



2. Crappy

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2014; Arrangement: Jeff Manabat

It might seem crazy what I'm 'bout to say
Sometimes I can't relate to the human race
Like some mutant or creature from outer space
Still I've learned to put on a smiley face

And say I'm happy
And to say I'm fine if someone asks me how are you
Oh yeah I'm happy
'Cause I know they'd rather eat their arm than hear the truth
You gotta be happy
So if someone says some crap don't reveal your point of view
Just say you're happy
Go along 'cause if you don't others might say what they're feeling too

Sometimes bad news makes you feel like crap
Well gimme all you got don't hold it back
Instead of acting like all is fine
Wouldn't it feel great just to speak your minds? Here's why

And say I'm crappy
Sing along if you woke up and you feel crappy too
That's right I'm crappy
Sing along if you feel like sometimes crappiness is the truth
I'm crappy
Sing along if you feel like saying it can be rude
To say I'm crappy
Beats the crap out of acting fine until you come unglued

Sometimes you're down
It's O.K.
To feel down
Everything that's high
Must come down
Sometimes you
Wear a frown

I said
You can frown
Don't push it
Underground
Enjoy your highs
Endure the downs
Beats being
All shut down
I said sometimes

I'm happy
But if I'm like that all the time here's what I want you to do
Somebody slap me
And believe me I will do the very same thing to you
If you feel crappy
You can confide in me and tell me that you're feelin' blue
But don't get snappy
Or else you'll guarantee that everyone else feels crappy too

Feelin' down
Not a fun thing
What comes down
Will go high
Wanna frown
Don't push it
underground
I said

I'm goddamn Happy
Is that what you wanna hear when I feel like jumping off the roof?
And I've got acne
That's so bad that the SPCA tried to put me in the zoo
And my hair's so nappy
That I lose a fingernail every time that I shampoo
And I'm getting scabby
From being slapped so much so take me to the ICU

This song's so sappy
Still it's got over a half a billion views on YouTube
Great! She's got herpes!
Just remember everybody else has got them too!
And I've got scabies
Got the itch to get out of your ditch, here is my advice to you
And I feel crabby
Life's a bitch, it's OK to kvetch or else you'll be a bitch too!

3. Why the Fuck Aren't We Famous?

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Irwin Keller © 2013

Why the fuck aren't we famous?
Why the fuck aren't we famous?
We don't wanna be nameless
Maybe we should try to be good

Too risky
For T.V.
Sponsors flee
Blasphemy

If you wanna be commercial
Minimize the controversial
People want their chicks with shticks
To cut off their politics

Why the fuck aren't we famous?
Not for lack of being shameless
When will fame's acclaim claim us?
Though on balance we lack talents

Out and gay,
(Not that we are)
Is passé
(Yes that we are)
Too much sex
Politics

Keep the people in hysterics
Make the music atmospheric
Make the humor more generic
Don't be so damn esoteric
Don't want to be critical
But you're too political
Way too intellectual
Wanna sell? Be sexual!

Why the fuck aren't we famous?
In a world full of sameness
Everyone wants to tame us
Why can't you all be like RuPaul

Queens in drag
(Not that we are)
Not my bag
People think
We lipsync, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Wanna be a Rockefella
Don't go into a cappella
People don't like parodies
People don't like songs like these
Gigs like this are really crappy
Fame will make us rich and happy
Getting famous can be rough
Maybe what we have's enough

Why the fuck aren't we
Famous, shmamous
Maybe what we have's enough

4. America' s Next Top Bachelor Housewife Celebrity Hoarder Makeover Star Gone Wild!

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Irwin Keller © 2013

Who should be
America's Next Top Bachelor Housewife Celebrity Hoarder Makeover Star Gone Wild?
You could be
America's Next Top Bachelor Housewife Celebrity Hoarder Makeover Star Gone Wild!

Watch singers and dancers and jugglers match wits
While searching for love in scorpion pits
There's conflict, addiction, and animal tricks
As they battle for fame until the last person quits
Then he
Or she
Will be

America's Next Top Bachelor Housewife Celebrity Hoarder Makeover Star Gone Wild!
You might be
America's Next Top Bachelor Housewife Celebrity Hoarder Makeover Star Gone Wild!

