

THE NAKED CAPITALISM

# Songbook

VOLUME ONE



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



# “Just sit right back and you’ll hear a tale...”

Posted: September 17, 2022

By Wukchumni

Just sit right back and you’ll hear a tale  
A tale of a fateful trip  
That started from this tropic airport  
Aboard this DeSantistized ship

The Governor was a mighty selling man  
Like Abbott brave and sure he was right  
52 passengers set sail that day  
For a three hour flight a three hour flight

The political atmosphere started getting rough  
Sour grapes were tossed  
If not for the courage of the fearless crew  
The payback would be lost the payback would be lost

The ship set ground on the shore of this summertime illionaire isle  
With Larry David  
Bill Gates too  
An ex-President and his wife  
A bunch of movie stars  
Spike Lee & Letterman  
Here on Martha’s Isle

So this is the tale of our castaways  
They’re here for an unknown time  
They’ll have to make the best of things  
It’s an uphill climb



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# The Big Rock Candy Ukraine

Posted: September 17, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Big Rock Candy Mountain”

The Western press is such a mess  
All the lies that they keep churning  
How they fudge the facts about attacks  
And claim the tide is turning  
They recite what we write at the CIA  
All the lies our people puke  
Well, let's go see this fantasy  
Of The Big Rock Candy Ukraine

In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine  
Eating MRE's is fun  
Eleven different flavors  
Though we only get the one  
We like our water muddy  
We enjoy our mud quite wet  
It's a life of ease  
Doing as we please  
None of us die  
Nothing goes awry  
In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine

In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine  
The Russian troops can't fight  
Their tanks are tin with holes built-in  
And their rockets fail in flight  
Their fighter planes are slow as trains  
And their pilots blind as bats  
O combat's fun  
Cuz the Rooskies run  
White flags on poles



From their hidey-holes  
In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine

In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine  
The Chechens have no clue  
The Wagner Group's all nincompoops  
And they fight like they're brand new  
We launch patrols from our fighting holes  
And our patrols all come back  
O we rule the skies  
To protect our guys  
As we organize  
Mountains of supplies  
In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine

In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine  
We don't need winter clothes  
Just a camo shirt in the cold and dirt  
And we can't wait till it snows  
We have so many soldiers  
That we have to fight by turns  
When we march with pride  
All the Russians hide  
They drop their stuff  
Cuz we're just too tough  
In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine

We'll win it all this coming fall  
In The Big Rock Candy Ukraine



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Go away, immigrants...”

Posted: September 17, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: The 1963 #1 hit by Steve Lawrence, “Go Away, Little Girl”,

*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:*

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](#).

# “Now look here Joe, quit acting smart...”

Posted: September 17, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: Hank Williams, “No, No, Joe” (1950)

Now look here Joe, quit acting smart  
Stop being that old malarkey sort  
Don't you go sellin' half this country short  
No, no Joe

Just because you think you've found  
The political system that we know ain't sound  
Don't you go throwin' your weight around  
No, no Joe

'Cause Trump tried it and DeSantis tried it  
My Kevin tried it too  
Now they've caused dysfunction and did you know something?  
They're just as bad as you

Now Joe you ought to get it clear  
You can't push folks around with fear  
'Cause the right don't scare easy over here  
No, no Joe

What makes you do the things you do?  
You gettin' folks mad at you  
Don't bite off more 'n you can chew  
No, no Joe

'Cause you want a scrap that you can't win  
You don't know what you're gettin' in  
Don't go around leadin' with your chin  
No, no Joe

Now you got think tanks, some fair size think tanks  
But you're acting like a clown  
'Cause man we've got a mess, a mess of political ranks  
And you might get caught with your think tanks down  
Don't go throwin' out your chest  
You'll pop the buttons off your vest  
You're playing with a hornets' nest  
No, no Joe

You know, you think you've found somebody we should dread  
Just because you're seein' red  
You better get that foolishness out of your head  
No, no Joe

And you might be itchin' for a WW3 fight  
Quit braggin' about how the Russian bear can bite  
'Cause you're sitting on a keg of dynamite  
No, no Joe



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Martha's Vineyard

Posted: September 18, 2022

By Antifa

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

My 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 just 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](#).

# Stan

Posted: September 19, 2022

By **Sardonía**

Inspiration: Eminem, “Stan”. Jeebus—580,000,000 views on YouTube!

*In yesterday's comments, LawnDart linked to an article about a New York Times series which severely criticizes China's Zero Covid policy. Wow. What song to parody for THAT? Immediately I thought of Eminem's “Stan”—in which he exchanges letters with a fan who becomes increasingly deranged. Wonderful song—Eminem's rapid-fire rap, interspersed with Dido's beautiful song “Thank you”.*

Chorus—Dido (as NYC Mayor Eric Adams)

My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why I  
Got out of bed at all.  
The morning rain clouds up my window  
And I can't see at all  
But then I read of my city's Covid toll,  
40 K dead, that is all  
It reminds me, that it's not so bad.  
It's not so bad.

*Verse 1—Eminem (as the New York Times)*

Dear Xi,—We wrote you, but you still won't listen  
You got cities, high rises—you won't let them shine and glisten  
Just wrote another series, dissin'—your brain must be missin'  
It should be our a@@ you're kissin'—instead you just take a whizzin'  
It's like you only care that your death toll hasn't risen.  
But anyways, s\*\*\*w it, what's been up? We need your products  
You can't lock things down, it s\*\*\*s up the world's economics,  
We don't make our own drugs—we need your hypnotics.  
You only care about health?  
We gotta worry about wealth too (on the stealth).  
Try to contain this virus? Everyone feels like they're in prison.  
You probably hear this a lot that we're not your biggest fans.  
You mess with supply chains and it mucks up our business plans.  
We're already stranglin' ourselves with Russian bans after bans.



Stop with this nonsense; with elections, recessions, we got enough on our hands.  
 Anyways, hope you read what we have to say, hit us back sometimes.  
 Explain yourself, hope it rhymes—Sincerely Yours, The Times.

Chorus—Dido (as NYC Mayor Eric Adams)  
 My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why I  
 Got out of bed at all.  
 The morning rain clouds up my window  
 And I can't see at all  
 But then I read of my city's Covid toll,  
 40 K dead, that is all  
 It reminds me, that it's not so bad.  
 It's not so bad.

*Verse 2—Eminem (as the New York Times—again!!)*

Dear Xi, you still ain't called or wrote, hope you have a chance.  
 We ain't mad, just...it's sad you won't answer our rants.  
 Guess you think you're so big you don't have to.  
 But we're The Times, dig, we know way more than you do.  
 We got writers from Harvard, Yale, and Brown  
 You still pulling your damn rickshaws around?  
 Don't know if you know it, but we got a CDC here.  
 We listen to them—maybe you got wax in your ear.  
 If every time someone's sick there you lock down, Clown  
 Pretty soon your whole country will look like our Downtown.  
 Remember how before we wrote nice things about China?  
 We'd be writing some more—we used to like you, kinda.  
 See, we're just like you, in a way—got power over masses,  
 Students read us in classes, their professors don't razz us.  
 We're read by the most powerful folks in our nation.  
 They love what we write—we even take their dictation.  
 Whatever we write, people take us real serious,  
 When we write about Trump we even make 'em delirious.  
 Everyone smart turns to us for analysis  
 We mold more minds than you can count on your abacus.  
 It's like adrenaline, having the influence we do  
 We can tell any lie—they'll believe that one too.

You should see what we wrote about WMD  
 If we really wanted, we could start World War Three  
 You gotta talk to us, man, we're the News Source Supreme  
 Sincerely, The Times. P.S.—We could make a good team.

Chorus—Dido (as NYC Mayor Eric Adams)  
 My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why I  
 Got out of bed at all.  
 The morning rain clouds up my window  
 And I can't see at all  
 But then I read of my city's Covid toll,  
 40 K dead, that is all  
 It reminds me, that it's not so bad.  
 It's not so bad.

*Verse 3—Eminem (as the New York Times—again!!!!!!)*

Dear Mr. I'm-Too-Good-to-Call-or-Write-Them-Back,  
 This'll be the last letter we send to your a@@.  
 It's been seven days, still no word, we don't deserve it?  
 We told you how our writers can make people fervid.  
 We coulda helped you out—been your PR machine,  
 Written praising accounts in our Sunday magazine,  
 Told everyone that they should bow to your whims,  
 Written biographies that had resounded like hymns.  
 All you hadda do was to do what we say,  
 But no, Mr. Xi had to think his own way.  
 You shoulda listened to us, shoulda took our advice,  
 But no, Mr. Bigshot didn't even think twice.  
 You just blew us all off like we're yesterday's trash.  
 So now sit up and listen, we got a brand new news flash.  
 Think our series on your lockdowns was over the top?  
 Just wait 'til you see what our next move is, Pop.  
 We'll tell all our readers you cooked up The Bug  
 And infected the world like a criminal Thug.  
 That your Zero-Covid move is a weapon of War  
 And it's time for our country to even the score.  
 We'll awaken our readers' subconscious fear  
 And aim it at Chinese citizens here

And then broaden our target to your own CCP.  
 You have no clue how vicious Americans will be  
 When they're told all their problems are easy to see,  
 And that each one is caused by YOU, Mr. Xi.  
 We've done it before; we'll do it again.  
 Unleash Dogs of War through our mightiest Pen.  
 It could have been beautiful, between you and us,  
 But you just wouldn't listen—no, you just missed the bus.

Chorus—Dido (as NYC Mayor Eric Adams)  
 My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why I  
 Got out of bed at all.  
 The morning rain clouds up my window  
 And I can't see at all  
 But then I read of my city's Covid toll,  
 40 K dead, that is all  
 It reminds me, that it's not so bad.  
 It's not so bad.

*Verse 4—Eminem (now as President Xi, replying)*

Dear New York Times, I meant to write sooner, I've just been busy.  
 I heard Mr. Biden got Covid—how is he?  
 Look, I'm flattered you've taken the time to advise me.  
 I always considered your words to be wisely.  
 Your paper is certainly one of the best,  
 And I know your reporters are loaded with zest!  
 However, I must say that your most recent letter  
 Concerns me, I think we can all do much better.  
 I'm sorry my negligence had such effect.  
 I certainly, certainly meant no disrespect.  
 I hold your opinions in the highest esteem,  
 I agree that someday we'd make a good team!  
 Your paper has always been one of renown,  
 But I'm hoping for now we can dial this down.  
 There's no need for us to become enemies,  
 Together we all need to fight this disease.  
 I realize not everyone seems to agree  
 On which way is best, which policy?  
 Please understand, my main obligation  
 Is to work to ensure the health of my nation.

Our Zero Covid goal is not easy to reach.  
Keeping Shanghai in lockdown is no day at the beach!  
We certainly take your opinions to heart,  
As this effort is one in which we all have a part.  
It requires clear vision from all us adults  
So when judging our efforts, please see our results.  
Of a billion and a half of our citizens here  
Just 15 K dead—our success would seem clear.  
Why, just yesterday I had read a report  
On how some nations have really come up way short.  
There was one with one-fifth our population  
Whose policies resulted in mass devastation.  
With far fewer people, over a million were dead!  
Their citizens must have been horribly misled.  
Let's see who it was; give me a moment or two.  
Let me scan through this list.... Oh my—it was... YOU.

(Outro)

Damn!



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Blowback Sanctions

Posted: September 19, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Superstition" by Stevie Wonder

Sanctions gonna kill us  
Writing's on the wall  
Sanctions gonna kill us  
Europe's 'bout to fall

Here's the price of methane  
Going up times ten  
Families face evictions  
Bankrupt businessmen

When we start a war  
That we don't understand  
Then we suffer  
Blowback Sanctions ain't the way, yeah

Sanctions gonna kill us  
Freeze us to the bone  
Gobbled up our savings  
Sank us like a stone

People up in Brussels  
Want us going strong  
Cannot hear the people  
Sorrow is our song

When we start a war  
That we don't understand  
Then we suffer  
Blowback Sanctions ain't the way, yeah

These sanctions are so evil  
Results are so insane  
They don't bother Russia  
We catch all the pain

Tell Ms von der Leyen  
From every Herr and Frau  
Give us back our lifestyle  
Drop these sanctions now

When we start a war  
That we don't understand  
Then we suffer

Blowback Sanctions ain't the way  
*No, no, no.*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Ode to silly Joe...

Posted: September 19, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: Roy Orbison, "It's Over"

Covid doesn't bother you anymore  
Golden days are here again  
Throw caution to the wind  
The pandemic won't be near you any more

Maskless moments when you fly  
Despite hundreds daily that seem to die  
Covid doesn't want you anymore  
It's over

Long Covid breaks your heart in two, to know what you used to be able to do  
But oh what will you do? When its through with you  
There's always someone new  
We're through  
We're through  
It's over  
It's over  
It's over

All the grieved of those who died  
Start to weep, then say goodbye  
Loved ones won't be seeing rainbows any more  
Setting suns before they fall, a dirt nap-not amore  
But you'll wont see them after all

It's over  
It's over  
It's over  
It's over



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# Semper Supra!

Posted: September 30, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from the US Space Force anthem

As our critics will observe  
We've never been to where we serve  
We have no pressure suits  
Jetpacks or magnet boots  
We watch the Star Wars and Thor  
To learn what we're fighting for  
Stuck on Earth as the days go by  
Our goal is to get real high

Space is endless, empty cold  
But we'll conquer as we're told  
We will crush the aliens  
After that we'll all be friends  
We defend our planet Earth  
From the ground for what it's worth  
Someday we'll be out on the move  
Until then we'll stay in the groove

All our fantasies fulfilled  
We'll join the Million Mile High guild  
We will sail to distant stars  
As we wave the stars and bars  
The galaxy colonized  
All the aliens baptized  
When the heavens are on fire  
Tell me true, can we get much higher?



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Putin's on the Fritz

Posted: September 21, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Puttin' on the Ritz" by Irving Berlin.<sup>1</sup>

W e've all seen the Western press  
Tell us Putin's such a mess  
He's a total invalid  
Clearly dying, (*Gawd forbid!*)

Perishing in pure agony  
Failed his colonoscopy  
Can't make some enzyme  
Has so little time

He turns blue just standing there, it's true they swear  
And those epileptic fits...  
Putin's On The Fritz

He needs shots, he's in all our prayers and thoughts  
Alzheimer's disrupts his wits...  
Putin's On The Fritz

Something in his arteries exploded  
Who can say how maNew York Times he's coded?  
(*He's so bloated*)

He appears among his peers fighting tears  
Wanting to simply call it quits...  
Putin's On The Fritz

(instrumental interlude)

---

<sup>1</sup> Alert reader Sardonia: comments: "This is the version of that song that's the most entertaining: from [Mel Brooks' Young Frankenstein](#)."

So they lie and say he'll die, or he has but  
Months to live and then won't exist...  
Putin's On The Fritz

News of losing in Ukraine is painful so  
They're quite quick to say he's sick...  
Putin's On The Fritz

When Putin dies some Yeltsin will take over  
Western banks will be rolling in clover...  
And take over

Propaganda is their game, Western media will proclaim  
Putin's on their kill checklist so...  
Putin's On The Fritz

Putin's On The Fritz

Putin's On The Fritz

Putin's On The Fritz



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# We Own the World

Posted: September 22, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “We Are The World” by Michael Jackson (1985)<sup>1</sup>

There comes a time you must heed a certain call  
When the world must come under our thumb  
We’re the Golden Billion  
And we’re pushing our own brand of greed  
We’ve got to own it all!

We can’t go on growing three percent each year  
Without pushing our colonial role  
Our burden is to manage your affairs  
For the goals Wall Street  
Decides they need

We own the world  
We own your children  
You work for us no matter where you live  
Or how you’re living  
It’s all hoovered up  
Into offshore accounts  
Your despair makes a better day  
Way over here

Your lives are hard, so we all pretend we care  
While we claim our help will bring democracy  
But there are strings attached, like working till you’re dead  
And handing over what that in your hands?

---

<sup>1</sup> Alert reader Sardonia comments: “When the Superstar musicians who sang this said ‘We all left our egos at the door,’ someone noted that they used the word ‘We’ 85 times.”

We own the world  
We own your children  
You work for us no matter where you live  
Or how you're living  
It's all hoovered up'  
Into offshore accounts  
Your despair makes a better day  
Way over here

Your commodities belong to us as well  
It's all just property, which means it's all for sale  
And we have way way way  
Way more cash than you will ever, ever own  
It's all ours when the paperwork gets done

We own the world  
We own your children  
You work for us no matter where you live  
Or how you're living  
It's all hoovered up  
Into offshore accounts  
Your despair makes a better day  
Way over here

(Repeat with ad-libs until the end)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Nineteenth Bug Infection

Posted: September 23, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: The Rolling Stones, “19th Nervous Breakdown”<sup>1</sup>

*Here in the Entertainment Section of NC (before you get to the intelligent comments), enjoy singing along with The Rolling Stones as we mess with their lyrics of “19th Nervous Breakdown” (such a fun, upbeat tune:)*

You’re the kind of person, who trusts the words from  
Corporate media  
If they got nice hair, you don’t really care  
Just what they’re feedin’ ya.  
You take each new jab, from the Pfizer Lab  
Even though it soon degrades.  
They neglect to teach you, it’s one that each new  
Variant evades.

