

THE NAKED CAPITALISM

# Songbook

VOLUME ZERO



SONGS

ON DIVERSE THEMES

BY THE NAKED CAPITALISM

👉 COMMENTARIAT 👈



2023

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# Acknowledgements

The first and most important thank you goes to the Naked Capitalism commentariat, and the site moderators who help keep conversations sane, civil, and as we see with the Songbooks, often entertaining. I would also like to express my gratitude to the many Naked Capitalism donors, commenters, and readers who make the site possible.

Next, I would like to thank our wonderful songwriters, in no particular order: Antifa, Sardonia, Wukchumni, GT, ChrisFromGA, ThirtyOne, Hank Linderman, G Rogersen Hart, LawnDart, Martin Oline, Brunches with Cats, LifelongLib, and caucus99percenter.

There would be no songbook without them. If I have missed anyone, please let me know and we will include you in the next edition.

A very special thank you goes to Antifa, who provided extensive help in collecting these songs. I couldn't have done all this without you, Antifa.

Finally, to Yves Smith, our host, who created and runs Naked Capitalism. None of us would be here without her.

The cover image is from the Library of Congress, [LC-USZ62-111935](#).



# Dedication

These volumes are dedicated to our hosts, Yves Smith, Lambert Strether, and the rest of the Naked Capitalism staff who make it the best web site on the internet.

# Preface

Why have a Naked Capitalism songbook? I've been reading Naked Capitalism for about 15 years since the Great Financial Crash motivated me to get back into economics and finance, for which I got my bachelor's degree.

I found NC through Pragmatic Capitalism or Mike Norman's site, can't remember which, but it was one of the best discoveries of my life.

Great posts, a commentariat that taught me as much as the original post, and some incredibly talented poets/songwriters made Naked Capitalism my go-to web site every morning while drinking my coffee.

One of the great treats in reading NC is the incredibly creative songs that various commentators post.

In September, 2022, it occurred to me that other folks might enjoy a compendium of the songs that had been published in comments.

The NC songwriters are amazingly creative. Their songs cover topics from the ridiculous to the sublime, but they mostly focus on the latest news in politics, economics, and finance in keeping with the focus of NC.

I hope everyone enjoys this songbook as much as I enjoyed putting it together.

—John Zelnicker

P.S. If you find any typos or errors, please email them to: [ncsongbook@protonmail.com](mailto:ncsongbook@protonmail.com). Include "Songbook," volume, page number in the subject line. Thank you!



# THE SONGS



# 16 Jobs

Posted: July 22, 2022

Sardonia

Inspiration: "Sixteen Tons" by Tennessee Ernie Ford

*So, Mr. Biden gets the Bug. Thoughts and prayers, with  
apologies to [Tennessee Ernie Ford](#):*

Some people say a man is made out of mud  
This Scranton man's filled with Covid blood  
Covid blood that's as thin as gruel  
If ya take me Lord it's gonna end my rule.

I took 16 jobs, what did I get?  
A virus that's makin' me cough and sweat  
Saint Peter don't you call me cuz I can't go  
And leave this job to that Kamala ho.

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine  
I elbowed my way to the front of the line  
I passed 16 bills, that was my donors' goal  
And the banksters said, "Well a-bless my soul."

I took 16 jobs, what did I get?  
A virus that's makin' me cough and sweat  
Saint Peter don't you call me cuz I can't go  
And leave this job to that Kamala ho.

I woke this morning, it was drizzlin' rain  
I told myself, "You ain't goin' insane"  
We all lose a step after too many years  
My mind's still workin' but it's slippin'

I took 16 jabs, what did I get?  
A virus that's makin' me cough and sweat  
Saint Peter don't you call me cuz I can't go  
And leave this job to that Kamala ho.

Lord, please don't send me to the ICU  
Got so many things I was elected to do  
Start World War Three and end that Putin regime  
Don't let me end up as an Internet meme

I took 16 jabs, what did I get?  
A virus that's makin' me cough and sweat  
Saint Peter don't you call me cuz I can't go  
And leave this job to that Kamala ho.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#)



# 25-0-6-2-4

Posted: June 13, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “25 or 6 to 4” by Chicago

*I checked in last night to see what Bitcoin was doing—and first saw  
it at \$25,062.40. That number sounded familiar, and suddenly  
I had an earworm of a 1970 song from the band, Chicago, 25  
or 6 to 4. So, in homage to the Master, Wukchumni:*

Waiting for the break of day  
I optioned in at 60K  
Matt Damon told me to be brave  
I’ve lost everything I’ve saved  
Sitting mutely on the floor  
25... 0... 6... 2... 4

Staring blindly into space  
Feeling like my face is Maced  
Will I get a margin call?  
They’re gonna come and take it all  
I’ll be poorer than the Poor  
25... 0... 6... 2... 4

Feeling like I ought to sleep  
I’ll try counting Crypto Sheep  
I can’t watch this anymore!  
The handle’s under twenty-fou... oou... OUR!!!!

(Terry Kath wah-wah guitar solo)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# There's a Kind of Hush

Posted: July 12, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "There's A Kind Of Hush" by Carpenters

## *Version One:*

There's A Kind of Hush across the EU tonight  
Across the EU all the natural gas is going away!

*(One shower a week!)*

So you lost your job  
But don't you think twice tonight  
One meal will suffice straight from the can  
With no gas to ignite!

The Russians shut down Nord Stream One  
It might come back we might get none  
Who can tell... it's a Russian cartel

No water heater—kitchen range  
Or radiator—scrounge around for small change  
To fight the inflation!

There's A Kind of Hush across the EU tonight  
Across the EU all the natural gas is going away!

Don't worry 'bout electricity  
Go stand in line with your grocery  
Ration Card—grow food in the yard

They've come to tow your car away  
But that's alright you cannot pay  
With no job—just permanent welfare!

There's A Kind of Hush across the EU tonight  
Across the EU all the natural gas is going away!

*Version Two:*

There's A Kind of Hush across the EU tonight  
Across the EU all the natural gas is going away!

*(One shower a week!)*

Can we do without  
Swamp gas on the Continent?  
What more could go wrong than the methane gone  
To the end of our days?

I guess we'll have to burn our chairs  
In winter wear long underwears  
Eskimos—in layers of clothes

We asked for this with both eyes wide  
But sanctions are just suicide  
Now we're in... an impossible pickle!

There's A Kind of Hush across the EU tonight  
Across the EU all the natural gas is going away!

Our GDP is falling fast  
Our happy days are in the past  
Our regime—is way off the beam

If we all dump this NATO bloc  
The Russians might come back and talk  
About gas—from nation to nation!

There's A Kind of Hush across the EU, tonight  
Across the EU all the natural gas is going away!



See comments [First version](#), [second version](#) at Naked Capitalism.

# Americans in Cars

Posted: 9/4/2022

By Antifa

*For our beloved friend, Barbara Ehrenreich:*

When Americans live in our cars  
We thrive on chips and candy bars  
We bathe with tiny towelettes  
Have no address and no assets  
*We park and sleep when the sun goes down*

We change our own oil cut our own hair  
Dream of renting someplace somewhere  
Work full time jobs until we drop  
Retail, warehouse, broom n' mop  
*Tough to have to do this in your own hometown*

Between parking tickets and payday loans  
It's hard to keep some meat on your bones  
You cannot cook so you eat from sacks  
Parked on the streets where you can't relax  
*Drugs for sale when it's all too much*

We once were humans now we're scum  
Not welcome anywhere in our rolling slum  
People slash your tires pop your trunk  
Break your glass steal your junk  
*No wonder we like a pharmaceutical crutch*

Sixty million of us have no net worth  
Being down on your luck brings you down to earth  
When it is what it is when you have no food  
Without a friend in the multitude  
*Anything to survive is what you'll do*

All the billions we spend to visit Mars  
And on endless hybrid proxy wars  
Or getting pictures of distant stars  
What about Americans living in our cars?  
*Does this seem a little top heavy to you?*

People living in cars need help to progress  
Some safety some plumbing a home an address  
If you had none of these you'd look for them, right?  
If you had to sleep in your car every night?  
*If this happened to you while you did your best?*

It happens to more of us every day  
American poverty won't go away  
While the Pentagon empties our national purse  
Making colonies of countries that we can coerce  
*High time to come home and fix our own nest*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Another School Shooting

By Antifa

By 6/7/2022

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Chattanooga Choo Choo" by Glenn Miller

Pardon me guys,  
Is it another school shooting? (*Yes Yes*)

Some shithouse rat

Bought himself a big gat Where multi-murders happen daily (*Yes Yes*)

Twelve dead by noon.

Lord, we all know that tune.

You'll need DNA

To tell which piece of person goes with what

If you've never seen it,

It's a kick in the gut!

They're shooting up the hospitals, the malls, and the schools

Our Number Two Amendment says there aren't any rules

Machine guns do it better, earn that scarlet letter

Be something more in this world than a sad bed-wetter

When you hear the NRA is lobbying hard

Doling out donations like they're buckets of lard

Buying politicians to guard their ammunitions

It's their only mission so be on your guard!

Your darling is dead

A sealed coffin with a mess inside

What can you do,

But live as what's left of you?

How do you deal

With the stunning fact of their demise

While your Congresscritter

Shrugs his shoulders and sighs?

They're shooting up the hospitals, the malls, and the schools  
Our Number Two Amendment says there aren't any rules  
Machine guns do it better, earn that scarlet letter  
Be something more in this world than a sad bed-wetter

When you hear the NRA is lobbying hard  
Doling out donations like they're buckets of lard  
Buying politicians to guard their ammunitions  
It's their only mission so be on your guard!

Pardon me guys,  
Is it another school shooting? (*Yes Yes*)  
Some shithouse rat  
Bought himself a big gat  
He's out to prove  
That he's a man and not an incel boy  
A semi-automatic  
Is a bloody big toy!

*(A semi-automatic is a bloody big toy!)*



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# A Sailor's Lament

Posted: 9/10/2022

By Antifa

Anchors aweigh, boys! Off to Taipei!  
We're sailing cuz the Beltway buzz says Get Underway  
Cast off the bow line, we're Formosa-bound!  
Thirty thousand sailors take ten minutes to drown!

Victoria Nuland has issued dire threats  
Our Congresscritters visit Taiwan with no regrets  
Everyone in Washington swears dark epithets  
None of these poltroons will be on hand to launch the jets!

I only joined the Navy for three meals a day  
To my surprise they're happy guys and gen'rally gay  
We're off to fight with China in our floating pillbox  
But their hypersonic missiles fly at multiple Machs!

Our radar cannot see them, they come in so fast  
The first sign of danger is a ginormous blast  
Then up go the flames, and down goes our ship  
I haven't any interest now in making this trip!

We build super weapons, nifty ships and new planes  
Shiny high tech hardware from the world's biggest brains  
But China doesn't spend the cash to follow our road  
All they do is make what makes our high tech explode!

They just make scads of missiles to obliterate our stuff  
We'll steam in range and for a change they'll call our bluff  
We haven't any weapons that can counter this threat  
So if we sail on over there, we're going to get wet!

The moment China sinks our ships, it's nuclear war  
Endless hopeless winter for our final encore  
No one wins at anything when mushroom clouds bloom  
Just billions of us starving in endless, chilly gloom!



Nancy Pelosi has lived eighty two years  
Deep in the Beltway Bubble like the rest of her peers  
They all think that war just means more jobs for each state  
When they learn nukes don't work like that, it will be too late!

It isn't even gonna be a typical fight  
We'll be destroyed, then nukes deployed, then nuclear night  
We're playing Russian Roulette with all six chambers packed  
This world will end the very moment that we attack!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# A World Without Rain

Posted: 7/7/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "A Horse With No Name" by America

I was sitting up late in the kitchen  
When the world went blinding white  
It slowly faded to a purplish haze  
I saw a fireball out in the night  
Then the walls disappeared with a giant's roar  
With everything blasting to black  
It was oven hot as I hit the ground  
And I knew we'd been attacked

There isn't any weather in a world without rain  
Just the endless falling ash  
The planet's on fire all the people are dead  
I can't see the sun from the smoke overhead

*There's nothing here but greasy dark snow after World War Three  
What a wondrous world we had it will die with me*

I dig through the rubble to find food in cans  
Talking just to hear someone  
I wish I'd been a poet painting pictures with words  
Of our lives beneath a brilliant sun  
But words can't show that the plants don't grow  
Or my horror at what we've done

You see there isn't any weather in a world without rain  
Just the endless falling ash  
The planet's on fire all the people are dead  
I can't see the sun from the smoke overhead

*There's nothing here but greasy dark snow after World War Three  
What a wondrous world we had it will die with me*

Scratching at my skin where it's peeling again  
It looks like a steak for the grill  
I miss the birds and the green of trees  
And the color in a daffodil  
I haven't seen a cockroach like they said there would be  
Just the creature in the mirror  
I put up with fools and warmongering ghouls  
It's my own fault I am here

You see there there isn't any weather in a world without rain  
Just the endless falling ash  
The planet's on fire all the people are dead  
I can't see the sun from the smoke overhead

*There's nothing here but greasy dark snow after World War Three  
What a wondrous world we had it will die with me*

*There's nothing here but greasy dark snow after World War Three  
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*There's nothing here but greasy dark snow after World War Three  
What a wondrous world we had it will die with me*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Battle of Kiev

Posted: 9/26/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Battle of New Orleans” by Johnny Horton

In 2014 we took a little trip  
To help the Banderistas in Kiev grab ownership  
Of all of Ukraine’s government by a Koodee Tat  
Their President he vanished, and our guys came to bat

We had ourselves a color revolution  
There wasn’t any voting without fascists shouting NO  
We forced them to rewrite their Constitution  
We blew it all to pieces like the walls of Jericho

We went with Vicki Nuland as the leader of the coup  
She brought the means and money and had people in a queue  
She knew her stuff, she put snipers on the roof  
She said the cops and protesters were hardly bulletproof

And we had ourselves a color revolution  
There wasn’t any voting without fascists shouting NO  
We forced them to rewrite their Constitution  
We blew it all to pieces like the walls of Jericho

Then Vicki said, *We can take ‘em by surprise*  
*If we shoot a few from either side, they’ll blame the other guys.*  
We shot at random people till we’d fired every shell  
The crowd got fighting mad and then the whole thing went to...

