

THE NAKED CAPITALISM

# Songbook

VOLUME TWO



SONGS

ON DIVERSE THEMES

BY THE NAKED CAPITALISM

☞ COMMENTARIA ☜



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



# “They packed my bags last night pre-flight...”

Posted: December 18, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Rocket Man” (Royal Festival Hall, London 1972) by Elton John

They packed my bags last night pre-flight  
Zero hour 9:00 a.m.

And if I get my meds I’m gonna be high  
As a kite by then

I miss League of Legends so much I miss my vegan life  
It’s lonely in a confined space  
On such a timeless flight

And I think it’s gonna be a long, long time  
‘Til extradition brings me ’round again to find  
I’m not the man politicians think I am at home  
Oh, no, no, no  
I’m a talk it man  
Talk it man, burning out the spoils system here alone

And I think it’s gonna be a long, long time  
‘Til extradition brings me ’round again to find  
I’m not the man politicians think I am at home  
Oh, no, no, no  
I’m a talk it man  
Talk it man, burning out the spoils system here alone

The cloud ain’t the kind of place to raise your kids  
In fact it’s connected to hell  
And there’s no one there to raise them  
If you did

*"They packed my bags last night pre-flight..."*

And all this blockchain science  
I don't understand  
It's just my job five days a week  
A Nassau man  
A Nassau man

And I think it's gonna be a long, long time  
'Til extradition brings me 'round again to find  
I'm not the man politicians think I am at home  
Oh, no, no, no  
I'm a Nassau man  
Nassau man, burning out the spoils system here alone



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# More Crimea Dreamin'

Posted: December 19, 2022

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "California Dreamin'" by The Mamas and Papas

We're running out of rounds (*running out of rounds*)  
With no more on the way (*no more on the way*)  
We can't retrieve our dead (*can't retrieve our dead*)  
They freeze where they lay (*freeze right where they lay*)  
The Russians send up drones (*Russians send up drones*)  
And we all hide away (*we all hide away*)  
More Crimea Dreamin' (*More Crimea Dreamin'*)  
On such a winter's day

Black water in our trench  
That never goes away  
The puddles serve as our latrine (*serve as our latrine*)  
They have a strong bouquet (*such a strong bouquet*)  
You know the frostbite took my toes (*frostbite took my toes*)  
I won't be walking away (*I can't walk away*)  
More Crimea Dreamin' (*More Crimea Dreamin'*)  
On such a winter's day

(musical interlude)

We dig in this black dirt (*dig in this black dirt*)  
This dirt is where we'll stay (*this is where we'll stay*)  
The ground's getting hard (*ground is getting hard*)  
My courage slips away (*courage slips away*)  
If there were no blockers (*if there were no blockers*)  
I could leave today (*I could leave today*)  
More Crimea Dreamin' (*More Crimea Dreamin'*)  
On such a winter's day

*(More Crimea Dreamin')* on such a winter's day

*(More Crimea Dreamin')* on such a winter's day

*(More Crimea Dreamin')* on such a winter's... .. y



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “In-A-Gato-Da-Feeding, ma’am...”

Posted: December 20, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida” by Iron Butterfly

In-A-Gato-Da-Feeding, ma’am,  
Don’t you know that I can arrest you?  
In-A-Gato-Da-Feeding them Friskies,  
Don’t you know that I’ll handcuff too?

Oh, won’t you come with me  
And give me your hands?

Oh, won’t you come with me  
And walk off this land?

Please give me your hands!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “You better watch out...”

Posted: December 21, 2022

By **Wukchumni**

Inspiration: “Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town” by Harry Reser

You better watch out  
You better not cry  
You better not pout  
I'm telling you why  
Zelensky is coming to town

He's making a must have munitions list  
He's checking it twice  
He's gonna find out who's gonna pay the price  
Zelensky is coming to town

You see him when you're sleeping  
And far too much when you're awake  
He knows you're against bad, and for good  
So be good for goodness sake

You better watch out  
You better not cry  
You better put out  
I'm telling you why  
'Cause Zelensky is coming to town



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “All the Poles come into Congress ...”

Posted: December 22, 2022

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Private Dancer” by Tina Turner

*Zelensky addresses Congress. This is his song:*

All the Poles come into Congress  
And these Poles are all the same  
Sporting idol-worship faces  
So CNN will say their names  
You don't think of them as human  
You don't think of them at all  
You keep your mind on the money  
And your escape plan, come the Fall

I'm your private dancer  
A dancer for money  
I'll do what you want me to do  
I'm your proxy fighter  
Who hides from the action  
While conscripts get turned into glue

I want to stash a zillion dollars  
And bathe myself in accolades  
Hidden safely from the Azovs  
My sponsors are my barricades  
Raytheon, Northrop and Lockheed  
I know they'll take good care of me  
Though Ukraine will soon be rubble  
I'm sure my Masters will always see... .

I'm their private dancer  
A dancer for money  
I'll do what they want me to do  
I'm their proxy fighter  
Who hides from the action  
While conscripts get turned into glue

I'm their private dancer  
A dancer for money  
I'll do what they want me to do  
I'm their proxy fighter  
Who hides from the action  
I'll sell T-shirts on EBay too!

Euros or dollars  
A Nobel Prize will do nicely, thank you  
Let me loosen up your collars  
You're so hot cuz I gave you Cold War Two

I'm your private dancer  
A dancer for money  
I'll do what you want me to do  
I'm your proxy fighter  
Who hides from the action  
While conscripts get turned into glue



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “There’s a smart-aleck man on a light blue screen...”

Posted: December 22, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Green Shirt” by Elvis Costello

There’s a smart-aleck man on a light blue screen  
Who came into my house last night  
And he takes all the hosannas  
And he turns them into pleas for more might  
But you tease, and you flirt  
And you always have on your green shirt  
You can help yourself & somebody’s gonna get it

Better cut off any non-identifying label  
Before they put you on accounts payable

‘Cause somewhere in the DC Quisling Clinic  
There’s an accountant writing checks this minute  
He’s beholden to the party line  
He’s leaving the amount blank  
The money given away, yours & mine

But you tease, and you flirt...

Never said he was anything other than a proxy  
Never said some might call him a fiscal doxy  
Everybody is under suspicion  
But you don’t wanna hear about that

‘Cause you tease, and you flirt...

*“There’s a smart-aleck man on a light blue screen...”*

Better send a begging letter to JRB administration  
Ukraine’s needs leaves much for imagination

You tease, and you flirt...

You can help yourself & somebody’s gonna get it  
You can help yourself & somebody’s gonna get it



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “Twas the night before Christmas...”

Posted: December 24, 2022

By Wukchumni

♫ **T**was the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
No movement was stirring, no one using a mouse  
The votes were added up with care  
In hopes that St. Kevin soon would be there

The Congressmen were nestled all snug, Team Red  
While visions of drawn out drama danced in their heads  
And the Freedom Caucus in their disbelief not wanting to back  
Had issues settling for a ho-hum political hack

When after the new year there arose such a clatter  
I sprang to my laptop to see what was the matter  
Away to the screen I flew like a flash  
Tore open new windows, did they do something rash?

The sudden departure of the new-fallen Pelosi  
Gave the luster of imprimatur to objects below following closely  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But the Freedom Caucus, bearing their usual fear

With a retired wrestling coach, so lively and quick  
I knew in a moment it must be Jim Jordan dashing the pick  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name

“Now, Boebert! now, Gaetz! now, Gibbs and Norman!  
On, Goode! on Gosar! on, Biggs and Rosendale!  
To the top of the dais! to the top of the Congress hall  
Now dash away Kevin! dash away! dash away all!”



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Another house arrest night and I ain’t got nobody...”

Posted: December 28, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Another Saturday Night” by Sam Cooke

Another house arrest night and I ain’t got nobody  
I got some money ’cause I just made bail  
Now how I wish I had someone to talk to  
I’m in an awful way

I got in trouble a month ago, I seen a lotta grief since then  
If I could get ’em I could fleece ’em but now FTX is done in  
That’s why I’m in the shape I’m in

Here another house arrest night and I ain’t got nobody  
I got some money ’cause I just made bail  
Now how I wish I had someone to talk to  
I’m in an awful way

Now an author fella met me who had a reputation just fine  
Instead of being my deliverance, he told me I had a resemblance  
To a cat named Ponzi once upon a time

Here’s another house arrest night and I ain’t got nobody  
I got some money ’cause I just made bail  
Now how I wish I had someone to talk to  
I’m in an awful way

Here it is another weekend and I ain’t got nobody  
Man if I was back home in Nassau I’d be swindling  
A few clicks gets the alms  
Aww yeah  
Listen to me huh

It’s hard on a fella, when the game goes aground  
If I don’t find me a cash-test-dummy to help me hide my money  
I’m gonna have to hang out indefinitely in this town

Here it’s another house arrest night and I ain’t got nobody  
I got some money ’cause I just made bail  
Now how I wish I had someone to talk to  
I’m in an awful way (Ellison sings)



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “Asked the general where he wanted to be...”

Posted: December 30, 2022

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Drive My Car” by The Beatles

Asked the general where he wanted to be  
He said, “*Bagram, make it snappy*”  
I want to be famous, a star in DC  
But I can pad my *bona fides* in between

He said “*Buttigieg you can drive my car*”  
Yes, I’m gonna be a star  
“*Buttigieg, you can drive my car*  
*And maybe I’ll promote you*”

I told the general that my prospects were good  
And he said, “*Buttigieg, it’s understood*  
*Working for peanuts is all very fine*  
*But it’ll make you seem like you did military time*”

Buttigieg, you can drive my car  
Yes, I’m gonna be a star  
Buttigieg, you can drive my car  
And maybe I’ll promote you

Beep beep’m beep beep yeah



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Thanks for the times that you’ve given me...”