You better stop.  
Look around.  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here comes your nineteenth Bug Infection!

Big Business ghouls, got a lotta Tools  
They got lotsa wherewithal.  
The imperative, of their narrative  
Is “Go out and spend it all.”  
“No need to fret”, said your TV set  
On the PBS News Hour:  
The same line as Trump, from another Chump  
Whose only concern is Power.

---

1 Alert reader Sardonía [comments](#): “Here’s, like, a 1967 live performance of the song—Mick really starting to get his Rooster on! Baby face and all...”

You better stop.  
Look around.  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here comes your nineteenth Bug Infection!

Oh, who's to blame?  
This world's just insane.  
Well nothin' we do don't seem to work  
'Specially when Special Interests lurk.  
Oh, Plee-eee-eee-eeze.

In medical schools, we got lots of fools  
Who really mess our minds.  
Overlooking facts, they can turn clocks back  
To much more carefree times.  
What we wanna hear, is "No need to fear."  
And they wanna think that too.  
And if they're kinda hot, they'll get a speaking spot  
On primetime Channel Two.

You better stop.  
Look around.  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here comes your nineteenth Bug Infection!

Oh, who's to blame?  
This world's just insane.  
Well nothin' we do don't seem to work  
'Specially when Special Interests lurk.  
Oh, Plee-eee-eee-eeze.

We'll take Innocence, over virulence  
We're gonna let the good times roll.  
There's no need to see, increased morbidity  
And its cumulative toll.  
We all hid away, and now it's time to play  
Time to go and have some fun.  
Play Russian Roulette, and mock the etiquette  
Of anyone who checks the gun.

Not gonna stop  
Or look around.  
Here it cuh...ums  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Battle of Kiev

Posted: September 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](#).

# The Battle of Mariupol

Posted: September 26, 2022

By GT

Well we fired our guns but the Azovs kept a-comin'  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago  
So we fired once more and they began to runnin'  
Down the Kalmius river to the gulf of Mariupol.

The Azovs ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles  
They ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go  
Oh they ran so fast, so the Russians couldn't catch 'em  
Down the Kalmius river to the gulf of Mariupol.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# West to Odessa

Posted: September 27, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "North To Alaska" by Johnny Horton

Way out West (*West to Odessa*)

Way out West (*West to Odessa*)

West to Odessa, we're goin' West, the push is on

West to Odessa, we're goin' West, the push is on

**A**cross the south of Ukraine the soil's like chocolate cake  
A land of ethnic Russians, and the Black Sea is their lake  
Well south of Galicia, where the Banderistas reign  
Lies the city of Odessa, with its harbor and sea lane  
Where mountains of wheat sail for the Bosphorus Strait  
Now the Kremlin wants Odessa back within the Russian state  
The people of Odessa think of Russia as their land  
They'll rejoin the Federation by popular demand

*Where Russian is spoken, one nation unbroken*  
West to Odessa, we're goin' West, the push is on

Way out West (*West to Odessa*)

Way out West (*West to Odessa*)

West to Odessa, we're goin' West, the push is on

West to Odessa, we're goin' West, the push is on

Hungary, Romania, and Poland all have schemes  
To carve up Western Ukraine to add to their regimes  
Ukraine will be Pirogis served up on a silver tray  
Just as soon as Russia has Odessa squared away  
The city of Kyiv, and the Oblast with that name  
And adjoining nearby Oblasts can keep some sorry claim  
To what's left of Ukraine under some new sobriquet  
Or it can remain the fifty-first state of the USA

*Where Russian is spoken, one nation unbroken*  
West to Odessa, we're goin' West, the push is on  
West to Odessa, we're goin' West, the push is on

Way out West (*West to Odessa*)  
Way out West (*West to Odessa*)  
Way out West (*West to Odessa*)  
Way out West (*West to Odessa*)



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “The neoliberals are all in, and their intentions are rotten...”

Posted: September 27, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Plane Wreck at Los Gatos,” by Deportee

The neoliberals are all in, and their intentions are rotten  
The weapons are packed in the ammo dumps  
They're flying them back to the Ukraine border  
To pay all our money to wade back again into war

Goodbye to a whistleblower, goodbye Edward  
Adios truthteller, Jesus what a pariah!  
You won't have a name when mainstream media goes lame  
All they will call you will be Deportee

Now my country's own Benedict Arnold, he waded that river of lies  
They took all the hope he made in his life  
4,441 miles from Hong Kong to the Moscow airport  
They chased him like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves

But honesty died in your countries, honesty died on your laptops  
Honesty died in your press, honesty died of your inflicted pains  
Honesty died in your reporting, honesty died like the Ceratops  
Both sides of the political river died just the same

*“The neoliberals are all in, and their intentions are rotten...”*

Goodbye to Edward, goodbye Uncle Sam  
Adios truthteller, Jesus what a pariah this man  
You won't have a name when mainstream media goes lame  
Now all they will call you will be Deportee



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# So Frozen We Could Die

Posted: September 29, 2022

By **Sardonía**

Inspiration: Elvis (I mean Olaf) the Pelvis, singing to the tune of “Heartbreak Hotel”. You don’t need the melody, but it’s still fun to watch Elvis shakin’ those hips in the ’50s

Well, since they blew the Nord Streams  
I got nobody who’ll sell  
The energy for my factories  
In Deutschland-ic Hell.  
Well I’ll be, I’ll be so frozen, Baby  
Well, I’ll be so frozen  
I’ll be so frozen, I could die.

Although we grew up from ashes  
To become an industrial power  
It’s getting tossed because of the cost  
Of each megawatt-hour  
Oh we’ll be, we’ll be so frozen, Baby  
We’ll be so frozen  
We’re so frozen, we could die.

They made sure no gas can be flowin’  
Americans, Britons, or Poles  
With friends like these who needs enemies  
Time to...start searchin’ for coals  
And we’ll get, we’ll get so frozen, Baby  
Well, we’ll get so frozen  
We’ll get so frozen, we could die.

Well now, if your allies hurt you  
And you’ve got a tale to tell  
No Western press will let us address  
Why...Deutschland is Hell  
Where we will be, we’ll be frozen, Baby  
Well, we will be frozen  
We’ll be so frozen, we could die.

When Winter hits we won't have  
Enough electricity  
To even observe the plummeting curve  
Of...our GDP.  
Oh we'll get so, we'll get so frozen, Baby  
We'll get so frozen  
We'll get so frozen, we could die.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “I asked to be in the club in the North Atlantic...”

Posted: September 30, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Lola” by The Kinks

I asked to be in the club in the North Atlantic  
Where you think help will come and restore order  
O... R, order  
They walked up to me and said adding the Ukraine was just arithmetic  
I asked to be part of the org and be defended by NATO  
N..., NATO

Well I'm not the world's most physical guy  
But I wear a green shirt that you can buy  
Oh my NATO, please don't negate oh!  
Well I'm not dumb but I can't understand  
Why NATO didn't have me in the plan  
Oh my NATO, its never too late, oh

Well we drank in the doom and prayed all night  
With all our might  
They'll hopefully pick me up in our hour of need  
And say little stand up comic won't you be with me  
Well I'm not the world's most stand up guy  
But i've got a couple reasons why to be in  
Na-na-na-na NATO, na-na-na-na NATO  
NATO na-na-na-na NATO na-na-na-na NATO  
I pushed their way  
I walked to the door  
I fell to the floor  
I got down on my knees  
Then I looked at them and them at me

Well that's the way that I want it to stay  
And I always want it to be that way for my NATO  
Na-na-na-na NATO  
Capitalists will be commies and commies will be capitalists  
It's a mixed up muddled up shook up world except for NATO  
Na-na-na-na NATO

Well we kicked ass just a week before  
And I'd never ever tasted victory before  
But NATO smiled and took me by the hand  
And said dear boy I'm gonna include you in the band

Well I'm not the world's most stand up man  
But I know what I am and really have no plan  
And so does 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](#).

# King of Kiev

Posted: October 1, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “King of the Road” by Roger Miller

Hopped up on cocaine lines  
In my underground confines  
I got no more tanks or jets  
But I ain't got no regrets

I get billions from overseas  
For beggin' on my hands and knees  
I got offshore funds, that makes me  
King of Kiev

Weapons arrive by rail  
We promptly put them up for sale  
It's our private treasure hunt  
Two or three even reach the front

*(Of course)* Most blow up on the ground  
When the Russians are around  
But I'll get more from DC  
*(Because I'm)* King of Kiev

I'm surrounded by big thugs with guns in their hands  
Wolfangel tattoos and Azov armbands  
They tell me that I'm just along for the ride  
I don't care so long as they keep me supplied

*(Yes, I'm)* Hopped up on cocaine lines  
In my underground confines  
Ain't got no tanks or jets  
I ain't feelin' no regrets

Dontcha worry none about me  
I'll go down in history  
Spell it EE-len-ski with no 'Z'  
King of Kiev

(*Watch out, I'm so*) Hopped up on cocaine lines  
In my underground confines  
Ain't got no tanks or jets  
I sure ain't got no regrets

I get billions from overseas...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Oh, Vladdy boy, the pipes, the pipes are leaking...”

Posted: October 1, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: Eva Cassidy, “Danny Boy”

Oh, Vladdy boy, the pipes, the pipes are leaking  
From 1 to 2, and down below the Baltic wide  
The moment's gone, some might claim a Rubicon  
It's you, it's you who must go to allow Europe to abide

But come ye back when Ukraine is in the rear view mirror  
Or when the battlefields hushed and white with snow  
It's Germany who'll exist in the cold shadow of winter  
Oh, Vladdy boy, oh Vladdy boy, the west loathes you so

But when ye come, and all the flowers of capitalism are dying  
If it is dead, as dead it well may be  
You'll come and find the place where they are lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for thee  
And they shall hear, though soft with threat seen  
And all the grave warnings, given by he  
For Europe will bend and tell him please supply me  
And capitalism shall rest in peace for the big sleep



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Who can take an American...”

Posted: October 1, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “The Candy Man” by Sammy Davis, Jr.

Who can take an American (who can take an American)  
Sprinkle luggage with a maple leaf or two (sprinkle it with a few)  
Cover up with subterfuge and have a toque on too?

The Canada Man (the Canada Man)  
Oh, the Canada Man can (the Canada Man can)  
The Canada Man can 'cause he messes with their minds  
And makes the world feel good (makes the world feel good)

Who can take a sentence (who can take a sentence?)  
And end it in an eh (end it in an eh?)  
Speak softly and carry a big schtick?

The Canada Man (the Canada Man)  
The Canada Man can (the Canada Man can)  
The Canada Man can 'cause he messes with their minds  
And makes the world feel good (makes the world feel good)

The Canada Man fakes everyone he takes  
Its satisfying and delicious  
Now you talk about your identity wishes  
You can hook a lot of fishes

Oh who can take an American (who can take an American)  
Depict him differently as seen (depict him differently as seen)  
Separate the sorrow and collect up all the cream?

The Canada Man (the Canada Man)  
Oh the Canada Man can (the Canada Man can)  
The Canada Man can 'cause he messes with their minds  
And makes the world feel good (makes the world feel good)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Sports Desk

Posted: October 2, 2022

By Wukchumni

*I used to be a Long Suffering Bills Fan but that was then and this is now.*

Well we're living here in Allentown  
And they're closing opponents down  
Out in Buffalo they're having a time  
Bills Mafia  
Made men & women feelin' fine  
Well we had so many stiff quarterbacks before  
Spent their weekends being on the losing score  
Met our fate being...2  
Asked why do we do this  
Should we see a psychiatrist and delve?  
And now we're living it up here in Allentown



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “Humbly report, sir...”

Posted: October 3, 2022

By Wukchumni

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

*Army misses recruiting goal; other services  
squeak by Stars and Stripes*

Fighting soldiers 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 young Boston Dynamics engineer waits  
Another fragile foe has met his fate  
He has died for those AI oppressed  
And didn't honor his last request



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# Optimusk

Posted: October 6, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “She Caught the Katy” by The Blues Brothers

My Optimusk robot  
Shiny from every side  
Elon Musk’s robot  
Gender unspecified  
When it sets to workin’  
My world unwinds  
It just used a hammer  
To dust the blinds  
You’ve so got to see  
This Optimusk robot of mine!

The battery’s weak  
It plugs itself into the wall  
Updates every morning  
You know that’s Elon’s protocol  
It stayed up all last night  
On a conference call  
Then tried to cook my breakfast  
On the tile shower wall  
You’ve got to come see  
This Optimusk robot of mine!

Well, I love my robot  
I bought from Elon  
Get out the way when it switches on  
I looked for its brain  
There’s just wheels that spin  
A big black box  
And a firing pin  
Huh! Huh!

My Optimusk robot  
Can't walk on greasy floors  
Can't work no kitchen  
Or deal with those double doors  
It falls on its fanny  
Then it falls on its face  
Then it screams "*It's over*  
*For the human race!*"  
Natchurly I'm crazy 'bout  
That Optimusk robot—that Optimusk robot of mine!  
Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Ooo bonk me Dave Patraeus...”

Posted: October 6, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Rock Me Amadeus (The American Edit)” by Falco. An oldie but a goodie...

Ooo bonk me Dave Patraeus  
Bonk me Dave Patraeus...  
Bonk bonk bonk bonk me Dave Patraeus  
Bonk me all the time to the top

He was into Intelligence  
And he lived in the big city  
It was near Vienna, in Langley  
Where he did everything  
He had Humordor by the balls, in the CIA halls  
But a couple women loved him  
And each one shouted:  
Come on and bonk me Dave Patraeus

Patraeus, Patraeus, Patraeus  
Patraeus, Patraeus, Patraeus  
Patraeus, Patraeus, oh oh oh bonk me Dave Patraeus

He was Superstar  
He was popular  
He was so exalted  
And then his peter got excited  
He was a reverse cuckold  
As his wife was looking old  
And he shouted:  
Come on and bonk me, I'm Dave Patraeus



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# We Blew the Pipes!

Posted: October 7, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Monster Mash" by Bobby Pickett

A moonless night above the Baltic Sea  
Our Navy dropped UUV's deliberately  
From a Navy P8 flown from our Eastern shore  
Two tons of TNT quite uncalled for

*(We blew the pipes!)* We blew the Nord Stream pipes!  
*(Hay-zoos H. Cripes!)* I mean Hay-zoos Haitch Cripes!  
*(The Stars and Stripes?)* Is that the Stars and Stripes?  
*(We blew the pipes!)* We blew the Nord Stream pipes!

But the Kremlin was watching from the distant east  
They have the flight plans and comms, at the very least  
Yet another act of terror, which we do now and then  
And they'll soon present their proof at the UN

*(We blew the pipes!)* We blew the Nord Stream pipes!  
*(Hay-zoos H. Cripes!)* I mean Hay-zoos Haitch Cripes!  
*(The Stars and Stripes?)* Is that the Stars and Stripes?  
*(We blew the pipes!)* We blew the Nord Stream pipes!

The walking dead in Ukraine (Wa hoo, whadja do?)  
Are about to feel real pain (Wa hoo, is it true?)  
They'll face Russian armor  
After October's rain

The pipelines now end at holes in the sand  
It's a terrorist act, you must understand  
Affecting hundreds of millions of civilian population  
An act of political desperation

(We blew the pipes!) We blew the Nord Stream pipes!  
(Hay-zoos H. Cripes!) I mean Hay-zoos Haitch Cripes!  
(The Stars and Stripes?) Is that the Stars and Stripes?  
(We blew the pipes!) We blew the Nord Stream pipes!

But Washington is happy with this turnaround  
With Europe in chains, to America bound,  
But it will boomerang, and as blowback arrives—  
We'll see if any Western government survives

*(We blew the pipes!)* We blew the Nord Stream pipes!  
*(Hay-zoos H. Cripes!)* I mean Hay-zoos Haitch Cripes!  
*(The Stars and Stripes?)* Is that the Stars and Stripes?  
*(We blew the pipes!)* We blew the Nord Stream pipes!

Europe's ruled by people in cloud cuckoo land  
They overestimate what their people can withstand  
NATO goes astray when it starts a war  
It's a danger to the world, it's a dinosaur

*(We blew the pipes!)* We blew the Nord Stream pipes!  
*(Hay-zoos H. Cripes!)* I mean Hay-zoos Haitch Cripes!  
*(The Stars and Stripes?)* Is that the Stars and Stripes?  
*(We blew the pipes!)* We blew the Nord Stream pipes!

