

Ballad of G.W.

M.D.C.

Come and listen to my story 'bout a boy named Bush.
His IQ was zero and his head was up his tush.
He drank like a fish while he drove a car about.
But that didn't matter 'cause his daddy bailed him out.
DUI, that is. Criminal record. Cover-up. Well, the first thing you know little Georgie goes to Yale.
Can't spell his name but they never let him fail.
Spends all his time hangin' out with student folk.
And that's when he learns how to snort a line of coke.
Blow, that is. White gold. Nose candy. The next thing you know, there's a war in Vietnam.
Kin folks say, "George, stay at home with Mom."
Let the common people get maimed and scarred.
We'll buy you up a spot in the Texas National Guard.
Cush, that is. Country clubs. Nose candy. Twenty years later George gets a little bored.
He trades in the booze, says that Jesus is his Lord.
He said, "Now the White House is the place I wanna' be."
So he called his daddy's friends, they called the GOP.
Gun owners, that is. Falwell. Jesse Helms. Come November 7, the election ran late.
Kin folks said "Jeb, give the boy your state!"
"Don't let those colored folks get anywhere near polls."
So they put up barricades so they couldn't punch their holes.
Chads, that is. Duval County. Miami-Dade. Before the votes were counted all the five Supremes stepped in.
Told all the voters "Hey, we want our George to win."
"Stop counting votes!" was their solemn invocation.
And that's how little Georgie finally got his coronation. Rigged, that is. Illegitimate. No moral authority. Y'all
come vote now. Ya hear?

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