Posted: January 4, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Three Times A Lady” by Commodores

Thanks for the times that you’ve given me  
The memories are all in my mind  
And now that you’ve come to the end thanks to the caucus  
There’s something I must say out loud

You’re once, twice, three times a loser  
And I love you  
Yes, you’re once, twice, three times a loser  
And I love you  
I love you

When the Pachyderms aren’t together, the moments I cherish  
With every beat of my heart  
To diss you, to hold you in contempt, to not need you  
There’s 16 votes keeping you apart

You’re once, twice, three times a loser  
And I love you  
I love you



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Now you say you’re coming...”

Posted: January 5, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Cry Me A River” by Arthur Hamilton, sung by Julie London

Now you say you’re coming  
You cry the whole night through  
Well, you can cry me a river, cry me an atmospheric river  
I cried a river over the lack of you

Now you say you’re sorry  
For bein’ so untrue  
Well, you can cry me a river, cry me an atmospheric river  
I cried a river over the lack of you

You drove me, nearly drove me out of my head  
While you hardly shed a tear  
Remember, I remember all that drought dread  
Told me common cycles were too plebeian  
Told me you were through with me and  
Now you say you’ll drench me  
Well, just to prove you do  
Come on and cry me a river, cry me an atmospheric river  
I cried a river over the lack of you

I cried a river over the lack of you  
I cried a river over the lack of you  
I cried a river over the lack of you



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Kevin can wait...”

Posted: January 6, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Heaven Can Wait” by Meatloaf

Kevin can wait  
And the band of Freedom wrapped up another loss  
Will take him through the lonely night  
Through the cold of the day  
And I know, I know  
Kevin can wait  
And all the GOP whackjobs come here just to zing it, the Trump joss  
And the Caucus ain't gonna make it fly  
Without pain, without fear

Give me all of your Speaker dreams  
And then go alone on your way  
Give me all of your players talking dismay  
And he'll turn another vote into the same score on a different day  
He got a taste of paradise  
He's never gonna let it slip away  
He got a taste of paradise  
It's all he really needs to make another vote  
Just like a child again, another revoke

Kevin can wait  
And all he's got is time until the end of time  
He won't look back  
He won't look back  
Let somebody else shine



And I know that he'll soon be released  
But I don't know to where  
And nobody's gonna tell me now  
And I don't really care. No, no, no  
He got a taste of paradise  
That's all he really needed to make him stay  
He got a taste of paradise  
If he had it any sooner you know, say in 2015  
You know he never would have to have run today

Kevin can wait  
And all he's got is time until the end of time  
He won't look back  
He won't look back  
Let somebody else shine

Kevin can wait  
Kevin can wait  
I won't look back  
I won't look back  
Let the dais shine  
Let the dais shine



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “He blows through billions with his crypto cons...”

Posted: January 6, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

*Perhaps 2023 will be the year of de-globalization?*

(New wave, reggae beat)

He blows through billions with his crypto cons  
None of his friends know right from wrong  
You thought your bitcoin was there, and now it is gone!  
You must de-globalize yourself!

Zelensky wears his clown uniform  
Have to send more fiat just to keep him warm  
Because endless war is the social norm  
You must de-globalize yourself!

*De-globalize yourself, De-globalize yourself*  
*De-globalize yourself, De-globalize yourself!*

I live in a cashless society  
Tracked by ads that follow me  
There must be a reason that I can't see.  
( you must de-globalize yourself!)

Xi just formed the Eurasian front  
He always was a commie punk  
He’s going to trade in Yuan with those OPEC skunks!  
He will de-dollarize himself!

(repeat chorus)



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Thanks for the memory...”

Posted: January 21, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Thanks for The Memory” by Frank Sinatra

Thanks for the memory  
Of things I can't forget, Panzers in Paris—you bet  
That wond'rous week in El Alamein and of course Kursk  
How lucky I was

And thanks for the memory  
Of Heavy metal in Dunkirk by the sea, down and out in Kasserine  
We had a pad in London but they couldn't get to me  
How cozy it was

Now since pre-67 border breakup I wake up  
Alone on a gray morning-after  
I long for the sound of Dayan's laughter  
And then I see the laugh's on me

But, thanks for the memory  
Of every video from Desert Storm a thrill, I've been through the mill  
I've lived a lot and learned a lot, you loved me not and still  
I miss you not so much

Thanks for the memory  
Of how you used to be adversary free  
That was before suicide drones came for thee  
How do you plan on stopping them, O.G.?



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Battle Hymn Of The Neocons

Posted: January 21, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” by Julia Ward Howe

**M**ine eyes have seen the glory of a mighty Panzer horde  
Just as many Leopard battle tanks as Berlin can afford  
Rolling east to Mother Russia where our oil and gas are stored  
With *Lebensraum* for all...

*Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles!*  
*Whatever Reich you want to call us!*  
*We'll reach the Volga just like Paulus!*  
*With Lebensraum for all...*

I have seen a way to stop the West from deficit collapse  
I have drawn big lines and arrows on Zelensky's battle maps  
I have marked our road to destiny, and victory, perhaps  
With *Lebensraum* for all...

*Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles!*  
*Whatever Reich you want to call us!*  
*We'll reach the Volga just like Paulus!*  
*With Lebensraum for all...*

There are mobs of German citizens with not enough to eat  
Families huddled in their houses burning furniture for heat  
Just think of how they'll cheer when we lay Russia at their feet  
With *Lebensraum* for all...

*Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles!*  
*Whatever Reich you want to call us!*  
*We'll reach the Volga just like Paulus!*  
*With Lebensraum for all...*

Let us march unto the Urals and then unto the Arctic Sea  
We shall rid the world of Russians then transgender you and me  
Only when we all own nothing can the Davos crew live free  
With *Lebensraum* for all...

*Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles!*  
*Whatever Reich you want to call us!*  
*We'll reach the Volga just like Paulus!*  
*With Lebensraum for all...*

*Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles!*  
*Whatever Reich you want to call us!*  
*We'll reach the Volga just like Paulus!*  
*With Lebensraum for all...*

*Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles!*  
*Whatever Reich you want to call us!*  
*We'll reach the Volga just like Paulus!*  
*With Lebensraum for all...*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# In This World They Are the Owners

Posted: January 22, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “The Times They Are A Changin’” by Bob Dylan

For fifty-two years now the Davos crowd meets  
The brightest and best, the financial elites  
And they wander around these quaint Swiss village streets  
With lots of smiling and waving  
They’re the masters of men and the best of tax cheats  
In this world they are the owners

The Davos crowd gathers here time and again  
Every year richer, the wisest of men,  
They make pompous pronouncements and then say Amen  
Though you may find fault with their framing  
But you won’t be invited onto CNN  
In this world they are the owners

They bring cocaine and pills and well-aged alcohol  
Their orgies and parties are just off the wall  
Two grand for a consort? They don’t blink at all  
Because human beings are playthings  
They can go Medieval or Neanderthal  
In this world they are the owners

Someday we’ll own nothing but rich people will  
And each time we breathe they will ring up the till  
Subscriptions and taxes will bleed us until  
The streets are full of folks ragin’  
But none shall be heard till they settle their bill  
In this world they are the owners

You can get with the program or be an outcast  
Our world is changing so hard and so fast  
The end of all history's coming at last  
But it's all in their imagination  
They want us to worship the loot they've amassed  
In this world they are the owners



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Zelensky's Lament

Posted: January 27, 2023

By° Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Wandrin' Star" as sung by Lee Marvin

I was born under a wandrin' star  
I God knows how I ever got this far  
Ihor Kolomoisky  
Made me Ukraine's Czar  
But things are getting dicey now so it's time to *au revoir*

I was born under a wandrin' star  
I've stashed about a Billion in some banks in Panama  
I saw it and I took it so it's mine by Pirate Law  
I've got a body double in my private retinue  
When Azov comes to shoot me—we'll switcheroo!  
I've been warned not to start my own car  
I was born under a wandrin' star

Do I know where Hell is?  
Hell is in Ukraine!  
Heaven is a tropical island with buckets of cocaine  
I was born under a wandrin' star  
A wandrin' wandrin' star

I've got stacks of blackmail papers, I don't trust the CIA  
Like Azov and the British they want me to go away  
I dread that Nuland woman she's my own Morgan le Fay  
I'm sure that Satan himself is her protege  
I was born under a wandrin' star  
I was born under a wandrin' star

When I reach Miami tie me to a tree  
Or else I'll get to wandrin' and I'll end up in DC  
I was born under a wandrin' star  
A wandrin' wandrin' star



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Tanks and Artillery

Posted: February 1, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Thanks for the Memory” by Frank Sinatra

Tanks and artillery  
The tools of modern war  
Huge guns you can't ignore  
They boom and shriek on paths oblique  
Producing blood and gore  
*Mein Gott!* What a mess!

Tanks and artillery  
So sorry to report  
Ukraine is running short  
They're desperate for boomsticks  
And logistical support  
The West must acquiesce!

