Oh Stanford's days of excellence are dwindling to a halt. And I am proud to tell you that it was the Kal-lies fault. Those braniacs are maniacs and losing ain't no fun. So we'll rise to the occasion and com-
mense the Kal invasion cause the Bears is num-
ber one yes we're from Kal! Oh we're from Kal. We're a-
bout as dingy as the dirt at the ol' O-K Co-
ral yes we're from
Kal! Oh we're from Kal. We're the holding pen for all of Stanford's reject guys and gals. They always choose the brightest bunch of Kal-lies in the pack. To infiltrate the Stanford farm and mount a swift attack. And though your average Joe would prob'ly do a decent job we try our best to do it up but always seem to screw it up cause we're dishonored slobs yes we're from Kal! Oh we're from Kal. We're about as dirty as the dirt at the ol' O-K Coral yes we're from
Kal! Oh we're from Kal. We're the holding pen for all of Stanford's reject guys and gals. My mammy always told me that I best be following the golden rule. But mammy, gosh, you never thought that they would put me up in this here school. And they gave me tenure. So now I sit around and wait till I can cross the Styx. Cause these folks are more back-wards than a bunch of Ozark hicks. It's pretty clear the
rage and fear we feel for Stanford's kind. If you took

life to be a race then they would set the pace and we'd bring up the be-
hind cause we're from Kal! Oh we're from Kal. We're a-
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ral yes we're from Kal! Oh we're from Kal. We're the hold-
ing pen for all of Stanford's und-
er-qual-ified, un-im-

pressive, me-
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in' re-
ject guys and gals!