Pioneers

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The pioneers have hairy ears,
They piss thru leather britches;
They wipe their ass on broken glass,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When c*** is rare they f*** a bear,
(They knife him if he snitches.)
They knock their cock against the rocks,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass
From fairies or from witches;
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Without remorse they f*** a horse
And beat him if he twitches;
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Great joy they reap from bugg'ring sheep,
In sundry bogs and ditches,
Nor give a damn if he be a ram-
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When booze is rare, they do not care,
They take a shot of Fitch's,
They f*** their wives with butcher knives,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Note: you think things are tough now?, Why, when I was young...
RG
From Roll Me Over, Babad