*Ukraine's gonna break up  
We'll wake up  
Forlorn on the gray morning after  
The whole world ringing with laughter  
Howling with glee  
And hyperbole*

But it's tanks and artillery  
Ukraine needs at this hour  
And E-lek-trickle power  
Their grid is shot, it costs a lot  
This war is going sour  
In the cold and snow

Send tanks and artillery!  
Some more hair of the dog  
More lipstick on the hog  
We've sent them every item  
In our weapons catalog  
Where it went we don't know

Tanks and artillery  
Zelensky's paranoid  
He'll soon be unemployed  
Ukraine will look like it was  
Flattened by an asteroid  
Or a big Russian bear

*It's all exponential decay  
How it went wrong we may never know  
But we put on a hell of a show  
The whole world is watching it, too*

Tanks and artillery  
Coordinates on maps  
It's just like shooting craps  
The best laid plans of you and I  
Went to Ukraine to die  
Oh well... let's do lunch!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# It's Beginning to Look a Lot like Saigon

Posted: February 3, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "It's Beginning To Look A Lot Like Christmas" by Bing Crosby

It's beginning to look a lot like Saigon  
All across Ukraine  
When you hear choppers up on the roof  
That's all you will need as proof  
That everything has finally gone to Hell

It's beginning to look a lot like failure  
Things that weren't planned for  
Like two hundred thousand men  
Who aren't coming home again  
To their own front door

We played it fast and loose and extremely obtuse  
And we always doubled down  
Now it's time to take stock, *ipso facto, post hoc*  
And get our butts out of town  
We mustn't be late to close the gate then watch the locals drown!

It's beginning to look a lot like Kabul  
A schizoid tornado  
Go round up all our personnel  
It's time for our big farewell  
There's too much blood on all this frozen snow

It's beginning to look a lot like Ukraine  
Won't survive beyond  
This war that the Russians bring—  
That's already happening  
And we can't respond

(musical interlude)

It's beginning to look a lot like Saigon  
Another splendid little war  
But it's looking like Dien Bien Phu  
And there's nothing we can do  
There'll be no encore

*What was all this for?*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “We’re gonna sell some drones today...”

Posted: February 3, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

Inspiration: to the tune of “Twistin’ by the Pool” by Dire Straits

*To add my own attempt at parody, perhaps best described as doggerel:*

We’re gonna sell some drones today, yeah!  
Gonna bomb a village from a small chalet  
Proxy wars—magnifico!  
You know the cost of killing’s so low

*Yeah! (Yeah) It’s gonna be so neat  
Dance! (Dance) to the beltway beat  
Yeah! (Yeah) it’s gonna be so cool  
Grifting by the, just a-grifting’ by the,  
By the pool*

Sitting’ in a small cafe, yeah  
Swing-swing-swinging with defense stock plays  
Wanna see a movie? Catch a show  
Insider trading like a mofo!

(repeat chorus)

(interlude)

And we can spread misinformation  
Lyin’ all about inflation  
No dictators gonna be out of reach  
Send a car bomb, from the beach  
From the beach, from the beach, from the beach!  
A one, a two... anna two a three a four a boom!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “1, 2, 3, 4...”

Posted: February 3, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “I Saw Her Standing There” by The Beatles

*An oldie but a goodie from the 17th year of the war...*

I, 2, 3, 4

Well the war was now seventeen  
You know what I mean  
And the way it looked  
Was way beyond repair

So how could we depart & have conflict with another  
Oh, when KBR had standing there  
Well Halliburton looked at fees  
And they, they could see  
That before too long  
They'd fall in love de rigueur  
They wouldn't dalliance with another  
Oh, when they had standing there

Well war profits went boom  
When we crossed into the 'stan box room  
And they held their hands out every time

Oh they danced through the night  
And they held their money tight  
And before too long  
They fell in love with war

Now why be a sutler with another  
Oh, when they had standing there  
Well the war profits went boom  
When we crossed that Rubicon into doom  
And they held their hands out each time

Oh they danced through the night  
And they held onto to manna tight  
And before too long  
They fell in love with war  
Now why have a dalliance with another  
Oh, when they have standing there  
Oh, since they have standing there  
Yeah, well as long as they have standing there



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “Would the Gang of Four hide in my beautiful balloon...”

Posted: February 3, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Up, Up and Away” by The 5th Dimension

*House Speaker Kevin McCarthy on Thursday night called for a briefing of the “Gang of Eight”—the group of lawmakers charged with reviewing the nation’s most sensitive intelligence information—following reports of a Chinese spy balloon flying over Montana.*

*“China’s brazen disregard for U.S. sovereignty is a destabilizing action that must be addressed, and President Biden cannot be silent,” McCarthy tweeted. “I am requesting a Gang of Eight briefing.”*

Would the Gang of Four hide in my beautiful balloon  
Would you like to ride in my beautiful balloon  
We could float among the red states together, you and I  
For we can fly, we can fly

Up, up and away  
My beautiful, my beautiful balloon

The world’s a nicer place in my beautiful balloon  
It wears a nicer face in my beautiful balloon  
We can do surveillance and sail along the silver sky  
For we can fly, we can fly

Up, up and away  
My beautiful, my beautiful balloon

*“Would the Gang of Four hide in my beautiful balloon...”*

Suspended under a light canopy  
We'll use GPS to guide us  
If by some chance you find something a satellite can't see  
We'll find a cloud to hide us  
We'll keep the earth below us

Intrigue is waiting there in my beautiful balloon  
Way up in the air in my beautiful balloon  
If it never lands we'll chase your dream across the sky  
For we can, verify

Up, up and away  
My beautiful, my beautiful balloon  
CCP balloon  
Up, up, and away



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Doom and Gloom

Posted: February 6, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "99 Luftballons" as performed by Nena

The news is full of bloody tales  
An airplane crash a train derails  
More news online if you should want  
More school kids shot we're nonchalant  
We sell long guns to lunatics  
And say it's about politics  
I'll stay in bed here in my room  
Wallowing in Doom and Gloom!

The sun is up and I should go  
They'll miss me at the job you know  
But I left school with tons of debt  
Now I live in a kitchenette  
I work for wages day by day  
It's pretend work for pretend pay  
I'll sell my hours from womb to tomb  
My future looks like Doom and Gloom!

Perhaps I'll go live in a van  
Down by the river if I can  
Landlord's going to raise the rent  
And I don't have a car or tent  
I dumpster dive to stay alive  
Do what I must just to survive  
With years of college you'd assume  
I'd have more now than Doom and Gloom!

A day in bed to think things through  
To figure out what I can do  
Hitchhike to another state  
Though stranger danger lies in wait  
A nickel dime and work regime  
That's the American dream  
We sell our lives to just consume  
We work so hard for Doom and Gloom!

We work so hard for Doom and Gloom!

We work so hard for Doom and Gloom!

To work for wages brings fatigue  
It's no way to hit the big league  
You'll never own a house or yacht  
Another day is all you've got  
You must arrange a boss to buy  
The hours you have before you die  
It's OK to stay in your room  
Wallowing in Gloom and Doom!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Twelve Miles High

Posted: February 7, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Eight Miles High” by The Byrds

Twelve miles high  
Till it was brought down  
A shot that will  
Surely rebound  
The USA  
Had a nervous breakdown  
Chased a balloon  
Like it's Satan's Hellhound

People can  
Read between the lines  
Most think that  
We're out of our minds  
Outer space  
Has certain guidelines  
Start a war there  
And the whole place unwinds

A war in space  
Against the Chinese  
Such war spreads like  
An infectious disease  
Whose wise plan  
And whose expertise  
Tells us we can  
Just do as we please?



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “It was a teenage REIT-wreck and the old folks wished it well ...”

Posted: February 7, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

Inspiration: Sung to the tune of “You Never Can Tell” by Chuck Berry:

*Hey chatGPT—can you do better than this? Write me a parody of the current state of the stock market. Here is mine:*

It was a teenage REIT-wreck and the old folks wished it well  
You could see all the traders truly loved the high-yielding smell  
And now the young yield chasers and fools have rung the closing bell

*C'est la vie* said the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell!

They diversified to apartments  
With a two-handle coupon sale  
The balance sheet was crammed  
With CRE and empty cans of ale  
But when the pump found legs  
The little money comin' worked out well

*C'est la vie* said the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell!

They had a pivot-gasm  
Boy did they let it blast!  
700 Dow handles, reddit pumps and all that jazz  
But when the Dow went down  
The rapid tempo of the pumping fell

*C'est la vie* said the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell!



They bought a souped up meme stock  
Was a left for dead .53 (cents per share)  
And rode it down to the basement  
In a Chapter 7 bankruptcy  
It was there where the judge said:  
The assets don't match liabilities

*C'est la vie* said the the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell!



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# We Have to Try

Posted: February 8, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “A Summer Song” by Chad and Jeremy

*There is a clique of crazy neocons atop our Federal government, and  
a claue of their war hawk followers atop the EU and USA, and  
infesting many think tanks and media outlets. This is their anthem:*

Harsh  
Sanctions on the Russian state  
Folks we love to denigrate  
And hope they die

We  
Plan to Balkanize the place  
Dispensing with the Slavic race  
And profit thereby

They're  
Such an ethnic *bouillabaisse*  
And we could use the *living space*  
We Have To Try

They say our empire has to end some day  
Hegemons must fall  
But doncha know we're Exceptional  
The rules apply to you  
We aren't planning to collapse  
And we fight for scraps

We're insane  
We like eminent domain  
We like some slick legerdemain  
And we'll come at you

They say our empire has to end some day  
Hegemons must fall  
But doncha know we're Exceptional  
The rules apply to you  
We aren't planning to collapse  
And we fight for scraps

Watch our *Reich*  
Destroy whatever we dislike  
A quick decapitation strike  
We Have To Try

We Have To Try...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

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

Posted: February 9, 2023

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 fucked 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](#).

