

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>