

The Iliad

Ed Sanders

(Sing Goddess, of the anger of Peleus's son Achilles,
Baleful wrath that brought countless woes upon the Achaeans! Buddy!)

Get tough, get tall, get slob, get drunk, get smart, get hip, get hep, get pissed,
Johnny, Johnny, Johnny Pissoff

Oh Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny,
Why did you beat up that queer?
Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny,
Why did you beat up that que-ee-ee-er?

Well, I went into the trance I usually fall into
When I watch the Budweiser clock spin
Around for about two hours
I was drinking Dickel Brothers Sour Mash, buddy

When all of a sudden my brain became sullied
By images of vampires, so
I thought I'd better get in my old Corvette and
Wheel around the county court house a few times

To clear my mind; then I thought I'd go over to
May's cafe for some coffee and lemon pie
Well, I peeled down the straza; all of a sudden
I scarfed an eyeload on a queer

I mean I think he looked like a queer, God I hate
Queers, I hate 'em, hate 'em; he had on
Penny loafers and, uh, purple bell bottoms; and he had
A huge protest button on that said, "God is Acid"

Boy, that pee-ee-issed me off! Anyway, so
I screeched to a halt and I yelled out the window and
I said, "Hey, faggot! What you doin' in my town, buddy?"
That son of a bitch was ignoring my existence

Boy I hate that, so I leaped out of my old Corvette, and
I trotted over and I proceeded to kick ass on the
Goddamn son-of-a-bitching morphodite; I walked

On his face and, shee-it, it was more fun that squashing tadpoles

Then I went on over to Mayâ€™s cafÃ© for some coffee,
Coffee coffee coffee coffee coffee coffee coffee coffee!

Get tough, get tall, get slob, get drunk, get smart, get hip, get hep, get pissed,
Johnny, Johnny, Johnny Phphphphissoff

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Johnny Pissoff credo:

I, Jonathan Abner Tobias Pissoff,
In the presence of the Universal God of Salvation,
Do solemnly affirm that I have been chosen to
Beat up queers!

I further affirm, that although Iâ€™m a decent
God-fearing man with family and property
I, uh, I want to kill, rape, ravish, plunder, pillage,
Stomp, devour, destroy, hack, smash, slash and bash!
All queers, commies, sheenies, hallies and hunkies,
All greaseballs, honkies, Polacs, lepers and beaners,
All bohunks, eggheads, fudgesicles and high-slants,
All poets, pigs, frogs, queers, peace-creeps, Cajuns,
Dwarfs, dips***s and teenage loose women!
In the name of Jesus Christ, this I do affirm!

Oh Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny,
Why did you beat up that queer (he didnâ€™t cry or nothinâ€™)?

Oh Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny,
Why did you beat up that queer (nobody saw me do it!)?
Why did you beat up that queer?

(Well he was walking up to the Legion Hall where the boy scouts meet, I didn't want to see that)

Why did you beat up that queer, Johnny?
(Well, I mean, he had, he had smooth hands; I mean
He looked, he tried to wink at me, I donâ€™t know, uh!)

Why did you beat up that qu-ee-ee-er?

Lyrics Submitted by Eddie Raven

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