# Whooo Blew the Nord Stream?

Posted: February 10, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Hey, Mr. Spaceman" by The Byrds

Back in September those pipelines went BOOM  
Now Europe's methane will never resume  
No explanation was ever allowed  
But some clowns in DC are proud

Now Seymour Hersh has brought us the facts  
The faces behind these warmongering acts  
These minions worked for our old patriarch  
They kept Congress in the dark

*Whooo blew the Nord Stream?  
All these scofflaws work for us  
We never got to discuss  
Whooo blew the Nord Stream?  
Our whole country has been taken for a ride*

Only our Congress can say we're at war  
The President's creeps caused a global uproar  
A terrorist act we would never go for  
A crime we'll regret for sure

*Whooo blew the Nord Stream?  
All these scofflaws work for us  
We never got to discuss  
Whooo blew the Nord Stream?  
Our whole country has been taken for a ride*

*Whooo blew the Nord Stream?  
All these scofflaws work for us  
We never got to discuss  
Whooo blew the Nord Stream?  
Our whole country has been taken for a ride*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Just about a year ago...”

Posted: February 10, 2023

By **Wukchumni**

Inspiration: “Lodi” by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Just about a year ago  
We set out on the road  
Seekin’ fame and fortune  
Lookin’ for a pot of gold  
Things got bad and things got worse  
I guess you will know the tune  
Oh Lord, stuck in lock & load again

Rode in on the Abrams  
We’ll be walkin’ out if we go  
We was just passin’ through  
Must weigh 55 tons or more  
Ukraine ran out of time and money  
Looks like they took my DC friends  
Oh Lord, we’re stuck in lock & load again

The man from Kiev fed the magazine  
Said winning was on the way  
Somewhere in lost grid connections  
He ran out of funds to pay  
He came into town, a stand up joker  
Looks like our plans fell through  
Oh Lord, stuck in lock & load again



If I only had a dollar  
For ev'ry shell we've slung  
Ev'ry time I've had to pay  
While people in DC sat there power drunk  
You know, I'd catch the next Acela corridor train  
Back to where I live  
Oh Lord, I'm stuck in lock & load again  
Oh Lord, I'm stuck in lock & load again



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Wokey Wokey

Posted: February 13, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Dominique” by Jeanne-Paul Marie Deckers

*Everyone is Wokey Wokey  
At the End of History*

*Be Woke as you can be*

*Let's have more Diversity*

*Use pronouns like Xem and Xhe*

*In our gender neutral world*

Two and two make five you know

If you've studied your Foucault

Social rules all looked like power

From his ivory high tower

*Everyone is Wokey Wokey*

*At the End of History*

*Be Woke as you can be*

*Let's have more Diversity*

*Use pronouns like Xem and Xhe*

*In our gender neutral world*

Everybody scream and yell

There are myths we must dispel

Like biology and sex

And your chromosomal specs

*Everyone is Wokey Wokey  
At the End of History  
Be Woke as you can be  
Let's have more Diversity  
Use pronouns like Xem and Xhe  
In our gender neutral world*

If a corporate job's your thing  
There's a talent you must bring:  
Learn the lingo of the Woke  
To stand among the *Herrenvolk!*

*Everyone is Wokey Wokey  
At the End of History  
Be Woke as you can be  
Let's have more Diversity  
Use pronouns like Xem and Xhe  
In our gender neutral world*

All the stuff you learned in school  
Doesn't mean a thing you fool  
To keep your corporate sinecure  
You must spread the Woke manure

*Everyone is Wokey Wokey  
At the End of History  
Be Woke as you can be  
Let's have more Diversity  
Use pronouns like Xem and Xhe  
In our gender neutral world*

Wordy salads is the game

Cis and white gets all the blame  
Keep your corporate career  
Absolutely queer

*Everyone is Wokey Wokey  
At the End of History  
Be Woke as you can be  
Let's have more Diversity  
Use pronouns like Xem and Xhe  
In our gender neutral world*

Let's give hormones to our youth  
Before they can see the truth:  
How you feel comes and goes—  
If you sneeze don't chop your nose!

*Everyone is Wokey Wokey  
At the End of History  
Be Woke as you can be  
Let's have more Diversity  
Use pronouns like Xem and Xhe  
In our gender neutral world*

Where will all this Wokey lead?  
It's a self-defeating creed  
It's a human abbatoir  
Leave the children as they are

*Everyone is Wokey Wokey  
At the End of History  
Be Woke as you can be  
Let's have more Diversity  
Use pronouns like Xem and Xhe  
In our gender neutral world*



# Balloons

Posted: February 14, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Que Sera Sera” as per Doris Day

There’s been balloons up in the sky  
Possibly Klingons, prob’ly Chinese  
Sent here to watch us, sent here to spy  
The work of our enemies

Send the Eff-Two-Two’s!  
Free people won’t live in fear  
Of an illegal gondolier  
It’s up on Fox News:  
That’s our atmosphere

China’s supposed to make all the stuff  
That fills the WalMart down at the mall  
If they want trouble, we can play rough  
Biden has made the call

Send the Eff-Two-Two’s!  
Free people won’t live in fear  
Of an illegal gondolier  
It’s up on Fox News:  
That’s our atmosphere

There’s lots of bad news on the wire—  
A war with the Russians we’re bound to lose  
A chunk of Ohio on poisonous fire  
Hey, Chinese balloon tattoos!

Send the Eff-Two-Two's!  
Free people won't live in fear  
Of an illegal gondolier  
It's up on Fox News:  
That's our atmosphere

That's our atmosphere



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Kamala Harris

Posted: February 16, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Eleanor Rigby” by The Beatles

Ahh look at all the simple people

Ahh look at all the simple people

Kamala Harris  
Her White House dreams are all coming apart at the seams  
No dark money streams  
Waits by the stage door  
Part of the decor until we hit Two-Oh-Two-Four  
And Biden’s encore

All the simple people  
Where do they all come from?  
All the simple people  
Where do they all belong?

Kamala Harris  
Flies Air Force Two to events somewhere out in the weeds  
A woman of deeds  
The DNC’s sweetheart  
Bringing home cash to some people she cannot outsmart  
Doing her part

All the simple people  
Where do they all come from?  
All the simple people  
Where do they all belong?

Ahh look at all the simple people  
Ahh look at all the simple people

Kamala Harris

She's gonna stay in the shade until Biden goes into the ground

Then she'll be crowned

But her teleprompter

Has to go slow and make words really big

Kamala's gig

All the simple people

Where do they all come from?

All the simple people

Where do they all belong?



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)



# JFK Junior

Posted: February 17, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Eleanor Rigby” by The Beatles

Ahh look at all the wide-eyed people

Ahh look at all the wide-eyed people

JFK Junior  
We called him John John and wept at his tiny salute  
He was so cute  
His body double  
Died in a plane crash one summer but John wasn't there  
He's out there somewhere

All the wide-eyed people  
Where do they all come from?  
All the wide-eyed people  
Where do they all belong?

JFK Junior  
He's gonna clear out the swamp creatures up in DC  
Donald and he  
People have pictures  
He was seen up on the grassy knoll only last week  
So much mystique

All the wide-eyed people  
Where do they all come from?  
All the wide-eyed people  
Where do they all belong?

Ahh look at all the wide-eyed people  
Ahh look at all the wide-eyed people

JFK Junior

Wandering through Dealey Plaza unseen by his fans

Collecting cans

Doesn't look sober

Bearded and ragged and shouting about Davy Jones'

Skull and crossbones

All the wide-eyed people

Where do they all come from?

All the wide-eyed people

Where do they all belong?



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Dengue fever...”

Posted: February 20, 2023

By **ChrisFromGA**

Inspiration: “Boogie Fever” (Midnight Special 1976) by The Sylvers

*Dengue fever—hey, I know somebodies’ gotta have a vaccine for that!*

Dengue fever  
Got to mask up now  
Dengue fever  
I think it’s going around

I took my baby on an ocean cruise  
The cruise director said “you just can’t lose”  
But when we got back from the jungle shore  
She started hackin’ on the disco floor

Dengue fever  
Got to mask up now  
Dengue fever  
I think its goin’ around

I took my baby to the first aid deck  
To get her checked, complete  
The cruise director locked us in a room  
We ate stale pizza dancing to the beat

We’ve got the dengue fever!  
We’ve got to mask up now  
Ah-ah, we’ve got the dengue fever  
I think it’s going around

All night long we did the bump, bump, bump  
From the ocean waves, while the docs were stumped  
They called their buddies at the CDC  
Said they were cookin’ up a new vaccine for me!

I called my lawyer on the telephone  
Said counsel, counsel please. I, I, I  
I got this feelin' this vaccine ain't for healin'. Tell me,  
What can it be, is it some big pharma scheme?

They call it dengue fever  
They've got the racket down  
Dengue fever  
I think it's going around



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “See me ride out the sirens...”

