

BRIGHT COLLEGE DAYS

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Bright College Days, oh, carefree days that fly,
To thee we sing with our glasses raised on high.

[Those wearing glasses raise them.]

Let's drink a toast as each of us recalls
Ivy-covered professors in ivy-covered halls.

Turn on the spigot,
Pour the beer and swig it,
And *gaudeamus igitur* – ur.

Here's to parties we tossed,
To the games that we lost.
(We shall claim that we won them some day.)
To the girls young and sweet,
To the spacious back seat
Of our roommate's beat-up Chevrolet.
To the beer and benzedrine,
To the way that the dean
Tried so hard to be "pals" with us all.
To excuses we fibbed,
To the papers we cribbed
From the genius who lived down the hall.

(* To the tables down at Mory's (wherever that may be)
Let us drink a toast to all we love the best.
We shall sleep through all the lectures and cheat on the exams,
And we'll pass --- and be forgotten with the rest.

Soon we'll be out amid the cold world's strife.
Soon we'll be sliding down the razor blade of life.
But as we go our sordid separate ways,
We shall ne'er forget thee,
Thou golden college days.

Hearts full of youth,
Hearts full of truth,
Six parts gin to one part vermouth.

(* The next four lines are set to the tune of "The Whiffenpoof Song"
(words by Meade Minnegerode & George S. Pomeroy, music by
Tod B. Galloway). The song is in the public domain.