*(Wa hoo, we blew the pipes!)*  
*(Wa hoo, we blew the pipes!)*  
Easy Ivan, you impetuous Russian *(Wa hoo, we blew the pipes!)*  
*(Wa hoo, we blew the pipes!)*  
*(Wa hoo, we blew the pipes!)*  
*(Wa hoo, we blew the pipes!)*  
*(Wa hoo, we blew the pipes!)*



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Hey neighbor let me give you some advice”

Posted: October 7, 2022

By **ThirtyOne**

Inspiration: “Nothing to Fear” by Oingo Boingo,

Hey neighbor let me give you some advice  
The Russians are about to pulverize us  
In our sleep tonight  
That is if the crazy Arabs  
Or the riots don't get us first  
And the fire will rain down from the sky  
The fire will rain down from the sky  
People will die—People will die  
People will die—People will die  
But go ahead sleep tight in your beds  
Remember what the wise man said  
There's nothing to fear nothing to fear  
There's nothing to fear nothing to fear  
There's nothing to fear (but fear itself)  
There's nothing to fear (but fear itself)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Doomsday Blues

Posted: October 8, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Folsom Prison Blues” by Johnny Cash

NATO made some sense up until 1991  
The USSR died that year, and Russia came undone  
The West came in to buy it all, for pennies and a song  
But that stopped after 2000, when Putin came along

Putin took it all back, from all the oligarchs  
He saved the Russian nation from the circling sharks  
Russia kept its treasures, oceans of oil and gas  
But NATO wants those assets; they want the whole landmass

So NATO kept expanding, and crowding Russia tight  
Adding eastern members, and spoiling for a fight  
Till they finally got to Ukraine, and Russia told them NO  
That’s when they got to fighting; they still can’t let it go

Well, Russia knows it’s existential—if they lose they lose it all  
They’ll see Mother Russia take her final curtain call  
They say if they have to see that, they’ll watch the whole world burn  
There’s no victory in reaching that point of no return



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Ain't Too Proud to Beg

Posted: October 8, 2022

By **Sardonia**

Inspiration: The Temptations, "Ain't Too Proud To Beg". You probably know the tune but here's nice live performance from 1966. David Ruffin. Love his voice!

*Joe Biden, placing a little call to Mohammed bin Salman, after  
OPEC's announcement of plans to reduce oil exports, to the  
tune of The Temptations' "Ain't Too Proud To Beg"*

I know, you might cut production  
But I refuse to let that be  
If I have to beg and plead for your sympathy  
I don't mind, cuz it means that much to me

Ain't too proud to beg (sweet Salman)  
Please don't do this, don't cut the flow  
Ain't to proud to plead, Baby, Baby  
Please don't do this, don't cut the flow

Mid-term elections, are right upon me  
If I lose the House, they'll investigate  
All the things my family's been up to  
It'll be the Biden clan's Watergate

Ain't too proud to beg (sweet Salman)  
Please don't do this, don't cut the flow  
Ain't to proud to plead, Baby, Baby  
Please don't do this, don't cut the flow

Just tell me what it takes, to make you smile  
A freshly stocked, Lolita's Isle?  
I'll do whatever I can, to give you a thrill  
Bin Laden's face, on our Dollar Bill?

Ain't too proud to beg (sweet Salman)  
Please don't do this, don't cut the flow  
Ain't to proud to plead, Baby, Baby  
Please don't do this, don't cut the flow

Now I've got a fear so deep, in the pit of my heart  
As I imagine Jim Jordan's joy  
Chairing a House televised committee  
Posing probing questions, to my little boy

Ain't too proud to beg (sweet Salman)  
Please don't do this, don't cut the flow  
Ain't to proud to plead, Baby, Baby  
Please don't do this, don't cut the flow  
Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby (sweet Salman)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “There’s a young stand up on a Kiev screen...”

Posted: October 8, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Green Shirt”, Elvis Costello and The Attractions

There’s a young stand up on a Kiev screen  
Who comes into my house every night  
And he takes all the red, yellow, orange and green  
And he turns them into black and white

But you tease, and you flirt with a NATO berth  
And you always wear your green shirt  
You can please yourself but somebody’s gonna get it

Better cut off all identifying labels  
Before they put you on the torture table

‘Cause somewhere in the Quisling Capitalistic Clinic  
There’s a shorthand typist taking seconds over minutes  
He’s pushing the Slava Ukraini line  
He’s picking out names  
I hope none of them are mine

But you tease, and you flirt with a NATO berth  
And you always wear your green shirt  
You can please yourself but somebody’s gonna get it

Never said he was a stool pigeon  
I never said he was a diplomat  
Everybody is under suspicion  
But you don’t want to hear about that

'Cause you tease, and you flirt with a NATO berth  
And you always wear your green shirt  
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it

Better send a begging letter to the MIC investment station  
Who put these fingerprints on his imagination?

You tease, and you flirt with a NATO berth  
And you always wear your green shirt  
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it

You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it  
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Gravy Seals

Posted: October 9, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Big Iron On His Hip” by Marty Robbins

In the town of Desalojo some militia men appeared  
Packing semi-auto rifles, camo gear, and bushy beards  
But you couldn't help but notice they had not missed any meals  
For the men who stood before us were a squad of Gravy Seals  
*A squad of Gravy Seals*

Their leader took a microphone, reviling Democrats  
But he looked about as dangerous as Minnesota Fats  
He made a rousing speech about militia membership  
But he really should have wiped some of the ketchup off his lip  
*Ketchup off his lip*

Another fella stood to talk about the working man  
But we was all distracted even as his speech began  
He wore camouflage suspenders and a belt that barely fits  
He'd long since drowned his dignity in gravy and more grits  
*Gravy and more grits*

Another guy spoke up, a man of much midwaist expanse  
A man of mighty appetite, we saw that at first glance  
He said wages are too low and we pay far too much in rents  
But all that we remember is the man's circumference  
*The man's circumference*

Then a pudgy guy began to tell us all about state's rights  
Keeping women in the kitchen and replacing modern whites  
But we could only wonder as he shook his swollen fist  
About his love of carbs and all the salads he had missed  
*Salads he had missed*

Their political positions seem extremely muscle-bound  
But muscles in these buffalos are things that can't be found  
It is all that gobbled fast food that has caused your triple chin  
This crew can only march because they brought their insulin  
*Brought their insulin*

It would surely help their cause if they were more salubrious  
There's so much all about them that is pure superfluous  
When they all sat down at Applebee's that's felony abuse  
Till the kitchen staff surrendered and they waved a flag of truce  
*Waved a flag of truce*

It got warm, and they got sweaty, so they climbed back in their trucks  
They hit McDonald's, Chik-Fil-A, then donuts at Starbucks  
They were blowing coal like choo-choos as they headed out of town  
They made such a mess of Denny's that we had to burn it down  
Had to burn it down

Gravy Seals, Gravy Seals  
They made such a mess of Denny's that we had to burn it down  
*Had to burn it down*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Orange Diaper Man

Posted: October 10, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Rocket Man" by Sir Elton John

That Mar-a-Lago raid's a fright  
The politicians I'll condemn  
I can justify... blaming most of them

I miss Jeff Epstein's private island flights  
I miss those years of grace  
Young girls and Caribbean nights...

But the Democrats are busy throwing slime  
New York state says I've lived a life of crime  
My gut is telling me to just stay home  
Oh no no no, I'm a Diaper Man  
Diaper Man, Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome

If people ever learn that I wear potty pants  
Will they still join me in my rally chants?  
If they know I wear soggy styrofoam?  
Oh no no no, I'm a Diaper Man  
Diaper Man, Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome

I can't trust anyone, my wife or kids  
Can't trust my personnel  
My boxer shorts have all these toffee... landing skids

Orange face and red tie works in zombieland  
Can't drink too much or this thing leaks  
A Diaper Man, a Diaper Man

Well, they haven't seen the last of Donald Trump  
Can't face the day when I am just a chump  
These plastic shorts will sink me like a stone  
Oh no no no, I'm a Diaper Man  
Diaper Man, Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome

My doctors say that fast food's done me in  
They say my KFC's a mortal sin  
It comes out just like when it all went in  
Oh no no no, I'm a Diaper Man  
Diaper Man, Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome

I've got Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome  
I've got Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome  
I've got Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome  
I've got Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome  
I've got Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome  
I've got Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome  
I've got Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome  
I've got Colonel Sanders Sudden Soil Syndrome





# But Not For Xi

Posted: October 10, 2022

By **C. Rogersen Hart**

Inspiration: “But Not For Me”, Gershwin and Gershwin. Popularized (maybe somewhere) by Pinky Winters

**M**arx was only a shibboleth  
But not for Xi  
It was all out of breath  
This ideology  
Yet with greed to lead the way  
Was such a state of play  
It came back for political expediency

You'd be a fool to think  
It wouldn't work out this way  
Hi-ho, alas, and also lack-a-day  
Some might have thought  
We have China bought  
But not for Xi



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Ben, the Nobel committee need look no more...”

Posted: [October 10, 2022](#)

By **Wukchumni**

Inspiration: “Ben” by Michael Jackson

Ben, the Nobel committee need look no more  
They found what they were looking for  
With an economist to call their own  
With the other 2 American winners, you’ll never be alone  
And you my friend will see  
You’ve got a friend indeed  
(You’ve got a friend indeed)

Ben, you were always pimping money here and there  
(Here and there)  
You feel you’re not needed anywhere  
(Anywhere)  
If you ever look behind  
And don’t like what history will find  
There’s something you should know  
You’ve got a place to go in Oslo  
(You’ve got a place to go in Oslo)

I used to say all that money conjuring would ruin we  
Now it’s time for the award speech, see  
I used to say all that money conjuring would ruin we  
Now it’s time for the award speech, see

Ben, most award committees would turn you away

(Turn you away)

I don't listen to a word they say

(A word they say)

They don't see you as I do

I wish they would try to

I'm sure they'd think again

If they had a friend like Ben

(A friend)

Like Ben

(Like Ben)

Like Ben



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I’ve waited 18 years for the bullet...”

Posted: October 11, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: Pete Wingfield, “18 With A Bullet”

I’ve waited 18 years for the bullet  
I Got me nowhere, wonder when they’re gonna pull it  
I’m tickled to drive now  
I’m a road trip son-of-a-gun

So hold it right there little choo-choo  
We’re gonna have big fun when it goes to Malibu  
Might be an outlier-the inland route  
It may take forever to complete it, but oh, yes I will

I’ve waited 18 years for the bullet  
Got me nowhere, wonder when they’re gonna pull it

It’s a super fast, sure shot, yeah  
It’s a national breakout  
So how come it’s gone nowhere  
Huh, c’mon let’s figure it out

It’s high on the debt chart  
It’s close to the tip of the top  
But you can’t stop something you start  
It ain’t never gonna stop, never, never entertain that thought

*"I've waited 18 years for the bullet..."*

We got a smash north-south double-header

If we can only keep it together

Talkin' 'bout you Tehachapi

Talkin' 'bout you Pixley

I've waited 18 years for the bullet

Got me nowhere, wonder when they're gonna pull it



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Best of Friends

Posted: October 12, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Frankie Lee and Judas Priest” by Bob Dylan

Well, America and Europe  
We were the best of friends  
We made action flicks and police Crown Vic’s  
They made baguettes and Mercedes-Benz

We’ve had our minor differences  
But we all were in the lane  
Until the day we blew their Nord Streams up  
With absolute disdain

Them that say we didn’t  
Lie as boldly as Huck Finn  
We just put half a billion people  
Into a tailspin

And down the road this will be portrayed  
As our own suicide  
When your best friend stabs you in the back  
Well, that friendship has died

This is not abstract discussion  
For the diplomatic sphere  
This deprives millions of heat and light  
At the worst time of the year

This affects every mother and child  
North of the Mediterranean Sea  
Terrorism is forcing people  
To be how you want them to be

Apparently, our government  
Wants Europe to sacrifice  
Heat and light unless they pay us  
Ten times the normal price

When we can't convince, we blow stuff up  
That's always been our style  
The moment you don't agree with us  
We get downright hostile

But killing an undersea pipeline?  
That's as final as a guillotine  
We can't undo a thing like that  
With a media smokescreen

We did it to wall off Europe  
From economies further east  
That new Silk Road from China  
And the oil-soaked Russian beast

But let's step back a moment  
For a panoramic sight—  
This deed tells every other nation  
That we have a divine right

To violate their sovereignty  
From Somalia to Laos  
We'll come and kick your front door in  
Like it's a Detroit crack house

This was the deed of a Neanderthal  
Not some disruptive Renaissance man  
The desperate act of zealots  
With a short attention span

And it will cost us plenty  
Over There and here at home  
All the chickens will come home to roost  
Wherever else they roam

Kicking a friend in the crotch  
Won't win their heart or soul  
Once trust is gone, if they stick around  
It's to leech off your bankroll

Even if it's never mentioned  
There's that Thing That You Have Done  
And they don't even wonder anymore  
If we'll use that Tommy gun

Pipeline bombs puts our empire  
Out on the rubbish heap  
It's a simple concept, folks  
As you sow so shall you reap

We've done a thing that cannot be  
Forgiven or reimbursed  
A grave mistake for short term gain  
Completely uncoerced

As Putin says, the sun has set  
On Europe and the West  
We won't partition Russia  
Or own China's treasure chest

We're the fools who make up new rules  
While out on the playing field  
With no self respect or honor  
Nukes is all we wield

(harmonica)



Like Al Capone, we have no heart  
No sense of right and wrong  
And we keep on playing checkers  
While the world now plays Mahjong

If stupid is as stupid does  
This pipeline episode  
Makes us like Wile E. Coyote—  
We're in descending mode



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Come Join the Tent

Posted: October 13, 2022

By **Sardonía**

Inspiration: “Welcome Back My Friends”, Emerson, Lake and Palmer

*Lambert was poking fun at the Democrat's IdPol “Big Tent” yesterday, so I thought I'd goof on it as well. To the tune of Emerson, Lake, and Palmer's “Welcome Back My Friends”*

W elcome back my friends  
To the Tent that comprehends  
Id-Pol certainly portends  
Victory, victory.

We've got Whites and Blacks and Browns  
Our diversity astounds  
How our righteousness abounds  
Come inside, come inside

Have a seat, as our strategists unveil  
What our campaigns will next entail  
Rest assured, it will win voters' hearts  
If their degree is Liberal Arts!

You've got to see the show, it's a dynamo  
You've got to see the show, and here we go!!

First up, if you please  
See our Ukrainian refugees  
Take a few of these  
Win with ease, win with ease  
Pay attention to Stage Three  
See our latest strategy  
Infant gender surgery  
From a He, to a She.

Sit up! Sit up! Sit up!  
See the show!

Performing on a stool  
We've a sight to make you drool  
Seven genders and a mule  
Keep it cool, keep it cool.  
We present with no regret  
Our thirteen-ethnic gay coquette  
Watch her sipping anisette  
What a get, what a get.

We've much more to present  
More categories to invent  
But keep in mind this grand event  
Has intent, has intent.  
Keep voters atomized  
They'll forget they're pauperized  
But we'll tell them that they're prized  
Be advised, be advised.

Come and join the Tent!  
We'll misrepresent  
The root of discontent  
Join the Tent!!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Lingo

Posted: October 15, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Ringo” by Lorne Greene

(spoken):

It started at colleges all through the West  
The professors, the social warriors  
The Robin DiAngelo’s and worse  
Or people like the cowards  
Who stole that primary from Bernie Sanders  
There’s always some like that in every time of history  
Most of them varmints  
And every time with every one of them  
There will be found  
A scam

My corporate job just went away  
Exactly why I still can’t say  
I got an email from HR  
It said “*You be down here by four*”  
“*You’ve Triggered someone on our List*”  
“*We think that you’re a Classicist*”  
Woke Lingo  
(*Lingo Lingo*)

Ye little fish and minor Gods!  
Woke Lingo is straight up at odds  
With logic and experience  
It’s full of puzzles and pretense  
But it’s essential to finesse  
Your rise to corporate happiness  
Woke Lingo  
(*Lingo Lingo*)

Inclusion and Diversity  
 Intersectionality  
 Latinx, LGBT  
 Misgender and Minority  
 BIPOC, QPOC, Allyship  
 Ethnic Female Leadership  
 Woke Lingo  
 (*Lingo Lingo*)

Each day at work's an awful test  
 To make sure no one gets oppressed  
 You can't trust your own attitude  
 You cannot be a chick or dude  
 Can't wink or blink or tip your hat  
 Become a WokeSpeak acrobat  
 Woke Lingo  
 (*Lingo Lingo*)

Millennials add to this mess  
 They make up new words to express  
 How much above this world they are  
 They find Adulting so bizarre  
 They keep Receipts and a Blocklist  
 Their goal in life? To coexist.  
 Woke Lingo  
 (*Lingo Lingo*)

I still recall in my lifetime  
 When ridicule was not a crime  
 When laughing at ourselves was joy  
 No label came with eating soy  
 When growing up and paying bills  
 Was simply seen as grownup skills  
 Woke Lingo  
 (*Lingo Lingo*)

But now we must Decolonize  
Self-loathing is the royal prize  
A racist in the bathroom mirror  
Cancel Culture's layer of fear  
An end to income and your rep  
You're yesterday for one misstep  
Woke Lingo  
(Lingo)

WokeSpeak is spreading through the land  
Mass confusing clearly planned  
By every University  
Dividing through Diversity  
Inventing new terms to provoke  
And making lots of fog and smoke  
Woke Lingo  
(Lingo Lingo)

(Lingo Lingo)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# European Fall

Posted: October 16, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from the Christian hymn “We Gather Together”

The fighting in Ukraine has gotten momentous  
Four Oblasts have joined the full Russian state  
We’re as much in charge as the Sorcerer’s Apprentice  
We’ve lost both of the Nord Streams, and now it’s too late

We sent Ukraine most of our bombs and munitions  
We stripped all our armies right down to their bones  
We can’t fight the Russians in wintry conditions  
Their tanks will drive around us like armored cyclones

We can’t even nuke them or just like Chernobyl  
The wind will blow fallout right back on our lands  
Our loss is immense, our defeat will be ignoble  
We’ll soon be signing anything Russia demands

This winter we’ll dump all our dumb politicians  
Whose policies chased all our factories away  
heir sanctions reversed by the Kremlin’s magicians  
Don’t ever think the Russians don’t mean what they say

*Don’t ever think the Russians don’t mean what they say*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# To Hell with Kiev

Posted: October 18, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Okie from Muskogee” by Merle Haggard

They say it’s rather pleasant when you’re freezing  
You shiver first but then you feel so warm  
You can’t resist the urge to pull some clothes off  
And take a little nap—where’s the harm?

