

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Away With Rum (More Verses)

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We never touch honey, it turns into mead,
And stealing from insects is the worst sort of greed
Oh can you imagine a man with DTs
Pursued by a swarm of mad, pink bumblebees?

We never use lotion when we shave our chins
Cause osmosis lets all the alcohol in
Can you imagine what people will say
When you're under the basin, osmosed for the day?

We never eat chocolate because it has nuts
And the least little bite turns a girl to a slut
Oh can you imagine a sorrier mess
Than a girl eating chocolate and trying to undress?

We never eat peaches because they ferment
And a peach will ferment with the least little dent
Oh an you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man eating peaches until he gets tight?

Oh we-ee have Viceroy for the ma-an who thinks (dated! 1964)
And we-ee have Ban for the man who stinks
But thinking and stinking they don't bother me
I take care of both with Te-e-ton Tea!

We don't drink Coke or Pepsi, they're made from cocaine,
And you might as well shoot it right into your vein.
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier bind
Than rotting your teeth while blowing your mind. (1)

We never drop tea, cause it comes from a pot,
And that could be evil as likely as not,
We don't mind the taste, but it's really bad news,
To get busted for holding what Tom Lipton brews. (1)

We don't step on grapes because that's making wine,
And one single stomp turns a man to a swine.
Can you imagine a fouler defeat,
Than a man getting stonkered by licking his feet? (1)

Shun girls who are witty and pretty and kind
There's nothing like love for corrupting your mind.
At least in -our- circle it just isn't done
Our kids are adopted; we -never- have fun. (1)

We don't buy any cereal because its called mush
And one little bite turns a kid to a lush
Oh, can you imagine the pain of a Ma
To watch little Junior act just like his Pa! (2)

We don't take any rub-downs, stiff muscles to cure
Because alcohol turns a man to a boor
O, can you imagine a sorrier fate:
Than a man getting mass-aged 'till he can't stand up straight? (2)

We don't allow backrubs, we think they're a crime
We will always condemn them in song or in rhyme
An alcohol backrub is worse than straight gin:
When you think of the liquor absorbed thru your skin! (4)

We don't watch television because its a sin
To exhibit the body of a nude Rin-Tin-Tin
And all those bad cowboys a-shooting their guns!
And a-shooting again when they show the re-runs! (3)

When you go out dining, you're tempted to eat
All the delicacies on a menu elite
Remember this warning, on wine we've a ban;
Try spaghetti and meatballs and -not- coq au vin! (4)

We never drink milk, that's where kumiss comes from
And one tiny sip makes a Mongoloid bum!
Oh, can you imagine a sadder disgrace
Than a stone blind drunk Mongol with milk on his face? (5)

We never touch coffee, it makes our eyes gleam
At least, when they add irish whiskey and cream
Oh, can you imagine a fate so unkind
Than slugging down coffee, and getting stone-blind? (6)

Since eggnog is evil, we never eat eggs
Give way to one sin and who knows what comes neggst?
There might be excuses for brandy or gin
But who wants DTs on account of some hen? (6)

We wish you'd avoid putting ice in your drink
It harms your intestines and palate, we think
And if you escape that, it still isn't nice
To wake up hung over because of bad ice! (6)

We never drink water, they mix it with gin
Just one little sip and a man starts to grin
Oh, can you imagine a sillier clunk
Than a man swigging water until he's geshtunk? (6)

Now if you ride railroads with bar-cars on trains
You're giving the Devil the key to your brains
Think of a story that's sadder to tell
Than to start from Grand Central and wind up in Hell! (7)

We never eat jelly, they make it with wine
And one little bite turns a man to a swine
Can't you envision, in Hell he will roast,
That teen-ager drunk on his jelly and toast! (8)

We never use mouthwash, we know very well
That those who taste alcohol go straight to Hell
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier scene
Than a man down in Hell 'cause he used Listerine? (8)

We never eat choc'late, 'cause its just like sex
The endorphins will make you a moral wreck
You'll finish the bag-full, all covered with sweat....
And then you just -gotta- have a cigarette! (5)

We don't read Science-Fiction, 'cause its too complex
And Heinlein and Farmer just talk about sex!
That Lazarus Long is a Dirty Old Man
He's a Bad Example to set for a Fan! (5)

We never drink tea, for they mix it with wine
And one little drink turns a man to a swine
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man drinking tea, and singing all night? (0)

We never use money, 'cause that's gam-bol-in'
And that, my good friends, is surely a SIN
Our life may be simple, it's surely a bore

But what else can you do when you tend to be poor? (0)

We never sing folk (filk) songs, they're evil and crude
They celebrate Sin, and their language is lewd
The language is shocking, the politics vile
And their grammar and rhetoric ain't got no style! (6)

When you meet a folk (filk) singer, you haven't much choice
But to sit there and listen while they prove they have no voice
And the shockingest thing to imagine by far
Is a girl with a G-string....upon her guitar! (3)

We don't listen to filk songs, it isn't our dish
We don't like Bob Kanefski, and -hate- Leslie Fish!
We know all the filkers will wind up in Hell
And besides, all them filksongs have a real Fish-y smell! (5)

We don't listen to Rock, 'cause it's Satan's own vice
And the people who sing it are not very nice
Oh can you imagine, it fills us with dread
Me and the Bangles all sharing a bed! //YEAH!// (5)

We don't mess with computers, they're the Devil's own thing
And one little byte puts your mind in a sling!
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a computer-nerd taking byte after byte! (5)

We don't play medieval, we think it's a cult
They wear funny clothing; they're quite difficult.
Oh can you imagine a worse thing to say
Than to say you're a member of the SCA? (5)

So drinking and eating and loving you see,
Are bound to destroy Spi-ri-tu-al-i-ty.
Our tastes are austere and our virtue is sure.
We don't have much fun, but our honor is pure. (1)

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band
On the right side of Temperance we do take our stand
We masturbate daily because we do think
That once you start screwing, you're likely to drink! (9)

Known source credits:

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