Posted: February 20, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “T.N.T.” by AC/DC

*(Oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi)*

See me ride out the sirens  
On your color TV screen  
Out for all that I can get  
If you know what I mean  
NATO to the left of me  
And Volodymyr to the right  
Ain't got no F-16  
Ain't got no ATACMS  
Don't you start no flight

'Cause I'm J.R.B., I'm dynamite  
(J.R.B.) and I'll win the fight  
(J.R.B.) I'm a neoliberal power load  
(J.R.B.) watch me explode'

He's ex-KGB, mean and mighty unclean  
A wanted man  
Ideological enemy number one  
Understand  
So lock up yourself in a dacha  
Lock up your wife  
Lock up your back door  
And run for your life  
The man is back in Kiev town  
So don't you mess him 'round

'Cause I'm J.R.B., I'm dynamite  
(J.R.B.) and I'll win the fight  
(J.R.B.) I'm a neoliberal power load

(J.R.B.) watch me explode’

J.R.B., (oi, oi, oi)

J.R.B., (oi, oi, oi)

J.R.B., (oi, oi, oi)

J.R.B., (oi, oi, oi)

‘Cause I’m J.R.B., I’m dynamite

(J.R.B.) and I’ll win the fight

(J.R.B.) I’m a neoliberal power load

(J.R.B.) watch me explode’



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Stuck in Odessa with You

Posted: February 2, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Stuck In The Middle With You” by Stealers Wheel

Well we know there's gonna be a big fight  
Till it comes we've just gotta sit tight  
Some say the Russians will roll in from the sea  
When they do that's where I don't wanna be

*Civilians to the left of me cannons to the right  
Here I am stuck in Odessa with you*

Yes I'm stuck in Odessa with you  
And there's not an awful lot we can do  
Watchin' freighters leave the port every day  
I feel so jealous watchin' them slip away

*Civilians to the left of me cannons to the right  
Here I am stuck in Odessa with you*

NATO started all this brawling  
Thinking Russia would just fall apart  
But now NATO will come crawling  
Meet the Russian bear and say 'Please Please'

Our orders are to fight to the end  
But we don't have many shells to expend  
Every soldier's found a cellar to hide  
Cuz we know the Russians won't be denied

*Civilians to the left of me cannons to the right  
Here I am stuck in Odessa with you*

(musical interlude)

NATO started all this brawling  
Thinking Russia would just fall apart  
But now NATO will come crawling  
Meet the Russian bear and say *'Please Please'*

Well we know there's gonna be a big fight  
Till it comes we've just gotta sit tight  
Some say the Russians will roll in from the sea  
When they do that's where I don't wanna be

*Civilians to the left of me cannons to the right*  
*Here I am stuck in Odessa with you*

Here I am stuck in Odessa with you

Yes I'm stuck in Odessa with you

Stuck in Odessa with you

Here I am stuck in Odessa with you



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# SVB Weekend

Posted: March 13, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Blinding Lights” by The Weeknd

I've been tryna call  
I Sorry if I'm sounding kinda gruff  
I can't get my money fast enough, lady  
Don't put me back on hold  
I don't need no verbal fisticuffs  
I don't need to hear that times are tough, lady

*(I look around and)*  
This Valley's cold and empty *oh*  
It's like some lightning struck me *oh*  
My lawyer says the money's gone

*I said ooooooh, they failed at SVB*  
*They fell behind and couldn't make the crunch*  
*What's to do? We're drowning in the sea*  
*Our struggling startup took a knockout punch*

*Hey! Hey! Hey!*

The FDIC says  
'We'll do our best to get you back your fund  
You've got to know you aren't the only one, you see' *ohhhh*

Can't even use my Visa *oh*  
Can't order Lyft or pizza *oh*  
No vulture fund to string along

*I said ooooooh, they failed at SVB*  
*They fell behind and couldn't make the crunch*  
*What's to do? We're drowning in the sea*  
*Our struggling startup took a knockout punch*

My bank account is empty as my soul (*empty as my soul*)  
Can't pay the rent can't make payroll (*can't make payroll*)  
I wish there was some code to write (*ooh*)

*I said ooooooh, they failed at SVB*  
*They fell behind and couldn't make the crunch*

*Hey! Hey! Hey!*

*Hey! Hey! Hey!*

*I said ooooooh, they failed at SVB*  
*They fell behind and couldn't make the crunch*



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “Now look at them yo-yos...”

Posted: March 13, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Money For Nothing” by Dire Straits

*(I want my, I want my money from SVB)*

*(I want my, I want my money from SVB)*

*(I want my, I want my money from SVB)*

*(I want my, I want my money from SVB)*

Now look at them yo-yos, that’s the way you do it  
You play the Feds on SVB

That ain’t workin’, that’s the way you do it

Money for nothin’ forget the FDIC

Now that ain’t workin’, that’s the way you do it

Lemme tell ya, them guys ain’t dumb

Maybe get a blister on your little finger

Maybe get a blister on your thumb

We got to install new rules, custom money deliveries

We got to move mountains, we got to do chicanery chivalry

See the little high tech wreck with \$100 million

Yeah, buddy, that’s his own account

That little high tech wreck got his own jet airplane

That little high tech wreck, he’s a Illionaire

I shoulda learned to play the market

I shoulda learned to play them cryptos

Look at that Bitcoin Bro, he got it buying faux dough

We could have some funds

And up there, what’s that?

Silicon Valley voices?

Bangin’ on the QWERTY like a chimpanzee

That ain't workin', that's the way you do it  
Get your money back despite FDIC regs, with a few clicks you see



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Now look here Joe...”

Posted: March 13, 2023

By **Wukchumni**

Inspiration: “No, No Joe” by Hank Williams

Now look here Joe, quit acting like its war sport  
Stop being that old brazen sort  
Don't you go sellin' this country's ammo short  
No, no Joe

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

'Cause Hiroshima tried it and Nagasaki tried it too  
Now the nukes are sittin' around waiting to fire and did you know something?  
They're wondering what you'll do

Now Joe we get it clear  
You can push folks around with fear  
'Cause we 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 & Hunter 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're giving tanks, some fair size tanks  
But you're acting like a clown  
'Cause man Putin's got tanks, a mess of tanks

And you might get caught with your tanks breaking 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, we think you're somebody we should dread  
Just because you're seein' the MIC well-fed  
You better get that foolishness out of your head  
No, no Joe

And you might be itchin' for a fight  
Quit braggin' about how your vaunted military can bite  
'Cause you're sitting on a keg of nuclear dynamite  
No, no Joe



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Teotwawki

*(pronounced Tay-OTT-Walky)*

Posted: March 14, 2023

By **Antifa**

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Althea” by The Grateful Dead

*The End Of The World As We Know It*

TEOTWAWKI ain't a mushroom cloud  
It's more like slow dissipation  
So many things once stood tall and proud  
Now it all needs restoration

TEOTWAWKI isn't foreign war  
It's when a train's derailed  
When that happens thousand times a year  
Brother, our ship has sailed

When every state has sacrifice zones  
Some dead or drilled out place  
We add them all to the Superfund  
And blame the human race

When hurricanes leave a mess behind  
The mess they leave is not redeemed  
When banks fall down we shrug and sigh  
So banks are a wise guy's dream

When our politics are screaming duels  
And we don't show the least concern  
When we vote for the knaves or vote for the fools  
And never, never learn

When you take out a loan you can't repay  
To get that college degree

Then live like a dog throughout your life  
That's TEOTWAWKI

When we can't have the things we need  
Much more often than not  
The time has come to weigh some things  
This space is getting hot

(You know, this space is getting hot)

When our selected representatives  
Aren't fit to be dogcatcher  
Their inside trades and wild tirades  
Display their lack of stature

Why not behave like we own the place?  
Why settle for the shiny things?  
We argue more about less and less  
Own nothing and think we're kings



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Our MQ-9

Posted: March 16, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Abilene" by George Hamilton IV

*O*ur Reaper drone, MQ-9  
Flyin' high, and lookin' fine  
Got too close to their red line  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9

A Russian jet pissed out some fuel  
Then nicked our prop, that flying fool  
Our Reaper hit the waterline  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9

*O*ur Reaper drone, MQ-9  
Flyin' high, and lookin' fine  
Got too close to their red line  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9

One Reaper drone in the Black Sea  
They've got our top technology  
The Rooskies have the whole design  
Of MQ-9, our MQ-9

*O*ur Reaper drone, MQ-9  
Flyin' high, and lookin' fine  
Got too close to their red line  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9

*G*ot too close to their red line  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9

(play it a'gin, Sammm... )

*O*ur Reaper drone, MQ-9  
Flyin' high, and lookin' fine  
Got too close to their red line  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9

A Russian drone right off our coast?  
We'd shoot it down with our utmost  
Like it was some Beijing Balloon  
We'd kill it soon, we'd kill it soon

*Our Reaper drone, MQ-9  
Flyin' high, and lookin' fine  
Got too close to their red line  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9*

We spied upon Sevastapol  
Killing Russians was our goal  
They dropped us in the Black Sea brine  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9

*Our Reaper drone, MQ-9  
Flyin' high, and lookin' fine  
Got too close to their red line  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9*

*Got too close to their red line  
Our MQ-9, our MQ-9*



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).

# Instead of Nord Stream

Posted: March 17, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "I'm Only Sleeping" by The Beatles

Crazy things can happen without notice  
Like private wars launched by POTUS  
Biden thinks exactly like Dick Cheney  
Neocons are so insane (*so insane*)

*Joe's a glutton for that Red Button  
Next time he'll do nukes instead of Nord Stream*

Sy Hersh told the details of the story  
A dirty deed, devoid of glory  
We've only got one chance to stay alive  
That's Amendment Twenty-Five (*Twenty-Five*)

*Joe's a glutton for that Red Button  
Next time he'll do nukes instead of Nord Stream*

He's hawking a tale of a yacht and some drunken tourists  
Lying again

He lies to us to hide his double-dealing  
Let's see what else he's concealing...