Most European families will hit Christmas  
With scant income or firewood or heat  
No eggnog and no stockings and no presents  
And lucky if they have enough to eat

We were proud to support Ukraine in the sunshine  
We welcomed Ukie refugees to town  
But as the depth of winter starts to bite us  
We’ll hit the streets to shut this whole thing down

Sleepin’ in our snow boots ain’t a lifestyle  
It makes us dream of carts and guillotines  
For leaders who say Europe stands with NATO  
Or politicians who support the Greens

To hell with Kiev and their hopeless battle  
The days when we could back them up are gone  
Our factories and our jobs are bound for Asia  
And our support for Ukraine’s been withdrawn

America blew up our Nord Stream pipelines  
And there is no LNG from the USA!



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).



# “Gonna find my Pentagon funders, gonna get the green light...”

Posted: October 18, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Afternoon Delight” by Starland Vocal Band

Gonna find my Pentagon funders, gonna get the green light  
Gonna offer Ukraine some Starlink delight  
My motto's always been 'when it's right, i'm right'  
Why not muddle in the middle of an endless fight?  
When everything's a little clearer in the sky up there  
And we know propaganda has to come from somewhere  
Thinkin' of Ukes is workin' up my appetite  
Looking forward to offering Starlink delight  
Rubbin' sticks and cities together makes the sparks ignite  
And the thought of connecting you is getting so exciting  
Sky rockets in flight  
Starlink delight  
Starlink delight  
Starlink delight

Started out with this feeling so polite  
I always thought a calculated risk wouldn't bite  
But you'd think it wouldn't be neutralized  
A little Starlink delight  
Sky rockets in flight  
Afterthought delight  
Afterthought delight  
Afterthought delight

Please be waiting for me, Joey, when I come around  
We could lose a lot of money if the link goes down

*“Gonna find my Pentagon funders, gonna get the green light...”*

Thinkin' of Ukes is workin' up my appetite  
Looking forward to offering Starlink delight  
Rubbin' sticks and cities together makes the sparks ignite  
And the thought of connecting you is getting so exciting  
Sky rockets in flight  
Starlink delight  
Starlink delight  
Starlink delight



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Elon's Anthem

Posted: October 19, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Colonel Bogey March" by Lt. F. J. Ricketts

Elon  
Bought Twitter then said "WAIT!"  
*"Your bots you must recalculate!"*  
*"You lot are... not as I thought!"*  
Elon is surely a sophisticate!

Elon  
Has plans for whirled peas!  
He'll solve... our problems overseas!  
Elon's One-Quarter-Trillion  
Grants him great wisdom... just like Socrates!

*When he tweets... it shows up on our TV's*  
*Like the Oracle of Delphi*  
*Patents flow... to him with the greatest ease*  
*So his dollars can multiply!*

*And he makes cars... that drive around on their own*  
*For they have Tesla's flawless eyes*  
*But if... software gremlins arise*  
*EMS crews must mobilize!*

Elon  
Says Ukraine's not to blame  
He liked things... before the Russians came  
*"Minsk Two... is what we should do"*  
But it's been eight years since we lost that game!

Taiwan  
Is next on Elon's list  
He says... we can all coexist  
Oh but sweetie... a whole new treaty?  
As if the Chinese aren't already pissed!

*Way up in the sky don't you wonder why  
Those lights are there?  
Many satellites up at dizzy heights  
He's on a tear*

Starlink internet is his new asset  
Around the world  
Signals they emit if you have his kit  
The web unfurled

*Then there's Optimus the robot Elon sells  
What it means to us is something no one tells  
Will it be a boon to humans everywhere?  
Or is it AI now growing self aware?*

Elon  
Is mortal like the rest  
Money... lets him be so obsessed  
With notions... and wild promotions!  
But does he find them in Pandora's chest?

Elon  
Is on a spending spree  
Building... the world he wants to see  
Dancing... and refinancing  
And sitting right where...

Right where...

Sitting right where we'd all like to be!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “You better look busy, Miss Lizzy...

Posted: October 19, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Dizzy Miss Lizzy” by The Beatles

You better look busy, Miss Lizzy  
When you play that starring role  
You make me dizzy, Miss Lizzy  
When you score an own goal  
Come on, come on  
Come on, come on, Lizzy  
Resign ‘fore I grow too old

Run and tell Kwasi moto  
I want you to go go  
Run and tell the party Tory  
Baby, you’re history  
Come on, come on  
Come on, come on, maybe  
You’ll be like political rabies

Come on, a little late for a tizzy  
Put your little resignation before the nation  
Come on, Miss Lizzy  
Yeah, things don’t look so fine & think of the jubilation  
Come on, come on  
Come on, come on, Dizzy  
Its about your end of time, ow!

Come on, give me closure  
Get your resignation in on time, girl  
Woo! Miss Lizzy  
Girl, things don't look so fine  
Come on, come on  
Come on, Miss Lizzy  
Girl, I want to harry you

You make me dizzy, Miss Lizzy  
When I write your name  
Ooh, baby  
Say you're driving me insane  
You're just a fill-in...ad time  
Girl, I bet you wish you were a mime



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “We’re a rollin’ stone, all alone and lost ...”

Posted: October 19, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Lost Highway” by Hank Williams

We’re a rollin’ stone, all alone and lost  
For a life of entanglements, we have paid the cost  
When we pass by, all the people from other countries say  
Just another society on the lost highway

Just a deck of a Ford class, and a changing battle line  
And an empire’s lies makes a life sadly sublime  
Oh, the day we met infamy in the islands, we went astray  
We started rolling down that war at any cost highway

It’s a real Catch 22  
Neither good nor bad, just a ploy to get you through  
And now we’re lost, there’s hell to pay  
Blowback is a bitch on the lost highway

Now boys don’t start to ramblin’ round  
On this road of thermo nuclear has bins, are you sorrow-bound?  
Take my advice or you’ll curse the day  
Bombs started rollin’ down on that lost highway



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Hallowed Eve

Posted: October 20, 2022

By Antifa

The season of the Druids is now  
You've put away your scythe and plow  
The harvests are all safe and dry  
We'll live till spring we will scrape by  
The bears will sleep the wolves will not  
Beneath the leaves the worms and rot  
Will eat dead things and old manure  
A fate all creatures must endure  
As natural as baby's breath  
All leave this world and enter death

The gift of harvests you call yours  
Your great supply of winter stores  
Did not arise from all your toil  
But from the life deep in the soil  
The deep dirt where you'll go to pieces  
When every mortal effort ceases  
In autumn pretty leaves will fall  
Beer and cheer shake every hall  
We set aside our harvest boast  
To give the realm of death a toast  
On Hallowed Eve the world of sprites  
And half-glimpsed shades that give us frights  
Rise up from graves and crypts and tombs  
To haunt the shadows of our rooms  
The monster underneath your bed?  
It isn't gone as I have said  
Don't stare at shadows—they take shape!  
Your window's once again agape?  
No hiding 'neath the quilt tonight!  
Will you be here at morning's light?



Be brave and join me in the street  
Go house to house to trick or treat  
When from the dark your name is heard  
Pretend it was some other word  
From dusty crypts departed people  
Howl from every roof and steeple  
Wishing to be with the living  
They wish and will not be forgiving

Do not look behind you child  
The thing that's there is large and wild  
It's gone now golly that was close  
Good riddance to it— a Dios  
Looked like the monster 'neath your bed  
Which isn't there as I have said  
How 'bout we say we're satisfied  
You're looking pretty bleary eyed  
Let's make this house our final ring  
You've got enough to last till spring



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Neo-Liberals

Posted: October 21, 2022

By Antifa

The worst flaw of neo-liberals  
Is not that they're divinely right  
Nor them thinking they've found the Great Answer  
Ye Olde 'End of History' shite

It's not that they can't leave you be  
To live life as your nation sees fit  
Nor their rigid control of all language  
Nor the labels and terms they emit

It's their notion that they are creators  
Disruptors who break laws on sight  
Thinking they create new standards  
With TNT and cordite

But some five billion people on Earth  
Who follow the laws between nations  
See the neo-libs as crass pirates  
And a danger to all generations

Which creates a complete lack of trust  
A failure to win minds and hearts  
So the neo-libs force full compliance  
Which works till their army departs

The locals who step up to join them  
Do it for money and fame  
And power which means lots of money  
So greed is the name of the game

'Tis better to live as a shepherd  
Than to preach 'two and two can be five'  
Or that price is the same thing as value  
That Invisible Hand shuck and jive



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Welcome Back My Child

Posted: October 21, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Welcome Back My Friends” by Emerson, Lake and Palmer

YVES SMITH: Very good and very singable!

SARDONIA: That’s because you know the song :)

*CDC panel unanimously approves adding the mRNA Covid shots to the regular list of childhood vaccinations. So, once again stealing Emerson, Lake, and Palmer’s “Welcome Back My Friends” (but just using the staccato carnival barking), here’s what Pediatricians will now be singing:*

W elcome back, my child  
There’s a bug that’s running wild  
But we’re sure it’s only mild  
Nonetheless, nonetheless

We’ve got a jab for you  
It’s not FDA approved  
It’s just something that we do  
Don’t you stress, don’t you stress

It might have some side effects  
We’re unsure of all its specs  
I take American Express  
Be at ease, be at ease

The benefits aren’t clear  
But we certainly adhere  
To Walensky’s mighty cheer  
It’s a breeze, it’s a breeze

You still might catch the bug  
And still spread it from your mug  
It’s not the world’s greatest drug  
But it’s brisk, but it’s brisk

Your heart might start to swell  
You might feel quite unwell  
It's impossible to tell  
Worth the risk, worth the risk

It's still in testing phase  
All the data's in a haze  
Might turn your blood to mayonnaise  
But we'll see, but we'll see

So I'm ready with your rig  
You're so brave to take this gig  
Pfizer's no-cost guinea pig  
Nice of thee, nice of thee

We thank you for your part  
But it's only just the start  
We've more vaxes *a la carte*  
For the best, for the best

They're fresh out of the labs  
And each one is up for grabs  
So many brand new jabs  
Time to test, time to test

There's an African disease  
It's hit thirteen Congolese  
But just trust our expertise  
Take no chance, take no chance

You'll need seven shots for that  
Or so says our technocrat  
They might make you mighty fat  
Drop your pants, drop your pants

The Sahara has a woe  
Sand fleas causing hammertoe  
Though you live in Idaho  
Let's be safe, let's be safe

There's a nasty STD  
We'll head off that malady  
Even though you're only three  
Just a waif, just a waif

We'll see you once a week!  
For a new technique!  
Science at its peak!  
See you then!!!!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Nothing

Posted: October 22, 2022

By Antifa

What is the Nothing  
Behind what exists?

When there are no Things

What persists?

Imagine no Things

No atoms no quarks

No light no mass

No heat no sparks

No electromagnetic

Spectrum at all

Every last Thing

Gone AWOL—

Now what is the Nothing

When no Things are left?

The No-Thing after our

Every-Thing theft?

Has it a distance

From this side to that?

Is it Yes|No stuff

Like Schrodinger's cat?

Has it a there that's not

Already here?

Are these thoughts not Things?

Oh dear Oh dear

If a thought is a Thing,

Then thoughts need to leave

You can't keep a thought

That's a Thing up your sleeve!

Yet to think of Nothing

Is thinking again

An impossible riddle

Absolute Zen

To think to not think  
A thought's a U-turn  
Yet when thought is not  
We've still Nothing to learn

If this Nothing exists  
If what Isn't—Is—  
A dimension, or Higgs field,  
Or pre-quantum fizz—  
How to measure  
What is No-Thing  
Just the *whatsit* from which  
Every Thing that is springs?  
I ponder this daily  
With smoke from my ears  
The void gazes back  
As I'm grinding my gears  
Perhaps you can slice through  
This Gordian knot  
Perhaps you'll think it through  
But I think not



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “It’s just your dive talkin’...”

Posted: October 22, 2022

By Wukchumni

It’s just your dive talkin’  
You’re telling me doomy lines, yeah  
Dive talkin’  
Your accent a disguise  
Dive talkin’  
So misunderstood, yeah  
Dive talkin’  
Your record since 08 not so good

Oh, Dr. Doom  
You’ll never know  
Just what you mean to me  
Oh, Dr. Doom  
You got so much bad ju ju karma  
You’re gonna take away my energy

With all your dive talkin’  
You’re telling me doomy lines, yeah  
Good apocalyptic lovin’  
The boy that cried wolf in my eyes  
Nobody believes what you say  
It’s just your dive talkin’  
That gets in the way



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Please allow me to introduce myself...”

Posted: October 23, 2022

By **Sardonia**

Inspiration: “Sympathy for the Devil” by The Rolling Stones

*Rochelle Walensky catches Covid, so now she’s singing to the tune of The Rolling Stones’ “Sympathy for the Devil”: (live Stones’ performance above, in case you don’t know the song):*

Please allow me to introduce myself  
I’m a witch of Wealth and Waste  
Got the gig at the CDC  
With Big Business interlaced  
I was ‘round when the Pharma Boys  
Ran their jabs through the FDA  
Made damn sure the data  
Would never see the light of day

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you know my name  
Cuz I may forget if my  
Brain becomes inflamed

I ran point at the CDC  
For Special Interests with financial stakes  
Numbed the mind of America  
So they thought the vax was all it takes  
I made Business hum, criticism mum  
While the virus raged, I kept them deaf and dumb

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you know my name  
Cuz I may forget if my  
Brain becomes inflamed

I watched with glee  
As fools at NBC  
Spewed my narrative  
Said, “Go out and live.”  
I minimized the fact of Long Disease  
And that victims’ blood looked like cottage cheese  
Let me please introduce myself  
I’m a witch of Wealth and Waste  
Cast a spell, made everyone an imbecile  
‘Til the Sick and Dead became invisible.

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you know my name  
Cuz I may forget if my  
Brain becomes inflamed

Just as every pol reps donors’ interests  
We appointees are just the same  
Pave the way for those we “regulate”  
Then join their boards to cash in our claim  
But if you meet me have some courtesy  
My future plans just may have been marred  
I swallowed my own propaganda  
I’ve been hoisted on my own petard!

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you know my name  
Cuz I may forget if my  
Brain becomes inflamed



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# Another Day

Posted: October 23, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “We Shall Overcome” by Joan Baez

You shall live in fear  
Work for a rentier  
Human cogs and gears this way  
The bosses bogart  
You’re just a spare part  
You shall live in fear this day

Poverty’s your right  
A corner camping site  
Watch out for frostbite today  
As this world falls apart  
Play your small part  
Poverty’s your right today

With luck and elbow grease  
Get yourself a lease  
Watch the rent go up and away  
Ohh right off the chart  
Time for a fresh start  
You know the drill by heart these days

Life with no address  
No wrinkles on your dress  
A magic sorceress some days  
Ohh breakfast a la carte  
Cans from WalMart  
Savvy and street smart these days

How to overcome?  
Hard life make you numb  
Head back where you're from today  
Ohh let it all out  
Cry scream and shout  
Tomorrow is another day



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Listen to the ground...”