When you wish that you're a star
Makes no difference
How simplistic,
Masochistic,
Unrealistic,
Egotistic,
Opportunistic,
Sensationalistic,
Exhibitionistic,
Not at all artistic you are
'Cause when you wish that you're a star
Bad dreams come true

What product placement?
No product placement!
We love these products

Watch dubious talents sing yesterday's hits
As they undergo surgery and show us their tits
And washed-up celebrities tear them to bits
As they battle it out until the last person splits
Then he
Or she
Or we
Will be

America's Next Top Bachelor Housewife Celebrity Hoarder Makeover Star Gone Wild!
America's Next Top Bachelor Housewife Celebrity Hoarder Makeover Star Gone Wild!

5. Unnatural Women

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2015; Arrangement: Jeff Manabat; Soloist: Trixie

Stepping out I'd act so constrained
I used to feel uninspired
But when I choose to be myself I feel no pain
You can't extinguish my fire

Some envy then resent you, desire and fear entwined
Don't mind a piece then give me some piece of mind

If you can't deal
With what you feel
Too bad 'cause we'll be unnatural women

A woman's role is to be lost and bound (in your world view)
'Til you come along to claim her (says ISIS too)
If she says no to this mentality (you can eat poo)
You get pissed and you blame her

Now I'm no longer doubtful
Of what you're living for
'Cause you cannot be happy without someone on the floor

You dream that she'll
Be under your heel
'Cause you can't deal with an actual woman

Oh, baby, your misogyny (your misogyny)
It makes you feel so good inside (like dead wood inside)
Just wait for the lobotomy (hold the sodomy)
That I'd need to want to be by your side

What's the appeal?
Who's this ideal?
Hey maybe we're all unnatural women

It's okay to feel
So gay to feel
It's okay to feel like unnatural women

You can't conceal
What truth reveals
Nothing's more real than unnatural women
Unnatural women

6. Putin in the Ritz

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2014; Arrangement: Spencer Brown; Soloist: Winnie

Despots know just what to do
Build their power and wealth comes too
Impress their fellow despots there
The Ritz in Riyadh or Red Square

Start wars and folks bear squalor
While you hide your petrodollars
Smuggling every dime
From your plunderful crimes

Tanks roll through and the E.U. they do poo poo
While winking too as there he sits
Putin in the Ritz

Watch him strip the right to the vote
Watch him slip off his manly coat
To tout his tits
Putin in the Ritz

When Ukraine rebel he tried to dupe her
Preaching peace while speaking through his pooper
(With no scooper)

Tyrants glow: he's their arms-sellah
Homophobes know he's all fella
Macho shits
Like Putin in the Ritz

Started as a poor KGB snooper
Now a billionaire and feeling super
With storm troopers

Must admit the man does his part
To conspire and tear apart
Which benefits
Putin in the Ritz

Your testosterone's controlling you, sir
Black belts look so hot on an abuser
And match your shoes, sir!

While we stew without a clue
Wondering who knows what to do
Facism sits
With Putin in the Ritz
Putin in the Ritz
Putin in the Ritz

7. Get a Gun

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2014; Solo: Trampolina

I hit the mall to sit on Santa's lap
And said to him: this year don't bring more crap
An iPhone or a pony would be nice
Then Santa wisely smiled with this advice

There's nothing more fun than a gun
Nothing more American than a gun
You are someone with a gun
Son of a gun
Fear none with a gun

All the folks in Washington: get a gun
Lebanese and Syrians: get a gun
Every priest and nun: get a gun
Run get a gun
Everyone get a gun

So Santa then unwrapped a small gift box
Pulled out a pistol but he got a shock
When everybody there pulled out there glocks,
Shot Santa dead and filmed it all for Fox

See your daughter's soccer game with a gun
Smoke a bowl of Mary Jane with a gun
It's fun to aim with a gun
Maim with a gun
Get fame with a gun

At the job or church or fair get a gun
When you're getting dental care get your gun
When you're in despair get your gun
Dare get your gun
Everywhere get your gun

