

The Hashman's Lament

They say that Hashman are great mates

And together they do stick

But I can tell from first hand fact

A Hashman is a mongrel dog

A swine, a cad, a leach

And has no second thoughts of leaving

A fellow on the beach

Left alone, cold and wet

Out on the Southport spit

While cunts like Sewerage, Slice and Mags

Were fondling Suzie's tits

A glass or port , a piece of arse

Forget your fucking mates

Just grab the whore and drink the wine

Too bad if I was late

No piece of nosh was left to eat

You scoffed it fucking all

The best I got, with some regret

Was a drink from Mag's glass balls

There was some good news in this rhyme

For those who kissed those tits

For those who poked their grimy hands

Into this little miss

She has the pox, the mange, the scabs

And herpes by the score

And next time that you leave a man

Out on the Southport Spit
Remember the night, the wet, the cold
And that poxy little bitch.

Amen

Phantom