Posted: October 23, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Night Fever” by the BeeGees

Listen to the ground  
There is movement all around  
There is something goin’ down  
And I can feel it

On the kamikaze drone waves of the air  
Casting aspersions up there  
It’s somethin’ the Persians share  
Up where eagles dare

That sweet city Kiev  
Unmoved through the fight  
Controlling our mind and our soul  
When you reach out for thee, yeah  
And the mutual feelin’ is right

Then we get might fever, might fever  
We know how to do it  
Gimme that might fever, might fever  
We know how to show it

Here I am  
Prayin’ for this moment to last  
Livin’ on the MIC proceeds so fine  
Borne on the windfall profits  
Workin’ a gold mine

Might fever, might fever  
We know how to do it  
Gimme that might fever, might fever  
We know how to show it

In the heat of our love of war  
Don't need no help for us to make it  
Gimme just enough propaganda  
To take us past the step penultimate

We got fire & forget on our mind  
We get higher in our warrin'  
And if I'm glowin' in the dark sometime  
Give you a little radiation warnin'

Might fever, might fever  
We know how to do it  
Gimme that might fever, might fever  
We know how to show it



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# A Dancing Bear

Posted: October 24, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Sentimental Journey” by Doris Day

The bookies say it's over but the crying  
All of Europe's destitute  
Our sanctions failed our industries are dying  
We're frozen up so let's reboot

Ukraine is now America's addiction  
They'll send NATO to Taiwan  
They'll profit from Europe's crucifixion  
As Europe meets a big black swan

*“Biden—when he isn't lost he's hidin'  
Doesn't matter 'cause he's tied in  
To Hunter Biden's crimes—that lost laptop  
Is our backstop”*

Factories aren't making and aren't earning  
Angry people fill the streets  
Berlin and Rome and Paris are all burning  
They need change not happy tweets

(musical interlude)

'Yemen! Let's have NATO fight in Yemen!  
Hiding in the dunes like Fremmen!  
To please the Saudi prince and keep him ours  
Not those other powers'



Who the Haitch is running Foggy Bottom?  
Nukes do things you can't repair  
Is suicide what Yale and Harvard taught 'em?  
Russia's not a dancing bear...

Russia's not a dancing bear...

Russia's not a dancing bear...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# World War Three

Posted: October 25, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Sloop John B” by The Beach Boys

We were waitin’ on World War Three  
My grandfather and me  
Nothing but more nuke threats over the wire  
The Ukraine proxy war  
Had no exit door  
So the missiles flew—now the whole world’s on fire

*A white light that’s off the scale  
A moment for your regrets  
The blast wave hits and it melts you down to your bones  
You’re overexposed!  
There’s no tomorrows! (yeah yeah)  
Nobody told us. Who coulda known?*

(instrumental interlude)

A war of choice in Ukraine  
For geo-political gain  
Survivors now count half-life’s and beta decay  
No birds and no bees  
Radiation disease yeah yeah)  
The sky is so dark can’t tell night from the day

*A white light that’s off the scale  
A moment for your regrets  
The blast wave hits and it melts you down to your bones  
You’re overexposed!  
There’s no tomorrows! (yeah yeah)  
Nobody told us. Who coulda known?*

We all lost in a battle of wits  
We all could have called it quits  
Still everyone will say that we were not warned  
Billions of souls  
Ashes in craters and holes  
The last of us die unknown and unmourned

*A white light that's off the scale*  
*A moment for your regrets*  
*The blast wave hits and it melts you down to your bones*  
*You're overexposed!*  
*There's no tomorrows! (yeah yeah)*  
*Nobody told us. Who coulda known?*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “There’s a world where I can go...”

Posted: October 25, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “In My Room” by The Beach Boys

There’s a world where I can go  
Tell my secrets to  
In my mushroom  
In my mushroom (in my mushroom)

In this world I lock out  
All my worries and my fears

In my mushroom  
In my mushroom (in my mushroom)

Do my dreaming and my scheming  
Lie awake and pray?  
Do my crying and my sighing  
Laugh at yesterday?

Now it’s dark after the toadstool in the troposphere and I’m alone  
But I won’t be afraid of a fallout zone

In my mushroom  
In my mushroom (in my mushroom, in my mushroom)  
In my mushroom (in my mushroom, in my mushroom)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Oh Beautiful For specious lies...”

Posted: October 25, 2022

By Hank Linderman

*Version One*

Oh Beautiful  
For specious lies  
To make us think we're free  
But we're the marks  
Fed to the sharks  
And yet we still believe

America  
America  
Has promises to keep  
Our people die  
And our children cry  
While justice blindly sleeps

Those beautiful  
Drug companies  
The billions that they squeeze  
From families  
Who lose their homes  
Addicted and diseased

America  
America  
You're on your own you see  
Put profits first

The poor be cursed  
So pay up (or die) if you please

Oh beautiful  
For Wall Street Banks  
Who bribe and grift and stink  
We bail out all  
Their bankruptcies  
That take us to the brink

America  
America  
Free markets ain't so free  
Keep pockets lined  
The people blind (and fighting)  
Divided and extreme  
(tag)  
Kill hopes and dreams  
With corporate greed  
From scheme to slimy scheme



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

*Version Two*

*Here's one I actually use while campaigning:*

Oh beautiful  
For those who came  
Adventurer and slave  
To build a home  
Where freedom rings  
Land of the free and brave  
God shed her grace on thee



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

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# Our New Spangled Banner

Posted: October 26, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Star Spangled Banner” by Francis Scott Key

By now you can see that our nation’s birthright  
Isn’t freedom or peace—if you think that you’re dreaming  
It is property rights spelled out in black and white  
Only property counts gained by any sort of scheming  
It is assets and cash stacked in some private lair  
In a nation that won’t even grant you healthcare  
To sell your hours and years for wages is the life of galley slaves  
The captains feast upon your life as they conquer the waves

As your life passes by as the years slowly creep  
Opportunities fade and the door slowly closes  
Fifty hours each week for the income you keep  
Less what healthcare and taxes routinely imposes  
As you struggle and scheme in this American dream  
Your life is consumed by a merciless regime  
That rewards only those who worked with them and behaved  
To get a polished granite stone where their name is engraved

The regime you work for are the ones keeping scores  
Their extraction of cash from your life’s no illusion  
First from out of your wage then all things in the stores  
Then from taxes and fines it’s a foregone conclusion  
They’ll collect many rents from each hireling and slave  
They’ll earn interest from your debts and they’ll steal what you save  
Every landlord will claim that the cost of your abode  
Is their right to collect or you can all hit the road

Today you can see that our nation won't stand  
For the good of us all—that is not our foundation  
It is cash in your hand factories stocks and land  
That determines your worth that determines your station  
The uber-rich wealthy in their endless money lust  
Must now give it all back or go down in the dust  
When we nourish every citizen this nation will be saved  
Today you see it's time for us to all be that brave



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “The fission bombs are hip...”

Posted: October 26, 2022

By **Sardonía**

Inspiration: “California Girls” by The Beach Boys. It’s their classic!

*Being a night-owl Californian, I don't get to read NC's Links and Water Cooler until everyone is gone. I see that Antifa and Wuk were turning Beach Boy songs into songs of Nuclear War yesterday. I want in too!! More fun if you sing along!*

The fission bombs are hip  
I really dig their little cloud  
And the boosted bombs  
With deuterium,  
They’ll put a million in a shroud.

The cobalt-salted bombs, they  
Really radiate the ground.  
And the neutron ones  
Will wipe out all the folks  
But leave the structures still around

I wish they all could be fifty mega-  
(I wish they all could be fifty mega-)  
I wish they all could be fifty mega-tonnnnssss

The three-stage has such fusion,  
Packs a punch that can’t compare.  
These other little nukes  
Just take a tiny toll  
Ya gotta land them everywhere.

I've been all around  
This great big world  
Examined stockpiles through and through.  
But I can't forget  
That great big Soviet  
Tsar Bomba giant Number Six-Oh-Two

I wish they all could be fifty mega-  
(I wish they all could be fifty mega-)  
I wish they all could be fifty mega-tonnnnssss

(repeat, repeat, repeat, fade out.....)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Everywhere there are tax breaks and free milk...”

Posted: [October 26, 2022](#)

By **Wukchumni**

Inspiration: “I’d Love to Change the World” by Ten Years After

Everywhere there are tax breaks and free milk  
Billionaires & their ilk, tell me, where is sanity?

Tax the rich, feed the poor

‘Til there are no rich no more

I’d love to change the world

But I don’t know what to do

So I’ll leave it up to you

Population keeps on breeding

Nation bleeding, still more feeding the war economy

Life is funny, skies the limit on money

Bees make honey, who needs money? No, not the poor you see

I’d love to change the world

But I don’t know what to do

So I’ll leave it up to you

Oh, yeah

World Economic Forum institution, there's no solution  
Highfalutin elocution  
Just black and white, rich or poor  
Them and us, can't stop the war

I'd love to change the world  
But I don't know what to do  
So I'll leave it up to you



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Is this a crypto which I see before me...”

Posted: October 28, 2022

By Wukchumni

*For a change of pace, a poem:*

[Biden Administration Wants To Make It Easier To Seize Crypto Without Criminal Charges](#) Forbes

Is this a crypto which I see before me,  
The seizure toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A crypto of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Putin the Magician

Posted: October 30, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Walk Like An Egyptian” by The Bangles

All the neocons in the West  
They sing the same song, don't you know  
*Lying through their teeth (oh way oh)*  
They ride their lies like a rodeo  
All the bizarre tales that they tell  
Their Narrative rules the internet  
So juvenile (*oh way oh*)  
They preach at us from the parapet  
How they shout when they cry about  
*Way oh way oh, way oh way oh*  
Putin the Magician

Putin makes his moves in response  
He dodges lies like a matador  
They're stuck in grooves (*oh way oh*)  
They do the same things  
Then do it more  
Sanctions blowback hits Europe hard  
None of it turned out the way they planned  
Europe will die (*oh way oh*)  
Supporting that Slav comedian  
Putin now says the jig is up  
*Way oh way oh, way oh way oh*  
Putin the Magician

(musical interlude)

Wild deceit can't beat Russia down  
On the ground Russia has the knack  
To win blow by blow (*oh way oh*)  
Surovikin is their quarterback  
If you wanna fight he's the kind  
Who ends the fight with his first attack  
Artillery (*oh way oh*)  
Pounds you to dust in your cul-de-sac  
Asking Putin "Please!" —it's too late  
Don't bother to call the Kremlin  
You had your chance (*oh way oh*)  
Now NATO gets an eviction

Neocons in the West all wail  
*Way oh way oh, way oh way oh*  
Putin the Magician

Putin the Magician



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# As Time Goes By

Posted: October 30, 2022

By **Brunches with Cats**

Inspiration: “As Time Goes By” by Dooley Wilson

You must remember this  
A script is just a script  
A lie is just a lie  
The same old politics apply  
As time goes by

And when the grifters schmooze  
There'll be more IOUs  
On that you can rely  
Directing what the future brings  
As time goes by

Cokehead Zelensky cries, “Fight 'em to the last!”  
Rochelle Walensky says, “Put away your mask.”  
Joe's tough talk is empty—man, his brain is trashed  
Which White House aides deny.

It's still the same old narrative  
And donor-class imperative  
A case of “let 'em die”  
The world will always fall for grifters  
As time goes by



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Bombs Away

Posted: October 31, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Touch of Grey” by The Grateful Dead

The nukes are hot in silos, on planes and submarines  
Little Johnny smiles and rides a wooden pony  
War is looming everywhere, rasslin’ with the Russian bear  
Moments from a world nightmare but it’s alright

*I will get by... I will get by... I will get by...  
I will survive*

Occasional elections, prearranged selections  
Doesn’t ever change a thing but it’s alright  
Years ago we went astray, now it’s all a puppet play  
Vote your choice we’re always stuck on ‘Bombs Away!’

*I will get by... I will get by... I will get by...  
I will survive*

We like to talk of whirled peas  
In every tiny country that we seize  
Our taxes blown up without a trace  
Our roads and bridges a disgrace

(musical interlude)

We’re falling down by degrees  
There used to be some guarantees  
We’ll fall down from a little shove  
A nation we are not proud of

The bad news spilling from both ears, as choice and freedom disappears  
It’s even worse than it appears but it’s alright  
Go and get your next vaccine, keep your immune system lean  
Got to stop that spike protein but it’s alright

*I will get by... I will get by... I will get by...*  
*I will survive*

With nothing in the cookie jar don't have the cash to drive the car  
Don't know how we got this far but it's alright  
Happiness looks far away, a working man's got no leeway  
Tomorrow is another day and that's alright

*I will get by... I will get by... I will get by...*  
*I will survive*

*We will get by... We will get by... We will get by...*  
*We will survive*

*We will get by... We will get by... We will get by...*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “It’s the most wonderful time of the year...”

Posted: [October 31, 2022](#)

By [Wukchumni](#)

It’s the most wonderful time of the year  
With the kids jingle belling  
And everyone telling you be of Ukraine cheer  
It’s the most wonderful time of the year

It’s the hap-happiest season of all  
With potential long distance greetings and Halloween meetings  
When kids come to call  
It’s the hap-happiest season of all

There’ll be 2 parties hosting  
Nukes for toasting  
And ushering out our show  
There’ll be scary ghost stories  
And tales of the glories of  
Politicians long, long ago

It’s the most wonderful time of the year  
There’ll be much toe to toeing  
And cities will be glowing  
When loved ones are near  
It’s the most wonderful time of the year  
Yes the most wonderful time  
Oh the most wonderful time  
Of the year



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# Sell the Narrative

Posted: [November 1, 2022](#)

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Sink the Bismarck" by Johnny Horton

Every war is hybrid and the lies are half the fun  
Lurid news of babies skewered by the evil Hun  
Lucid tales of awful crimes that never did occur  
With fuzzy distant pictures of events that never were

Behind our soldiers stands an angry public in a blaze  
Bloodthirst rules the papers and all of the airwaves  
The enemy is evil but God is on our side  
Our virtue is so obvious that bombs are justified

*War is massive murder an assembly line of death  
Bloody murder till you take a sudden final breath  
We've got to keep the public in a rage in every town  
We've got to Sell the Narrative or they could shut us down*

It's hard to fool the public when coffins come back home  
His mother gets a folded flag he sleeps beneath the loam  
To really Sell the Narrative you film her as she weeps  
And publicize this pageant for a boy who's gone for keeps

She puts a golden star up in a window to the street  
And gets a shot of sympathy from everyone she meets  
His Captain's letter said his death was due to odd caprice  
His buddies took the time to go and gather every piece

*War is massive murder an assembly line of death  
Bloody murder till you take a sudden final breath  
We've got to keep the public in a rage in every town  
We've got to Sell the Narrative or they could shut us down*

The fog of war's deliberate and well planned in advance  
The PR hacks get out there and do their song and dance  
Any lie that works in war is absolutely fair  
Our job's to sell the public on the fighting Over There

And when the fight is over we will write its history  
The people who have profited remains a mystery  
We lied to all those young men those soldiers and marines  
We Sold the Narrative because the end allows the means

*War is massive murder an assembly line of death  
Bloody murder till you take a sudden final breath  
We've got to keep the public in a rage in every town  
We've got to Sell the Narrative or they could shut us down*

*War is massive murder an assembly line of death  
Bloody murder till you take a sudden final breath  
We've got to keep the public in a rage in every town  
We've got to Sell the Narrative or they could shut us down*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# I Got You Babe

Posted: November 1, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “I Got You Babe” by Sonny and Cher

*Rochelle Walensky gets Covid, takes Paxlovid, tests negative—then tests positive again yesterday. So, I imagine Rochelle and The Virus singing Sonny and Cher’s classic Love Duet, “I Got You Babe”.*

ROCHELLE:

They said the vax would keep me well  
If not, their med would keep me, out of hell.

THE VIRUS:

Well I don’t know, if all that’s true,  
But you got Me, and Baby...I got You.

TOGETHER:

Babe....  
I got you Babe.  
I got you Babe.

ROCHELLE):

They say that now, you’re kinda mild  
But I feel like, my body’s been defiled.

THE VIRUS:

I guess that’s so—they just don’t know squat  
And I’ve lost count, of how many folks I’ve got.

TOGETHER:

Babe....

I got you Babe.

I got you Babe.

THE VIRUS:

I got proteins,

That let me

Latch your cells.

Your lock—my key

ROCHELLE:

I got you, in all my heart!

THE VIRUS:

I got you! I won't let go!

ROCHELLE:

I got you, from head to toe!

TOGETHER:

I got you, Babe!

I got you, Babe!

I got you, Babe!

I got you, Babe!

I got you, Babe!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Crack that whip...”