Now I would give back every gift I got
To get back that day when the world got shot
And put the pistol back in Santa's suit
Because I know there's no one left to shoot

It's so easy cashing checks get a gun
There's no need for background checks get a gun
Get a gold Rolex with a gun
Sex with a gun
Your ex with a gun

Send your food back to the chef with a gun
Trick-or-treat for Unicef with a gun
Try a little theft with a gun
Deft with a gun
Last one left with a gun

Either way you're effed
When you are bereft
And the last one left with a gun

8. I Look Fine

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2015; Soloist: Rachel

I look fine
Mighty fine
You may lack to like my look but that's tough luck, my look is mine
I look cool
People drool
I don't need permission or approval honey that's the rule

I'm so sexy
Bendable and flexy
Do a body check, see

Oh, I'm so smokin'
You will be heartbrokin'
When you have awoken

Oh, I'm delightful
Come and get a biteful
No need to be spiteful

Oh, I'm delicious
Filling and nutritious
I'm your darkest wishes

I look grand
Fucking grand

I got personality, a brain I'm not afraid of, and
I look cute
Goddamn cute
There's a lot of me to love and you won't find a substitute

Oh, I'm so tasty
Better make it hasty
Or you're gonna waste me

Oh, I'm so yummy
If you're feeling chummy
Don't try to become me

I'm captivating
Don'tcha be a-hating
Or I'll keep you waiting

Oh, I'm so regal
That all the intrigue'll
Make ya feel illegal

I look fine, fine, fine
Motherfuckers, I look fine
I look cool, I look hot
Don'tcha say that I'm not
Because I'm hot.
Fine, cool, grand, cute
Oh, I'm hot with brains to boot

9. The Dragapella® Shuffle

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2014; **Featured: Rachel**

The Kinsey Sicks have got a treat
We're drag racing down the street
If you're gay, straight, or in between
You will find, you will find your inner queen

You think it's something you can't do
It's not right, not right for you
Here's a secret, it is this:
You will find you can't resist

To the front, to the front, to the front, to the front
To the rear, to the rear, to the rear, to the rear
To the right, to the right, to the right, to the right
To the wrong. To the wrong, to the wrong, to the wrong

Go up, up, up, up
Go down, go down, go down, go down

Show those heels, now femme it up
Adam's apple, tuck, tuck

Say: ho!
Say: no, I'm not!
Say: yes you are!
Say: so what if I am!
Now, butch!
Now, femme!
Now, butch!
Now, femme!

The Kinsey Sicks have got a treat
We're drag racing down the street
If you're gay, straight, or inbetween
You will find, you will find your inner queen

You think it's something you can't do
It's not right, not right for you
Here's a secret, it is this
You will find you can't resist!

To the front, to the front, to the front, to the front
To the rear, to the rear, to the rear, to the rear
To the right, to the right, to the right, to the right
To the wrong. To the wrong, to the wrong, to the wrong

Go up, up, up, up
Go down, go down, go down, go down
Show those heels, now femme it up
Adam's apple, tuck, tuck
Girl

10. Fill Me With Your Love

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2015; Soloist: Rachel

Was feelin' lost, all on my own
Feelin' so, feelin' so, feelin' so sad and alone
And there you were shining so bright
Shining in my pantry light

You're all I need, you're all I dream of
Fill me, fill me with your love
Help me make it through the night
Juicy buns, Lord, just one bite

I feel an emptiness inside
Oh Lord, at least 'til I feast and my yeast starts to rise
Oh god, oh god, a firm pound cake

I can't wait to masticate.

Oh Lord, feed me nuts
Drizzle them with sweet kumquats
Cream to whip, batter to beat
Suck you, succulent slabs of meat

All I need is a spicy pork
I want a good stiff fork
Heat my eggs, Lord, over-easy
I want penne, extra cheesy!
Stuff my taco with guacamole
Oh Lord, I feel hole-y
Heat my meat 'til it's barbecued
Come fill my life with love for... food!