Well, we had ourselves a color revolution  
There wasn’t any voting without fascists shouting NO  
We forced them to rewrite their Constitution  
We blew it all to pieces like the walls of Jericho

Yeah, we got 'em all so angry screaming at their opposition  
That nobody noticed Vicki picking people for each role  
She selected who she wanted, they all got an audition  
But no one got a job who didn't sell her their soul

She settled for old Yatsenyuk as President to start  
A man who hates all Russians and keeps Europe in his heart  
It only took a day to get the documents all signed  
A Banderista government carefully designed

We had ourselves a color revolution  
There wasn't any voting without fascists shouting NO  
We forced them to rewrite their Constitution  
We blew it all to pieces like the walls of Jericho

Yeah, we got 'em all so angry screaming at their opposition  
That nobody noticed Vicki naming people for each role  
She selected who she wanted, they all got an audition  
But no one got a job who didn't sell her their soul

Hut, two, three, four  
Sound off, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four  
Sound off, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Every Proud Boy's Ashamed

Posted: 7/9/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "The Hills Are Alive" by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II

## *Version One*

Every Proud Boy's ashamed  
Of his failing phallus  
His beer gut and beard  
Hide a quaggy blade

He will dress to impress  
All his bulgy Boy friends  
He plays everyone  
But it's he who gets played

*He will rant about Jews, blacks, and immigrants  
And the Rothschilds and pedos who groom  
But all he desires at the end of each day  
Is a Proud Boy in his room*

*A lonely adult with wild facial hair  
And a rooster flag unfurled  
But all that we see...  
Is a loser who can't face this world!*

He knows in his heart  
That Antifa's out there  
Out to replace  
European whites  
But he can't seem to find  
Any real Antifa  
And it twists his tights

Version Two

Every Proud Boy's a troll  
Marching for a fist fight  
Hurting someone  
Helps him feel alright

What he shouts makes no sense  
He's a squawking magpie  
The poor fool is snorting  
His own supply

*He wears lady things 'neath his camo gear  
Silky secrets that give him a thrill  
As he prances through town in a mob of men  
With a view to a kill*

*A posse of fascists with mayhem in mind  
Wanting only to smash someone's face  
White Euro trash...  
They won't be hard to Replace!*

Their obsession with boys  
And with masturbation  
Says all you need know  
Of their true desires  
They live to cosplay  
A ferocious fury  
As their kink requires



See comments for both versions at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Fifty Ways to Live Through Winter

Posted: 9/9/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from Paul Simon

Living till spring will be a matter of degrees  
These Russian sanctions have your family in a squeeze  
Your basic challenge is to manage not to freeze  
There must be Fifty Ways to Live Through Winter

Riots won't help you 'cause the problem's in your head  
Concern yourself with ways to stop your family being dead  
Like lots of blankets, and more people in each bed  
There must be Fifty Ways to Live Through Winter

Fifty Ways to Live Through Winter...

You can sleep on the bus, Gus  
Stay over at work, Kirk  
Go where there's some heat, Pete  
One shower a week  
Wear layers of clothes, Rose  
Stay warm but don't sweat, Chet  
You're a wage slave, Dave  
So can the critique  
Illegal to strike, Mike  
No need for more pay, Jay  
Don't chuck it all in, Quinn  
When things look bleak  
Stand up to the stress, Tess  
You have to believe, Steve  
Go sleep with your mutt, but  
Treat it for fleas



When strange calamities of life bring voters grief  
It's not the job of government to bring relief  
Why would a house on fire concern the Fire Chief?  
There's Fifty Ways...

Ayn Rand explained this in the scriptures that she wrote  
It's up to you to sink or swim, just you in your own boat  
Be patriotic now, put on another coat  
There must be Fifty Ways to Live Through Winter

Fifty Ways to Live Through Winter...

Cold food on the plate, Kate  
Spam in the can, Stan  
Raw eggs and juice, Bruce  
Two meals per day  
There's protein in soy, Roy  
And broccoli, too, Lou  
And canned tuna fish, Tish  
A worker's buffet  
Consider a tent, Kent  
Your car or a shed, Ted  
Under a bridge, Midge  
You work and you pray  
Hang out at a church, Lurch  
All day in a pub, Nub  
Go sit in the park, Clark  
Cuz spring's on the way



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#)

# Global Britain

Posted: 8/21/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “England Swings” by Roger Miller

*England soon gets a brand new PM  
Liz Truss will bust out some major mayhem  
Job cuts, inflation, while wages get squeezed  
She'll sing of “Global Britain” while the lot of us freeze*

“She talks pretty tough though the Russians never bluff yet she  
Threatens their security over in the Baltic Sea  
Take a tip before we make a slip—lemme tell you Khinzals  
Can hit England, Oh

*Liz Truss sings of a time that's gone by  
A Great White Queen with a gimlet eye  
An empire built up on muskets and swords  
Looting goods and labor from the black and brown hordes*

(one verse of carefree whistling)

There's Covid and recession, everybody's out on strike  
Yet we're threatening the people who destroyed the Third Reich  
The Russians chew up Ukraine like the clappers day and night  
While we train cannon fodder for a pointless proxy fight

*“Global Britain” sounds like a blatherskite's goal  
Fanny Adams waving from a tall flagpole  
The Commonwealth is stirring up a second Cold War  
The sanctions aren't enough and so we've gotta do more*

*England sings of a time that's gone by  
A Great White Queen with a gimlet eye  
An empire built up on muskets and swords  
Looting goods and labor from the black and brown hordes*

(ends with carefree whistling)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#)

# I Am a Tool

Posted: 9/5/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Y.M.C.A.” by Village People

When you're—feeling hopeless and lost  
*(I said)* There is—a quick cure at a cost  
*(I said)* When life—gets too boring and bland  
There's this Orange. Guy. Who. Looks. Suntanned!

His plan—makes America great  
*(I said)* He'll soon—be on tour in your state  
You can be there—if you cough up some cash  
You'll meet Ev'ry. Kind. Of. White. Trash!

*(It's plain to see now that)* I Am A Tool  
*(I'm such a loser I'm a)* lost MAGA Mule  
I'm a check-writing rube for an obvious ploy  
Cuz I can't tell the real McCoy...

*(The world can see now that)* I Am A Tool  
*(I'm such a loser I'm a)* lost MAGA Mule  
I just love how I feel when I hear Donald's spiel  
I don't care that this is not real...

At his rallies—everyone screams  
*(We're all)* High on—power trips, power dreams  
*(We are)* Right there—with our Lord and our King  
But you've Got. To. Know. This. One. Thing!

Donald—is just playing a role  
*(I said)* To him—you're a working class prole  
*(Donald's)* Wallet—has a bottomless hole  
Grifting Your. Cash. Is. His. One. Goal!

*(It's plain to see now that)* I Am A Tool  
*(I'm such a loser I'm a)* lost MAGA Mule  
I'm a check-writing rube for an obvious ploy  
Cuz I can't tell the real McCoy...

*(The world can see now that)* I Am A Tool  
*(I'm such a loser I'm a)* lost MAGA Mule  
I just love how I feel when I hear Donald's spiel  
I don't care that this is not real...

This song—wasn't written for you  
It's an anthem—for L G B T Q  
You are dancing—to a song that's not straight  
It's the Very. Thing. That. You. Hate.

To us—it's our old Stonewall song  
Though your Bible—says what we do is wrong  
You're just dancing—cuz you're getting your kicks  
Hope it Holds. You. Till. Your. Next. Fix!

*(It's plain to see now that)* I Am A Tool  
*(I'm such a loser I'm a)* lost MAGA mule  
I'm a check-writing rube for an obvious ploy  
Cuz I can't tell the real McCoy...

I Am A Tool  
*(I'm here to tell ya that)* I Am A Tool

Hey MAGA man—yeah, the closet's your thing  
Is it time to come out—time to come out and sing?

I Am A Tool  
*(I'm here to tell ya that)* I Am A Tool

Hey MAGA man—yeah, the closet's your thing  
Is it time to come out—time to come out and sing?



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Last Ukrainian

Posted: 9/01/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Little Boxes” by Pete Seeger

On the front line here in Ukraine  
We are dentists, cooks, and grocery clerks,  
Paralegals, cosmeticians,  
And some guys who build roofs

Build roofs to shield our foxholes  
Using logs, dirt, and ratty tarpaulins  
And we sit here in them waiting  
With our thoughts far away

Far away up in the blue sky  
There are drones calling down artillery  
Then the frags and high explosives  
Come to kill us where we stand

We stand out here on the plowed fields  
In the open on the empty steppe  
Not a tree or bush or haystack  
Here to offer a defense

A defense is now impossible  
Our tanks and trucks have been obliterated  
Plus this ammunition diet—  
No one sends us what we need

We need shelter from the cannons  
There are dozens for each kilometer  
It's the Russian way of fighting  
They'll roll in when we're gone  
When we're gone to Hell or Heaven  
When we've fought to the last Ukrainian  
And we'll never know who profits  
From the murder going on



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Let's Get Tactical

by Victoria Nuland

Posted: 7/5/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Let's Get Physical" by Olivia Newton-John

It's time for us to turn Ukraine around  
Hiroshima in Europe, baby!  
We've got a thousand tactical nukes—  
Let's use 'em tactically!

The Russians won't dare launch back at us  
My interns did a calculation  
When bits of Ukraine glow in the dark  
That ends this altercation!

So let's get tactical, tactical!  
I wanna get tactical!  
Let's blow up Sevastopol!  
Lemme take it tactical! Tactical!  
I know when I'm on a roll!

Let's go nukular, nukular!  
It's time to go nukular!  
Now's the time to push it through!  
Let's drop one on Kramatorsk! Kramatorsk!  
Listen to the Kagan crew!

I've been patient, I've been good,  
Just drooling on my new straitjacket  
There's money to be made if you go my way  
War is such a racket!

I can talk the EU into this  
I'll do it diplomatically  
I'll make an offer that they can't refuse  
They will obey ME!



Let's get tactical, tactical!  
I wanna get tactical!  
Mariupol's gotta go!  
Take out all their power plants! Take a chance!  
NATO's moving way too slow!

Let's go nukular, nukular!  
I wanna go nukular!  
Let's turn Kharkiv into ash!  
Let's go after Konotop! Konotop!  
Let's reduce it in a flash!

Oh, let's get tactical, tactical!  
We gotta get tactical!  
My interns have criteria!  
Let's take out Kaliningrad! Is that so bad?  
There's targets in Siberia!

Let's go nukular, nukular!  
I wanna go nukular!  
Irradiate Galicia!  
Lemme use those baby nukes, baby nukes!  
Lemme use those baby nukes!

Lemme use those baby nukes!  
Lemme use those baby nukes!



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Lookin' for Antifa

Posted: 6/25/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Proud Mary" by Creedence Clearwater Revival

A Proud Boy's a manchild who's frightened  
He don't amount to much so he lives with shame  
He lives with dejection, and feminine rejection,  
He's workin' hard to find somebody else to blame

He's all done being quiet  
Proud Boy wants to riot  
Lookin' Lookin' Lookin' for Antifa

One Proud Boy is a coward  
Two Proud Boys together are out on a date  
Proud Boys need plenty, fifteen or twenty,  
To jimmy up a riot if someone takes the bait

Hey, look at us rebellin'  
Proud Boys out here yellin'  
Lookin' Lookin' Lookin' for Antifa

Lookin' Lookin' Lookin' for Antifa

Thinks he's a smooth operator  
Thinks he's in the know on an inside job  
Has no education, marches in formation,  
A tiki torch tantrum for a fascist mob

Proud Boys aren't hardliners  
Sad sorry bunch of whiners  
Lookin' Lookin' Lookin' for Antifa

Lookin' Lookin' Lookin' for Antifa  
Lookin' Lookin' Lookin' for Antifa  
Lookin' Lookin' Lookin' for Antifa



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Martha's Vineyard

Posted: September 18, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Copperhead Road" by Steve Earle

**M**y name's Alistair Ponce the Third  
I've got a crazy story, if you haven't heard  
Our fourth house is out on lovely Cape Cod  
Our family rode the Mayflower—we're richer than God  
We fly to 'The Martha' couple times each year  
That's Martha's Vineyard if you aren't from here  
It's a playground for the rich and for those with power  
A resort for the best of us, a private bower  
We lived in grace in our rich man's clique  
Till fifty Venezuelans landed here this week!

The Governor of Florida sent 'em here by plane  
He figures it'll help him in his next campaign  
They couldn't speak English, they were every age  
And the Border Patrol didn't send along their cage  
Turned 'em loose on The Martha, with a printed map  
To our Community Center, it was so madcap  
Someone found a Mexican to tell us what they said  
'Bout all the dangerous places they'd fled  
We told 'em this is no place to seek a Green Card  
And they better get away from Martha's Vineyard  
(Hey!)  
(Hey! Hey!)

Since we only know charity as doling out cash  
We bought 'em Fair Trade blankets and ordered Door Dash  
Yeah, we all have yard signs that welcome them here  
We're a sanctuary city, they're the people we cheer  
But to see some on our island was as weird as Hell  
So we called out the National Guard as well  
And we told the troops to move 'em to the mainland quick  
While we wrote our monthly checks for the poor and the sick  
Now the whole world laughs at us for taking it hard  
You people better stay away from Martha's Vineyard!  
(Wow-w-w)

Martha's Vineyard!

Martha's Vineyard!

Ha! Martha's Vineyard!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Not. Quite. Watertight.

Posted: 8/25/2022

By Antifa

**R**AND made a plan back in 2019  
About taking down Russia with a sanctions regime  
Plus a proxy war to bleed them weak  
So we can waltz in and seize what we seek  
Just slither in there like a snake in the grass  
And steal all their oil and natural gas  
Uranium, aluminum, phosphates, wheat  
Just move all their assets onto our spreadsheet

*The RAND plan was Not. Quite. Watertight.  
Russia isn't Syria. Russians can fight.  
Not a page of the plan got a damn thing right  
It was Not. Quite. Watertight.*

The UK is faltering, dead on their feet  
Heading into winter without any heat  
The EU economies are all in the ditch  
Everyone finding out that blowback's a bitch  
The US is printing fresh cash, full tilt  
In it to win it, up to the hilt  
While the ruble is now backed by solid gold  
And none of this is how it was s'posed to unfold

*The RAND plan was Not. Quite. Watertight.  
Yet no one wants to mention that it didn't go right  
No Presidents or Senators are feeling contrite  
It was Not. Quite. Watertight.*

You can't back out when you're in this deep  
This whole mess is landing on the old scrap heap  
Sure, the armaments monopolies are raking it in  
But the media narrative is getting real thin  
This is no milk run, this is no cakewalk  
How long can we lie to the public flock?  
This can't be fixed by some PR flack  
We bit the Bear, and the Bear bit us back!

*The RAND plan was Not. Quite. Watertight.  
Our society is headed for a long, dark night  
There'll be no savior, no shining knight  
It was Not. Quite. Watertight.*

Victoria Nuland and the Clinton gang  
Can't accept that their plan did a boomerang  
The battle reports are just horrible  
But what are deaths among the deplorable?  
Cost of doing business if you're on the A-list  
A liberal interventionist  
Who cares about consequences, injuries, or laws?  
Failure is success if you say it was!

*The RAND plan was Not. Quite. Watertight.  
The neocons who wrote it are all hiding from the light  
Like folks who change their address in the middle of the night  
It was Not. Quite. Watertight.*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Opus Dei Is Here Again

Posted: 9/15/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Happy Days Are Here Again" by Milton Ager

Opus Dei and their apologists  
Have six Supreme Court Justices  
A gang of Catholic catechists  
Opus Dei is Here Again!

A Catholic cult of self abuse  
A hairshirt crew we shall traduce  
A theocracy they will produce  
Opus Dei is Here Again!

*Abortion rights are all gone  
There'll be no more from now on*

Six Justices quite fond of whips  
And secret fascist manuscripts  
A Constitutional Apocalypse  
Opus Dei is Here Again!

*We should bust 'em, cannot trust 'em  
They rule from the Old Testament  
Cannot reach 'em, let's impeach 'em  
For their fraudulent intent!*

Six judges we would never choose  
All lied through Senate interviews  
Brash perjury we can't excuse  
Opus Dei is Here Again!

Alito runs the Court these days  
Rewrites the law by a single phrase  
But he has five friends so no delays  
Opus Dei is Here Again!



*Our Constitution is toast  
When state's rights matter the most*

A Vatican society  
Obsessed with Catholic piety  
Wrecks our Constitution quietly  
Opus Dei is Here Again!