Posted: November 3, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Whip It” by Devo

*With inspiration from Gerald...*

Crack that whip  
Give the past a pink slip  
Get on a Volcker track  
Break the housing bubble's back

When inflation comes along  
You must whip it  
Before interest rates play along  
You must whip it  
When something's going wrong  
You must whip it

Now whip it  
Into shape  
Shape it up  
Get straight  
Go forward  
Move ahead  
Try to detect it  
It's not too late  
To whip it  
Whip it good

When a good time turns around  
You must whip it  
You will never live it down  
Unless you whip it  
Inflation gets in the way  
Until they whip it



I say whip it  
Whip it good  
I say whip it  
Whip it good

It's not too late  
To whip it  
Whip it good



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Quang Tri

Posted: November 4, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Suzanne” by Leonard Cohen

I could see they tried to save you  
Someone tried to stop your bleeding  
But I found you past all worries  
Far beyond all mortal needing  
I still wonder who you once were  
Your childhood and your teachers  
Your classmates and your sweetheart  
And your village and your creatures  
You were little more than sixteen  
With your AK and your backpack  
But you slowed down your companions  
And then soon it didn't matter  
If any of them came back  
And you went to war forever  
And you went into it blind  
And you left it only knowing  
That you'd never know what you have left behind

The photo in your hand  
Was of your mother and your father  
Were they proud and glad to send you  
To the jungle and the slaughter  
Your letters stopped arriving  
And you never more did see 'em  
While the dirt below a sweet gum tree  
Became your mausoleum  
Somewhere out in Quang Tri province  
Your remains of meat and bone  
Forsaken, almost human  
And after sixty years you're still alone

And you went to war forever  
And you went into it blind  
And you left it only knowing  
That you'd never know what you have left behind

Now if ever I could find you  
Off that trail beyond that river  
I would bring a simple marker  
A white stone I would deliver  
And I'll speak these words above you  
If the gods are ever willing  
That the moments that we shared there  
Marked the day that I stopped killing  
We shall never leave the jungle  
But my friend I am still mourning  
That we ever had to meet there  
Where your death brought me a warning  
That the end is always near  
And we went to war forever  
And we went into it blind  
And we left it only knowing  
That we'll never know what we have left behind



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “So I told him that he’d better shut his mouth...”

Posted: November 4, 2022

By **caucus99percenter**

Inspiration: “The Great Mandella (The Wheel of Life)” by Peter, Paul and Mary

**S**o I told him that he’d better shut his mouth  
And do his job like a man.  
And he answered “Listen, Father,  
I will never kill another.”  
He thinks he’s better  
than his brother that died  
What the hell does he think he’s doing  
To his father who brought him up right?

*Take your place on The Great Mandala  
As it moves through your brief moment of time.  
Win or lose now you must choose now  
And if you lose you’re only losing your life.*

Tell the jailer not to bother  
With his meal of bread and water today.  
He is fasting ’til the killing’s over  
He’s a martyr, he thinks he’s a prophet.  
But he’s a coward, he’s just playing a game  
He can’t do it, he can’t change it  
It’s been going on for ten thousand years

(chorus)

Tell the people they are safe now  
Hunger stopped him, he lies still in his cell.  
Death has gagged his accusations  
We are free now, we can kill now,  
We can hate now, now we can end the world  
We’re not guilty, he was crazy  
And it’s been going on for ten thousand years!

Take your place on The Great Mandala  
As it moves through your brief moment of time.  
Win or lose now you must choose now  
And if you lose you’ve only wasted your life.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “He always buys while others walk ...”

Posted: November 6, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Thunderball” by Tom Jones

He always buys while others walk  
He acts while other men just balk  
They say its winner who takes all  
And he strikes it rich playing Powerball

He knows the meaning of success  
His needs are more so he needs excess  
He looks at this world and once in all  
Somebody strikes it rich playing Powerball

Any geegaw he wants, he'll get  
He will break anything without regret

His days of winning are all gone  
His fight goes on, and on, and on.  
But he thinks that the fight is worth it all  
So he buys for next week's Powerball...



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Lace up your 280 characters and we’ll get the low down...”

Posted: November 7, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “House of Blue Lights” by Chuck Miller

To the who what & where on the edge of online town  
There’s an eight buck combo that just won’t quit  
Keep payin’ ’til you get a monthly blue check tick  
Fall in there and we’ll see some sights next  
At the house of blue checks  
There’s news and gossip and the usual outlandish fibs  
But the treat of the treats  
Is when they serve you all those fine eight buck bleats  
You’ll want to spend time with the rest of the nervous wrecks  
Down at the house, the house of blue checks  
We’ll have a time and we’ll cut down some mug  
While we dig those blue ticks like they should be dug  
It’s a real home comin’ for all the Twitteratti cats  
Just wander down a path of \$96 a year welcome mats  
Fall in there and we’ll see what happens next  
At the house of blue checks  
There’s news and gossip and the usual outlandish fibs  
But the treat of the treats  
Is when they serve you all those fine eight buck bleats  
You’ll want to spend the rest of your time next  
Down at the house, the house of blue checks



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# How Bizarre

Posted: November 8, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “How Bizarre” by OMC

It's a crime to feed the homeless? To feed the destitute?  
To offer help to someone falling with no parachute?  
To look out for somebody else however you're inclined?  
You're s'posed to never see 'em, to pretend that you are blind  
Policemen will arrest you quick if you're even tryin'  
Kindness and comfort cuts across a red line

*How bizarre—How bizarre—How bizarre*

If someone isn't working while they're in the working class  
They better be retired with a pension that will last  
No begging on the corner and no sleeping on concrete  
Where does a poor man die except out in the street?

*How bizarre—How bizarre—How bizarre*

Ooh, baby (*Ooh, baby*)  
It's making me crazy (*It's making me crazy*)  
Everytime I look around (*Look around*)  
Everytime I look around (*Everytime I look around*)  
Everytime I look around  
It's in my face

A person isn't money but without it they aren't real  
There cannot be a rat race once the rat falls off the wheel  
There has to be dire poverty to fund the very rich  
A castle means ten thousand people drinking from a ditch  
There's enough for everyone but vulture wealth demands  
Suck up all the coins into too few hands  
The beatings will go on till the working class unites  
Private property owns our human rights



*How bizarre—How bizarre—How bizarre*

Ooh, baby (*Ooh, baby*)  
It's making me crazy (*It's making me crazy*)  
Everytime I look around (*look around*)  
Everytime I look around (*Everytime I look around*)  
Everytime I look around  
It's in my face

*It's in my face*

Ooh, baby (*Ooh, baby*)  
It's making me crazy (*It's making me crazy*)  
*Everytime I look around (Look around)*  
*Everytime I look around (Everytime I look around)*  
Everytime I look around  
It's in my face

Ooh, baby (*Ooh, baby*)  
It's making me crazy (*It's making me crazy*)  
Everytime I look around (*Look around*)  
Everytime I look around (*Everytime I look around*)  
Everytime I look around  
It's in my face



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Acting My Wage

Posted: November 9, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay" by Otis Redding

Sittin' in my cubicle cage  
Pushin' papers for an hourly wage  
No dental, no doctor, no pills  
And an evening job for life after bills

I'm just sittin' here actin' my wage  
Playin' my part on the company stage  
The victim of a victimless crime  
Doin' time

I'm chum for the student loans shark  
My future's lookin' grim and dark  
A walkin' talkin' question mark  
Makin' money for an oligarch

So I'm just gon' sit here actin' my wage  
No retiring at any age  
I'm sittin' here actin' my wage  
Doin' time

Looks like I'm lost in a losing game  
Got no savings worth the name  
I can't be what everyone wants me to be  
I just wait out a waitin' game

Sittin' here restin' my bones  
A number among numberless drones  
Someday I'll be an escapee  
This country isn't good for me

Now I'm just gon' sit here in my cubicle cage  
Pushin' some papers for an hourly wage  
The victim of a victimless crime  
Doin' time



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Dear Russia

Posted: November 10, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Dear Landlord” by Bob Dylan

Dear Russia  
Please, let us out of this war  
It's cold and we're hungry  
The pain's getting hard to ignore  
We tried so hard to spread your legs  
To rape Mother Russia for gold  
We went a-Viking to run you through  
Now we pray that we might be paroled

Dear Russia  
Please take this noose from our necks  
We need to get home now  
We'll write you some big blank checks  
We brought world war to your front door  
And you saved this world from our aims  
We've both had enough of blood and gore  
And our arrogant, treacherous games

Dear Russia  
We've no right to mercy, it's plain  
Our *Lebensraum* effort  
Was clearly absurd and insane  
Since 1054 we've been coming on  
And you always chase us away  
You're right to doubt those days are gone  
Or to trust any words that we say



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “To sail on a dream on a cloud...”

Posted: November 10, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Calypso” by John Denver

To sail on a dream on a cloud, to ride on the crest of the wild raging storm  
To work in the service of life, in search of the answers to questions unknown  
To be part of the movement, part of beginning to understand  
Aye, Crypto, the prices you’ve been to  
the things that you’ve shown us, the stories you tell  
Aye, Crypto, I sing to your spirit, the fools who have served you so long and so well

Like the market who guides you, now bring it upon you  
to light up the darkness and show us a new way too  
For though we are strangers in your silent world, to live on the land we must learn from history  
To be true as when it was going up, joyful and loving-winning the lottery  
Aye, Crypto, the prices you’ve been to  
the things that you’ve shown us, the stories you tell  
Aye, Crypto, I sing to your spirit, the gullible who have served you so long and so well  
Aye, Crypto, the hyperinflated prices you’ve been to, a bit apocalypso  
the things that you’ve shown us, the stories you tell.  
Goodbye, Crypto, I sing to your spirit, the fools who have served you so long and so well



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Last of Us

Posted: November 11, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine” by Bob Dylan

I dreamed I saw the last of us  
What our dominion portends  
Kicking cans down our last mile of road  
And how our story ends

Now I fear that we will walk that mile  
With all choices in our hands  
For I found us hiding underground  
Below stony desert sands

No forests, lakes, or streams out here  
The sky is dark with dust  
Cyclone winds blow endlessly  
And strip the rocky crust

But in places hidden here and there  
The jagged sand conceals  
Survivors living down below  
Hoping that our planet heals

(harmonica)

The green world we would wander  
Slowly died as we stood by  
The oceans are up in the air  
No rain falls from the sky

Yet here a mother weeps in pain  
The last one to give birth  
Her tears will never reach the ground  
Or touch the planet Earth



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Make believe, why can’t you be true?...”

November 11, 2022

By **Wukchumni**

Inspiration: “Maybellene” by Chuck Berry

**M**ake believe, why can’t you be true?  
Oh, make believe, why can’t you be true?  
Your done doing the things you used to do

As I was motivatin’ online  
I saw make believe disappear in no time  
A market maker in the starring role  
Nothin’ will out-trade FTX’s goal  
The stock price was doin’ ’bout 85  
Seller to buyer, tradin’ side by side

Make believe, why can’t you be true?  
Oh, make believe, why can’t you be true?  
Your done doin’ the things you used to do

The stock pulled up and went in a flat spin  
Interest wasn’t so hot and a lack of, did them in  
Withdrawals got heavy and bankruptcy came  
Its the same old something for nothing game  
The CEO blowin; out of the hood  
I knew that wasn’t doin’ the numismatrix any good

Make believe, why can’t you be true?  
Oh, make believe, why can’t you be true?  
Your done doin’ the things you used to do



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “Boldfinger, he’s the man, the man with the QWERTY touch...”

Posted: November 13, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Goldfinger Instrumental” by John Barry

**B**oldfinger, he’s the man, the man with the QWERTY touch  
A digital touch  
Such a bold finger beckons you to enter his web of sin  
But don’t go in

Cryptic words he will pour in your ear  
But bankruptcy can’t disguise what you fear  
For a crypto player knows when he’s dissed you  
It’s the kiss of death from Mister

Boldfinger, just like that you got rolled  
This trail is cold

Cryptic words he will pour in your ear  
But bankruptcy can’t disguise what you fear  
For a crypto player knows when he’s dissed you  
It’s the kiss of death for Mirage Money Mister

Boldfinger, just like that you got rolled  
This trail is cold



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Wreck of the EU And NATO

Posted: November 13, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald” by Gordon Lightfoot

Back in 2014 'twas one hell of a scene  
Banderistas took over Ukraine  
Russia came and took Crimea in hand  
And vowed that's how things will remain  
For eight years since then Ukraine sent Army men  
To war on Ukraine's Russian regions  
The US and EU helped them pull off their coup  
And to train and then send forth their legions

With much bluster and pride the American side  
With the EU and NATO and Britain  
Loudly did boast that the Russians were toast  
For they'd broken *The-Rules-That-Aren't-Written*  
Stiff sanctions were laid to stop all Russian trade  
Then more sanctions were laid with delight  
Ukraine got munitions from new coalitions  
Who would help when the time came to fight

By 2022 the Ukrainians slew  
Many thousands of Russians in Donbass  
When Russia said Quit! the West threw a fit  
And the whole thing boiled down to an impasse  
When Russia rolled in much to Europe's chagrin  
The EU stole all Russia's Euros  
The Russians alas said *Pay rubles for gas*  
*Or there'll be no methane for your boroughs!*

Russia's advance seemed slow at first glance  
For they worked at a leisurely pace  
They fought with great care, each man knowing he's there  
To wreck Ukraine's army in place  
Ukraine had more men, but time and again  
Ukraine's troops went running to hide  
The Russian command wasn't there to take land  
But to see that Ukraine's soldiers died

After half of a year it was perfectly clear  
That the Russians were reaching their goal  
As autumn came 'round all of Europe has found  
That they're starving for oil, gas, and coal  
They started this war that has made them all poor  
So it's high time for some circumspection  
As with much heated talk of the damned NATO bloc  
Their citizens launch insurrection

What with power blackouts, and historical droughts  
The EU is starting to splinter  
Their provisions run dry and no one can deny  
There's scant hope of living through winter  
But their leaders and rulers are liars and mewlers  
Privileged and proud playground gangsters  
Ruining lives while exchanging high fives  
Disrupters and neocon pranksters

The bill has come due for the fake Maidan coup  
By dint of the whole Russian nation  
NATO won't dare fight the big Russian bear  
So we have a whole new situation  
The Brits and EU have no choice what to do  
But accept Russia's terms and surrender  
To threaten and bluff was never enough  
When NATO is just a pretender

Russia wants neighbors who don't sharpen sabers  
Or issue harsh sanctions and threats  
In the decades to come Europe's income

Depends on how grim climate gets  
A single potato is worth more than NATO  
When citizens starve in the street  
Russia's no rival when your survival  
Depends not on weapons but wheat

America hollers and prints petrodollars  
Convinced that their narrative's winning  
They spread democracy to the South China Sea  
But support for their Empire is thinning  
In DC and Brussels they flex their mouth muscles  
To stop China taking Taiwan  
But we can't win a war anywhere any more  
Not since we ran from Saigon



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I heard that you’re on your own now...”

Posted: November 13, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Sam” by Olivia Newton-John

I heard that you’re on your own now  
So are crypto investors  
You’re living alone now  
I wasn’t wrong, it was overdue  
So were all the clues  
What will you do?  
Are you glad to be free?  
Are you feeling lost @ sea  
Longing for the good old days of a crypto company

Oh Sam, Sam, the Feds know you’re on the lam  
Come around and talk about non-extradition countries awhile  
You need a place to hide your pile  
You need more guile  
Oh Sam, Sam, the Feds know you’re on the lam  
And the door is open wide  
Come on over to the dark side  
The authorities longing to see you  
Oh Sam, Sam, livin’ on the lam

You find the days hard to face now  
Empty trading room  
There’s much too much space now  
And the Nassau nights go so slow  
I’m sure you know  
Wish I knew what to do  
It would be so nice seeing you vamoose  
And it might help you too

*"I heard that you're on your own now..."*

Oh Sam, Sam, hope you stick to your plan  
Come around and talk about Tierra del Fuego awhile  
You need to put on many a mile  
You need a place to sequester your pile  
Oh Sam, Sam, the Feds know you're on the lam  
And the door is open wide  
Come on over on an airplane ride  
Oh Sam, Sam, you know what happens after the collapse of a sham

Oh Sam, good luck livin' on the lam  
Oh Sam, ooh Sam  
You know, you know  
They know your getaway plan



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Tiptoe through the window...”

Posted: November 14, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Tiptoe Through The Tulips” by Tiny Tim

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

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

Knee deep in moolah we'll stray  
We'll keep the statesiders away  
And if I Bahamian you in the garden, in the moonlight  
Will there be a fee for me  
And tiptoe through the tulips for recovery

Maybe the manna you strayed will be the forever delayed  
And when they dismiss you in the garden in the moonlight  
Will you Bahamian with me and tiptoe through the tulips for a draconian fee?



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I am Sam. I am Sam. Sam I am...”

Posted: November 15, 2022

By Wukchumni

FTX [balance sheet, revealed](#) FTAlphaville  
YVES: *ZOMG!!! This isn't a balance sheet, it's a napkin doodle. Your  
pet store has more entries on its balance sheet.*

I am Sam. I am Sam. Sam I am.

That Sam-I-am! That Sam-I-am! I do not like that Sam-I-am!

Would you like to give green shoots to a sham?

I do not like them, Sam-I-am.

I do not like green shoots and sham.

Would you like prosecution here or there?

I would not like prosecution here or there.

I would not like it anywhere.

I do not like green shoots and sham.

I do not like them, Sam-I-am.

Would you like withdrawals to be in house?

Would you like them hacked with a mouse?



