

Ode to Dubya

My name is Dubya - I used to do some coke;
My name is Dubya - I like to laugh and joke;

I wasn't quite a model youth, I played and chased and lounged;
But the GOP ran out of stuff, they'd searched and turned and scrounged.

My dad got kicked by old Bill C. a cycle back or two,
Bill C. was such a cluck you see his supporters were quite few.

So the Good Old Boys who like my dad said, "Dubya will suffice!",
"He looks like you, he sounds like you and he cleans up really nice!".

So they called their friends (and they their friends) and the money rolled right in,
It came so fast, from corporate folks, some said it was a sin!

But we don't care, no never mind, the important thing to be,
is the man that moves the cash around. I'm Pres, so now that's me!

So now my friends and I are fixed, we'll move some dough for sure,
From the pockets of the little folks to our Cadillacs and fur.

The environment don't mean shit to me, my friends are all in oil.
My tax cut helps my friends out lots while the little people toil.

Conservation works, I know, I'm smart enough for that,
but Conservation don't help me help my friends get rich and fat.

So drill the Arctic Wildlife, and cut them big old trees;
And screw those little fish out there and the owls and birds and bees;

The Houston Ship Docks my kinda' place, it stinks and looks like hell,
but the money flows to folks I know, and we don't mind the smell.

'Cause we all have ranches way out west, in way west Texas parts,
it's the little folks who live by it whose air most smells like farts.

'Cause ours is clean and fresh and pure, we love our homes to be,
as natural and undisturbed as a thousand year old tree.

But that takes cash, to have a place where pollution is not seen,
Where everything is wild and free and every view is green.

So we have to do what we must do, to move a lot of dough,
from the pockets of the little folk to the people that we know!

Amen!

God Bless The America We Can Afford!