Stephen Lynch, Mixer At Delta Chi

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.