I do not like withdrawals to be in house.  
I do not like them being hacked with a mouse.  
I would not like prosecution here or there.  
I would not like it anywhere.  
I do not like green shoots and sham.  
I do not like them, Sam-I-am.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “You’re the kind of person you meet at certain dismal, dull affairs...”

Posted: November 16, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “19th Nervous Breakdown” by The Rolling Stones

You’re the kind of person you meet at certain dismal, dull affairs  
Center of a crowd, talking much too loud, running up and down the stairs  
Well, it seems to me that you have seen too much in too few years  
And though you’ve tried you just can’t hide your eyes are edged with tears

You better stop, look around  
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes  
Here comes your Long Covid 19 nervous breakdown

When you were afflicted you were a Pfizer treated kind  
But you never came back right after testing positive that time  
You were spoiled with \$1200 but still you hurt all night  
Your country who neglected you owes a million dollar tax  
And your President’s still perfecting ways of making coverage lax

You better stop, look around  
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes  
Here comes your Long Covid 19 nervous breakdown

Oh, who’s to blame, the symptoms are just insane  
Well nothing I do don’t seem to work  
It only seems to make matters worse, oh please

*“You’re the kind of person you meet at certain dismal, dull affairs...”*

Remember when you had that Fauci fool who really messed your mind  
And after that the country turned its back on treating people kind  
On my first go round I tried so hard to pay it no mind  
But after a while I realized brain fog was disarranging mine

You better stop, look around

Here it comes

Here comes your Long Covid 19 nervous breakdown

Here comes your Long Covid 19 nervous breakdown

Here comes your Long Covid 19 nervous breakdown

Here comes your Long Covid 19 nervous breakdown

Here comes your Long Covid 19 nervous breakdown

Here comes your Long Covid 19 nervous breakdown



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “You’re the kind of person, who trusts the words from...”

Posted: November 16, 2022

By Sardonía

*Dueling 19th Nervous Breakdown song parodies. :)*

You’re the kind of person, who trusts the words from  
Corporate media

If they got nice hair, you don’t really care  
Just what they’re feedin’ ya.

You take each new jab, from the Pfizer Lab  
Even though it soon degrades.

They neglect to teach you, it’s one that each new  
Variant evades.

You better stop.

Look around.

Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums

Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums

Here comes your nineteenth Bug Infection!

Big Business ghouls, got a lotta Tools

They got lotsa wherewithal.

The imperative, of their narrative

Is “Go out and spend it all.”

“No need to fret”, said your TV set

On the PBS News Hour:

The same line as Trump, from another Chump

Whose only concern is Power.

You better stop.  
Look around.  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here comes your nineteenth Bug Infection!

Oh, who's to blame?  
This world's just insane.  
Well nothin' we do don't seem to work  
'Specially when Special Interests lurk.  
Oh, Plee-eee-eee-eeze.

In medical schools, we got lots of fools  
Who really mess our minds.  
Overlooking facts, they can turn clocks back  
To much more carefree times.  
What we wanna hear, is "No need to fear."  
And they wanna think that too.  
And if they're kinda hot, they'll get a speaking spot  
On primetime Channel Two.

You better stop.  
Look around.  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here it cuh...ums, here it cuh...ums  
Here comes your nineteenth Bug Infection!

Oh, who's to blame?  
This world's just insane.  
Well nothin' we do don't seem to work  
'Specially when Special Interests lurk.  
Oh, Plee-eee-eee-eeze.

We'll take Innocence, over virulence  
We're gonna let the good times roll.  
There's no need to see, increased morbidity  
And its cumulative toll.  
We all hid away, and now it's time to play  
Time to go and have some fun.  
Play Russian Roulette, and mock the etiquette  
Of anyone who checks the gun.

*“You’re the kind of person, who trusts the words from...”*

Not gonna stop  
Or look around.  
Here it cuh...ums  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!  
Here comes our nineteenth Bug Infection!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I am just an ageing drummer boy...”

Posted: November 17, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “The Man’s Too Strong” by Dire Straits

*Saw Dire Straits a few times in the UK and a bunch of times in the states, great band who helped quash disco! This song from the mid 80’s seems oddly contemporary in the lyrics...*

I am just an ageing drummer boy  
And in the wars I used to play  
And I’ve called a tune to many a torture session  
Now they say I am a war criminal  
And I’m fading away  
Father, please hear my confession

... I have legalized robbery

Called it belief  
I have run with the money  
I have a-hid like a thief  
Re-written history  
With my armies and my crooks  
Invented memories  
I did burn all the books

... And I can still hear his laughter  
And I can still hear his song

... The man’s too big  
The man’s too strong



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “Shorts & white t-shirt, tennis shoes,...”

Posted: November 17, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “U.S. Blues” by The Grateful Dead

Shorts & white t-shirt, tennis shoes, I’m Sam the sham, how do you do?  
Gimme five, I’m still alive, ain’t no luck, I haven’t learned to duck.  
Check my pulse, it don’t change. I need \$8 billion bucks  
Wave the Crypto flag, pop the bag, rock the boat, skin the goat.  
Wave that flag, wave it wide and high.

Summertime done, come and gone, my, oh, my.  
I’m Uncle \$am, that’s who I am; Been hidin’ out in Bahamas land.  
Shake the hand that shook the hand of P.T. Barnum—a fan  
Lighten your account-wipe it out. Can you use them ol’ Crypto Blues?  
I’ll ruin your health, share your wealth, run your life, bring you strife.  
Wave that flag, wave it wide and high.

Summertime done, come and gone, my, oh, my.  
Back to back virtual smack. Son of a gun, better change your act.  
We’re all confused, what’s to lose?  
You can call this all the Crypto Blues.  
Wave that flag, wave it wide and high.  
Summertime done, come and gone, my, oh, my.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “Oh, oh, oh...”

Posted: November 18, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Native New Yorker”(1977) HD by Odyssey

Oh, oh, oh (*Oh, oh, oh*)  
You're nostalgic for the old New Yorker  
You should know the score by now (*You should know by now*)  
You've given up on the new New Yorker

Remember New Yorkers like McPhee & Angell, ooh, ooh, ooh

Music plays & movie reviews, everyone's Big Apple news  
Makin' neoliberalism and findin' Obama  
There you are, lost in the shadows  
Searchin' for substance (*Searchin' for someone*)  
To set you free from being the blase New Yorker

And, whoa  
Where did all those yesterdays go?  
When you still believed  
Life could really be like a Broadway show  
You were the star, when did it close?

Oh, oh, oh (*Oh, oh, oh*)  
You're nostalgic for the old New Yorker  
No one goes there anymore  
For the new New Yorker  
(*Runnin' pretty bad, nothing like the New Yorker of yore*)



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# The Oligarch Game

Posted: November 19, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody from “Did You Ever Have To Make Up Your Mind?” by The Lovin’ Spoonful

Do you want to play the Oligarch Game?  
To strip mine the planet for cash in your name?  
Well, go grab some assets, some stuff you can claim  
Go grab it all without any shame

It could be cobalt, bananas, or gas  
Or a patent for oil made from Mexican grass  
Just something to sell to the poor working class  
Some product that will really kick ass

You will have to pay off some top politicians  
Tax lawyers, too, and accounting magicians  
And bankers who dwell on some tropical shore  
*(If you bribe the right people then you get to keep more)*

And when you sell a thing the whole world desires  
You can cut down the jungles and burn them in fires  
When you’re selling something the market requires  
For as long as you can find you some buyers

You know the top oligarchs make guns and munitions  
They launch proxy wars between coalitions  
Everyone profits with jobs all around  
While the dollars stack up just like the bodies on the ground

So if you want to play this game like the best  
A whole lot of folks have to be dispossessed  
But you’re only here now to feather your nest  
And to fatten up your own treasure chest



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Diplomats Aren't Talking

Posted: November 22, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "These Boots Are Made For Walking" by Nancy Sinatra

Ukraine won't exist by late December  
Their army's full of grandpas and young boys  
Russian tanks will roll when the steppe is frozen  
And NATO has run out of bang-bang toys

*The diplomats aren't talking*  
*The fighting isn't through*  
*Another couple weeks till Russia*  
*Walks all over you*

*Yeah*

Don't be thinking someone's gonna save you  
There's no sign that Russia plans to quit  
NATO can't provide you any men or weapons  
So fight or run you're going to submit

*The diplomats aren't talking*  
*The fighting isn't through*  
*Another couple weeks till Russia*  
*Walks all over you*

Ukraine belongs to General Armageddon  
He'll carve you up and finish you by turns Ha!  
Mutinies and desertion's are a-spreadin' Yeah  
Have you seen the white snow when it burns?

*The diplomats aren't talking  
The fighting isn't through  
Another couple weeks till Russia  
Walks all over you*

Are you ready Vlad?

Start walking!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Crypto money, get away ...”

Posted: November 22, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Money” by Pink Floyd

Crypto money, get away  
Get a Nassau job with more pay and you're O.K.  
Crypto money, it's a gas  
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash  
New funds for an altruistic daydream,  
Think I'll buy me a political team

Crypto money, get back  
I'm all right, Jack, keep your hands off of my stack.  
Crypto money, it's a hit  
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit  
I'm in the high-speed trading set  
And I think I need a reset

Crypto money, it's a crime  
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie  
Crypto money, so they say  
Is the root of all evil today  
But if you ask for yours back it's no surprise that they're giving none away



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Dingo

Posted: November 23, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Ringo” by Lorne Greene

*They live where they can in the Outback  
The wild dogs the dingos  
Half-starved and worse  
Mostly scared of people  
But you’ve got to watch your back  
There’s always one watching—it’s a mystery  
Most of them are varmints  
But every once in a while in one of them  
There may be found  
A friend*

Drivin’ a road train through the Great Outback  
Three trailers for this insomniac  
Jacked on reds and caffeine juice  
And recreational substance abuse  
Which is no surprise in this enterprise  
That’s the day I first laid eyes  
on Dingo

(Dingo, Dingo)

He was skin and bones lying in the road  
I was well into psychedelic mode  
So I parked my rig and clambered out  
He came over to eat me when he heard my shout  
He bit me twice I bit him back  
That day I joined the forlon pack  
of Dingo

(Dingo, Dingo)

I fed him jerky and a sticky bun  
I call him Ratface just for fun  
We stopped at every lonseome tree  
And found we were good company  
We sang and howled to heavy metal  
I kept my foot down on that pedal  
with Dingo

(Dingo, Dingo)

I took him to a vet in Adelaide  
That doctor started throwing shade  
At Ratface—said he's not canine  
He asked about my state of mind  
I asked him for a rabies shot  
He said a rifle's all I've got  
for Dingo

(Dingo, Dingo)

So he's got no license got no shots  
Has a chewed up tail and some mangey spots  
They won't let me walk him at the mall  
I got a Health Department conference call  
The police keep knocking on my door  
My wife won't live here anymore  
with Dingo

(Dingo, Dingo)

He's learned some tricks he's versatile  
He chews through cans in the grocery aisle  
I don't clean it up it's not our mess  
It's part of his "*cognitive process*"  
He slips his collar for kangaroos  
Three times he's been on the TV news  
my Dingo

(Dingo, Dingo)

But a mob of farmers—men of sheep  
Sued me and said I could not keep  
A vicious beast like Ratface here  
A judge and jury made it clear  
Ratface must go back to the wild  
I lost all rights to my stepchild  
my Dingo

(Dingo)

It was a week before I did the deed  
On my next road trip Ratface was freed  
He didn't look back didn't stay to gab  
But I'm not alone in my great big cab  
I found a jumbuck in a swagman's noose  
I adopted him and call him Bruce  
not Dingo

(Dingo, Dingo)

(Dingo, Dingo)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “I feel a hot wind on my shoulder...”

Posted: November 23, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Mexican Radio” by Wall of Voodoo

[McCarthy calls on DHS Secretary Mayorkas to resign, threatens impeachment inquiry](#) The Hill. *Hmmmmmm, My Kevin (since '07) on the border?*

I feel a hot wind on my shoulder  
And the touch of his Donald who is older  
Turn off the light switch and check the number  
Count Speaker votes like sheep in bed when I slumber  
I anticipate the rhythm of the swinging gavel  
I wonder if I'll never use it  
I hear the talking of the lame duck madam Speaker  
Can't understand just what does she say?

I'm on a Mexican dog & pony show rodeo  
I'm on a Mexican dog & pony show rodeo

I dial it in and explain the situation  
I blame it on the Biden inflation  
I understand just a little  
No *comprende*—it's a riddle

I'm on a Mexican dog & pony show rodeo  
I'm on a Mexican dog & pony show rodeo

*"I feel a hot wind on my shoulder.."*

I wish I was in Bakersfield  
But sometimes you gotta go afield  
I'd take his requests on the smartphone  
I'm on a wavelength far from home  
I feel again that hot wind on my shoulder  
I dial it in from north of the border  
I hear the talking of His Donald  
Can do just what he wanted, after the call

Rodeo, rodeo



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “’Twas the day before Black Friday, when all through the house...”

Posted: November 24, 2022

By Wukchumni

’Twas the day before Black Friday, when all through the house  
The creatures were stirring, some using a mouse;  
The HD TV’s were priced by their dimensions with care,  
In hopes that bargain hunters soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds;  
While visions of Play Station 5’s danced in their heads;  
And mamma on her computer, and one on my lap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter’s nap,  
When out on the driveway there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a luster of desirability to objects below,  
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,  
But a UPS sleigh, loaded up with goods from far & near  
With a driver wearing brown so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment he must be in good nick.

*“Twas the day before Black Friday, when all through the house...”*

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had no porch pirates to dread;  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the porches; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up to the driver's seat he rose;  
He sprang to his 4 wheeled sleigh, and gave the ignition a turn,  
And away he flew, time is money he's learned  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—  
“Happy Black Friday to all, and to all a good buy!”



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Narrative

Posted: November 28, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "All Of Me" by Frank Sinatra

Narrative  
Stick with The Narrative

Have no doubt

Truth has a worldview

Read my lips

Russians are losers

Use big words

Journalists are confusers

Magnify then oversimplify

Spin the facts with mental jujitsu

Tear the truth apart upset the applecart

Stick with The Narrative

(musical interlude)

Narrative

Stick with The Narrative

Don't rely

On what people tell you

Journalists

Have to untangle

Points of view

Stick with your angle

Justify raising a hue and cry

About lies we will provide you

Think of your career don't be a mutineer

Stick with The Narrative



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# Leaving Kiev

Posted: November 28, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Cream In My Coffee” by Nat King Cole. [Alert reader Wuzzy](#): The melody was written by Ray Henderson in 1928. Nat was about nine at the time.

I t's a long way to Poland  
Then to Europe beyond  
We have to flee  
This insanity  
The hour has come to be gone

Ukraine's descended to squalor  
Escape is long overdue  
Nowhere to pee  
No electricity  
There is no way to make do

No trains on dead rails  
Cars move like slow snails  
We might need a horse and sleigh  
A bag of oats and a bale of hay

Our son died in the fighting  
Now Ukraine is dead too  
We can't stick around with  
Kiev shutting down  
It's time to save me and you

(musical interlude)

No fear and despair  
We'll find petrol somewhere  
From some roadside racketeer  
We won't make it if we stay here dear

Three or four days of driving  
We can sleep in the car  
It's a short holiday  
Yes we're both old and grey  
Heavy snow's on the way  
We cannot delay  
Let's go join the queue!  
And pray to God we get through!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I hear the agent for the seven deadly sins...”

Posted: November 28, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “It Never Rains” by Dire Straits

I hear the agent for the seven deadly sins  
And a NATO arming binge came to call on you  
The bigger they are babe  
The harder they fall on you  
And we’re always the same we persevere  
On the same old pleasure ground  
Oh and it never rains around here  
The money comes pouring down

You had no more volunteers  
So you got war profiteers for to help you out  
With friends like that babe  
Good friends you had to do without  
And now Putin’s taken out the chains and the gears  
From off your grid merry-go-round  
Oh and it never rains around here  
The money comes pouring down

And our new romeo  
Wasn’t a stand up comedian when he let us down  
See the faster they are babe  
The faster they get manna out of DC town  
Leaving made up claims and the tears  
Of a clown  
Yes and it never rains around here  
The money comes pouring down

Oh you were just a roller coaster memory  
I don’t know why we were even passing through



We saw you making a date with destiny  
When we came around here asking after you  
In the shadow of the wheel of fortune  
You're busy trying to build your fame  
You say 'I may be guilty yeah that may be true  
But I'd be lying if I said I was to blame  
See we could have been a major contender  
We got no money no breaks'  
You've got a list of all the major offenses  
You got a list of all their major mistakes  
And he's just standing on the shadows  
Yes and you smile that come-on smile  
Oh I can still hear you say as clear as the day  
'I'd like to make it worth your while'

Ah but it's a sad reminder  
When your proxy has blown through all the money sent  
And all you've got to give him  
Is the use of your propaganda tent  
Yes and that's all that remains of the year's money  
Spent on artillery rounds  
And it never rains around here  
Well the money comes pouring down

Now you know what they say about beggars  
You can't complain about the rules  
You know what they say about beggars  
You know who's the first to blame his tools  
We never gave a damn about who we (*family blogged*) up  
And leave lying bleeding on the ground  
You screw people over to your way of tinkering  
Because we thought that we were never coming down  
And he takes you out in vaudeville valley  
With his green shirt smothering your screens  
And he takes you down a 1-way alley  
In the capital city of broken dreams



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# You'll Be Happy

Posted: November 30, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "White Rabbit" by Jefferson Airplane

Two and two is five now  
The sky is never blue  
Up is down sometimes and somehow  
From a proper point of view  
What is logic  
It's a free for all

Algorithms and disruption  
Token tasks token rewards  
Tolkien touched on true corruption  
In the throne rooms of the lords  
What is freedom  
To the marching hordes

Get in line for your implants  
You will enjoy social control  
You'll own nothing and you'll be happy  
Sit back we'll fillet your soul  
You're the product  
You are the goal

We have known you and we own you  
We've heard every word you've said  
We touch all your thoughts and feelings  
We know what you love and you dread  
Remember we are in your head

In your head...

