

**\*\* Roll Your Leg Over \*\***

**(The Guys Lines)**

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits  
I'd be a hare and I'd teach 'em bad habits

If all the young ladies were bricks in a pile  
I'd be a mason and lay them in style

If all the young ladies were sweet fruits and berries  
I'd handle their melons and nibble their cherries

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture  
I'd be a bull and fill them with rapture

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable  
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able  
(alt: I'd be the groom mounting all I was able)

If all the young ladies were locks on a gate  
I'd be a key and insert and rotate

If all the young ladies were pure as they say  
All the young men would be happy... and gay!

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus  
I'd be a Greek with a petrified penis.

If all the young ladies were little red foxes  
And I were a hunter I'd shoot up their boxes

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest  
And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris

If all the young girls were like telephone poles  
I'd be a squirrel, stuff my nuts in their holes  
(opt. I'd grab my red pecker to stick in their holes)

If all the young girls were like diamonds and rubies  
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies

If all them young ladies was little white kittens  
And I was the tom cat, I'd give them new fittin's

If all them young ladies was rushes a-growing,  
I'd take out my scythe and set out a-mowing.

If all the young ladies were winds of the sea  
I'd be a sail and I'd let them blow me

If all them young ladies was up for improvement.  
I'd give them some help with a ball-bearing movement.

If all the young ladies were fish in the ocean,  
I'd be a shark and I'd raise a commotion.

If all the young ladies were sheep in the clover,  
I'd be a ram and I'm ram them all over.

If all the young ladies were bullets of lead,  
I'd be a rifle and I'd bang til they're dead.

If all the young lasses were sick with infections  
I'd be the doctor and give them injections

If all of the girls were fish in the ocean  
And I was a wave I would teach them the motion.

**(The Girls Lines)**

If all the young laddies were fine silks and laces  
And I were an iron, I'd sit on their faces

I wish all the laddies were like pipes in the yard,  
After I drained them they'd still remain hard.

I wish all the laddies were cannons exploding,  
They'd shoot all night long without ever reloading.

If all the young laddies were coconuts sweet  
I'd suck out their juices and chew on their meat

If all the young laddies were merry go rounds  
I'd mount up and we'd go up and down

If all the young laddies were big wooden stairs  
They'd go up mine and I'd go down theirs

If all the young laddies were bottles of beer  
I'd give good head and they'd be of good cheer

If all the young laddies were cocks in the hay  
I'd be a hen and I'd have a good lay

If all them young laddies were papier-mâché-able,  
I'd have them, discard them; they're biodegradable.

If laddies were legs of Kentucky Fried Chicken  
It would be more than our fingers we're licking

If all them young laddies were firemen bold,  
I'd visit their station and slide down their pole.

If all of our laddies were skins of fine wine,  
I'd go after yours once I'd finished off mine.  
(You let me taste yours then I'll let you taste mine)

If laddies were sporting good stores at the malls,  
I'd swing all their bats and I'd play with their balls.

If all them young laddies were flowers in the soil,  
I'd water their roots; for long stems I would toil.

If laddies were washcloths with soap in my tub,  
I'd lather all over and have a good scrub.

If all of them laddies would set down their mugs,  
I'd quench all their thirsts with one taste from my jugs.

If all the young laddies were fire that scorches,  
I'd be the flame and would heat up their torches.

If all them young laddies were puppies full grown,  
I'd let them know where to bury their bone.

If all the young laddies were waves in the sea,  
I'd stand on the shoreline and let them pound me.

For all those young laddies attempting to woo,  
Your luck will improve if you bathe and shampoo

If all them young laddies were cones of ice cream  
The was that I'd lick them just might seem obscene

## **\*\* Roll Your Leg Over \*\***

### **(The Guys Lines)**

If all the young ladies were birds in their nests  
I'd be an egg and lie under their breasts

If all the young girls were like coals in the stoker  
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker

If all the young ladies belonged to the Horde  
I'd be a yakherd and -never- be bored!

If all the young ladies were doors of stout wood  
And I were a knocker I'd bang 'em up good

If all the young ladies were stones in a mill  
And I were some grain, between them I'd spill

If all the young ladies were singing this song  
It would be twice as bawdy, and six times as long!

If all them young ladies was B-29's,  
And I was a fighter; I'd buzz their behinds.

If all them young ladies was wheels on a car,  
Then I'd be the piston and go twice as far.