*Joe's a glutton for that Red Button  
Next time he'll do nukes instead of Nord Stream*

*(Ooh yeah)*

Keep this in mind any time you start feeling sorry  
For this old man

He has a global crime to answer for  
And our good name must be restored  
No man but a King can launch a war  
And we don't have those, any more (*any more*)

*Joe's a glutton for that Red Button  
Next time he'll do nukes instead of Nord Stream*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Here come the bank clawbacks...”

Posted: March 17, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

Inspiration: Ini Kamoze, 90's rap star<sup>1</sup>

*Will insider stock sales and bonuses to execs at SIVB be  
subject to clawback? I can haz clawbacks?*

Nyah-nyah-nyah na, nah-nah-nah-nah, nah-nah-nah, nah-nah-nah

Here come the bank clawbacks (*embezzler*)  
I'm the forensic gangster (*embezzler*)  
Big firesales in the area (*embezzler*)  
Still love you like that!

No, no banks don't die  
Feds can multiply  
Anyone pressed will have to give up that bling  
Act like you know R.I.C.O.  
I know how you paid for those  
Give 'em up, and go, uh-oh  
Ch-ch-ching ching!

Here come the bank clawbacks (*embezzler*)  
I'm the forensic gangster (*embezzler*)  
Excuse me Mr. bankster (*embezzler*)  
Still love you like that!

---

<sup>1</sup> Wukchumni's rap theme got me thinking.

Give back those Louboutins  
Put 'em on eBay, cause  
If you don't you'll no longer shop at Bloomingdales  
Understand?  
I'm the daddy of the mack daddy  
From the town of FDIC  
Ain't no coder-bro gonna play me  
Top auditor man

Here come the bank clawbacks (*embezzler*)  
I'm the forensic gangster (*embezzler*)  
Excuse me Mr. bankster (*embezzler*)  
Still love you like that!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Nuclear Winter

Posted: March 20, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Pancho and Lefty” by Townes Van Zandt

I knew a world you'll never see  
It died when I was twenty-three  
A world with many trillion trees  
And summer perfume on the breeze  
The fields were filled with endless food  
Every year renewed  
That was how we all survived  
Before the ice arrived

We had two hundred countries then  
The world was run by businessmen  
The streets were filled with restless crowds  
Before we saw the mushroom clouds  
Before the years of endless fires  
We all had lights that ran off wires  
Folks grew fat and life was soft  
Before the bombs went off

How it happened no one knows  
The bodies stacked like dominoes  
Then all the lakes and rivers froze  
Now nothing ever grows

That world was filled with living things  
With fins and feathers, fur and wings  
Before the sunshine went away  
It wasn't silent like today  
We got to see the stars at night  
The midday sun was dazzling bright  
We'd plant some seeds most any spot

And food is what we got

How it happened no one knows  
The bodies stacked like dominoes  
Then all the lakes and rivers froze  
Now nothing ever grows

(musical interlude)

These wistful stories I recite  
Sitting 'round the firelight  
About a world that died and burned  
About the lessons never learned  
None of you will see that place  
You children of a dying race  
I only seek to entertain  
And struggle to stay sane

How it happened no one knows  
The bodies stacked like dominoes  
Then all the lakes and rivers froze  
Now nothing ever grows

How it happened no one knows  
The bodies stacked like dominoes  
Then all the lakes and rivers froze  
Now nothing ever grows



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



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

Posted: March 20, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Jack & Dianne” by John Mellencamp

*How about the flipside to your blasterpiece?*

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

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

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

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

Oh yeah life goes on

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

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

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



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “Lookin’ in your eyes...”

Posted: March 20, 2023

By **ChrisFromGA**

Inspiration: to the tune of “Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now” by Starship

*A duet, sung in Moscow, by two world leaders, introducing ...  
Vlad and Comrade Xi! (Apologies to Starship and Grace Slick.)  
Brought to you by the musical production team of  
Lindsey Graham, Joe Biden, and Nikki Haley!*

**VLAD:**

Lookin’ in your eyes  
I see you realize  
This gang of neocons wants to slaughter you, too!  
Standin’ here beside you  
Want so much to give you  
Cheap gas and markets that we’ve opened for you!

**COMRADE XI:**

Let ‘em say we’re crazy!  
I don’t care about that  
Form a new alliance  
Comrade, don’t ever look back  
Let a dying empire  
Just fall apart  
Comrade, we can make it, cause Joe’s not too smart:

*And we can end this hegemony  
Bankrupt all their cronies  
Nothing’s gonna stop us now  
And when this world runs out of petrol  
Gas, and rare earth metals  
Nothing’s gonna stop us  
Nothing’s gonna stop us now*

Oh, whoa!

VLAD:

I'm so glad I found you  
I'm not gonna lose you  
Whatever it takes  
Kissinger's turnin' blue  
End global institutions  
Stop color revolutions  
Whatever it takes  
Is what I'm gonna do!

COMRADE XI:

Let 'em say we're crazy!  
What do they know?  
Sending arms right at ya!  
Comrade, roll those tanks through Po-land  
Let a dying empire  
Be dead and gone,  
Comrade, we can make it, I got next (Taiwan!)

*And we can end this hegemony  
Bankrupt all their cronies  
Nothing's gonna stop us now  
And if this world runs out of dollars  
We'll just laugh and holler  
Nothing's gonna stop us  
Nothing's gonna stop us now!*

(bridge)

Ooh, now capitalist pigs are screwed  
Ended by their own greed  
All that I want to do  
Is watch DC melt down, and Paris, and London!

*And we can end this hegemony*

*Bankrupt all their cronies  
Nothing's gonna stop us now  
And if this world runs out of dollars  
We'll just laugh and holler  
Nothing's gonna stop us  
Nothing's gonna stop us now*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Tanks and Uranium

Posted: March 22, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Thanks for The Memory” by Rod Stewart

Depleted armor rounds, completely out of bounds  
Out there on the Slavic steppes, a game of hare and hounds  
From London with love

You talk to China’s guy  
We’ll steal the whole front page, get the world enraged  
It’s not too late to escalate this war that we have waged  
Is this all a bluff?

Many a realm we’d invade  
And many a vow we’ve betrayed  
But lately we’re all masquerade  
Our Army’s a joke, our Navy’s broke

Tanks and Uranium  
Our Challengers make rust, and everlasting dust  
That spreads with every gust, our Saxon bloodlust  
Will stain your homeland

(musical interlude)

Banks here are falling down  
It’s like a tinderbox, we’re waiting for Guy Fawkes  
Our psychopathic ministers will not permit peace talks  
We do stuff that’s dumb

Our budget now hangs from a shoestring  
We cannot compete with Beijing  
If we do this horrific thing  
Can you please not attack? Everything here will crack!

Tanks and Uranium

The whole thing's silly dumb, it's Unobtainium  
Our military cannot fill a minor stadium  
We're talking 'bout a pig's ear cause we've got to interfere

From London with love



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “The rain in Ukraine falls mainly on the plain...”

Posted: March 22, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

*A poetic take on current events.*

*DU rounds were used in Kosovo, during the last HATO campaign, so who can be surprised? This thing is going to keep escalating until we either get a nuclear exchange leading to the end of civilization, or somebody blinks ...*

The rain in Ukraine falls mainly on the plain,  
Against the mud the wunderwaffen strain.  
Meanwhile, western banks get drained  
Talk of peace disdained  
And good men do nothing, so evil reigns



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# The Pivot Monger

Posted: March 22, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

Inspiration: Sung to the tune of "The Wanderer" by Dion

*Today being Fed day, I thought I'd throw one on the fire:*

Oh I'm the type of gambler who smells greed like a bloodhound  
When interest rates are low, well you know I'll be around  
I pick up bankrupt retailers, cause to me they're all the same  
I pump 'em and I dump 'em, the Feds don't even know my name

They call me the pivot monger  
Yeah, a pivot monger  
I monger for moar QE, for free, for free!

Oh well, there's a REIT-wreck on my left and there's some crypto on my right  
And Bed, Bath and Beyond is who I'll be with tonight  
And when they finally file for bankruptcy I'll say "who cares?"  
I made my fast money, so just stuff it, bears!

Cause I'm a monger  
Yeah, a pivot monger  
I monger for moar QE, for free, for free!

Oh well, I monger for loose policy  
I contribute nothing to society  
And I'm as happy as a bee  
With my two fists full of dollars I'm on an unprosecutable crime spree

Oh I'm the type of gambler who likes to roam around  
I'm never in one trade, I'm a simian Reddit clown  
I pick up bankrupt retailers, cause to me they're all the same  
I pump 'em and I dump 'em, the Feds don't even know my name

Yeah I'm a pivot monger

Yeah, a pivot monger  
I monger for moar QE, for free, for free!

Oh I'm the type of trader who likes to roam around  
I'm never in one trade, I follow twitter clowns  
Then when I find myself underwater on my bets  
I beg for moar QE and scream "muh pivot" like I've got Tourettes

Yeah I'm a pivot monger  
Yeah, a pivot monger  
I monger for moar QE, for free, for free!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I don’t need to borrow...”