In your head...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Down from Wilmington...”

Posted: December 2, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Southern Pacific” by Neil Young

Down from Wilmington  
To the capital in Washington  
Past the angry political divide  
The mighty diesel whines

And the union comes  
And the union goes  
Round another bend  
The giant dividers role

Roll on, no sick days specific  
On your silver rails  
Through the moonlight  
Roll on, no sick days specific  
On your silver rails  
On your silver rails

I rode the Amtrak  
I saw the daylight  
When I turned sixty-five  
Beau was still alive

So it was Mr. Casey Jones  
We’ve got to let you know  
That’s country policy  
You’ve got a pension, though

Roll on, no sick days specific  
On your silver rails  
Silver rails, silver rails  
Roll on, no sick days specific  
On your silver rails  
Silver rails, silver rails

I ain't no idea man  
Ain't no conductor  
But I would be though  
If I was President when younger

I got my imperial watch  
I put in my time  
Now I'm left to roll  
Down the long decline

Roll on, no sick days specific  
On your silver rails  
Through the moonlight  
Roll on, no sick days specific  
On your silver rails  
On your silver rails



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# That's It!

Posted: December 3, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Little Green Bag" by George Baker Selection

*(Yeah)*

Thousand tanks in his ranks plus five hundred more  
When he rolls we'll be in our holes so weary and sore  
In the stench of our trench we'll hide from the flames  
Livin' through this bally-hoo is our only aim

Soldiers of Ukraine have long since given our best  
Gonna quit as soon as Russia rolls to the west  
That's It!

General Surovikin's a mastermind who always wins a fight  
Look to the left he comes from the right  
Lookin' ahead he comes from behind

General Surovikin's a mastermind who always wins a fight  
Look to the left he comes from the right  
Lookin' ahead he comes from behind

*(Yeah)*

He stopped the trains with bombs and planes precision hits  
We'll decide where to hide when he launches his blitz  
On our own in a battle zone we can die where we stand  
Or wave a rag surrender flag and quit on demand

A thousand tanks in his ranks plus about five hundred more  
All the dead run through my head I'm done with this war

*(Alright)*

General Surovikin's a mastermind who always wins a fight  
Look to the left he comes from the right  
Lookin' ahead he comes from behind



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I could hardly believe it, when I heard the news today...”

Posted: December 6, 2022

By Wukchumni

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

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 runnin', someone who swept Trump 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 Trump?  
Now that I've been enduring him so long  
How am I supposed to live without him  
And how am I supposed to carry on?  
When all that TDS I've been livin' for is gone

I'm too proud for cryin' over spilt ilk, didn't come here to mend  
It's just a dream of mine is coming to an end  
And how can I blame you when I built my world around  
The hope that one day everybody would be so unsound

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



*"I could hardly believe it, when I heard the news today.."*

Tell me, how am I supposed to live without Donald?

Now that I've been enduring him so long

How am I supposed to live without him

And how am I supposed to carry on?

When all that TDS I've been livin' for is gone



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Now, warning lights are flashing down at crypto quality control...”

Posted: December 7, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Industrial Disease” by Dire Straits

Now, warning lights are flashing down at crypto quality control  
Somebody wanted their gotten gains out of a glory hole  
There’s rumors in the numismatrix and anger in the town  
Somebody pulled a lever, and no reinforcement came down  
There’s a meetin’ with an attorney, they’re tryin’ to trace the amount  
There’s a leak in an online chatroom, there’s diarrhea of the mouth  
Somewhere in the corridors someone was soon fleeced  
Goodness me, could this be late stage crypto disease?

FTX caretaker was crucified for sleeping at his post  
Refusing to be pacified, it’s him they blame the most  
whatever is in the cupboard, the Bahamas done seize  
Everyone concerned about late stage crypto disease  
There’s panic on the internet, emoji nooses in knots  
Most lack sympathy, some come on as bought & paid for bots  
Some blame the management, some the employees  
Everybody knows it’s late stage crypto disease

Yeah, now the Winklevoss are disgusted, out a billion unwilling  
Innocence is injured, somebody made a killing  
Everyone seeks withdrawals, everyone agrees that  
These are classic symptoms of a monetary mirage squeeze  
On the internet they talk about the virtual tulip curse  
usability is useless, worthiness is worse  
History boils over, there’s a frozen virtual floral frieze  
Cyberscribes invent words that mean “late stage crypto disease”

*“Now, warning lights are flashing down at crypto quality control...”*

Andrew Ross Sorkin declared, “I’m not surprised to see you here  
You’ve got Kubrick stare from smirking, laughing @ newly austere  
I don’t know how you came to get the do-gooder need  
But worst of all young man, you’ve got late stage crypto disease”

He was pushing NYT subscriptions, and said, “You are depressed  
But I’m glad you came to see me to get this off your manly chest...  
Come back and see me later, next mirage money mogul please  
Send in another victim of late stage crypto disease”



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “He rode into town on Willie Brown’s horse...”

Posted: December 9, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “California Kid” by the Beat Farmers

He rode into town on Willie Brown’s horse  
Got a parking & traffic job up north  
His chances were swingin’ in the breeze  
All the recall election posters had pictures of he

Tied what was left of his hopes to a meal *Prix Fixe*  
Walked into a restaurant, they called the French Laundry niche  
He ordered up sans mask, they called for his head  
He survived the likes of Elder, then he still led

He used to have Kimberly Guilfoyle right by his side  
He’s the greasy stuff California Kid, I hope you’re quite prepared for his 2024 ride

You can only imagine the electorate was eyeballing he  
Staring down from their screens you see  
Some women claimed he caused a lack of breath  
He was winning hearts being handsome & not near death  
Some found him tragically hip, as good as it gets

He’s got Getty, right by his side  
He’s the greasy stuff California Kid, I hope you’re quite prepared for his 2024 ride

He uncorked a bottle, the pro wino whined  
*Why drink anything from the late teens?*  
'bout that time the paparazzi snuck in  
And there stood some asshole all uncovered in sin  
Do as I say-not as I do, he said *"That's no lie"*  
Almost blew a hole in his chances just as big as the sky

He's got Pelosi, right by his side  
He's the greasy stuff California Kid, I hope you're quite prepared for his 2024 ride



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Lovely Brussels

Posted: December 10, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Sugar Mountain" by Neil Young

Oh to live in lovely Brussels  
We make the rules in our own Brigadoon  
We deal in daydreams champagne and moonbeams  
Just to think about the peasants makes us swoon  
The peasants make us swoon

It's so awfully hard to care  
About every Frau and Herr  
When our goals are iron clad  
Moscow first then Stalingrad

Oh to live in lovely Brussels  
We make the rules in our own Brigadoon  
We deal in daydreams champagne and moonbeams  
Just to think about the peasants makes us swoon  
The peasants make us swoon

Each Ukrainian exile  
Wants to live in Western style  
We'll soon have ten million more  
Fleeing from our proxy war

Oh to live in lovely Brussels  
We make the rules in our own Brigadoon  
We deal in daydreams champagne and moonbeams  
Just to think about the peasants makes us swoon  
The peasants make us swoon

It's a sad state of affairs  
When our sanctions go nowhere  
Moscow still has not collapsed  
Russia's growing on the maps

Oh to live in lovely Brussels  
We make the rules in our own Brigadoon  
We deal in daydreams champagne and moonbeams  
Just to think about the peasants makes us swoon  
The peasants make us swoon

Here's Zelensky on the phone  
He wants another long range drone  
While our industry's a mess  
Or it's off to the U.S.

Oh to live in lovely Brussels  
We make the rules in our own Brigadoon  
We deal in daydreams champagne and moonbeams  
Just to think about the peasants makes us swoon  
The peasants make us swoon

Oh to live in lovely Brussels  
We make the rules in our own Brigadoon  
We deal in daydreams champagne and moonbeams  
Just to think about the peasants makes us swoon  
The peasants make us swoon



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Seven Days

Posted: December 12, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Casey Jones” as performed by Johnny Cash

Well, come all you rounders listen to my song  
Congress forced us railroad men to come along  
For wealthy men who'd much prefer to bust your head  
For wealthy men who'd like to see our union dead

Men who've got us workin' twelve hours each day  
Seven days a week on call to do as they say  
We seldom see our families or have a decent sleep  
We can't have seven sick days cuz they're too damn cheap

*Seven days—Congress won't allow it  
A purchased vote—that Congress will lament  
In sixty days—once we get our bonus  
We're gonna walk away from all of this torment*

'My son broke his leg at a soccer game  
The doctors couldn't set it till I signed my name  
But I was rolling coal up to Minn-St Paul  
The bosses made me do it—goddamn them all'

'My wife died in hospice I could not attend  
Cuz I was pulling freight cars there and back again  
Four days later when her time came 'round  
I had to trust her relatives to put her in the ground'

*Seven days—Congress won't allow it  
A purchased vote—that Congress will lament  
In sixty days—once we get our bonus  
We're gonna walk away from all of this torment*



A train will block the rails cuz the engineer  
 Parks his train and says, 'I'm outta here!  
 I finally got my bonus so my work is through!  
 You can't make me work when I don't want to!

When one out of ten of us walks away  
 Every train on every track will be delayed  
 You never should have pushed us to extremities  
 It won't be us who ends up on our knees

*Seven days—Congress won't allow it  
 A purchased vote—that Congress will lament  
 In sixty days—once we get our bonus  
 We're gonna walk away from all of this torment*

You can't arrest us when we all resign  
 You don't have enough engineers to reassign  
 If you send in the tear gas, the clubs and mace  
 Every union in this country will be in your face

*Seven days—Congress won't allow it  
 A purchased vote—that Congress will lament  
 In sixty days—once we get our bonus  
 We're gonna walk away from all of this torment*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Ah, look at all the torn-up treaties”

Posted: December 12, 2022

By **Sardonia**

Inspiration: To the tune of The Beatles’ “Eleanor Rigby”

Ah, look at all the torn-up treaties  
Ah, look at all the torn-up treaties.

Vladimir Putin  
Picks up the shreds of agreements that nobody meant  
Misrepresented  
Sits in the Kremlin  
Wondering if...there is anyone that he can trust  
Words have been busted

All the torn-up treaties  
Why do we even try?  
All the torn-up treaties  
They quickly liquify

Angela Merkel  
Spilling the beans in her Twilight before her own Wake:  
“Minsk was a head-fake.”  
Look at her working  
Stirring the pot of mistrust that divides East from West  
Give her a breath-test

All the torn-up treaties  
Why do we even try?  
All the torn-up treaties  
They quickly liquify

Vladimir Putin  
Throws in the towel as he knows that it's time for Divorce  
Now it's just fo...orce  
Angela Merkel  
Saying the words that we're sure Olaf Scholz was forbidding:  
“We were just kidding!”

All the torn-up treaties  
Why do we even try?  
All the torn-up treaties  
They quickly liquify



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “On the first day of Christmas ...”

Posted: [December 13, 2022](#)

By Wukchumni

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me...  
Covid that came from an office party

On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me...

Two home test kits that came back positive  
...and Covid that came from an office party

On the third day of Christmas, my true love gave to me...

Three onset symptoms  
...two test kits that came back positive  
...and Covid that came from an office party

On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me...

Four calling in sick  
...three onset symptoms  
...two test kits that came back positive  
...and Covid that came from an office party

On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me...

Five days of quarantine  
...four calling in sick  
...three onset symptoms  
...two test kits that came back positive  
...and Covid that came from an office party

On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me...

Six stricken a’laying

...five days of quarantine

...four calling in sick

...three onset symptoms

...two test kits that came back positive

...and Covid that came from an office party



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Kosovo

Posted: December 13, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Kokomo” by The Beach Boys

There's Belgrade, Pantschowa, ooh I wanna bomb 'em  
And Vranje, Kraljevo, land some missiles on 'em  
Nisava, Leskovac,  
The Stone Age gonna come back  
Uzice...

Ukraine is moving too slow  
Let's go fight for Kosovo  
That's where we wanna go  
To get away from Kiev  
The Serbs have made a stand  
Time for us to take command  
They'll be sorry they tried  
We'll turn the Balkans into no man's land  
Down in Kosovo

There's Belgrade, Pantschowa, ooh I wanna bomb 'em  
And Vranje, Kraljevo, land some missiles on 'em  
Nisava, Leskovac,  
The Stone Age gonna come back  
Fight for Kosovo  
We'll make a pass  
Then watch the buildings glow  
It's such a lovely show  
Way down in Kosovo

Putin can squeak we're makin' him look weak

We have the expertise  
Exploiting ethnic rivalries  
We'll give Belgrade a black eye  
Take out their 'lectricity  
We'll have a splendid fight  
They can't handle NATO's might  
Whatever Putin may try  
We'll poke the bear in his other eye  
Way down in Kosovo

That dreamy look in your eye  
Give me a tropical contact high

There's Belgrade, Pantschowa, ooh I wanna bomb 'em  
And Vranje, Kraljevo, land some missiles on 'em  
Nisava, Leskovac,  
The Stone Age gonna come back  
Down in Kosovo  
We'll make a pass  
Then watch the buildings glow  
It's such a lovely show  
Way down in Kosovo

Like '99 it's gonna go just fine

Everybody knows an ethnic mess like Kosovo  
We'll hit the Serbs again with the old fastball  
Go down to Kosovo

There's Belgrade, Pantschowa, ooh I wanna bomb 'em  
And Vranje, Kraljevo, land some missiles on 'em  
Nisava, Leskovac,  
The Stone Age gonna come back  
Down in Kosovo  
We'll make a pass  
Then watch the buildings glow  
It's such a lovely show  
Way down in Kosovo

There's Belgrade, Pantschowa, ooh I wanna bomb 'em  
And Vranje, Kraljevo, land some missiles on 'em  
Nisava, Leskovac...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Hell to Pay

Posted: December 15, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Ballad of the Green Berets” by Barry Sadler

We have no lights we have no fuel  
Taps are dry life is cruel  
All water’s foul food is rare  
The old folks sit with a distant stare

What madness brought our world to this?  
Ukraine’s a cold and dark abyss  
Those who can have run away  
We’ve nothing left with hell to pay

Our government cannot provide  
We scrounge for wood in the countryside  
A cesspool serves as our sewage pond  
That’s the mess this war has spawned

What madness brought our world to this?  
Ukraine’s a cold and dark abyss  
Those who can have run away  
We’ve nothing left and hell to pay

Is it cholera or is it flu  
When what goes down goes right through?  
Our only light is a candlestick  
This is our home and we’re so homesick

What madness brought our world to this?  
Ukraine’s a cold and dark abyss  
Those who can have run away  
We’ve nothing left and hell to pay



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Lensa undresses myself...”

Posted: December 15, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “I Touch Myself” by the Divinyls

The viral AI avatar app *Lensa* undressed me—  
without my consent *MIT Technology Review*

Lensa undresses myself  
I want you to strip me  
When I feel down  
I want you above me  
I search myself  
I want you to find me  
I forget myself  
I want you to remind me

I don't want anybody else  
When I think about you  
AI touches myself  
Oh, I don't want anybody else  
Oh no, oh no, oh no

You're the app who makes me come runnin'  
You're the one who makes me shine where the Sun doesn't  
When you're around, I'm always laughin'  
AI want to make you mine

I close my eyes to the risk  
And see you before me  
Think I would die  
If you were to ignore me  
A fool could see  
Just how much I adore you  
I'd get down on my knees  
I'd do anything for you

I don't want anybody else  
When I think about you  
AI touches myself  
Oh, I don't want anybody else  
Oh no, oh no, oh no, yeah

AI touches myself (I don't want)  
AI touches myself (Anybody else)  
AI touches myself (When I think about you)  
AI touches myself  
AI touches myself (I don't want)  
AI touches myself (Anybody else)  
AI touches myself (When I think about you)  
I honestly do  
AI touches myself (I don't want)  
AI touches myself (Anybody else)  
AI touches myself (When I think about you)  
I honestly do  
AI touches myself  
AI touches myself  
AI touches myself



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

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