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie  
I'd be a trout and get me some nookie

If all the young ladies were bottles of brew  
I'd pop their tops with my built in corkscrew

If all the young ladies were bats in a steeple  
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

If all the young ladies were bells in a tower  
And I were a sexton, I'd bang every hour

If all the young ladies were built like a shoe,  
I'd be a foot and do what I could do.

If all the young girls were linear spaces,  
And I were a vector, I'd aim for their bases.

If all the young girls were vessels of clay,  
I'd be a potter and handle them all day.

If all the young girls were like mid eastern soil,  
And I were a pipe, I'd drill em for oil.

If all the young girls were like holes in the road,  
And I were a dump truck, I'd dump in my load!

If all the young girls were like round cherry pie,  
I'd pluck me a cherry from right where they lie.

If Lassies were wine glasses, and filled up with rum  
A rub round the lips would make them all hum!

If all them young lassies were kittens with fur  
I'd give all a good reason to pppuuurrr

If all of them lassies were statues of Venus,  
I'd be equipped with a petrified penis.

To all the young laddies here's a word to the wise,  
The lasses love tickling but what matters is size.

### **(The Girls Lines)**

If all the young laddies were little white flowers,  
I'd be a bee and I'd suck them for hours.

If all the young laddies were butchers so sweet,  
I'd swing on their hooks and I'd pound on their meat

If all the young laddies had needles for dicks,  
When they gets to sewin', you should beware their pricks.

If all the young laddies were planets in space,  
And I were a rocket, I'd land on their face

If laddies were sailing in channels quite thin  
I'd be the lighthouse and guide them all in

If all the young laddies were singing this song,  
It'd be over too quick and be half as long..

If all the young laddies were singing this dity  
it'd be twice as long, but just half as witty

If all them young laddies was milk in a cup  
And I were a kitten, I'd lick them all up

If all them young laddies were economy cars,  
And I were the fuel, with me they'd go far.

If laddies were watches in shiny gold cases,  
Then I'd be the hands and sit on their faces

If all them young laddies were sweets and hard candy,  
I'd suck on a few when I's feeling randy

If all them young laddies were airplanes in flight,  
I'd be the hanger and hold them all night

If all them young laddies were grapes in the sun,  
I'd grab a big bunch; squeeze their juice one by one.

If all them young laddies were bakers of pies,  
And I were the bread yeast, I'd make them all rise

If all them young laddies were potters of clay,  
I'd sit on their wheels and rotate all day

If laddies were barrels of whiskey rye  
I'd turn on their spigots and drink them all dry.

If laddies were clouds all fluffy and grey,  
I'd be the wind and I'd blow them all day.

If all them young laddies were whales in the sea,  
I'd be a minnow and let them eat me.

If all them young laddies were needles and pins  
And I were the cushion, I'd hold their pricks in

If laddies were chocolates in which to indulge  
I'd reach for the ones with the largest bulge

If all them young laddies were ball swinging wreckers,  
We'd all be impressed by the strength of their peckers

If laddies were knights in search of romances  
I'd bed the ones with the longest lances

## **\*\* Roll Your Leg Over \*\***

### **(The Guys Lines)**

If all the lassies were a book of matches,  
I'd be the flint that would spark up their snatches

If all the young Lassies was 'Puter's ya sees,  
I'd fondle their floppies, and finger their keys...

If all the young ladies wanted some whiskey,  
I'd show them all why some's call me tricky!

"If all the young girls were like tunes to be carried,  
The sweetest refrain is the girl that I married..."

If all the young lasses by the fire lay dozing,  
I'd come on the run and give em all a good hosing.

If all the young lassies were to drift off to dreamland  
I'd kiss em and wake em, stop using my own hand.

If all the young lassies were virgins by right  
I'd not slay the dragon but still fix their plight

If all the young lasses were mead in a flask,  
I'd drain the cup slowly and then lick the glass

If all of the lassies were growlers of ale  
I'd drink them all up be they darkened or pale

If every young lass was a full flask of mead  
I'd treat all our lips both in word and indeed

If all of the lasses were stars in the sky  
I'd give them a reason or two just to sigh

If all the young lassies were kittens so soft  
I'd carry them off to play in the loft

If all the young lasses were dogs with tails  
I'd give them all such a reason to wail

If all the young lassies were planks in the wall  
I'd rub them 'til smooth and then nail them all

If all the young lasses were kittens which purr  
I'd kindly offer to help groom their fur

If all the young lassies were Otters so svelte  
I'd roll them in the river to settle their pelts

if all of the lasses were upper class girls  
I'd court them with kisses and strands of white pearls

if all the young lasses were like jars of jelly,  
And I were a label I'd come on their belly.