11. What Does Fox News Say?

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2014; Arrangement: Jeff Manabat

Heat goes up, ice caps go down
Bombs go off, folks can't go home
Dow goes up, most go broke; corporations go buy votes
Skies turn black, fish go extinct
And guns go ka-pow-pow-pow
Tough calls abound but we all know
What does Fox News say?

Ring-ding-ding-ding! Obama stinks
Ge-ring-ding-ding-ding! Obama stinks
Ge-ring-ding-ding-ding! Obama stinks
What does Fox say?

Gotta, gotta stop him now!
Gotta, gotta stop him now!
Gotta, gotta stop him now!
What does Fox say?

Hate him, hate him, hate him, oh!
Hate him, hate him, hate him, oh!
Hate him, hate him, hate him, oh!
What does Fox say?

Soft Benghazi, weak and soft
Soft Benghazi, weak and soft
Soft Benghazi, weak and soft
What does Fox say?

Big blue eyes, pointy nose,
All their hosts have both of those

O'Reilly's rude, Hannity's shrill
I can hear them screaming still
The truth is red, lies are blue
Like the fifties in disguise
But if you meet a dissenting source
They'll ex-communicate of course
Go on beating that dead horse
What does Fox say?

Gotcha! Gotcha! Gotcha! Pow!
Gotcha! Gotcha! Gotcha! Pow!
Got watch for vote fraud now!
What does Fox Say?

Attack, attack, attack him now!
Attack, attack, attack him now!
Let's pull back rich people's taxes now!
What does Fox say?

"Fair and balanced" ha-hee!
"Fair and balanced" ha-hee!
G.O.P., ha-hee!
What does Fox say?

One view
Fox you!
What does Fox say?

The secret of Fox News ain't a mystery
Somewhere deep in their words their agenda's hiding
Are all women blonde? Will we ever know?
Will always be a mystery: why do viewers stay?

You're always guarding an angle hiding in your words
Why are you still around?
Will we ever know?
I want to, I want to, I want to know
They think you're dumb but don't be dumb

12. Enemal Crackers

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2015; Arrangement: Spencer Brown; Soloist: Trampolina

When I was just a child of four
Neighbors made fun that we were poor
Ma sold them soup -- the best part was
Recycling mama's enemas!
Ma held her head up high, to wit:
She said that they could all eat ...it

Enemal crackers in their soup
Monkeys and rabbits shaped from poop
Golly gee, but they had fun
Swallowing enemas one by one
In every bowl of soup they'd see
Yesterday's dinner back for free
It's like they licked a chicken coop
With enemal crackers in their soup

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Got Ed Albee his renown
But the media blitz from our soup of shits
Is what got me into Brown (University)
Mama would sniff their butts and bark
It's just like slurping a skid mark
It's best served with a pooper scoop
To put enemal crackers in your soup

Enemal crackers in your soup
Great for your Bible study group
You can sop soup with your bun
Is this number two or number one?
In every bowl of soup you'll see
Cause for an appendectomy
I filled my a cappella troupe
With enemal crackers in their soup!
Plop!

13. There Are Worse Things Than Getting Hurt

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2015

There are worse things than getting hurt
I know that it is true
If you keep yourself from getting hurt
The one you hurt is you
'Cause only those who take a risk
Are those who can feel love
I've risked before, and I'll risk again
And that's one thing I'm proud of

There are worse things than getting hurt
I told myself with you.
So I tried again, and I tried some more
But now the trying's through
But now that all I feel is pain
I know I cannot try again
Until I once again believe,
I know I will again believe
I hope I will again believe

There are worse things than getting hurt

14. Surprise Yourself

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2014

Hey baby, feeling bored?
Stuck in the same routine, oh my Lord
Every day seeing what you've already seen
Every day being who you've already been

Surprise yourself
Exercise yourself
If you prize yourself
You'll surprise yourself

Tantalize yourself
Don't tranquilize yourself
If you prize yourself
You'll surprise yourself

I could not do that - just try it
I always go there - pass by it
I do not eat that - just taste it
You've got just one life - don't waste it
Change is what we all are made of
Change is what we're all afraid of
You can suffocate alone
Drowning in your comfort zone