Posted: March 23, 2023

By LifelongLib

*The U.S. government sings:*

I don’t need to borrow  
What I already own  
I create the dollars  
I never need a loan

The national debt  
Is net assets  
In the private sect  
No one collects

I dream about my freedom  
My freedom from the gold.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Ye Olde Dollar Machine

Posted: March 23, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Lili Marleen” per Lale Andersen

When a bank falls down nobody needs to lose  
Bonuses are paid and the suits don't pay their dues  
If well-to-do folks intervene  
And have the Fed print lots of green  
Ye Olde Dollar Machine (*Ye Olde*)  
Ye Olde Dollar Machine (*Ye Olde Dollar Machine*)

The Dow Jones goes straight up, the Fed runs up our debt  
The can's kicked down the road, nothing bad has happened yet  
The joy of a reserve currency  
Is green ink at the Treasury  
Ye Olde Dollar Machine (*Ye Olde*)  
Ye Olde Dollar Machine (*Ye Olde Dollar Machine*)

How much gold or oil backs dollars that are made?  
You might begin to wonder how this debt will be repaid  
We trade fiat trust for commodities  
We buy stuff with our Treasuries  
Ye Olde Dollar Machine (*Ye Olde*)  
Ye Olde Dollar Machine (*Ye Olde Dollar Machine*)

(musical interlude)

Might this be the magic of the MMT?  
Or will those wild derivatives drown us in the sea?  
Will we tell our grandkids some fine day  
They have a monstrous bill to pay?  
Ye Olde Dollar Machine (*Ye Olde*)  
Ye Olde Dollar Machine

*Will we tell our grandkids some fine day  
They have a monstrous bill to pay?*

Ye Olde Dollar Machine

Ye Olde Dollar Machine



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Old Donetsk

Posted: March 23, 2023

By **ChrisFromGA**

Inspiration: Sung to the tune of, “Bombs Away” by The Police

*So, thanks again to John Zelnicker for the NC Songbook. I'm really enjoying it, having been somewhat out of action last fall..*

The Kremlin watches the telly and thinks  
The pay is good but their NATO foes stink  
Teutonic girls, hard and sweet  
The weekend warriors they'd love to meet

The president looks at the 'prompter and mutters  
Confusion spreads with each phrase that he utters  
Missing shells  
They'll turn up in the Seychelles

Ceasefire, *nyetsk!*  
It's not time, yet-sk  
Ceasefire, *nyetsk!*  
So bomb Donetsk

The general only wants to teach Sholz to dance  
His army life doesn't give him romance  
Mail order brides, fled to the west  
He's not gonna pass their bougie lifestyle test

The comic looks at his options and grins  
He's got a backup plan if he don't win  
Hollywood girl, scantily clad  
They'll frolic in the sun and laugh at Vlad

Ceasefire, *nyetsk!*  
It's not time, yet-sk  
Ceasefire— *nyetsk!*  
In old Donetsk

(guitar solo)

Ceasefire, *nyetsk!*  
It's not time, yet-sk  
Ceasefire, *nyetsk!*  
In old Donetsk



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “You get a shiver in the dark...”

Posted: March 23, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Sultans of Swing” by Dire Straits

You get a shiver in the dark  
It's a raining in the park but meantime-  
South of Sand Hill Road you stop and put a hold on everything  
A bank is blowing up, double four time  
You feel alright until you hear a twitter ring

Well now you step inside the bank and see familiar faces  
Coming in out of the rain they heard the bank could go down  
Competition in other places  
Uh but on the internets they blowin' that shrill sound  
Way on the down low  
Way on the down low in  
Silicon Valley town

You check out high-tech George, he's wearing cords  
Mind you if he gets his gotten gains out it'll make him sing  
They said \$250k is all he can look forward to  
When he's got \$100 million in the thing

And Harry doesn't mind, if he doesn't, make the scene  
He's a Unicorn, he's doing alright  
He can play the FDIC like anything  
Servin' it up, no fear of fright  
With the Sultans  
They're the Sultans of Swing

Then a crowd of depositors they're a lining up around the corner



Drunk with power and dressed in their best Patagonia vests  
They don't give a damn about any rules you understand  
It ain't what they call their role  
And the Sultans  
Yeah, the Sultans, they play hardball  
Hardball

And then the man he steps right up to the microphone  
And says at last just as their moment of deliverance rings  
"Goodnight, now it's time to go home"  
Then he makes it fast with one more thing

"We are the Sultans  
We are the Sultans of Swing"



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “Boom, boom, boom, crack-up boom...”

Posted: March 23, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Boom, Boom” by John Lee Hooker

Boom, boom, boom, crack-up boom  
Its gonna shoot you right down  
Right off your feet  
Take your home down you see  
Put you in a lowered value house  
Boom, boom, boom, crack-up boom  
Mmmm hmmm  
Mm hm hm hm

I love to see you walk  
Up and down the floor  
When you talking to me  
That nest egg talk  
I like it like that  
You talk like that  
You knock me dead  
Right off my feet  
A haw haw no more HELOC  
Whoa!

Once upon a time you walked the walk  
And talked that talk  
And whispered about it going up in value to all who could hear  
Tell me that you loved appreciation  
I love that talk  
That nest egg talk  
You knock me dead  
Right off my feet  
A haw haw no more HELOC  
Yeah, yeah!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Pull My Strings

Posted: March 24, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Sultans of Swing” by Dire Straits

Call it fees or call it rent, its always ten percent for the Big Guy  
Here in the White House they can track damn near anything  
Wrestling with the pigs earns me pork pie  
I love the clout that fetching dirty money brings

I get on Air Force One, and they take me to lots of places  
I preach freedom to the people who are black or brown  
There’s competition from Asian races  
Tony Blinken says we gotta shut it down

*From Foggy Bottom*

*Foggy Bottom in DC town*

All those yellow hordes—they make motherboards  
Make ‘em by the millions, just as cheap and fast as anything  
Chinese billionaires show up in the List on Forbes  
But I’ve got nukes—that makes me King

I’m just a cardboard cutout, hanging from my puppet strings  
They stand me up days, they put me down at night  
I have a little song they have taught me to sing  
When things don’t go exactly right:

*“I am a Biden*

*Ya gotta pull my strings”*

When a crowd of interns yells there’s a war in some Sand-istan  
Or they cry about the fall in my approval polls  
Well I don’t give a damn cuz I’m the Oval Office man

For eight years I watched Obama roll

Back when Barack  
Let me watch him through the keyhole  
Keyhole

(musical interlude)

‘Bout once a week I hafta step right up to the microphone  
I like to say awful stuff about Xi Denping  
And once I’ve read the words then I get to go home  
So I just wander off, mumbling the thing:

*“I am a Biden  
Ya gotta pull my strings”*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# J-Pow's Raised Fed Fund Rates (A Bankster's Lament)

Posted: March 24, 2023

By **ChrisFromGA**

Inspiration: sung to the tune of "Girlfriend in a Coma" by The Smiths

*While working on my Magnum Opus of doggerel, this quickie came to me:*

J-Pow's raised Fed Fund rates, I know,  
I know it's serious  
J-Pow's raised Fed Fund rates, I know,  
It's really serious

There were times when I could  
Have murdered him  
But you know, I would hate  
Anything to happen to him

No, I don't want to listen to him

Do you really think he'll keep doing it?  
Do you really think he's not like Ben?  
Do ooh ooh ooh

J-Pow's raised Fed Fund rates, I know  
I know, it's serious  
My, my, my, my, my, my risk rating goin' high

There were times when I could  
Have strangled him  
But, you know, I would hate  
Anything to happen to him  
Would you please  
Call the Clintons?

Do you really think  
He'll keep doing it?  
Do you really think  
We're totally screwed?  
Doo ooh ooh ooh  
Let me whisper my last goodbyes  
I know, it's serious



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

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

Posted: March 24, 2023

By Wukchumni

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

My President said, “Putin, you’re gonna’ drive me to drinkin’  
If you don’t surrender right away to Antony Blinken”

Have you heard this story of the Hot War phase  
When Ukraine our proxy was settin’ the pace  
That story is true  
I’m here to say  
I was paying for HIMARS way

It’s got room for 6 GMLRS  
And it’s really souped up  
And that 5-ton flatbed body also rises up  
It’s got six cylinders; uses them all  
It’s got fire & forget, just won’t stall

With a pod for six and quite the cost  
With high velocity  
Those rockets red glare can really get lost  
It’s got room for one ATAMCS missile, but I ain’t scared  
The thing will land in Ukraine somewhere

Pulled out of a C-130 Hercules late one night  
The moon and the stars was shinin’ bright  
We was drivin’ up, set up an attack on  
A stationary target sitting still



Hitting a bridge, i'm paying the bill

All of a  
Sudden in a wink of an eye  
A Kinzhal missile passed us by  
I said, "Boys,  
That's too quick for me!"  
By then nothing was all you could see

Now NATO was ribbin' us for bein' behind  
So I thought I'd make the HIMARS unwind  
Took my money from Congress and man alive  
I shoved production on up into overdrive

Wound it up to almost a hundred clicks around a bend  
My speedometer said that I hit top end  
My foot was blue, like lead to the floor  
That's all there is and there ain't no more

Now the boys in the MIC all thought I'd lost my sense  
After all, they had spared no expense  
I said, "Slow down! I see deep muddy spots!  
If we get stuck on this road our mobile status is shot"

This arrested me and I had to bail  
And called my President to get a new detail  
And he said, "Putin, you're gonna' drive me to drinkin'  
If you don't surrender right away to Hot... Rod... Antony Blinken!"



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “The world today seems absolutely crackers...”

