

Irish Drinkin' Song for SWIL Inauguration

Now gather 'round and drink a toast
To all our favorite friends,
We'll drink up to their prosp'rous reign
And pray it never ends
And for every cruel or thoughtless act
We'll sort of make amends
As we cheer these stupid suckers—
I mean SWIL Co-Presidents!

Now pay respect to Jillian
Or she'll tape you to the wall,
While Mai's one twentieth Jillian's size
But her scream is ten feet tall,
And whichever ticket you voted for,
Andrew Brown was on them all
His hands, they might be girly,
but he's got manly, hairy... legs.

We're gathered up in Bond
To sing a drinkin' song
And quietly wonder why the hell they're doing this again,
We'll give them crowns and sing some rounds
And cheer that we have finally found
Some idiots who are dumb enough to be our Presidents! (Hey!)

We'll all look bright and eager
As we take our new SWIL jobs,
We'll promise to buy Hunt supplies
And put up lots of prop,
Then after scarce a week has passed
We'll all wordlessly stop
And let the presidents worry
Till their poor weak hearts just pop!

At meetings we'll pitch in ideas
But most will make no sense,
And for every single thing they do
Someone will take offense
And write an angry LJ post
Distorting the event,
And everyone involved will blame
The SWIL Co-Presidents!

We're gathered up in Bond
To sing a drinkin' song
And start to plan exactly how we'll torture them again,
Well, Mark's resigned but things are fine
We're all prepared once more to whine
And bitch and moan and scream at our new SWIL Co-Presidents! (Hey!)

They work from 9 to 5 AM
With strict deadlines to meet
To finish all the SWILnewses
And keep swil.org complete,

When they've caught up to last January
We'll all sigh and look relieved,
We'll chuckle at the title,
Then we'll shrug and hit delete.

Now the presidents have to make the plans
And control the common purse,
They set examples for the frosh
And seek outside support,
They do and do and do for us
And then they do some more
Yet somehow they're less famous than
"That SWILLie who wears shorts."

We're gathered up in Bond
To sing a drinkin' song
By now they're havin' second thoughts 'bout doing this again,
But don't you mope, it's just a joke
We know that in your hearts we know
You're our favorite unpaid servants – I mean SWIL Co-Presidents!

[slowly]
'Cause after another meeting ends
In shouting and thrown food...
The Presidents will take care of it
By... doing what they do...
'Cause though we're called a campus group
We're much more like a zoo...
And the Presidents are our handlers, vets, and pet psychiatrists too!

We're gathered up in Bond
To sing a drinkin' song
And toast a new semester while the old one blissfully ends
We'll stand and pledge upon our heads
In a year you probably won't be dead
But that's as much as we can promise to our SWIL Co-Presidents! (Hey!)