Surprise yourself
Modernize yourself
If you prize yourself
You'll surprise yourself
Un-memorize yourself
De-hypnotize yourself
If you prize yourself
You'll surprise yourself

I don't like that place - just go there
I'm there every day - don't show there
It's just not my style - then wear it
This is just for me - then share it
To really live you gotta choose
Take no risks; you're bound to lose
Life can never be secure
Find the cure for being sure

I am always right - say you're wrong
I'm too shy to sing - sing this song

I can't say I love you - then say it
Life is black and white - then gray it
My room stays the same - rearrange it
My life is such a pain - then change it
I don't raise my voice - then scream some
Things'll never change - then dream some

Revise yourself
And scandalize yourself
Energize yourself
Rejuvenize yourself

Realize yourself
Actualize yourself
Punch-in-the-eyes yourself
Disorganize yourself

Don't fossilize yourself
Don't sterilize yourself
Don't paralyze yourself
Don't minimize yourself
Optimize yourself
Don't eulogize yourself
You'll humanize yourself
When you surprise yourself

16. No Small Feat

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2015; Solo: Trampoline

Some prudes abuse 'cause they're confused
Our foot attire provokes their ire and they say hey what's wrong with youze.
Wide you choose the life you choose?
Don't be callous or rude, walk a mile in my shoes

No small feat
It may sound corny,
But no it's no small feat
Encounter feet, but don't assume they're counterfeit
The moral of this storl is it's no small feat

My life's too short for no support
I'm cute (the question's moot, to boot) but here's my blistering retort:
Get no kick from the stands I chose?
Don't step on my toes; or go off about hose

No small feat
Sock it to me,
No small feat
The fakes can't make the effoot not to be effete

The lesson we're professin' is it's no small feat

Even before I was born
I maintained a strong
feet-al position.

Now that we're dishin' ...
How did that form?
What was your platform?

Do you know, in utero I was sandal-less. (How scandalous!)
But I got the jump; Now I'm all pumped,
It's more a less a feet-accomplit
Am I my own arch-enemy?

No small feat
Now shoe!
'Cause it's no small feat

So heel your soul
Repeat!
So heel your soul
Repeat!
So heel your soul
Repeat!
So heel your soul
Shut up! Put your foot down and beat defeat

The teaching that we're preaching
The suggestion to the question
Recommendation to the nation
Admonition that were dishin'
The advice to be precise is that it's no small feat

17. Girls Like

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2014

Sugar and spice
And everything nice
They say that's what girls are made of
Some like naughty
A little bit bawdy
So what are you so afraid of

Girls like girls
And girls like boys
And girls like girls like me
Don't tell me what girls like
Don't tell me what girls like!

Girls like choosing wedding dresses
Girls like choosing their successes
Girls like pretty pink princesses
Girls like rugby, girls like messes
Girls like girls who won't say yes
Girls like boys who acquiesce
Girls like fashion and finesse
Girls don't like to be suppressed

Girls like girls
And girls like boys
And girls like girls like me
Don't tell me what girls like
Don't tell me what girls like!

Good girls, bad girls
Skinny-like-in-ad girls
They're all just human beings
Men don't make passes
At girls with glasses
Guess they don't want 'em seeing

Girls like girls
And girls like boys
And girls like girls like me
Don't tell me what girls like
Don't tell me what girls like!

Apologists, mixologists
Molecular biologists
Socialites and socialists
Gauches on the kosher list
Some like getting softly kissed
Some like punching with their fists
Some are Pledge with lemon-ists
And some are even feminists!