Opus Dei and their apologists  
Have six Supreme Court Justices  
A gang of Catholic catechists  
Opus Dei is Here Again!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Russian Divorce Song

Posted: 9/2/2022

By Antifa

The EU intends Russian sanctions for years  
So Russia's looming problem appears  
To be how to live next to a destitute Europe  
Where living standards only last year were up

Higher than just about anywhere  
But now these sanctions spell chronic despair  
A region deprived of essential fuels  
And essential supplies by political fools

Entire industries cannot produce  
So profits vanish and jobs reduce  
All so that NATO can threaten the Kremlin  
With the unthinkable nuclear gremlin

The true goal of sanctions is not to defend  
But to bring the Russian state to an end  
It's a *Lebensraum* effort to take Russia out  
Go read the [Rand plan](#) if you have any doubt

As Europe becomes an absolute mess  
A calamity zone Russia must address  
By closing their border to keep them at bay  
Russia is quietly turning away

From these fickle, false, fatuous EU folk  
Not agreement-capable, Postmodern, Woke  
A population whose elected masters  
Lead them repeatedly into disasters

Abroad and back home, running up debts  
Till they have to come after the people's assets  
Just to pay the interest on what is owed  
Meaning social supports shrink and implode

Families abandoned, evicted, ignored  
Tossed in the street by some corporate landlord  
This is Europe's future as sanctions persist  
Beginning this fall if their leaders insist

On wading yet further into the mire  
Of sanctions that fail, that only backfire  
And it won't do to wait, thinking Russia can't hold  
These sanctions already turned rubles to gold

And Russia has found better export clients  
The Chinese keep contracts in perfect compliance  
Now Europe will never get goods they declined  
When ruining Russia was foremost in mind

Among Europe's neoliberal clique  
So obsessed with the havoc they want to wreak  
If they could just grab Russia's natural wealth  
By stratagems, spycraft, sneaking, and stealth

They tried, and they failed, and they always will  
And now Europe hasn't much time until  
Winter arrives and the Frost Giants win  
When it's cold, no matter how much liars spin

These sanctions will prove determinative  
Europe won't be a place you'd want to live  
No jobs, food, or heat, and no sanctions reprieve  
Anybody with sense will line up to leave

As the EU and NATO stick to their course  
What else can Russia do but divorce  
Their economy from European trade  
A final and full economic blockade

It's too late for Europe to make amends  
Russia sells Europe's fuel to their Asian friends  
So farewell to Europe's ancient regimes  
Your path is austerity to the extremes

Your lack of fuels is not Russia's fault  
The EU opened Pandora's vault  
The EU and NATO want a Cold War  
So Russia is simply closing the door



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Sittin' on the Dock at Lake Mead

Posted: 8/19/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from Otis Redding

Sittin' by the river side  
Where it used to be so deep and so wide  
Upstream of the Hoover Dam  
Solid work by Uncle Sam *yeah*

I'm sittin' on the dock at Lake Mead  
Watchin' the waterline recede *oooh*  
Not enough water arrives  
To keep our lives

In seven states people of means  
Are out golfing on those manicured greens  
Don't we all plan to water our lawn  
Until the morning when the water is gone

*(I'm just gonna)* sit on the dock at Lake Mead  
Watchin' the waterline recede *oooh*  
Not enough water arrives  
To keep our lives

*Looks like nothing's gonna change  
We each think we can skip the pain  
We can't do what seven states still aim to do  
So it's all going down the drain*

Sittin' in the desert heat  
Adding up the acre-feet  
For the megawatts, farms, and yards  
Oh, we're living in a house of cards  
(*So I'm just*) Sittin' on the dock at Lake Mead  
Watchin' the waterline recede *oooh*  
Not enough water arrives  
To keep our lives

(ends with carefree whistling)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Sonnets for Soil

Posted: 7/21/22

By Antifa

Joe Biden gets the intel he enjoys  
From persons who've established a rapport  
The truth the facts and any other noise  
Stays well outside the Oval Office door  
If you can please his ear you'll get his nod  
He loves that neoliberal refrain  
Austerity at home and wars abroad  
Chop wages and the stock market will gain  
But planet problems now take center stage  
No water and too dry to plow or plant  
As every dial is redlined every gauge  
As this becomes a world where farmers can't  
As everything goes sideways in reverse  
And most of our solutions make it worse

We can't even depend upon the rain  
It floods the fields, and then they dessicate  
The air's so thick with carbon and methane  
It's put the jet stream in an altered state  
The slaves who serve a list of rising stocks  
Expected to grow three percent per year  
Now face a wave of existential shocks  
And wonder if the money's why we're here  
For truth to tell it all depends on crops  
On photosynthesis and honeybees  
Not algorithms, quants, or terraflops  
That stuff is fluff—the soil holds all the keys  
The years ahead look hungry cold and rude  
So gift this world a garden—grow some food



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Taps

Posted: 8/20/2022

By Antifa

*As played at military funerals:*

Empty taps  
Empty taps  
Forest fires on today's weather maps  
Welcome to the age of collapse  
Empty taps

Adam's ale  
Adam's ale  
Haul it home in a five gallon pail  
Best you boil it well without fail  
Adam's ale

H2O  
H2O  
Used to flow from the rain and the snow  
Used to pump it up from below  
H2O

We can't flush  
We can't flush  
Dig a hole in the yard, there's no rush  
Take the phone book for wiping your tush  
We can't flush

We can't shower  
We can't shower  
The house smells so moldy and sour  
Though we all smell much worse by the hour  
We can't shower



It's so dry  
It's so dry  
Blazing sun in a brilliant blue sky  
We're beyond caring how who or why  
It's so dry

Empty taps  
Empty taps  
Forest fires on today's weather maps  
Welcome to the age of collapse  
Empty taps



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Deal with Joe Biden

Posted: 7/14/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Rainbow Connection" by Paul Williams and Kenneth Ascher

What in the world is the deal with Joe Biden  
He talks of a '24 race

The foregone conclusion is that's an illusion

He won't even get to first base

Perish the thought of a voter boycott

To spare themselves more misery

*Age slows you down, Joe*

*Surrender the crown, go*

*Spend time with your family*

Amendment Two Five while the man's still alive

He'll thank us all later on

This roaring inflation will ruin our nation

We'll end up like Ceylon

We're out here wishing that he'd just go fishing

He has other places to be

*Age slows you down, Joe*

*Surrender the crown, go*

*Spend time with your family*

*He's been so long in DC*

*At this point it's turning to tragic*

Joe needs to rest he needs help to get dressed  
The voices say time to retire  
Is this the sweet sound that calls elder statesmen  
He can go home to the Shire  
Back where it's urbane all blue crabs and champagne  
And mornings out on the settee

*Age slows you down, Joe  
Surrender the crown, go  
Spend time with your family*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# NATO

Posted: 7/3/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Suzanne" by Leonard Cohen

NATO takes your money to make wars that have no ending  
They say they can't protect you if your country won't keep spending  
Buying weapons for their stockpiles and soldiers for the borders  
NATO promises you safety if you carry out their orders  
And just when you want to tell them your economy is dead  
NATO buys your politicians  
And they let the White House answer that we all must push ahead

And you want to feed your people and you want to keep them warm  
And they want to live in freedom  
But NATO says your country must rearm

And Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water  
And he led his twelve disciples, and he led them not to slaughter  
But to peace among all nations, and to peace between all brothers  
And happiness to children, and honor unto mothers  
But NATO needs your taxes to fight China for Taipei  
So it isn't any wonder if you wonder whose directions you'll obey

And you'd like to see some sanity before the next black swan  
But NATO has priority  
And NATO needs a fight over Taiwan

In ninety days comes winter, and it looks like we'll be freezing  
And inflation will be the endless from our quantitative easing  
We'll have ration cards for everything but NATO's ammunition  
Ukraine will stay a meat grinder, a battle of attrition  
There'll be heroes in the headlines, there'll be no negotiation,  
As everything gets hollowed out till nothing holds its station  
While NATO claims the high ground

And our planet's getting hotter, that's a fact that we all know  
And we ought to save our species  
But NATO says that China's got to go



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Patriot Front

Posted: 7/10/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Sweet Betsy From Pike" (traditional)

Did you ever hear tell of the Patriot Front?  
Our town tangled with 'em, so I will be blunt:  
The Patriot Front's a collection of cucks  
Who showed up packed into three big Ryder trucks

Stacked like sardines in their big yellow box  
They cling to each other and spread monkeypox  
They piled out dressed all in khaki and blue  
Assembled in ranks like a chorus review

They marched in formation to our City Hall  
And folks came a runnin' to witness it all  
The Patriot Front told us we are unique  
Explorers and warriors with Euro mystique

They spoke of the settlers who tamed the Old West  
And said that we have to return to that quest  
Their notions seemed strange, and their plans sounded worse  
And out in the crowd people started to curse

*"These sorry sumbitches are Nazis at heart  
Their ambition's to tear this country apart  
They have no regard for one-person-one-vote  
If we let them do it, that's all that she wrote"*

"This is our country" they crow and exult  
Trolling for fuckwits to join their cult  
These morons wear MAGA hats, wave their Trump flags,  
But cover their faces and their license tags

Well, what kind of heroes will sing their own praise?  
But when you confront them, they can't meet your gaze?  
The Patriot Front says democracy's done  
They plan to take charge at the point of a gun

Our heritage, they said, is under attack  
From Mexicans, Asians and whomever's black  
From Woke ideology, postmodern texts,  
And people who aren't all that sure of their sex

They claim that our country's a cesspool of vice  
And nothing but starting from scratch will suffice  
Whomever's not like them must die or must leave  
Now, ain't that a hell of a thing to believe?

*E Pluribus Unum*, they said that a lot  
But anyone different from them will get shot  
They say we must conquer, we must colonize  
The whole thing sounds more like The Lord of the Flies

So we chased them out and oh my they did squawk  
But no one 'round here will put up with their schlock  
We ran out with feathers and hot tar and rails  
But couldn't catch up with their knaki-clad tails  
They ran to their box trucks and left in a fright  
Three big yellow Ryders sped off in the night  
The whole town was there for a grand Nazi hunt  
The last that we've seen of the Patriot Front



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Ukrainian Foxhole Song

Posted: 6/21/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Funiculi! Funicula!”

Some think this war with Russia is a slaughter  
And so do I (*And so do I*)  
We haven't any food or fuel or water  
And so we die (*And so we die*)  
The Russians send their volleys by the hour  
With deadly aim (*Such deadly aim*)  
They land a hundred rockets in a shower  
To kill and maim (*This is no game*)  
Russian arty! Shrapnel fills the air!  
Build a bunker, it will find you there!  
It blows most everything away, and it continues night and day!  
If I can find civilian clothes, I'm going to run away!

Our captains and our colonels left us stranded  
They're miles away (*Or so they say*)  
There'll be no backing up they have commanded  
To our dismay (*To our dismay*)  
But oh! the way the ground is always shaking  
It melts my nerves (*It melts my nerves*)  
I feel our will to fight is slowly breaking  
We need reserves (*We need reserves*)  
Russian arty! Shrapnel fills the air!  
Build a bunker, it will find you there!  
It blows most everything away, and it continues night and day!  
If I can find civilian clothes, I'm going to run away!



And when the Russians roll up with their armor  
We'll stagger out (*They'll yell and shout*)  
I'll tell them I am just a simple farmer  
Who's down and out (*I'm down and out*)  
I long to go back to my daily chores there  
It's all I've got (*It's all I've got*)  
All my comrades dying got us nowhere  
They died for naught (*They died for naught*)  
Russian arty! Shrapnel fills the air!  
Build a bunker, it will find you there!  
It blows most everything away, and it continues night and day!  
If I can find civilian clothes, I'm going to run away!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# We Are a Race of Giants

Posted: 9/13/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Sounds of Silence” by Simon & Garfunkel

We’ve brought the planet to a boil  
Stripped the oceans, killed the soil  
Blue water poles that no longer freeze  
Greenland has melted and that raised the seas  
Now the hurricanes—land at Category Eight  
We calculate  
We Are A Race Of Giants

We cleared the jungles to grow soy  
When we create we first destroy  
We’ve burned wood and coal for centuries  
Dumped trash and sewage anywhere we please  
We are demigods—standing tall in our own waste  
Brazen-faced  
We Are A Race Of Giants

To get disposable income  
We used to pump petroleum  
Burned it all, didn’t shed a tear  
Profits came before the biosphere  
Yeah, the flora and the fauna on the planet didn’t have a prayer  
We don’t care  
We Are A Race Of Giants

We still have lots of atom bombs  
And we will launch them with no qualms  
Diplomats can go talk and schmooze  
If that won’t work we will light the fuse  
Then the world—picks sides, and goes to war  
We Are A Race Of Giants

If we plan to stick around  
We'll have to go live underground  
We'll live down there with our hyperloops  
For our civilians and our honored troops  
We will wait for the planet to cool off  
Then come up, and get right back  
To the attack  
We Are A Race Of Giants



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# We'll Do It All with Science

Posted: 9/08/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Sounds of Silence” by Simon & Garfunkel

Some day we'll have flying cars  
And urban colonies on Mars  
Down here both poles will have a lot of ice  
We'll make this world a total paradise  
We'll build scrubbers—to remove all the CO<sub>2</sub>  
This we'll do  
We'll Do It All With Science

We'll orbit giant solar shades  
Make megawatts with windmill blades  
We'll refreeze the melting permafrost  
We'll fly electric planes with no exhaust  
We'll drill holes down to magma to get never-ending steam  
That's our scheme  
We'll Do It All With Science

And we'll use CRISPR on our genes  
Till we all look like kings and queens  
Bugs and fungus stew for every meal  
To let our lovely planet rest and heal  
And the stars are ours—warp ships will go explore  
Our candy store  
We'll Do It All With Science

We'll live a leisurely routine  
The robots fetch and fix and clean  
We'll talk of art and philosophy  
Sipping cups of orange algae tea  
When we're sad, well, we'll just pop a pill  
We'll Do It All With Science

Our schools will download knowledge fast  
Our speed of learning unsurpassed  
Chips and cables stuck into our heads  
We'll grok physics sleeping in our beds  
There's no doubt that advanced human consciousness  
Will be our reality  
Just wait and see  
We'll Do It All With Science



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Working Man Blues

Posted: 9/12/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Summertime Blues” by Eddie Cochran

Nobody looks or listens when a working man hollers  
About how little I get when I go to spend my dollars  
There’s too much month left when my paycheck is spent  
And my landord’s next vacation means he’s gotta raise my rent  
All the prices go up, day after day  
Everything goes up but a working man’s pay

I took out student loans for a useless education  
I’ll never ever pay ‘em off, that’s the honest situation  
If I live to retire, it’ll be to the street  
My whole life an expense on somebody’s spreadsheet  
Inflation means I’m paying some banker his dues  
Someone who wouldn’t last a minute if they stood in my shoes

Each week I work forty hours, then I work another twenty  
I’ve got a couple side hustles, and I’m watchin’ every penny  
My boss says I’m essential, and I get a lot of praise  
But there’s nothing he can do when I ask him for a raise  
Riots and protests and strikes are in the news  
Cuz there’s only so much they can tighten the screws



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Yellow Cops of Texas

Posted: 5/28/2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Yellow Rose of Texas”

Oh, the Yellow Cops of Texas won't go inside a school  
If someone's in there shooting—it's their Golden Rule  
They even brought the SWAT team in to stand around outside  
The cops got all their own kids out, but yours has sadly died

*The sweetest little children you'd ever want to meet  
Met with an assault gun and clips of .223  
What happened shouldn't happen but the police let it be  
Now the Yellow Cops of Texas will go down in history*

