

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Lemon Tree (MIT Parody)

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When I was just a lad of ten
My father said to me:
Try hard to be an engineer
And get a PhD
Don't put your faith in Yale my boy,
My father said to me.
They'll teach you to make missiles
If you go to MIT.

Chorus (repeat twice):

MIT, quite expensive
And it has a lot of class
But the poor tools who get stuck here
Get it crammed right up their ass.

I came here as a Freshman
And I thought I'd have a ball
But Calculus and Thermo had me climbing up a wall.
I spent my first term hacking off
Beneath the 'Tute's fair dome
And when my finals rolled around
I wrote this letter home:

Chorus

I screwed off all my Freshman year,
And thought it wouldn't cost,
But when I reached my Sophomore year
I knew that I was lost.
I tried to pull my cum up
But each grade was the same,
And when September rolls around
I'm off to Notre Dame.

Final chorus:

Notre Dame, very pretty,
And I know that I can hack
And it won't cost me a penny
Cause I play some quarterback.

JY