Girls like girls
And girls like boys
And girls like girls like me
Don't tell me what girls like
Don't tell me what girls like!
Girls like girls
And girls like boys
And girls like girls like me

18. A Whole New Hole

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2015; Arrangement: Jeff Manabat; **Duet: Trampolina & Trixie**

TRIXIE: You can ho in this world
Let yourself be sex-friended
Princess, you'll be "up-ended"
When you free the tart inside
I can open your thighs
Take you wonder by wonder
Over, sideways and under
On a munching carpet ride

A whole new hole
A pornographic point of view
No one to tell us no or who to blow
Or say that you're wet-dreaming

TRAMPY: A whole new hole
I has a place I never knew
To stick it way up here, some Crisco, dear
Would help me share my whole new hole with you

TRIXIE: The world can share your whole new hole with you

TRAMPY: Unbelievably tight
Indescribable feelings
As I stare at the ceiling
Oh my, how the time flies by

TRAMPY: Are these real pearls?
TRIXIE: Don't you dare close your eyes
TRAMPY: I must buy gas and groceries
TRIXIE: Hold your breath, it gets better
TRAMPY: Sure he's a "shooting star"
He's not come, so far
Here on my back could buy the world for me

TRIXIE: A whole new hole
TRAMPY: Every turn a "surprise"
TRIXIE: Your new Verizon bill is due
TRAMPY: Hey this one's a bed wetter
BOTH: Those magic words we'll share:
"I've change to spare"
Will help me share my whole new hole with you
TRIXIE: The world's new hole
TRAMPY: The world's new hole
TRIXIE: That's who you'll be
TRAMPY: That's who I'll be
TRIXIE: A billing place
TRAMPY: Sit on my face

BOTH: Just you and you and you and you ...not you...and me

19. Ode to a Mercy Fuck

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2015; Soloist: Winnie

When I'm in bars each time I say
"Hey my name is" they say "go 'way!"
Some say it's just a cold spell -please
My private parts -they'll freeze!

I'll take a scream-and-curse fuck
A see-what's-in-my-purse fuck
A rest stop in New Jersey fuck
I'll gladly take a mercy fuck

Hey, come put out my fire
You don't need looks, brains or desire
Pretend I'm a model or your ex
Come be the Mother Teresa of sex

Just one small, itty-bitty fuck
An in-the-dark-you're-pretty fuck
Don't care if it's a shitty fuck
I'll gladly take a pity fuck

Hey opposites attract
And I can sing if you can act.
I don't need you to be my friend
All you gotta do -- pretend

Some say that I'm a sleazy fuck
But no, I'm just an easy fuck
A begging on my knees-y fuck
I'll take a pretty-please fuck

Sometimes I try to whisper it
My tastes are simply disparate
But when I start to fester, it
means disparate turns desperate

Hey there, do a good deed
Come help a horny friend in need
No need to be thrilled or aware
Do you wanna fuck? Don't care!
Long as you say yes, I'm there!

21. Let It Grow

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2014; Arrangement: Jeff Manabat; Soloist: Rachel

It's just not right, why are folks so uptight?
Why must people be so mean
About their silly fixations, such as beauty or "hygiene"?
My stomach's growling, there's a swirling deep inside
Couldn't keep it in, but that's an aside

Just keep it trim, don't let them see.
Be the clean-cut girl they want of me
Conceal, don't reveal, don't let it show.
Well, now they know!

Let it grow, let it grow!
Can't hold it back any more
Let it grow, let it grow!
From my front to my back door
Here's my hair, and it's gonna stay.
Beauty norms be gone!
Hey, cold sores are harder to see this way

Now even at a distance
I can't shield my shag at all
Seems the crew of the space shuttle thought that it was urban sprawl
I go through barrels of shampoo
Even Houdini can't break through
But no more power tools for me
I'm razor-free

Let it grow, let it grow.
'Til I can't zip up my fly
Let it grow, let it grow.
You'll never see my thighs
Here I've planned eco-tours for pay
I was born unshorn!

I am so furry that my hair grows to the ground
Paleontologists say pterodactyls can be found
Weapons of mass destruction can be found at last
There's so much in my crack, my gas stays in my ass

Let it grow, let it grow.
Like an endless un-mowed lawn
Let it grow, let it grow.
I'll farm my underarms
I cheer each strand: black, brown, red or grey
Let my swarm be blonde
My hole kinda bothers me anyway

22. Pretty Shitty Gang Bang

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2015; Arrangement: Jeff Manabat

Gimme, gimme gang bang
Gimme, gimme gang bang
Gimme, gimme gang bang
Gimme, gimme gang bang

Gimme gang bang! Gimme Kinsey gang bang
Gimme gang bang! Gimme Kinsey gang bang
Gimme gang bang! Gimme Kinsey gang bang
Just one itty-bitty gang bang
Itty-bitty gang bang, we'd love to
In that itty-bitty gang bang,
Itty-bitty gang bang, what we'll do
Chit-chat, bring your dog or cat
Oh, what a happy time we'll spend.