I wish all the young lasses were like the queen's sister,  
She'll suck ya so hard, that she'll leave a big blister

If ladies were planks in a porch made of wood  
I'm rip out the nails and I'd screw them in good

If all the young ladies were dolls on the shelf,  
I'd take them down and undress them myself.

If all the young lassies were sweets that were free  
I'd weigh half a ton, for a glutton I'd be.

### **(The Girls Lines)**

If all them young laddies were curves in the road,  
I'd hug them tightly when on them I rode.

If all the young laddies were spun sugar sticks,  
I'd be the one to taste lick by lick.

If all of the laddies were steps in that tower  
I'd climb to the top and go down once an hour

If all the young laddies were key to a gate...  
I'd be the lock, insert and rotate.

If all the young laddies were ale in a mug,  
I'd suck them all dry; then fall back on the rug.

If all the young laddies were flames in the fire,  
I'd be the bellows and blow them all higher.

If all of the laddies were bottles of Scotch,  
I'd suck them all dry while I make you all watch...

If all the young laddies were flowers to pluck  
I'd have me a pick and have a good... bouquet!

If all the young laddies were like waves in the sea,  
I'd be the shoreline and let them lick me.

If all the young men were like shots of fine whiskey,  
They wouldn't last long 'cause each one's a quickie!

If all the young men were like sweet tasting mead,  
I'd pop all their corks and drink them with greed!

If all the young men were lovely like gin,  
I'd guzzle 'em down and they'd drip from me chin!

Oh, all the young laddies think they are quite fair.  
But I will upstage them, with my luscious pair!

If all the young laddies were bananas in my split,  
I'd put whipped cream on 'em and eat 'em right quick!

If all the young laddies were roses so red,  
I'd be a florist and arrange them in bed!

If all the young laddies were as good as they say,  
I wouldn't be singin', I'd be rollin' in the hay!!

If all of the laddies were pikes in the hall,  
I'd rack up their shafts and make them stand tall

If all the young laddies were flowers in bloom  
I'd take home a dozen and brighten my room

If laddies were galleons, with timbers so stout,  
I'd haul on their tillers; they'd "come hard about"!

If all the young laddies were cows by a stream  
I'd lay meself down and lick up the cream

If all the young laddies were hounds on a spree  
I'd be the fox and I'd let them chase me

If laddies were roosters at a show of livestock,  
I'd be the Judge and select the best...chicken?

## **\*\* Roll Your Leg Over \*\***

### **(The Guys Lines)**

If all the young ladies were sheep for a day,  
I'd be a shepherd and flock them all day.

If all the young lassies had chocolates so sweet  
I'd look in their boxes for something to eat.

If all the young lassies were sweets on the table  
I'd pluck one by one, as long as I'm able.

If all the young ladies were sweets on a platter  
If it came within reach I'd grow fatter and fatter.

If all the young lassies charged us for their sweets  
We'd beggar ourselves to have plenty to eat.

If all the young lasses were flavors of candy  
Some might be icky, but most I'd find dandy.

If all the young ladies were cakes so enticing  
I'd be the baker, and spread them with icing

If all the young lassies were pies on a shelf  
I'd be the baker and eat them myself

I wish all the girls were like big ice cream sundaes,  
and I was a spoon and dig deep in their undies.

I wish all the lassies would just stop their bitchin'  
Suck me and f\*\*k me, get back to the kitchen

The lassies all wonder why Scotsmen like sheep,  
'tis only because we need something that deep

To all the young laddies here's a word to the wise,  
The lasses love tickling but what matters is size.

If I'd had the good fortune to be born a spider  
I'd wriggle and wiggle and tickle inside her

If all of the ladies were a Las Vegas buffet  
Well I'd pull up a chair and I'd eat them all day

When I was a young lad and I went to the prom  
I knew I'd get lucky; I was there with your mom

If all them young ladies were little white vixen  
I'd be a fox an' I'd chase an' I'd fix 'em

If all them young ladies were grapes on the vine  
I'd be a plucker an' have me a time

If all them young ladies would raise up their glasses  
I'd run up behind them and spank all their asses!

If all them young ladies were boards on the floor  
I'd lay myself down and make them creak some more

If all young ladies would live in a tree  
Then no one would get it, but Tarzan & Me

If all young ladies were goldfish that wiggle,  
Once in my mouth they would giggle and wriggle

If I were a captain set sail off to Yemen  
and the ship were my lady, I'd fill 'er with sea-men

### **(The Girls Lines)**

If all the young laddies were Scotsmen in kilts,  
And I made the rules; they'd have to wear stilts!

