

Dear Mr. President

Dewey Cox

Thank you

This next song I wrote for all of the people in this country

That I feel don't have a voice and

Well, maybe the Commander in Chief will hear you this time This one's for the so called Commander in Chief

Wherever you are and wherever your heart is Dear Mr. President, I want you to know

I am deeper than you, listen and learn

My heart is a chapel, my head is a steeple

My arms are the people and the people now yearn I stand for the midget, I stand for the Negro

I stand for the Injun, all hopped up on booze

I stand for the Jap and I stand for the beaner

I stand, yes, I do, for the Christ-killing Jew And I stand for the Dyke and I stand for the retard

I stand for the Chinaman washing my socks

I stand for the bum and the pimp and the bugger

And the cripple that lives on my street in a box To conclude, Mr. President, I'm not at all hesitant

To tell you I think the first lady is a fox

Her husband, the jerk off has ruined my country

That's all for today sincerely Dewey Cox

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