The Rio Grande has dried up, but Texas is in tears  
I never thought I'd see such things in all my living years  
Cops who won't save children have picked the wrong career  
If only we had known they won't our kids would still be here

*The sweetest little children you'd ever want to meet  
Met with an assault gun and clips of .223  
What happened shouldn't happen but the police let it be  
Now the Yellow Cops of Texas will go down in history*

I gaze out at the prairie Sam Houston fought to win  
Some day I'll understand this, and hold my child again  
What happened here in Texas wouldn't happen down in Hell  
Now the Yellow Cops of Texas is the tale that I must tell

*The sweetest little children you'd ever want to meet  
Met with an assault gun and clips of .223  
What happened shouldn't happen but the police let it be  
Now the Yellow Cops of Texas will go down in history*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# You Lot

Posted: 8/30/2022

By Antifa

*The posh talk back to UK strikers:*

You Lot need to get back on the rails  
These strikes lead directly to lower gross sales  
How you whinge about wages and destitution  
But paying you more is not a solution

You Lot need to get that your future's revised  
Think big, think gig, think of jobs downsized  
Think of more work landing on the few we don't fire  
And on the immigrant wage slaves we'll hire

You Lot need to sort this, it is your bind  
You've no idea of the things we must mind  
Treaties, futures, currencies, war  
So the money's not there to offer you more

You Lot need to not be so brassed off  
You're essential workers—you can't piss off  
'Cause your weekly wages go up the spout  
There's a war on, you louts, there's a bloody drought

You Lot need to think of the owner, the Boss  
Is a blessing to you, not an albatross  
Your place is to work in obscurity  
Invest if you want some security

You Lot need to get right back in the ranks  
Get on the dole, go to food banks  
Stop chuntering on about your bills  
If you want a new deal, learn new skills



You Lot need to live like proper proles  
Stop wasting your wages at watering holes  
Inflation is high, but we'll muddle through  
Let's put this off for a decade or two

You Lot need to hear your oligarchs  
Stop marching and singing and reading Karl Marx  
There are no rentiers, if there were we'd know  
It's time to get back to the status quo

You Lot need to hear Messr Macron  
The age of abundance is over and gone  
Margaret Thatcher tried to teach you this  
You're well in it now—here comes the abyss

You Lot need to get that you are muggles  
The losers in any and all class struggles  
You tatterdemalions shall get no more  
For you aren't, and you never will be top drawer

You Lot need to grasp that you are beaten  
Your hourly rate will never sweeten  
The profits shall stay in our pudgy hands  
To hell with you Lot, and your wild demands



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Austerity At Home And Wars Abroad

Posted: July 21, 2022

by Karl

Wars, this time, against nuclear foes.  
We should be talking with them about  
The worry of the planet's woes.  
But war now drowns out,  
All that the planet shows,  
By wildfires and droughts.  
Human unity can only sow,  
By global collective will ought,  
Reframe the spirit and grow,  
A new manner of thought.  
But now war dooms hope,  
That a new paradigm can be brought,  
Drill, baby, drill is how we'll cope,  
Because hegemonic power is sought,  
Destroy the planet to save it? Surely no,  
But our system must win at all costs,  
Defeating peace, we'll win and then, laid low,  
We'll be evicted by our planetary host,  
Step by fatal step, down this inexorable hole,  
We reveal by our cancerous lust,  
Worship of our true idol, and its fatal goal.



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Back With the Ukrainians

Posted: August 8, 2022

By **Sardonia**

Inspiration: "Back In The U.S.S.R." by The Beatles

*With CBS News reporting that up to 70% of the (often outdated) weapons being shipped to Ukraine being unaccounted for, this tune (Back in the USSR) being sung by an Arms Deliveryman:*

**F**lew into Kiev (this ain't B.O.A.C.)  
Didn't get to sleep last night  
Loaded up with tons of faulty weaponry  
And no one doing Oversight

I'm back with the Ukrainians  
You're gettin' lots of old guns, boys  
Back with the Ukrainians

They treat me right if I pretend I do not see  
They sell to anyone they want  
Penthouse suite, cocaine, such hospitality  
The Bander Liberation Front??

I'm back with the Ukrainians  
You're gettin' lots of old guns, boys  
Back with the Ukies,  
Back with the Ukies,  
Back with the Ukrainians

The Ukraine girls really knock me out  
I leave the Wife behind  
Galician girls make me scream and shout  
Oksana's always on my my my  
My my my my my my mind

I'm sad your boyfriend's sent into our proxy fights  
It's just part of my country's form  
We sucker hapless nations into hopeless plights  
Now come make Uncle Sammie warm

I'm back with the Ukrainians  
You're gettin' lots of old guns, boys  
Back with the Ukrainians



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Knife-Edge

Posted: September 3, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Knife-Edge” by Emerson, Lake & Palmer

*It was fun to learn that Yves and I had the same favorite band in our teenage years—Emerson, Lake, and Palmer. So when I wanted a song that would match the darkness and... fervor... of Semi-President™ Biden’s Red-Staged, Marine-flanked, extremely weird speech, basically calling half of Americans extremists. I pulled out EL&P’s “Knife-Edge” (live performance video below—Keith Emerson going wild, Prog Rock at its apex)—as I imagined these new lyrics coming out of Joe’s mouth during that speech:*

“As of now,” said Dark Brandon,  
“Unity, we abandon  
“Vote Repub, any reason  
“And we take that as Treason  
“Dare you challenge our Power  
“We’ve much more than London’s Tower  
“F-15’s armed and ready  
“Pilots’ hands holding steady.  
“Tread the road of our abyss  
“Half of you, filled with madness.  
“Once outside our Blue City  
“All you Red States get no pity.  
“Get in queue in November  
“How you vote, we’ll remember.  
“MAGA Homo Erectus  
“Must submit and elect us!  
“Well, we will know who you are!  
“And we’ll come to where you are!  
“Only I can redeem us  
“From the scourge of Extremists!  
“The time to purge is at hand!  
“You will obey my Command!  
“Come to heel, Semi-Fa... sciiiiisssssts!!!!”



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Getty Boy

Posted: July 20, 2022

By **Sardonía**

Inspiration: “Willie the Pimp” by Frank Zappa

*So, Gavin Newsom making moves towards a Presidential run in 2024. As a San Franciscan who's seen him at work for 25 years, I've never been able to look at his slicked hair and not start hearing Frank Zappa's classic Willie the Pimp. Lyrics need an update:*

I'm a Getty Boy with my hair gassed back  
Pair of khaki pants and my shoes shined black

Got my girl Pelosi walkin' K Street  
Tellin' all the boys that I can't be beat

Give insider tips, she can set you straight  
Meet her on the corner, Boy, and don't be late

Man in a suit with a fat-flabbed neck  
Wanna buy a law with a third-party check

Standin' on the porch of the Eaton Hotel  
Donors in the lobby love the way I'll sell

Hot meat  
Hot rats  
Fat cats  
Fast graft  
Hot toot  
Hot boot  
Zoot suit  
More loot...



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# Go Away, Immigrants

Posted: September 17, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Go Away Little Girl” by Steve Lawrence

*The good people of Martha’s Vineyard, signs everywhere supporting unauthorized immigrants, got 50 (50!!!) of them sent there (of the millions crammed into US border towns) and they completely lost their minds, called the National Guard, and got them kicked out in 48 hours. Here’s their little song—melody from the 1963 #1 hit by Steve Lawrence, “Go Away, Little Girl.”*

Go away, immigrants.  
Go away, immigrants.

You’re not... supposed... to be... among... our kind.

We know that your plight is dire,  
But property values must go higher.  
We support you... but this is not,  
What we had in mind... .

Go away, immigrants.  
Go away, immigrants.  
It’s hurting us more each minute  
That you delay.  
When you are near us like this  
It mocks our Virtuousness!  
So go away, immigrants  
Before the... end of the day.

Go away... .  
 (“But we like it here.”)  
Please don’t stay... .  
 (“You’ve nothing to fear.”)  
It’ll never work out!

We know you're... all good with mops,  
But now we've... brought in the cops!  
Here comes the bus... that we called,  
That will take you all... .  
Far away... .

Go away... .



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Goodbye Neo-Liz

Posted: August 17, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: "Candle In The Wind" by Elton John

*So, Warmonger Dick Cheney had his daughter Liz lose  
her re-election bid yesterday. Time to re-word Elton John's  
"Candle in the Wind" (Goodbye Norma Jean)*

Goodbye Neo-Liz  
Though we hardly knew you at all  
It wasn't far from Daddy's tree  
Your toxic apple made its fall  
Still he crawled out of the woodwork  
And whispered gently in your brain  
*"Go forth my little darling  
We'll make War Crimes great again"*

And it seems to me, that decency  
Was something just beyond your grip  
Or did Daddy, ever threaten you  
With a hunting trip?  
And we're glad we got to know you  
Though you were just a kid  
Your compass burned out long before  
Your polling ever did

Loneliness was tough  
The toughest role you ever had  
Not many Neo-Cons around you  
To help you resurrect your Dad  
But even though you've lost  
And your career's a wretched mess  
You'll get lotsa love from media  
Who will praise your TDS

And it seems to me, that decency  
Was something just beyond your grip  
Or did Daddy, ever threaten you  
With a hunting trip?  
And we're glad we got to know you  
Though you were just a kid  
Your compass burned out long before  
Your polling ever did

Goodbye Neo-Liz  
Though we hardly knew you at all  
It wasn't far from Daddy's tree  
Your toxic apple made its fall  
Goodbye Neo-Liz  
From a man who didn't have a say  
Who still grieves the half a million souls  
Who your Daddy blew away

And it seems to me, that decency  
Was something just beyond your grip  
Or did Daddy, ever threaten you  
With a hunting trip?  
And we're glad we got to know you  
Though you were just a kid  
Your compass burned out long before  
Your polling ever did



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Gusty

Posted: August 28, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Windy” by The Association

*I'm going to go with sixties hippy-happy pop:*

Who's peeking out from under a stairway  
Calling a name that's lighter than air?  
Who's bending down to give me a rainbow?  
Everyone knows it's Gusty

Who's tripping down the streets of the city  
Smiling at everybody she sees?  
Who's reaching out to capture a moment?  
Everyone knows it's Gusty

And Gusty has stormy eyes  
That flash at the sound of lies  
And Gusty has wings to fly  
Above the clouds (*Above the clouds*)  
Above the clouds (*Above the clouds*)

Meanwhile, below the clouds and the airwaves:  
Gusty's stormy eyes  
are flashing at a benjamin  
and making up  
stuff about Vlad Putin.  
But it's all about lying for the benjamins,  
lying for the benjamins  
lying for the benjamins



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# I'll Be Seeing You

Posted: September 8, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: "I'll Be Seeing You" by Billie Holiday

*Hillary Clinton tells CBS that she will never run for President again. It's the end of an era, and one can't help but have feelings of nostalgia—remembrances of things past. And although people pass out of our lives, our fond memories of them will never be forgotten. So, a bittersweet farewell song to Hillary, altered from the classic lyrics of "I'll Be Seeing You", sung by Billie Holiday below:*

We'll be seeing you  
In all the old familiar places  
Though it will be brand new faces  
We'll see you.  
In some little grift  
Some futures trading gift  
The Senate's carousel  
Will always be... their wishing well.  
We'll be seeing you  
In every scheme of pay-to-play  
In every huckster making hay  
We'll always think of you that way.  
We'll find you in Senate Chambers  
And when each session's new,  
We'll watch other Russian-blamers  
But we'll be seeing you.  
We'll be seeing you  
In every foreign war-torn day  
In every Empire Power Play  
We'll always think of you that way.  
We'll find you in fake charities  
And when we watch The View  
We'll see new ghastly wannabe's  
But we'll be seeing you.



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# In A Covid Zone

Posted: September 1, 2022

Sardonia

Inspiration: Melody borrowed from "Like a Rolling Stone" by Bob Dylan

Once upon a time we felt so fine  
Going out to dine, sipping wine,  
Didn't we?  
Someone said beware, there's a bug out there  
I thought that they were...  
Kidding me.  
We used to... laugh about  
How fun it was... hanging out  
Suddenly we all had some doubt  
Sitting next to some screaming loud  
Not wanting to get sick... from our next meal.  
How does it feel?  
How does it feel?  
To be on your own  
In a complete unknown  
In a Covid Zone.  
Then we heard from Public Fools  
And credentialed ghouls  
They had shiny new tools  
That worked if we...  
Boosted it.  
But people got sick, we'd been gas-lit  
Got an advisory bit:  
"You're gonna have to get... used to it."  
Some said, "This doesn't... seem too wise."  
"A novel virus never... justifies  
"test data hidden from our eyes."  
"We're four jabs in and still the virus flies."  
And they said, "Sorry... that's just the deal."

How does it feel?  
How does it feel?  
To be on your own  
In a complete unknown  
Misinformation sown  
In a Covid Zone.  
Ah, they never took the time  
Never spent a dime  
Wouldn't even mime  
Or tell a cutesy rhyme  
That there were... other ways  
To keep the bug from goin' 'round  
Spread from town to town  
Cuz their puppet-masters found  
And began to hound:  
"We got one that pays!"  
We used ride on a... Science meme  
One that used an... empirical theme  
So long ago it only seems a dream  
Now all we get is a Pharma scheme  
And it wants every last dollar... it can peel.  
How does it feel?  
How does it feel?  
To be on your own  
In a complete unknown  
Misinformation sown  
In a Covid Zone.  
Ahhh, Big Business got their way  
Got the media to say  
*"Have a lovely day.*  
*"We're back to... normal now!*  
*"All the restaurants are full*  
*"Packed concerts are so cool*  
*"Wear a mask and you're a fool.*  
*"Spend all your... Visa's allow!"*

*“Don’t fret about... long disease  
It will mostly pass like a... summer breeze  
“Get vaxxed every month if you please  
“No harm to your immune system’s T’s  
“You’re invincible now!  
“Tear your mask off... with a zeal!”*

How does it feel?  
How does it feel?  
To be on your own  
In a complete unknown  
Misinformation sown  
In a Covid Zone.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Little Tacos

Posted: July 13, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Little Boxes” by Pete Seeger

*Jill Biden straps on a banjo and serenades the Latinos with her version of Pete Seeger’s “Little Boxes”, but is in for a surprise... .*

Little tacos on the hillside  
Little tacos made of ticky-tacky  
Little tacos here in Texas  
Little tacos all the same.

And you tacos in your shanties  
Head out to work the berry fields  
Where you all develop lumbar strain  
Little tacos all in pain.

Some are nurses some are janitors  
And one might be a soccer star  
And we celebrate your diversity  
So you’ll all vote Democrat!

How we love your fun pinatas  
And tequila and the cockfighting  
And you have so many children  
That will all vote just the same.

(Reads note handed from assistant,  
resumes strumming and singing)

Well, I see here in the latest polls  
That most of you are now Republicans  
What the hell has gotten into you  
Are you smoking Hunter’s crack?



After all my husband's done for you  
Let you all in to drive the wages down  
And helped you to assimilate  
By calling you Latin-ex.

But you cling to your traditions  
Instead of what we planned for you  
So who needs you, we won't pander you  
We got the colored folks in the bag.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Lose Yourself

Posted: August 28, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Lose Yourself” by Eminem

*So, Lambert posted about Hillary’s new “Gutsy” road tour—apparently on one more try for the Presidency. And while Lambert “can’t even”, I can—because at some point I just start to feel sorry for her, obsessed with a dream she’ll never reach. So out of compassion I offer this suggestion, with a re-wording of Eminem’s signature anthem, “Lose Yourself”.*

(spoken intro)

Look, you had your one shot,  
Your one opportunity  
To seize everything you ever wanted,  
in one moment  
Did you capture it,  
or did you let it slip?