Gang bang! Kitty slitty gang bang
Let's find four-legged friends
Gang bang! Kitty slitty gang bang
More fun with man's best friend

Itty gang bang
Itty-titty gang bang
Giddy gang bang
Nitty gritty gang bang
Skiddy gang bang
A committee gang bang

Take your pretty titty gang bang
City titty gang bang to the beach
Just watch pretty titty gang bang
City titty gang bang where you reach
Your hand's covered up in sand
A sore and chappy time we'll spend

Gang bang! Pretty clitty gang bang
We're fine with fucking friends
Gang bang! Gritty clitty gang bang
Four fun if tender friends

We'll seek out a thoroughbred
And strap him onto the bed
Then give everybody head today
We'll all take an acid trip
Get mom on the phone to strip
The envy of all that we lay

Oh witty, so witty
Witty-ditty gang bang
Witty-ditty gang bang is this song
Much pity, such pity, witty-ditty gang bang
That our shitty gang bang went so long

So shitty, not pretty, this is so not hot
Oh what a crappy time we spent.
Gang bang! Pretty shitty gang bang
It's not fun fucking friends

Gang bang! Pretty shitty gang bang
It's not fun fucking friends
Pretty shitty gang bang
Pretty shitty gang bang
Not fun fucking pretty shitty friends!

23. Preach, Shout & Judge

Lyrics: Ben Schatz; Music: Ben Schatz & Jeff Manabat © 2015
"Reach Out and Touch" Parody: Ben Schatz; Arrangement: Jeff Manabat

There's only one sky; only one earth
And only one life that we're living
We must try giving each moment its worth
By taking more than we're giving

If you are feeling sad
If you can't feel good make someone else feel bad
For each grudge that you nurse
If you can't feel better make others feel worse

If you feel hunger and if you feel thirst
I'll give to you but I'll take from you first
Culture and language split this world of ours
No more powerful language than the language of power

When you feel loneliness
You can be more if you make others less
So don't moan and don't whine.
There's always someone that you can trash online

It's easy to be cynical
And it's so much fun
But you only reach your pinnacle
By climbing on every one

If you do love your God
Make sure you tell me that mine is a fraud
If I don't have a deity

Make my life a living hell while you pray at me

Preach, shout and judge your fellow man
Make this world a bitter place if you can

Screech at and judge your fellow man!

24. 'Win Beneath Our Wings

Parody: Ben Schatz © 2014; Arrangement: Jeff Manabat

This song is dedicated to Irwin Keller (Winnie 1.0) and was performed as a loving surprise on the occasion of his second-to-last performance with the group.

You started out in all our shadows
You tidied up while singing bass
You were content with keeping time, (on good days)
But then you taught us all to shine

Now I'll be the one stuck with the stories:
How Bette Midler's concert gave us strength
About early joys and later pain, they made us strong
And how we chose our fucking name

Did you ever know that you're my shero
And everything I would like to be?
It isn't moral, but it's legal
For you to move on to other things

You may have thought we never noticed
But you've been the one who gives us heart
You tried to make us less uncouth, what a waste of time
Still we would be nothing with you

Did you ever know that you're my shero
And everything I would like to be?
We'll miss your wit, your quirks, your seagulls
That you've taken in beneath your wings

Do you wanna nosh? Hey, here's a gyro
It's vegetarian -you wanna see?
Oh, and who thinks that 'hero' rhymes with 'eagle'?
Who writes the crap that Midler sings?
You are the Win beneath our wings

Fly, fly, fly away
Have twenty years gone by?
Oh you, you, the Win beneath our wigs
Fly, fly, too soon to say goodbye
Thank you, thank you, thank God for you
Irwin beneath our wings.