If all of the laddies o'er by yon wall  
Would just come on o'er we'd have such a ball

If all the laddies in kilts were in trees  
I'd walk underneath and see what I please

If all them young laddies were doors painted white  
I'd be the doorjamb they'd slam day and night

If all them young laddies were drawn like cartoons  
As least they'd be funny when they act like buffoons

If all the young laddies were cannons so large,  
I'd be the gunner and make them discharge

If all the young laddies were minstrels at shows  
I'd be the one to help rosin their bows

If all the young laddies were dirty hard floors  
I'd do my mopping while down on all fours

If all them young laddies were tarts in a pan  
I'd be the baker and cream them by hand

If all the young laddies were sweets on a tray  
I would be willing to taste several each day.

If all the young laddies were flavors to savor  
I'd savor those flavors I happened to favor.

If all the young laddies were flames and I, fuel,  
We burn so hotly they may think me cruel.

If all the young laddies lined up at my gate,  
I'd never leave home, but damn! it'd be great.

If all the young laddies wore crushed velvet tights,  
We'd stare at their butts and enjoy all the sights.

If all the young laddies were good as they say  
Nary a lass would be walking today

If all the young laddies were bread on the table  
I'd be the butter and spread while I'm able

I wish all the laddies would just stop their whinin'  
It's not our fault it's for mommy they're pining

If all the young men were like big chairs that rock  
I'd roll my leg over and straddle their...

If young men were kindling all set for the fire  
I'd keep them heated up hot as a pyre

If young men were clothing or shoes made of leather  
I'd keep them waxed and used in all weather

If young men could glow like an electric light  
I'd have fun keeping them turned on all night

If all of the laddies were peppermint sticks  
I'd peel off their wrappers and give them some licks

**\*\* Roll Your Leg Over \*\***

**(The Guys Lines)**

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool  
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool  
\* variation: I'd be the shark and I'd show them my tool

If all young ladies were like teddy bears,  
I'd stuff them so full they'd forget all their cares

If all the young ladies were café au lait,  
They'd keep me "up" all night and all day

to all of you ladies who have no objections  
I'd like to give you some hot beef injections

If all the young ladies drank till they're woozy  
I'd be there long neck and they'd be my coozie

If all the ladies were pitchers of beers  
I'd drink them all up and breath from my ears

If all the young ladies were beautiful caves;  
I'd be a spelunker and spelunk all day

If all the young lasses were songs to be sung  
the prettiest and loudest would be on me tongue

If all the young ladies were rockets in space,  
I'd be the moon and they'd land on my face

If all the young ladies were tables in bed,  
When they blow me, I'd rest my beer on their head.

If all the young ladies were microwave spaghetti,  
They'd wiggle when I eat 'em, in 3 minutes they're ready

If all the young lasses were musical notes  
Then I'd be the pianist and play them by rote

If all the young lasses were small desert cactus,  
And I were a pin, I would prick theirs for practice

If all the young lasses would douche with Lavoris,  
I'd freshen my breath just by licking clitoris.

**(The Girls Lines)**

If all the young laddies were innocent lambs,  
I'd be the wolf and corrupt all I can.  
\* variation: I'd be the wolf and eat all I can.

If all the young laddies were swords made of steel...  
I'd test them all out for weight and for feel.  
opt. I'd pick the best by the weight and the feel.

If all of the laddies were birds in a tree  
Then I'd become birdseed and they could eat me

If I were a sailor and you were the sea  
Would you shiver my timbers and blow over me

If you were a squirrel and I was a tree  
When the winter months came would you hide nuts in me

If the river was whiskey and the rain was all wine  
Could we ignore the pedestrian zones and stop signs

If I were the last woman and you the last man  
Could we forget about salvation and f\*\*\* in the sand?!

If all the young fellas were smart vigilantes,  
They'd realize booze is what loosens our panties

If all young ladies would live in a tree  
Then no one would get it, but Tarzan & Me

If all the young laddies were monks and or priests,  
I'd be the vixen to bring out their beasts.

If all the young laddies were packs of life savers,  
I'd suck 'em all night, and they'd come in five flavors

If all you young laddies were coconut trees,  
I'd wrap my legs 'round 'em, put their nuts 'tween my knees.

We sing long, we sing loud, we sing all about it,  
But only because we've been doing without it.

Please send any verses that I don't already have to:

sly  
(at)  
slycreations  
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com