(music begins, builds, then rap begins)

Yo!  
Your palms are sweaty,  
knees bad, arms are heavy  
There’s something on your sweater already,  
Unused confetti  
Superfluous,  
you’re prepping words for us,  
looking calm and ready  
To run again,  
but you keep on forgetting  
You lost to a clown,  
how the hell do you live that down  
You wanna go another round,  
but the country’s sick of your sound  
Your choke was renowned,  
it’s a joke to rebound

The clock's run out, time's up,  
over, you drowned.  
Snap back to reality, ope,  
here comes gravity, ope.  
Just go back to Hope,  
but you won't have it be, nope  
Cuz Power's been your dope,  
addiction's a slick slope.  
When you lost you couldn't cope,  
Foaming like a rabid antelope.  
Too dumb to just take it and mope.  
Nauseate us with lame trope after trope.  
Went home to Chappaqua,  
back to the lab again,  
Blamed everyone but the Vatican  
Tryin' to recapture a moment  
But it's gone! Blam!  
Please try to heal your soul  
Here's how to let it go  
Slip into the beat, and flow.  
Flow for your life,  
Ma'am

You better lose yourself  
In the music, the moment,  
Just own it  
You better never let it go.  
You've only got one shot,  
Do not miss your chance to flow  
This opportunity's  
Your very last lifeline  
Yo.

You better lose yourself  
In the music, the moment,  
Just own it  
You better never let it go.  
You've only got one shot,  
Do not miss your chance to flow  
This opportunity's  
Your very last lifeline.  
You better... .

Your soul's escaping  
Through this hole that's gaping.  
The world was yours for the taking.  
You lost to a white Don King.  
As we move to a new world order  
A normal life is boring  
But Superstardom's  
Close to post-mortem.  
Forget it, enjoy your daughter.  
Forget your dreams to be Leader.  
Fame is cool, 'til you meet Her.  
Then you find She's a star-beater  
You'd be sorry you fought Her.  
Give it up! Fame's got scabies.  
Just enjoy your grandbabies!  
Go ahead, write more books  
But lose the rabies.  
Why you wanna be a Globetrotter?  
Schmoozing from banquet to banquet?  
Leave Bill alone? He'll never quit.  
Seen Monica's new anklet?  
Maybe keep your nose where you oughta.  
Think being Prez brings immortality?  
Your name in books every century?  
Maybe a statue of you at Wesley?  
Well, here's your bucket of cold water—  
History won't care 'bout glass ceilings,  
won't give a f\*\*\* about your feelings  
It'll talk of your dirty dealings  
And war-torn places that need healings  
And your Power Plays that led to slaughter.  
Now's the chance to heal your soul

Give it up, let it go  
The Beat goes on, let it flow  
It's your Last Chance to lose that poison.  
Yo.

You better lose yourself  
In the music, the moment,  
Just own it  
You better never let it go.  
You've only got one shot,  
Do not miss your chance to flow  
This opportunity's  
Your very last lifeline  
Yo

You better lose yourself  
In the music, the moment,  
Just own it  
You better never let it go.  
You've only got one shot,  
Do not miss your chance to flow  
This opportunity's  
your very last lifeline.  
You better... .

You can heal anything you put your mind to... .



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Magic Bus

Posted: September 14, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Magic Bus” by The WHO

*For security, Heads of State will not be allowed to use their private transportation to Queen Elizabeth’s funeral, and instead will all be loaded together onto a bus! Since none of them have probably been on a bus since they were in 8th grade, I can imagine them all regressing back to rowdy 13-year-olds once they all get on. And here’s how I imagine the bus driver trying to keep them in line (with them shouting in parentheses)—melody stolen from “Magic Bus” by The Who.*

“All you jerks, stay in your damn seat.”  
*(“Oh Wow! Magic Bus!!”)*

“Behave yourselves, you got Royals to meet.”  
*(“So fun! Magic Bus!!”)*

“Try to stop acting so infantile.”  
*(“Let’s ride! Magic Bus!!”)*

“The ride to Abbey’s just another mile.”  
*(“Let’s beat up Lizzie Truss!!”)*

“I’m your driver, have respect for me!”  
*(“So cool! Love this Bus!!”)*

“Just wanna get there, go home for tea.”  
*(“Nice hair! Now it’s mussed!!”)*

“Orban, Scholz, and Carl Gustaf!!!”  
*(“Let’s trash, up this Bus!!”)*

“One more spitball and I’m throwin’ you off!!!”  
*(“Who’s got, angel dust?”)*

“I don’t care how much this pays.”  
*(“Let’s kick, up a fuss!!”)*

“No way in hell I’m drivin’ both ways... .”  
*(“Let’s hi—jack this Bus!!”)*

"I've had it, I've had it, I've had it, I've had it"  
(*"You c-a-a-a-a-an't stop us."*)

"Morons and clowns are all I see,  
"Sorriest lot in History,  
"Morons and clowns are all I see,  
"These fools think they can win World War Three."

(*"Magic Bus! Magic Bus! Magic Bus!"*)

"Trouble and nonsense, just today."  
(*"We own, Magic Bus!"*)  
"Trouble and nonsense, just today."  
(*"We own, Magic Bus!"*)  
"I don't mind drivin' the working class."  
(*"We own, Magic Bus!"*)  
"But these Heads of State can all kiss my a@@"  
(*"We own, Magic Bus!"*)

"After today, I'll think I'll just... ."  
(*"We own, Magic Bus!"*)  
Retire from drivin' this stupid bus."  
(*"We own, Magic Bus!"*)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Now look at them 1’s & 0’s...”

Posted: February 7, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Money For Nothing” by Dire Straits

*(I want my, I want my MMT)*

*(I want my, I want my MMT)*

*(I want my, I want my MMT)*

*(I want my, I want my MMT)*

Now look at them 1’s & 0’s, that’s the way to do it  
Ginning up money via the MMT  
That ain’t workin’, that’s the way to do it  
Money for nothin’ from the mouse clique for free

Now that ain’t workin’, that’s the way you do it  
Lemme tell ya, them guys ain’t dumb  
Maybe get a blister on your little finger  
Maybe get a blister on your thumb

Look at that, look at that  
Money for nothin’ QWERTY clicks for free *(I want my, I want my MMT)*  
Money for nothin’ clicks for free *(I want my, I want my MMT)*  
Money for nothin’ clicks for free *(I want my, I want my MMT)*  
Money for nothin’ clicks for free *(I want my, I want my MMT)*  
Easy, easy money for nothin’ *(I want my, I want my MMT)*  
Easy, easy clicks for free *(I want my, I want my MMT)*  
Easy, easy money for nothin’ *(I want my, I want my MMT)*  
Clicks for free *(I want my, I want my MMT)*  
That ain’t workin’



He shoulda learned to play the market  
He shoulda learned to play them Harvard funds  
Look at that MMT mama she got PR from the camera man  
We could have some-

Money for nothing, clicks for free  
Money for nothing, clicks for free



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Musk's Yellow Brick Road To Mars

Posted: April 26, 2022

By Martin Oline

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" by Elton John

*That's a nice car. I hope it's electric and running on 80% coal power in Kansas City, the Ohio valley and other places. It's a brave new world and I can't wait! I think Biff Rose said "her inner peace was much too loud" and that is true of me. The following song I call **Musk's Yellow Brick Road to Mars** (hint to the melody):*

First I built my cars electric  
That's not a Detroit metric  
They're in my rear view mirror (*whistle*)  
My rockets are self-landed  
Starlink satellites wide-banded  
If I was an engineer

Forty-four billion dollars  
And Wall street starts to holler  
The liberals fill with fear (*whistle*)  
I'll have Dorsey in my pocket  
Bezos still can't build a rocket  
If I was an engineer

Oh I will cruise among the stars  
Vacation on the red beaches of Mars  
A grip on Twitter, I can't hardly wait  
To see the serfs at my star gate

I would build the first Mars station  
for off world colonization  
be the envy of my peers (*whistle*)  
I'd lead my life without caution

I would even have stock options  
If I was an engineer

As for excess radiation  
You need not have trepidation  
No, you needn't have a fear (*whistle*)  
You could rocket here and there  
Wearing my lead-lined underwear  
If I was an engineer

(tap dance interlude)

I will be a Martian King  
A world of wonders it will surely bring  
There's really nothing that I couldn't do  
But that's for me now how 'bout you?

You can be a mathematician  
Or spend your time a-fishing  
The choice is up to you (*whistle*)  
If you're flora or you're fauna  
You can make it with Madonna  
To your inner self be true



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# My Evolution Will Not Be Sterilized

Posted: September 9, 2022

By Sardonia

Inspiration: “Revolution Will Not Be Televised” by Gil Scott-Heron

*Lambert posted yesterday about a new Covid-sterilizing nasal vaccine from India's Bharat Biotech. Will we get it in the US? Hah! So, I can imagine the novel Coronavirus itself speaking to us—using this slightly lyric-tweaked (but rapid-fire cadence-maintained) version of Gil Scott-Heron's classic 1971 spoken-word piece “The Revolution Will Not Be Televised”.*

You have been unable to stay home, brother.  
You have been unable to mask up, wise up, or lock down.  
You have been unable to keep away from crowds  
And skip out on seeing Phish concerts live, and so  
My Evolution will not be Sterilized.

My Evolution will not be Sterilized.  
My Evolution will not be brought to heel  
By Pfizer in four parts or five or six without interruption.  
My Evolution will not be seen as Rochelle Walensky trumpets “Victory!”  
By blowing a flugelhorn from her a@@ while being interviewed on CNN  
And telling Anderson Cooper that the most comfy mask is made from single-ply Kleenex.  
My Evolution will not be Sterilized.

My Evolution will not be brought to heel by the bought-and-paid-for FDA  
That will never approve a nasal vaccine that kills both Me and Pharma profits.  
My Evolution will not be seen while you watch the NFL.  
My Evolution will not be sung by Taylor Swift.  
My Evolution will not be live-streamed on the Internet, and so  
My Evolution will not be Sterilized, brother.

There will be no pictures of My genetic form  
Morphing its building blocks to evade outdated jobs

And trying to slide that new RNA into new cellular homelands.  
NBC will not be able to predict which mutation  
Will be the one that makes Me just as lethal as Ebola.  
My Evolution will not be Sterilized.

There will be no pictures of Me clotting up platelets all throughout the bloodstream.  
There will be no pictures of Me clotting up platelets all throughout the bloodstream.  
There will be no pictures of My legions  
Being run through aortas inflaming your myocardium.  
There will be no slow motion or still life's of My numbers  
Strolling from nose through olfactory bulbs and entering your brains  
And making everything smell and taste like a rotting corpse.

Jeopardy, The Wheel of Fortune, and American Idol  
Will no longer seem so damn relevant  
And women will not care if Dick finally got down on Jane  
On The Hung and the Listless  
Because Cognition will be as foggy as a San Francisco day.  
My Evolution will not be Sterilized.

There will be no highlights on the eleven o'clock news  
Of Public Health agents being arm-twisted by Big Business  
To prioritize profits over health.  
The theme they will push will be "*We can only pre-treat the symptoms.*"  
And a vaccine made abroad that will kill Me  
Will be quietly strangled in the womb.  
My Evolution will not be Sterilized.

My Evolution will not be set back  
By any message about Bharat Biotech,  
Bharat this, or Bharat that.  
You'll be told not to worry about the threat of Long Covid,  
Or disability, or adverse effects of Pfizer's jabs.  
My Evolution will not be NPR's concern.  
My Evolution will not even be mentioned at all.  
My Evolution WILL... knock you on your goddam seat.

My Evolution will not be Sterilized.  
Will not be Sterilized.  
Will not be Sterilized.  
Will not be Sterilized.  
My Evolution will be a free run, brothers.  
My Evolution will be live.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# NATO

Posted: August 22, 2022

By **Sardonía**

Inspiration: “Lola” by The Kinks

*As Zelensky realizes he's been suckered in, **WAY** over his head, I can imagine him singing the song of his sad tale—to the melody of “**Lola**” by The Kinks:*

I met them at a banquet up in Brussels town  
Where you eat mignon with a golden brown  
Baked potato  
T... A... T... O, 'tato  
They walked up to me, and they asked me to dance  
I asked for their name and in a voice of romance  
They said, “NA-TO”  
N... A... T... O, NATO  
Na na na na, NATO

Well, I'm not the world's most physical guy  
So when they said I might join, it brought a tear to my eye  
Oh my NATO  
Na na na na, NATO  
Well, I'm not dumb but I didn't understand  
Why they'd encourage a war but wouldn't send us a man  
Oh my NATO  
Na na na na, NATO  
Na na na na, NATO

Well, they bought champagne and we drank all night  
Under electric candlelight  
They picked me up and sat me on their knee  
And said, “*Little boy, let's go make History!*”

Well, I'm not the world's most passionate guy  
But when I looked in their eyes  
I almost fell  
For my NATO

Na na na na, NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO  
 NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO

I pushed them away  
 I walked to the door  
 I fell to the floor  
 I got down on my knees  
 Then I looked at them  
 And they at me

Well, that's the way that we started to play  
 And I guess it's just gonna be this way  
 With my NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO  
 Into a proxy war I was hurled  
 It's a mixed up muddled up shook up world,  
 In bed with NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO

Well, I left Kiev just a week before  
 And I'd never ever seen Kinetic War  
 But NATO smiled and took me by the hand  
 And said, *"Dear boy, we're gonna make you a man!"*

Well, I'm not the world's most intelligent man  
 But now I know I'm just a pawn, I'm a sacrificial lamb  
 To my NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO  
 NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO  
 Na na na na, NATO



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# An Ordinary Bug

Posted: July 6, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “No Ordinary Love” by Sade

*Someone’s tweet featured on yesterday’s Water Cooler: An unmasked woman in the checkout line next to me just loudly said to the unmasked cashier, when asked for ID, “Don’t touch it though. I’ll hold it for you. I have COVID.”*

*This deserves a song—with apologies to Sade (Ah, Sade—the woman who became perched on my Pedestal of My Dream Woman, replacing Morticia Addams from The Addams’ Family, who had been there since I was 13):*

I gave you all the bug I had  
I gave you more than I could give  
Gave you bugs... .

I gave you all that I had inside  
And you took my bug  
You took my bug.

Didn’t I tell you  
What I believe in?  
Our President said that  
This little bug can’t last.

No need to worry  
Just don’t touch my ID  
Baby.

I gave you all the bug I have  
But I went and got the jab  
Last September.

So we can laugh and shout and sing  
And not care about a thing  
Just remember...

No more crying  
They're not lying  
There's nothing like  
A peaceful psyche  
Baby... .

It's... just... an... ordinary bug  
An ordinary bug.  
It's... just... an... ordinary bug  
An ordinary bug.

Once it came our way  
Now it's gone away  
From our minds.

Didn't I tell you  
What I believe in?  
Rochelle Walensky  
Said no need to hide our smiles  
Don't have to care now  
Go anywhere now  
Baby.

It's... just... an... ordinary bug  
An ordinary bug.  
It's... just... an... ordinary bug  
An ordinary bug.

I'll keep smiling for you  
It's only a tiny flu  
I've got so much to do  
Why am I turning blue?  
And I'm falling... .  
Why'm I falling... .



