

Mixer at Delta Chi

Stephen Lynch

It's college time again,
September's almost here.
Hangin' with freshmen girls,
Frat party kegs of beer.

I see a girl I'm wantin',
Mixer at Delta Chi.
We take some oxycontin,
Dave Matthews gettin' high.

And then, as I undress her
And start my stimulus,
She says, "But wait... Professor,
This wasn't on the syllabus!"

I'm the bad professor.
I'm the bad professor.
A tenured titty caresser,
I'm a bad, bad man.

Tutor her at my apartment,
Turns into a slow dance.
Hey, baby, what's your minor?
Got your major in my pants!

I love her student body,
She wants a better grade,
I say if you roll over,
I'll throw in financial aid!

I hope you've boned up for your midterm.
If you want, I can help you cram.
Don't give a shit about the essay test,
So let's skip it and get to the oral exam!

I'm a bad professor.
(That's a blow job reference.)
I'm a bad professor.
Your money's on the dresser.
I'm a bad, bad... man.