

## 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!)