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Plucky Man

Posted: July 3, 2022

By Sardonia

Inspiration: “Lucky Man” by Emerson, Lake & Palmer

*With the Russians taking Lysychansk and apparently encircling the remaining Hapless in a cauldron in Luhansk, seems fitting to dedicate a requiem to a common Ukrainian farmer, sent to the front lines—with apologies to Emerson, Lake, and Palmer:*

He... had white horses  
And acres... by the score  
All which... needed tilling  
But they sent him... to the war.

*Ooo... what a Plucky Man... he was  
Ooo... what a Plucky Man... he was.*

A rolled-up... woolen blanket  
It made up... his bed  
And he watched... as the Azovs  
Murdered anyone... who fled.

*Ooo... what a Plucky Man... he was  
Ooo... what a Plucky Man... he was.*

He went... to the Donbas  
For the Empire... of Lies  
Conscripted... by Zelensky  
Mr. Kissinger... in disguise.

*Ooo... what a Plucky Man... he was  
Ooo... what a Plucky Man... he was.*

A Sarmat... had found him  
Left him scattered... 'cross the land  
Mr. Blinken... had no comment  
Except "Victory... *is at hand.*"

*Ooo... what a Plucky Man... he was*  
*Ooo... what a Plucky Man... he was... .*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Punch Up Not Down

Posted: September 5, 2022

By Sardonia

*Time to go off to bed... But off the top of my head...*

G ot no song in my mind  
So I'll just go *a cappella*  
Try to bust out a rhyme  
And respond to that there fella  
Yeah it's fun to punch down  
And get out over your skis  
But just remember that clown  
Took out two dynasties  
Jeb was a shoo-in for Red  
Until Trump had some fun  
And slayed Jeb when he said  
*"Why don't your Mommy run?"*  
Then with the winds in his face  
Against a true abomination  
He still eked out first place  
And stopped a wicked coronation  
And yeah, it's easy to bash  
The dimmest bulbs in his crowd  
And to call them White Trash  
They don't read Maureen Dowd  
But keep in mind who they fought  
The very Cream of Elite  
Folks totally Bought  
And still got totally beat  
MAGA don't have high IQ's  
Just a family to feed  
Most have paid lots of dues  
And still don't have what they need  
Some sent their kids off to war  
Some came back; couldn't walk  
So when Trump said *"No more"*

They cheered the Dove, not the Hawk  
Sure, Trump is a con man  
But he trolled the Ruling Class  
And his MAGA said “C’mon man  
“Stick that finger up their a@@!”  
But now it’s time for sleep  
Time to lay my head down  
But just a thought here to keep—  
Maybe punch up, not down.

*Night night, y’all, Peace Out :)*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Trump Shack

Posted: August 13, 2022

Sardonia

Inspiration: “Love Shack” by The B-52’s

*The Raid at Mar-a-Lago deserves a song parody, so, courtesy  
of The B-52’s—“Love Shack” (best dance song ever!!)*

I can see a faded sign on the side of the road that says  
Fifteen miles to the Trump Shack! Trump Shack, yeah  
We’re headin’ down, the Palm Beach Highway  
Lookin’ for the Trump, Get-away  
Headin’ for the Trump, Get-away...  
Trump Get-away

I got me a warrant as opaque as a brick  
And we’re headin’ on down to the Trump Shack  
I got a gang of goons, I count about thirty  
So hurry up! Let’s do the Down and Dirty!

The Trump Shack is a little old place where  
We can steal his leverage!  
Trump Shack!  
Baby, Trump Shack!  
Trump Shack!  
Baby, Trump Shack!

Sign says... woo... stay away fools  
Cuz Trump rules, at the Trump Shack  
But we know our job, gonna use our little mob  
To rifle through and rob, anything that hurts The Blob  
Photographs of Biden  
And the little girls he’s hidin’  
Hillary in leather  
Strokin’ Huma with a feather

The Trump Shack is a little old place where  
We can steal his leverage!  
Trump Shack!  
Baby, Trump Shack!  
Trump Shack, that's where it's at  
Trump Shack, that's where it's at

Huggin' and a-kissin', dancin' and a-lovin'  
Cuz we stole his Oppo Research—it's as hot as an oven!  
The whole Shack shimmies  
Yeah, the whole Shack shimmies  
The whole Shack shimmies when all our goons are rootin'  
Around and around and around and around!  
All our goons are rootin', all our goons are lootin'  
More linin' up outside, just to join in the fun!  
All our goons are rootin', all our goon's are lootin', Baby  
Funky little shack  
Funky little shack

I got me a warrant as opaque as a brick  
And it's about to get sick!!!  
I got a gang of goons, I count about thirty  
So come on! Let's do the Down and Dirty!

The Trump Shack is a little old place where  
We can steal his leverage!  
Trump Shack!  
Baby, Trump Shack!  
Trump Shack, that's where it's at  
Trump Shack, Oh, Baby, that's where it's at

Bang bang bang, on the door, Baby  
(*thump thump*)  
"Hey, you got a warrant?"  
Bang bang bang, on the door, Baby  
(*thump thump*)  
"Read it from 10 feet, Sugar"  
Bang bang bang, on the door, Baby  
(*thump thump*)



*"I wanna see the affidavit!"*

Bang bang bang, on the door, Baby  
*(thump thump)*

*"It's in Jimmy Hoffa's pocket!"*

Bang bang bang, on the door, Baby  
*(thump thump)*

*"You sure this is legit?"*

Bang bang bang, on the door, Baby  
*(thump thump)*

*"They'll explain on CNN."*

Bang bang bang, on the door, Baby  
*(thump thump)*

*"We were in negotiation!"*

Bang bang bang, on the door, Baby  
*(thump thump)*

*"Ha! We went in through the back."*

*"You WHAT??!!"*

*"We planted docs—you're BUSTED!!!"*

Trump Shack, baby, Trump Shack!  
Trump Shack, baby, Trump Shack!  
Trump Shack, baby, Trump Shack!  
Trump Shack, baby, Trump Shack!  
Huggin' and a-kissin', dancin' and a-lovin'  
At the Trump Shack!



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Mister Dick You've Got An Ugly Daughter

Posted: August 7, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: "Mrs. Brown" by Herman's Hermits

*With Liz Cheney leading the Republican effort to destroy Donald Trump, I'm imagining him popping over to her daddy Dick Cheney's house, just to see if she's around, and when not finding her there, deciding to serenade Dick with an update of an old Herman's Hermits tune:*

**M**r. Dick you've got an ugly daughter  
Girly sharks like her are something rare  
But it's sad. She doesn't love me now  
She's made it clear enough; it ain't no good to pine

I hoped she'd be home and that I'd caught her  
I've a little gift I'd like to share  
Things have changed. She doesn't love me now  
She's made it clear enough; it ain't no good to pine

Walking about; might call it a stalk  
I'll pick her out; got a jab of... Novichok

If she finds that I've been 'round to see you  
Tell her that I'm well and feelin' fine  
Don't let on. Don't say she broke my heart  
I'll find her soon enough; there ain't no use to pine

Walking about; might call it a stalk  
I'll pick her out; got a jab of... Novichok

If she finds that I've been 'round to see you  
Tell her that I'm well and feelin' fine  
Don't let on. Don't say she broke my heart  
I'll find her soon enough; there ain't no use to pine

Mr. Dick you've got an ugly daughter  
Mr. Dick you've got an ugly daughter  
Mr. Dick you've got an ugly daughter



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Once upon a line...”

Posted: January 16, 2022

By Wukchumni

Once upon a line  
When least expected  
Among the most respected  
The world fell in time

Covid is our Chernobyl  
With a half life of full lies  
From those we've learned to despise  
My observation strictly anecdotal



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Surprise...”

Posted: January 6, 2022

By Wukchumn

Inspiration: “Party Out Of Bounds” by The B-52’s

Surprise!  
Party!

Yeah, we just thought we’d drop in!

Where’s Pelosi’s laptop?

Hey, where’s Pence?

Ew, house-a-tosis!

Who’s to blame when a party really gets out of hand?

Who’s to blame when they get poorly planned?

*Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoooo-oooooooooooo*

Crashers get bombed, slobs make a mess  
You know they’ll even ruin your next Inaugural address

Crashers gettin’ bombed

Who’s to blame?

Can the GOP pull it back in line?

Can they salvage it in time?

What can you do to save a party?

Blame Pelosi charades?

A spur-of-the-moment scapegoat scavenger hunt

Or remain in denial (*aah, who turned out the lights?*)

Bombed, crashers gettin’ bombed

Crashers gettin’ bombed, bombed, bombed, bombed, now,

Who’s to blame?

Who’s to blame when situations degenerate?

Disgusting jail terms you’d never anticipate?

*Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoooo-oooooooooooo*

People get picked up, they played the wrong games  
You know, it could ruin your name

Crashers gettin' bombed  
Who's to blame?  
Can you pull it back in line?  
Can you salvage it in time?

*Whooooooooo!*

It shouldn't be difficult!  
Try not to condemn!  
Okay, who ordered Pizzagate?  
Please be tactful when making the rounds  
Be tactful when making the jail rounds and maybe  
You can save a party gone out of bounds (party gone out of bounds)  
Party gone out of bounds (*gone out of bounds*)  
Party gone out of bounds  
Gone out of bounds



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I Got Covid Knockin’ At My Door...”

Posted: January 12, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “The Needle And The Damage Done” by Neil Young

I got Covid knockin’ at my door  
I’ve had 3 shots, should I have some more?  
Ooh, ooh, the damage done

I hit the news and listened to Biden’s demand  
I watched the needle take another man  
Gone, gone, the damage done

I sing the song because I loathe the man  
I know that some of you don’t understand  
Political blood to keep from running out

I’ve seen the needle and the damage done  
A little part of it in everyone  
But every precedent is like a settin’ sun



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “It’s true, it’s true, the Senate has made it clear...”

Posted: June 19, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Camelot” by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Lowe

It’s true, it’s true, the Senate has made it clear  
The climate in DC isn’t perfect all the year

A law was made a distant moon ago here  
July and August can be too hot  
And there used to be a 6 year limit to the show here for Kamala

Senate is forbidden after December  
And exits not having done a lot  
By order, Senate lingered through at least November for Kamala

Kamala: Camelot?  
I know it sounds a bit bizarre  
But for Kamala: Camelot  
That’s how conditions are

Her Senate reign fell after election  
By January 20th, when the possibility looms near  
In short, there’s simply not a more presumptive spot  
For happily ever after in than here for Kamala



Kamala: Camelot

I know it gives a person pause

But in Camelot: Kamala?

Those are the legal laws

The show may never be thrust upon her spot

But if Joe wavers, an answer must appear

In short, there’s simply not a more easy entry slot

For happily ever after here in the White House for Kamala



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Look, he’s drinking up inside, outside Whitehall...”

Posted: January 19, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Boris The Spider” by The WHO

Look, he’s drinking up inside, outside Whitehall  
Blonde and hairy, the disheveled gall  
Now everyone wants his head  
Hanging by a little thread

Boris the despised one  
Boris the despised one

Now he’s dropped on to the floor  
Heading for an apology tour  
Maybe he’s as scared as me  
Where’s he gone now, I can’t see

Boris the despised one  
Boris the despised one

Creepy, crawly  
Creepy, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly

There he is wrapped in a fetal ball  
Doesn’t seem to move at all  
Perhaps his term is dead, I’ll just make sure

House of Parliament vote him out the door

Boris the despised one

Boris the despised one

Creepy, crawly

Creepy, crawly

Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly

Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly

Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly

Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly

He’s come to a sticky end

Don’t think he will ever mend

Never more will he crawl ’round

Number Ten Downing ground

Boris the despised one

Boris the despised one



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Nibblin’ on let them eat cake...”

Posted: January 22, 2022 at 12:32 pm

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Margaritaville” by Jimmy Buffet

Nibblin’ on let them eat cake  
Watchin’ the sum take  
All of those dead from Covid mistake  
Strummin’ my QWERTY  
On my laptop circuitry  
Smell those consequences  
They’re beginnin’ to boil

Wastin’ away again in Margaritaville  
Searchin’ for somebody to kickbox assault  
Some people claim that there’s Biden to blame  
But I know it’s Psaki’s fault

Don’t know the reason  
I got Covid during ski season  
Nothin’ to show but this brand new positive attitude  
But it’s a real beauty  
An asymptomatic cutie  
How it got here I haven’t a clue



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Down the mountainside...”

Posted: January 27, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Southern Pacific” by Neil Young

Down the mountainside  
To the coastline  
Past the angry tirade  
The mighty digital divide

And the ultimatum comes  
And the ultimatum goes  
Round another bend  
Spotify says it's time up, Yo!

Roll on, Spotify  
On your Rogan coattails  
Through the ether  
Roll on, Spotify  
On your Rogan coattails  
On your Rogan coattails

I rode the highball in the 60's  
After the gold rush dialed in  
When I turned seventy-six  
Online trombones went silent from lack of din

So it was Mr. Young  
We've got to let you go  
That's company policy  
You've got \$174.78 coming, though



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “When I think back on all the crap I learned about Covid...”

Posted: January 28, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Kodachrome” by Paul Simon

When I think back on all the crap I learned about Covid  
It's a wonder I can think at all  
And though my lack of education hasn't hurt me none  
I can read the writing on the wall

Omicron  
They give us those nice bright outcomes  
Give us the hope of summer  
Makes you think all the world's a sunny day, oh yeah  
I got a been there-done that  
I love to take a PCR test  
So mama, don't take my Omicron immunity away



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “O Canada...”

Posted: February 4, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “O Canada” by Calixa Lavallée and Sir Adolphe-Basile Routhier

We got a few Lornes, Neil, Joni & Monty<sup>1</sup>  
True expatriate love, such a bounty  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,  
The talent fleeing ye  
From far and wide  
Owe Canada, we appreciate thee



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

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<sup>1</sup> Pronounced like “mountie” in this instance.

# “Mademoiselle from Armentières...”

Posted: February 9, 2022

By **Wukchumni**

Inspiration: “Hinky Dinky Parley Voo” by Al Dubin, Irving Mills, Jimmy McHugh and Irwin Dash

*Parler and Melania Trump, The Hill*

**M**ademoiselle from Armentières  
Parler view

Hasn't been missed for over a year  
Hinky-dinky Parler view

Oh Mademoiselle from Armentieres  
Parler view  
You didn't have to know her long  
To know the reason men go wrong  
Hinky-dinky Parler view

Oh Mademoiselle from Armentieres  
Parler view  
You might forget Trump's hard sell  
But you'll nev'r forget the Mademoiselle  
Hinky-dinky Parler view



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “Truckin’, got my hopes cashed in...”

Posted: February 22, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Truckin’” by The Grateful Dead

Here’s What We Know So Far About Possible Trucker  
Convoy Protests Coming To D.C. Soon DCist.

Truckin’, got my hopes cashed in  
Keep truckin’, as suggested by the Newsmax man  
Together, more or less in line  
Just keep truckin’ on

Rows of For Rent marquees out on Main Street  
Chicago, New York, Detroit and it’s all on the same street  
Your typical city involved in a typical pandemic daydream  
Hang it up and see what tomorrow brings

Dallas, got an oil machine  
Houston, nothing like New Orleans  
New York got the ways and means  
But just won’t let you be part of the funds

Most of the cats that you meet on the street speak of true loathe  
Most of the time, they’re sittin’ and cryin’ at home  
One of these days they know they better be goin’  
Out of the door and down to the street all alone

Truckin’, the Fox man once told me  
*“You’ve got to play your hand”*  
Sometimes the cards ain’t worth a dime  
If you don’t lay ’em down

Sometimes the TV light’s all shinin’ on me  
Other times, I can barely see  
Lately, it occurs to me  
What a long, strange trip it’s been



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “You’re as cold as ice cream...”

