

Press the flesh.

Where did humility and courtesy go? When did a polite greeting become a competition to establish dominance?

Press the flesh ma laddie,
Press the flesh ma son.
Wi manly handshake like a vice
Naeb'dy will dismiss ye twice,
For fractured fingers arenae nice.
Press the flesh ma son.

Press the flesh ma laddie,
Press the flesh ma son.
Clap their shooders, slap their backs,
Grip till their resistance cracks.
He fails whae brute aggression lacks!
Press the flesh ma son.

Press the flesh ma laddie,
Press the flesh ma son.
Let yer stance be tall an prood,
Let yer voice boom long an lood,
Let aw yer jokes be cruel an crude.
Press the flesh ma son.

Press the flesh ma laddie,
Press the flesh ma son.
Never halt or hesitate,
Strive daily tae intimidate,
That aye yer ego may inflate.
Press the flesh ma son.

Press the flesh ma laddie,
Press the flesh ma son.
If you'll take heed o what I say,
An dae yer best, some day ye may
Be president o the U.S.A.!
Press the flesh ma son.