**

Chorus

**One day the machine got busted the blamed thing wouldn't go.
So Johnnie Verbeck, he climbed inside to see what made it so.
His wife, she had a nightmare and walking in her sleep
She gave the crank an awful yank and Johnnie Verbeck was meat.**