Posted: March 1, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Cold As Ice” by Foreigner

You’re as cold as ice cream  
You’re willing to sacrifice a farewell to arms

You never take advice  
Someday you’ll pay the price, I know

I’ve seen it before, it happens all the time  
You’re closing the Sub-Zero door, you leave the world behind  
You’re digging for *gelato*, you’re throwing away  
A fortune in face work, but someday you’ll pay

You’re as cold as ice cream  
You’re willing to sacrifice a farewell to arms

You want a NATO paradise  
But someday Ukraine will pay the price, I know

I’ve seen it before, it happens all the time  
You’re closing the Sub-Zero door, you leave the world behind  
You’re digging for *gelato*, you’re throwing away  
A fortune in face work, but someday you’ll pay

You know that you are  
(*Cold as ice cream*) As cold as ice cream to me  
(*Cold as ice cream*)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “My President said to Putin, you’re gonna’ drive me to drinkin’...”

Posted: March 7, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Hot Rod Lincoln” by Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen

My President said to Putin, you’re gonna’ drive me to drinkin’  
If you don’t pay heed to Anthony Blinken

Have you heard this story of the hot war arms race  
When Raytheon & Lockheed Martin was settin’ the pace  
That story is true,  
I’m here to say  
It was all about the executive pay

MIC gets nearly a trillion a year  
And it’s really souped up  
And that F-35 makes it look real tough  
It eats through money; uses it all  
It’s got overdrive, just watch out for a high speed stall

Pulled out of Rzeszow late one night  
The moon and the stars was shinin’ bright  
We was flyin’ up  
And down a hill  
Passing cars like they was standing still

All of a  
Sudden in a wink of an eye  
A SU-75 Checkmate passed us by  
I said, “Boys,  
*That’s a plane for me!*”

*“My ‘President said to Putin, you’re gonna’ drive me to drinkin’...”*

By then the taillights was all you could see

Now the fellas was ribbin’ me for bein’ behind,  
So I thought I’d make the Lightning unwind  
Put my foot on the gas and man alive,  
I shoved it on down into overdrive

Wound it up to mph 1,210  
My speedometer said that I hit top end  
My foot was blue, like lead to the floor  
That’s all there is and there ain’t no more



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “Say hello to Russian gold and Chinese petroyuan...”

Posted: March 16, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Money” by Berry Gordy and Janie Bradford

*Say hello to Russian gold and Chinese petroyuan—Pepe Escobar @ The Cradle*

The best things in life are free  
But you can keep them in Bretton Woods with birds & bees  
Now give me hegemony, i  
That’s what I want  
*(That’s what I want)*  
That’s what I want, *(That’s what I want)*, yeah  
*(That’s what I want)*  
Your SWIFT gave me a thrill  
But now the petrobuck don’t pay Chinese oil bills  
Now give me hegemony, *(That’s what I want)*  
That’s what I want  
*(That’s what I want)*  
That’s what I want, *(That’s what I want)*, oh, yeah  
*(That’s what I want)*  
Hegemony don’t get everything, it’s true  
What it don’t get, I can’t use  
Now give me hegemony, *(That’s what I want)*  
That’s what I want  
That’s what I want, *(That’s what I want)*, yeah  
*(That’s what I want)*  
Waaa



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “From this White House they say you are leaving...”

Posted: April 1, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Red River Valley” by Marty Robbins

From this White House they say you are leaving  
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile  
For you take with you all the sunshine  
That has brightened our pathways a while

Then come sit by my side when you get on tv  
Do not hasten to lie to me, there too  
Just remember the red ginger validated it  
And thus her words must be true

For a long time, my darlin', I've waited  
For the final words you never would say  
Now at last all my fond hopes have vanished  
For they say that you're going after MSNBC pay

Then come sit by my side when you get on tv  
Do not hasten to lie to me, there too  
Just remember the red ginger validated it  
And thus her words must be true



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “When you film upon a star...”

Posted: April 16, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “When You Wish Upon A Star” by Leigh Harline and Ned Washington

Police play Disney music to stop person recording  
for copyright infringement *Sacramento Bee*

When you film upon a star  
Makes no difference who you are  
Anything your heart desires  
Won't come to you online

If your heart is in your dream  
A copyrighted request is too extreme  
When you film upon a star  
As dreamers do

Fate is fickle  
Video puts the coppers in a pickle  
The sweet fulfillment of  
Their secret filming

Like a bolt from the blue  
Fate steps in and says you're through  
When you film upon a star  
Your viral dreams don't come true



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “Down the hall their voices ring...”

Posted: April 19, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “The Lost Children” by Gordon Lightfoot

Down the hall their voices ring, their feet are on the run  
Phantoms on the winter sky, together they do come  
Faded lips and eyes of blue, they're carried in the wind  
Their laughter filled the countryside but they'll not laugh again

All the games are ended now, their voices have been stilled  
Their fathers built the tools of war by which they all were killed  
Their mothers made the uniforms, showing which side they were on  
And the young boys were the middle men for the guns to prey upon

You've seen the fires in the night, watched the Devil as he smiles  
You've heard a mother's mournful cry as she searches for her child  
You've seen the lines of refugees, the faces of despair  
And wondered at the wise men who never seem to care

Goodbye, you lost children, God speed you on your way  
Your little beds are empty now, your toys are put away  
Your mother sings a lullaby as she gazes at the floor  
Your father builds more weapons and marches out once more

Down the hall their voices ring, their feet are on the run  
Phantoms on the winter sky, together they do come  
Faded lips and eyes of blue, they're carried in the wind  
Their laughter filled the countryside but they'll not laugh again



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Over there, over there...”

Posted: April 20, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Over There” by George M. Cohan

Over there, over there  
Send the word, send the word over there  
That the yank is coming  
The market plummeting  
The HFT’s short-running  
Everywhere  
So prepare, say a prayer  
Send the word, send the word to beware  
The bull market will be over, we’re talking over  
And it won’t come back as it’s over  
Over there



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Jaw-Jaw, Jaw-Jaw...”

Posted: April 24, 2022

Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Georgia On My Mind” by Ray Charles’

Jaw-Jaw, Jaw-Jaw  
J The whole day through (*the whole day through*)  
Just an old sweet song  
Keeps Jaw-Jaw on my mind (*Jaw-Jaw on my mind*)

I said Jaw-Jaw  
Jaw-Jaw  
A song of you (*a song of you*)  
Comes as sweet and clear  
As moonlight through Mariupol

Other arms reach out to thee  
Other weapons sent clandestinely  
Still in peaceful dreams I see  
The road leads back to you

I said Jaw-Jaw  
Oh Jaw-Jaw, no peace I find (*no peace I find*)  
Just an old sweet song  
Keeps Jaw-Jaw on my mind (*Jaw-Jaw on my mind*)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Tiptoe through the window...”

Posted: May 12, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Tiptoe Through The Tulips” by Tiny Tim

Tiptoe through the window

By the Coinbase, that is where I'll be  
Come tiptoe through the tulips with me

Oh, tiptoe from the modem  
By the garden of the money tree  
And tiptoe through the tulips with me

Knee deep in crypto we'll stray  
We'll keep the naysayers away  
And if I make big gains in the market, in the moonlight  
Will you pardon me?  
And tiptoe through the tulips with me

Maybe it's flowers that hold sway and will be the showers of life  
And when I make bank in the market in the moonlight  
Will you pardon me and tiptoe through the tulips with me?



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “You import 39 tons, what do you get?”

Posted: May 23, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Sixteen Tons” by Tennessee Ernie Ford

78,000 pounds of infant formula arrives in US AP

You import 39 tons, what do you get?  
Another week of reprieve, babies not upset  
Hey Abbott why can't you make more  
So parents can buy at the grocery store?

Babies were born one mornin' where the sun didn't shine  
I got onto a forklift and I drove to the C-17 on the line  
I loaded 39 tons of infant formula  
And the straw man chief executive said, “*Well, a-bless my soul*”

You import 39 tons, what do you get?  
Another week of reprieve, babies not upset  
Hey Reckitt why can't you make more  
So parents can buy at the grocery store?

Babies were born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain  
Thanks for the mammaries was their silent refrain  
Raised in the bosom by a young mama lion  
No pacifier is going to satisfy their urge this time

You import 39 tons, what do you get?  
Another week of reprieve, babies not upset  
Hey Biden why can't you make them make more  
So parents can buy at the grocery store?



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Hello? Is there anybody in there?...”

Posted: May 24, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Comfortably Numb” by Pink Floyd

Hello? (*Hello? Hello? Hello?*)

Is there anybody in there?  
Just nod if you can hear me  
Is there anyone home?  
Come on now  
I hear you're feeling down  
Well I can ease your pain  
Get your cryptos up again  
Relax  
I'll need some information first  
Just the basic facts  
Can you show me where it hertz?

There is no pain you are receding  
A distant bunch of 1's & 0's on the horizon  
Sellers are only coming through in waves  
Your blips move but I can't understand what you're saying  
When I was on the outside looking in I had a feeling  
The bubble felt just like two balloons  
Now I've got that feeling once again  
I can't explain you would not understand  
This is not how I am  
1's & 0's have made you uncomfortably numb  
  
1's & 0's have made you uncomfortably numb

Okay (*okay, okay, okay*)  
Just a little pinprick  
There'll be no more, ah  
But you may feel a little sick  
Can you stand up?  
I do believe it's working, good  
That'll keep you going through your dough  
Come on it's time to go



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Mother, Father, we’re here in the DC zoo...”

Posted: May 26, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Goon Squad” by Elvis Costello

*Ode to the Squad...*

Mother, Father, we’re here in the DC zoo  
We can’t come home can’t give up social media too soon  
I got my paid for sentence  
I got my online command  
They said they’d make us famous if we met all their demands

I could be an influencer into scolding punishment  
Or if you’d like be part of the establishment  
We laugh behind the good old boys back and put some to the rod  
But I never thought they’d put us in the

Goon squad  
They’ve come to look you over and they’re giving you the eye, eye, eye, eye  
Goon squad  
They want you to come out to play  
You’d better say goodbye, aye, aye, aye

Some turn out to be two faced  
And some tales grow too tall  
Some go thinking with the GOP base  
Some are no fun at all

And you must find the proper place  
For everything you see  
But you’ll never get a lack of encouragement out of me



Goon squad

They’ve come to look you over and they’re giving you the eye, eye, eye, eye

Goon squad

They want you to come out to play

You’d better say goodbye, aye, aye, aye



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “There’s some yellow cops in Texas over in Uvalde...”

Posted: May 27, 2022

By Wukchumni --

Inspiration: “The Yellow Rose of Texas” (traditional)

There’s some yellow cops in Texas over in Uvalde  
Nobody did anything for over an hour, you see  
Moms & dads cried when apathy broke their heart  
There’s 19 little kids who sadly did depart

It isn’t the biggest mass murder that Texas ever knew  
26 were gunned down in Sutherland Springs, some in pews  
You may talk about this or that horrific tragedy  
But the yellow cops of Texas was a sorry sight to see



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Hi there Uvalde Texas, what you say...”

Posted: June 5, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Chattanooga Choo Choo” by Glenn Miller

Hi there Uvalde Texas, what you say  
Step aside partner, it’s my day  
Bend an ear and listen to my version  
Of a really deadly Tennessee excursion

Pardon me, boy  
Is that the Chattanooga shoot shoot? (*yes yes*)  
He hit 20  
Boy, 3 dead & 17 wounded  
Can we afford a Chattanooga shoot shoot  
I’ve had my fare and no more to spare

You leave the Philly shooters, ’bout 14 shot there  
Reload a magazine and then you’re emotionally in Baltimore  
Bodies in the rue morgue  
Nothing could be more defining  
Then to have a number of them flatlining

When you hear the last rites spoken  
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far  
Shovel all the bullets in  
Gotta keep the action going  
Woo, woo, Chattanooga there you are

There’s gonna be  
A certain AR-15 at the situation  
Magazine emptied on location  
I used to call our funny fate

Some are gonna cry  
For those who will never go home  
So Chattanooga shoot shoot  
Why'd you shoot shoot outside the nightclub where you roamed?

Chattanooga Chattanooga  
Get aboard  
Chattanooga Chattanooga  
All Aboard  
Chattanooga Chattanooga  
Chattanooga shoot shoot  
Why'd you shoot shoot the club up all alone?  
Chattanooga shoot shoot



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Goodbye, Joe, he gotta go, me oh my oh...”

Posted: June 12, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Jambalaya” by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Goodbye, Joe, he gotta go, me oh my oh  
He gotta go, price of gas & vittles up the wazoo  
His Ukraine sleaze smothered in pleas, me oh my oh  
Hunter’s his son, laptop revelations up the wazoo

Don’t run in ’24!, the internet is buzzin’  
Demo kinfolk come to see Kamala by the dozen  
In Donkey Show style they go hog wild, me oh my oh  
Sum of all fears, she’ll end his term on the Potomac

Kamala & VP Pete and mumbo jumbo  
Joe’s gonna be my Chernenko  
Har de har they’ll both be stars any day oh  
Son of a gun, we’ll have big fun deciphering the mumbo jumbo

Settle down far from DC town, get him in his Corvette  
And he’ll catch all the ‘hey-nice car’ looks in Delaware  
Swap him historically with Hoover, you bet  
Hunter’s his son, he’ll have big fun riding shotgun



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Hey, Janet...”

Posted: June 13, 2022

By Wukchumni

Hey, Janet  
Yes, Jay?

I've got something to say  
Uh huh  
I really loved the skillful way  
You beat the other girls to be first female SecTres

Oh, Jay

The river of denial was deep but I swam it (Janet)  
The future inflation is ours so let's 2% plan it (Janet)  
So please don't tell me we can't can it (Janet)  
I've one thing to say and that's  
Dammit, Janet, I love you

The road to ruin was long but I ran it (Janet)  
There's inflation on my part and you fan it (Janet)  
If there's one well Fed fool for you then I am it (Janet)  
I've one thing to say and that's  
Dammit, Janet, I love you

Here's a 50 basis point move to prove that I'm no joker  
There's three ways that an economy can grow  
That's good, bad or mediocre  
Oh J-A-N-E-T I love you so



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Oh Larry Yun...”

Posted: June 16, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Oh Very Young” by Cat Stevens

Oh Larry Yun  
What will you tell us this time  
You're only dancing on this earth for a short while  
And though American Dreams may toss and turn you now  
They will vanish away like a 30 year fixed  
Mortgage fading up to the sky  
And though you want the bubble to last forever  
You know it never will, you know it never will

And the interest rate hike make the good buys harder still

Oh Larry Yun  
What will you have us believe this time

There'll never be a better chance to change your mind  
And if you want this world to see a better day

Will you carry the words of low interest loan with you  
Will you ride great housing bubble into mandate of heaven  
And though you want it to last forever  
You know it never will

And lack of affordability makes the journey harder still

Oh Larry Yun  
What will you tell us this time  
You're only dancing on this earth for a short while  
Oh Larry Yun  
What will you have us believe this time



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Joe is that awkward uncle...”

Posted: June 19, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Bicycle Race” by Queen

*Joe is that awkward uncle who in theory you love dearly, but are terrified  
what comes out of their mouth @ Thanksgiving. The fun part is watching  
the puppeteers scramble to reverse something dumb he has uttered, I  
can't remember a President with as many precedents as Biden.*

*Ode to Joe:*

Bicycle, bicycle, bicycle  
I want to ride my bicycle, bicycle, bicycle  
I want to ride my bicycle  
I want to ride my bike  
I want to ride my bicycle  
I want to ride it where I like  
You say inflation, I say negation  
You say no bite or bark, I say malarkey  
You say my popularity shrank, I say hey nation  
January 6th was never my scene  
And I don't like Czar Wars  
You say roles, I say please upon me foist  
You say Clyburn give me a choice  
You say President, I say Oh Christ!  
I don't believe in any Putin Plan  
A NATO Frankenstein against a Superman  
All I wanna do is  
Bicycle, bicycle, bicycle



I want to ride my bicycle, bicycle (c'mon), bicycle  
I want to ride my bicycle  
I want to ride my bike  
I want to ride my bicycle  
I want to ride it where I like.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Remember when the housing bubble started eh...”

Posted: June 21, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “They’re Coming To Take Me Away” by Napoleon XIV

Remember when the housing bubble started eh  
And you got on my nerves and begged me  
to buy before prices go berserk?

WELL,

You left me to my own devices and  
Then the euphoria got worse and worse  
And now you see values have gone completely  
out of whack, might need an XXXXXXXXL stack

AND

They’re coming to take me away,  
Haha, they’re coming to take me away,  
Ho ho, hee hee, ha ha,  
To the funny farm  
Where life is beautiful all the time  
And I’ll be happy to see  
Those used house salesmen

In their Century 21 coats  
And they're coming to take me AWAY,  
HA HAAAAA

You thought it was a joke,  
and so you LAUGHED, YOU LAUGHED  
When I had said that losing out  
Would make me flip my lid,

RIGHT?

You know you laughed.  
I HEARD you laugh, you laughed  
You laughed and laughed  
And then you left,  
But now you know I'm Utterly Mad by missing out.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “He was elected in a cross-fire political hurricane...”

Posted: July 1, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Jumpin’ Jack Flash” by The Rolling Stones

He was elected in a cross-fire political hurricane  
And howled later at Trump in an ongoing 1/6 refrain  
But it’s all right now, in fact, it’ll all pass  
But it’s all right, Jumpin’ Jack’d Gas  
Need more Cash, Cash!, Cash

He was raised on a train in Delaware  
He went to school in Senate to become aware  
But it’s all right now, in fact, it’ll all pass  
But it’s all right, Jumpin’ Jack’d Gas  
Need more Cash, Cash!, Cash

In early 2020 he was washed up and left for dead  
Clyburn fell down to his feet and asked if he’d be game as Ned  
He frowned at Bernie’s lead, nobody wanted him to get ahead  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

He was crowned with a voting spike alas  
But it’s all right now, in fact, it’ll all pass  
But it’s all right, Jumpin’ Jack’d Gas  
Need more Cash, Cash!, Cash

Jumpin’ Jack’d Gas, need more cash  
Jumpin’ Jack’d Gas, need more cash  
Jumpin’ Jack’d Gas, need more cash  
Jumpin’ Jack’d Gas, need more cash  
Jumpin’ Jack’d Gas



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Well-a-well-a, I just got into Nathan’s today...”

Posted: July 3, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Hot Dog” by Led Zeppelin

Well-a-well-a, I just got into Nathan’s today  
To see how many hot dogs I could put away  
With Joey Chestnut running up the score  
I applied myself, in Coney Island town  
When I finally did sit down  
I find myself in more indigestion than before

They said we couldn’t do no wrong  
No other love for tube steaks could be so strong  
They served hot dogs from the chafing dish bottom drawer  
I played my part, and forsook my kidneys  
Despite my bulging old blue dungarees  
And I’ll never be able to wear them anymore

Now my hunger’s gone, I don’t know what to do  
I lost my urge and walked right out the door  
And if I ever again find inspiration, I know one thing for sure  
I’m going to never eat more than four

I ended up eating seventeen  
A little on the light side these days, it seems  
But they said a bowel movement was well worth waiting for  
I took their word, I took it all  
Beneath the sign that said eat more  
Joey ended up eating four score  
Ah, oh!



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Fighting solders from AI...”

Posted: July 5, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “The Ballad of the Green Berets” by SSgt. Barry Sadler

Fighting solders from AI  
Fearless machines who can't die  
Machines who do just what you say  
The brave machines of the MIC array

Set a command within their chest  
These are machines, America's best  
One hundred men meet a machine's abilities today  
But would die when pitted against an MIC array

Trained to live off man's grid  
Trained in combat, won't flip it's lid  
Machines who fight by night and day  
Courage is a given with the MIC array

Set a command within their chest  
These are machines, America's best  
One hundred men meet a machine's abilities today  
But would die when pitted against an MIC array

Back at home, a mother waits  
Another one has met his fate  
He has died for those AI possessed  
Who didn't honor his last request



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “One giant bubble makes your assets larger...”

Posted: July 7, 2022

Wukchumni

Inspiration: “White Rabbit” by The Jefferson Airplane

One giant bubble makes your assets larger  
And low interest rates makes your savings small  
And the ones that the Maestro gave us  
Don't do anything at all  
Go ask Alan  
When the dominoes fall

And if you go chasing returns  
And you know they're going to fall  
Tell 'em a put stroking nonagenarian  
Has given you the call  
Call Alan  
When the market goes into a flat-spin stall

When the men on the Fed board  
Get up in Jackson Hole  
And you've just had some kind of mushroom  
And your mind is moving low  
Go ask Alan  
I think he'll know



When logic and proportion  
Have fallen sloppy dead  
And the White Knight is talking backwardation  
And Dow Jonestown agrees “full speed ahead!”  
Remember what Ayn’s acolyte said:  
*“Heed the Fed. Heed the Fed.”*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Over there, Uber there...”

Posted: July 11, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Over There” by George M. Cohan

Over there, Uber there,  
Send the word, send the word over there,  
That the leaks are coming, the yank is coming,  
The stock short-running everywhere.  
So prepare, say a prayer,  
Send the word, send the word to beware,  
It's over, we're talking over,  
And taxis will come back when it's over over there.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I could hardly believe it...”

Posted: July 13, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “How Am I Supposed to Live Without You?” by Michael Bolton

*Bolton looks at Trump’s putative “coup” planning  
with the cool eye of a professional:*

I could hardly believe it, when I heard the news today  
I had to come and get it straight from you  
They said you were leavin’, someone’s swept your country away  
From the look upon your face I see it’s true

So tell me all about it, tell me ’bout the plans you’re makin’  
Oh, then tell me one thing more before I go

Tell me, how am I supposed to live without you?  
Now that the *coup d’etat* happened i’ve been waiting for so long  
How am I supposed to live without you  
And how are you supposed to carry on?  
When all your authority is gone

I’m too proud for inciting, didn’t come here to back down  
It’s just a dream of mine that came to fruition  
And how can I blame you when I push the world around  
The hope that one day we’d have somebody else as friends?

I don’t wanna know the price I’m gonna pay for you leaving, oh  
Even now it’s more than I can take

Tell me, how am I supposed to live without you?  
Now that the *coup d'état* happened I've been waiting for so long  
How am I supposed to live without you  
And how are you supposed to carry on?  
When all your authority is gone



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I’m up on the Trump tight wire...”

Posted: July 14, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Tight Rope” by Leon Russell

*Kevin McCarthy said Trump “goes up and down with his anger”  
toward others, comparing it to walking “the tightest tightrope”:*

I’m up on the Trump tight wire  
One side’s nice and one is ire  
It’s a circus game with him and me  
I’m up on the tight rope  
One side’s hate and one is my speaker of the house hope  
Being the head honcho is all I seek

And the wire seems to be  
The only place for me  
A comedy of errors and I’m falling  
Like a rubber-neck giraffe  
You look into my past  
Well maybe you’re just too blind to see

I’m up in the spotlight  
Oh does it feel right  
Oh his altitude seems to get to me  
I’m up on the tight wire  
Flanked by an odious liar  
Putting on a show for you to see

Like a rubber-neck giraffe

You look into my past  
Well maybe you're just too blind to see

I'm up in the spotlight  
Oh does it feel right  
Oh his altitude really gets to get to me  
I'm up on the tight wire  
Flanked by an odious liar  
Putting on a show for you to see



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba...”

Posted: July 22, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “I Wanna Be Sedated” by The Ramones

Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Caught Covid twenty-twenty-twenty-four hours ago  
I wanna be intubated  
Nothing to do, nowhere to go home  
I wanna be intubated  
Just, get me in an updated iron lung, put me on a plane  
Hurry hurry, hurry, before I go insane  
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain  
Oh no, oh-oh oh-oh  
Caught Covid twenty-twenty, twenty-four hours ago  
I wanna be intubated  
Nothing to do, nowhere to go home  
I wanna be intubated  
Just put me out to pasture, get me on a plane  
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go insane  
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain  
Oh no, oh-oh oh-oh  
Hey, oh, let's go  
Hey, oh, let's go  
Hey, oh, let's go  
Hey, oh, let's go  
Hey, oh, let's go  
Hey, oh, let's go  
Caught Covid twenty-twenty-twenty-four hours ago  
I wanna be intubated

Nothing to do, nowhere to go home  
I wanna be intubated  
Just put me in an updated iron lung and get me to the show  
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go loco  
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my toes  
Oh no, oh-oh oh-oh  
She's a punk, a punk veep elevated to chief  
I wanna be intubated  
Just put me out to pasture, get me on a plane  
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go insane  
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain  
Oh no, oh-oh oh-oh  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Hey, oh, let's go, bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Hey, oh, let's go, bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Hey, oh, let's go, bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Hey, oh, let's go, bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Hey, oh, let's go, bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Hey, oh, let's go, bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba, I wanna be intubated, hey, oh, let's go  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba, I wanna be intubated, hey, oh, let's go  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba, I wanna be intubated, hey, oh, let's go  
Bam-bam-baba, babam-ba-baba, I wanna be intubated



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).



# “A ditty about Little Boy and Fat Man...”

Posted: August 7, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Jack & Diane” by John Mellencamp

A ditty about Little Boy and Fat Man  
Two American bombs thought up in the heartland  
Little Boy’s gonna be a uranium scar  
Fat Man debuts from backseat of Bockscar

Suckin’ on fire-seared cogs that used to be human beings  
Fat Man’s sittin’ on Japan’s lap  
He’s got his hands between Nagasaki’s knees  
Little Boy say, hey Fat Man lets run off  
Behind Hiroshima and see  
Dribble off those babbling brooks  
Let me do what I please  
And Little Boy say a

Oh yeah life goes on  
Long after the thrill of livin’ is gone  
Oh yeah life goes on  
Long after the thrill of livin’ is gone they wok on

Little Boy sits back reflects his thoughts for a moment  
Scratches his head and does his best clean sweep  
Well you know Fat Man we oughta blow up the city  
Fat Man says, baby you ain’t missing no-thing  
Little Boy say a

Oh yeah life goes on  
Long after the thrill of livin’ is gone  
Oh yeah life goes on  
Long after the thrill of livin’ is gone

Gonna let it rock  
Let it roll  
Let the A Bomb come down  
And save my soul  
Hold on to U 235 as long as you can  
Changes comin' round real soon  
Make us half-life women and men

A ditty about Little Boy and Fat Man  
Two American bombs that went off according to plan



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “We got notified in a fever...”

Posted: September 10, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Jackson” by Johnny Cash and June Carter

We got notified in a fever, drier than a dusty spout  
We’ve been talkin’ ’bout Jackson  
Ever since the water went out.  
I’m talkin’ to Jackson, don’t mess around  
Yeah, I’m talkin’ to Jackson  
Look out Jackson town

Well, go on drink in Jackson; go ahead and wreck your health  
Go play your hand you big-talkin’ man, make a big fool of yourself  
Yeah, go to Jackson; have Brandon drink a glass there

As if water shortages gonna snowball aside from Jackson

Stay tuned out there

When they bring bottled water into that city, people gonna stoop and bow (*Hah!*)  
All that H2O is gonna make do, teach ’em about the here & now  
Joe’s goin’ to Jackson, your turn to pull an Obama Flint feint  
is Joe goin’ to Jackson?

“Goodbye” that’s all she wrote

But they’ll laugh at you in Jackson, and dancin’ a dry jig  
They’ll lead you ’round town like a scalded hound  
With your tail tucked between your legs  
Yeah, go to Jackson, you big-talkin’ man  
And I’ll be waitin’ in Jackson-adjacent, hanging out on the wi-fi lam

Well we got notified in a fever, drier than a dusty spout  
We've been talkin' 'bout Jackson, ever since the water went out  
Joe's goin' to Jackson, and will toss a glass of water back  
Yeah, he's goin' to Jackson, probably never comin' back.

We got notified in a fever, drier than a dusty spout,  
We've been talkin' 'bout Jackson  
Ever since the water went out...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Here in Kharkiv...”

Posted: September 15, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Cars” by Gary Numan

Here in Kharkiv  
I feel safest of all  
I can lock all my doors  
It’s the only way to live in Kharkiv

Here in Kharkiv  
I can only receive  
I can listen to you  
It keeps me stable for days in Kharkiv

Here in Kharkiv  
Where the image breaks down  
Will you visit me, please  
If I open my door in Kharkiv?

Here in Kharkiv  
I know I’ve started to think  
About leaving tonight  
Although nothing seems right in Kharkiv



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I am Uncle Sam...”

Posted: July 1, 2022

By Wukchumni

I am Uncle Sam. I am Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam I am.  
Do you like Putin's Kalibr SAM's?  
I do not like them, Uncle Sam-I-am.  
I do not like Vladimir's Kalibr SAM's  
Would you like them here or there?  
I would not like them here or there.  
I would not like them anywhere.  
I do not like Russia's Kalibr SAM's.  
I do not like them, Uncle Sam-I am.  
Would you like them hitting a Ukrainian house?  
Would you like them dispatched utilizing a mouse?  
I do not like them hitting a Ukrainian house.  
I do not like them being dispatched by a mouse.  
I do not like them here or there.  
I do not like them anywhere.  
I do not like them Commie' SAM's.  
I do not like them, Uncle Sam-I am.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Yellow Detente

Posted: August 15, 2022

By **Sardonía**

Inspiration: "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" by Elton John

*So, more Congress Folks flying to Taiwan. Time to update  
the lyrics to Elton John's Goodbye Yellow Brick Road:*

Where are you gonna come down?  
Where are you going to land?  
You should've, taken hints from the White House  
Shoulda listened to That Old Man  
You know we can't hold you forever  
You're can come and go as you please  
But do you really think that poking The Dragon  
Won't fill the world with un... ee... ee... ease

So goodbye Yellow Détente  
Now the Hawks of Society howl  
You can't stay out of the limelight  
And avoid a policy foul  
You gotta go fly to Taiwan  
You gotta find someone to taunt  
Oh, you finally decided our future lies  
Beyond the Yellow Day... taw... aw... awnt

What do you think you'll do then?  
They might just shoot at your plane  
It'll take y'all, a lotta gelato  
To set you on your feet again  
Maybe we'll get some replacements  
Who will work with President Xi  
But good luck, finding someone in Congress  
Who doesn't want World War Three... ee... ee

So goodbye Yellow Détente  
Now the Hawks of Society howl

You can't stay out of the limelight  
And avoid a policy foul  
You gotta go fly to Taiwan  
You gotta find someone to taunt  
Oh, you finally decided our future lies  
Beyond the Yellow Day... taw... aw... awnt



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



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