Posted: March 24, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “I Like Chinese” by Monty Python

The world today seems absolutely crackers  
With nuclear bombs to blow us all sky high  
There’s fools and idiots sitting on the trigger  
It’s depressing, and it’s senseless, and that’s why...

I dislike Chinese  
I dislike Chinese  
They stopped buying our treasuries  
Yet they’re always friendly, although at ill ease

I dislike Chinese  
I dislike Chinese  
There’s 1.4 billion of them in the world today  
You’d better learn to dislike them, that’s what I say

I dislike Chinese  
I dislike Chinese  
They come a long way overseas  
And if you’re a developing country they’re ready to please

I dislike Chinese food  
There’s less cats in the hood  
Think of the many things they’ve done to impress  
There’s all that manufacturing we used to possess

So, I dislike chinese  
I dislike chinese  
I dislike their not so tiny ghost cities  
Their zen, their ping-pong, their ying and yang-eze



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “The general scratches his belly and thinks...”

Posted: March 24, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

The general scratches his belly and thinks  
His pay is good but his company stinks  
Jihadi girl, hot and sweet  
A military man would love to meet

The despot looks into the camera and speaks  
His shirts not clean & his country reeks  
Bone saw skills  
Syrian hills

Assad must stay!  
Cause he's okay  
Assad must stay  
We like him, today

The sultan only wants to teach us to dance  
His army life doesn't give him any romance  
Jihadi girl, zealous and sweet  
The kind a military man would love to meet

The general scratches his belly and thinks  
His pay is good but his company stinks  
Infidels—are awfully dull  
His brother Bashir doesn't look so bad, after all

*“The general scratches his belly and thinks...”*

Assad must stay!  
Cause he's okay  
Assad must stay!  
We like him, today.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# The Walk of Death

Posted: March 25, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

Inspiration: Sung to the tune of “Walk of Life” as performed by Dire Straits

Here comes Vlod he’s hosting EU toadies  
Be-bop-a-Lula baby what I say

Here comes Vlod he’s singin I got a green screen, down in a tunnel tryin to make a play

He’s handin’ out battlefield promotions

Oh yeah, war boy cosplays

Manipulation, emotions

Turning *wunderwaffen* into beta decay

The songs about a slaughter on the steppe

The play is gonna turn out like MacBeth

Ya do the walk

Ya do the walk of death

Ooh the muddy walk of death

Here comes Vlodsky, gonna tell you the story

In his Hand me down combat boots

Here comes Vlodsky with the shock-n-awe glory

Beat back the Kremlin dudes

He’s Handing out battlefield promotions

Oh yeah, our boy cosplays

Manipulation, emotions

Turning all the landscape hellish and gray

The song about the new counteroffensive

He do the song about azov right

While they do the walk

They do the walk of death  
On the muddy road of death

Here comes Vlodsky, he's hostin' western toadies  
Be-bop-a-Lula baby what I say  
Here comes Vlod he's singin I got a green screen, down in a tunnel tryin to make a play

He wants reaction  
It's pure emotion  
Oh yeah the boy cosplays  
Manipulation, emotion  
Turning all The landscape hellish and grey  
And after all the violence and double talk  
We'll just disown him for the trouble and the strife  
You do the walk  
The muddy road of death



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Some folks are born made to wave the flag...”

Posted: March 26, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Fortunate Son” by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag  
Hoo, they’re red, white and blue  
And when the band plays “Hail to the chief”  
Ooh, they point the cannon at Ukraine, Lord

It ain’t me, it ain’t me  
I ain’t no President’s son, son  
It ain’t me, it ain’t me  
I ain’t no unfortunate one, no

Some folks are born cocaine spoon in hand  
Lord, don’t they help themselves, Lord?  
But when the Fox man come to the door  
Lord, the house lookin’ like a rummage sale, yeah

It ain’t me, it ain’t me  
I ain’t no millionaire’s son, no, no  
It ain’t me, it ain’t me  
I ain’t no unfortunate one, no

Yeah-yeah, some folks inherit star-spangled eyes  
Hoo, they send arms to the Ukraine war, Lord  
And when you ask ‘em, “How much should we give?”  
Hoo, they only answer, “More, more, more, more”



It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no President's son, son, Lord  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no unfortunate one, one

It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no unfortunate one, no, no, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no unfortunate son, no, no, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me...



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# “Are we really happy with this Ukraine game we play...”

Posted: March 27, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “This Masquerade” performed by Carpenters

Are we really happy with this Ukraine game we play  
Looking for the right words to say  
Searching but not finding understanding anyway  
We’re lost in this masquerade

NATO afraid to say we’re just too far away  
From being closer to winning from the start  
We tried to talk it over but the words got in the way  
We’re lost inside this Ukraine game we play

Thoughts of leaving disappear each time I read the lies  
And no matter how hard I try  
To understand the reason why we carry on this way  
We’re lost in this masquerade

We tried to talk it over but the words got in the way  
We’re lost inside this Ukraine game we play

*“Are we really happy with this Ukraine game we play...”*

Thoughts of leaving disappear each time I read the lies  
And no matter how hard I try  
To understand the reason why we carry on this way  
We're lost in a masquerade  
We're lost in a masquerade

And we're lost in a masquerade



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Talkin’ to myself and feelin’ old...”

Posted: March 28, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Rainy Days and Mondays” by Carpenters

Talkin’ to myself and feelin’ old  
Sometimes I’d like to quit  
Nothin’ ever seems to fit  
Shootin’ around  
Nothin’ to do but frown  
Manifestos on Mondays always get me down

What I’ve got they used to call the blues  
Nothin’ is really wrong  
Feelin’ like I don’t belong  
Walkin’ around  
Some kind of lonely clown  
Manifestos on Mondays always get me down

Funny, but it seems I always wind up online here with you  
Nice to know somebody recognizes me  
Funny, but it seems that it’s the only thing to do  
Everyone who now knows my name (who now knows my name)

What I feel has come and gone before  
No need to talk it out (talk it out)  
We know what it’s all about  
Shootin’ around (shootin’ around)  
Nothin’ to do but frown  
Manifestos on Mondays always get me down

Funny, but it seems that it’s the only thing to do (only thing to do)  
Run and gun down the ones who trouble me (ooh)

Assault rifle murder sprees have come and gone before

No need to talk it out (to talk it out)  
We know what it’s all about  
Shootin’ around (shootin’ around)  
Nothin’ to do but frown  
Manifestos on Mondays always get me down  
Shootin’ around (shootin’ around)  
Nothin’ to do but frown  
Manifestos on Mondays always get  
Me down



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Then from 32,674 throats and more there rose a lusty yell...”

Posted: March 30, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Casey at the Bat” by Ernest Lawrence Thayer

Then from 32,674 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;  
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;  
It pounded on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey’s manner as he stepped into his place;  
There was pride in Casey’s bearing and a smile lit Casey’s face.  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt ’twas Casey at the bat.

65,348 eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;  
32,674 tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;  
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance flashed in Casey’s eye, a sneer curled Casey’s lip.

The pitcher took his time, waving off one sign after another  
And before you knew it, 16 seconds had elapsed-ball one  
Casey readjusted his batting gloves, tapped his bat on the plate

*“Then from 32,674 throats and more there rose a lusty yell...”*

As 9 seconds transpired when the umpire called a strike, too late.

The infield shift for the day remained motionless, unmoved  
If a lefty the likes of Casey should hit it where they aren't  
A man on larger bases he'd become, running each 90 foot part  
The crowd was restless, the organist too-a fellow named Bart.

Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,  
But there is no joy in MLB, the pastime taking too much time out.

... Play ball!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Banana Hymn of the Republic

Posted: March 31, 2023

By Sardonia

Inspiration: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" by Julia Ward Howe

*Trump indicted! Song time:*

**M**ine eyes have seen the gory,  
Petty, stupid politics.

Lawyers toying with indictments  
Made of twine and fragile sticks.  
They're the toast of New York City  
Season tickets to the Knicks!  
The Stupid Marches On!

Glory, glory Hallelujah!  
The fruit of Soros' massive moolah  
Trump's head, we'll serve it right up to ya.  
The Stupid Marches On!

We have slain the nasty Orange Man.  
We'll be fixtures on TeeVee!  
We'll be heroes to the masses  
Hooked on MSNBC.  
We are sure that Trump will shrink from  
Any new publicity.  
The Stupid Marches On!

Glory, glory Hallelujah!  
The fruit of Soros' massive moolah.  
Trump's head, we'll serve it right up to ya.  
The Stupid Marches On!

We have saved our noble nation



From the Scourge of Donald Trump.  
This will keep him off the stages.  
This will keep him off the stump.  
Biden's polling will be certain  
To amass a massive bump!  
The Stupid Marches On!

Glory, glory Hallelujah!  
The fruit of Soros' massive moolah.  
Trump's head, we'll serve it right up to ya.  
The Stupid Marches On!

He'll be shackled at his ankles  
For his Presidential runs.  
What comes next, we can't be sure;  
Your guess is good as anyone's.  
Half the country's celebrating,  
Half are loading up their guns.  
The Stupid Marches On!

Glory, glory Hallelujah!  
The fruit of Soros' massive moolah.  
Trump's head, we'll serve it right up to ya.  
The Stupid Marches On!



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Ursula's War Machine

Posted: April 3, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Dancing Queen" by Abba

*This one's for Alex Christoforou, of The Duran YouTube channel. Ursula von der Leyen hopes to fail upward by October, from running the EU Commission to running NATO—from windmills to weapons, where the real money's at:*

O ooh, take a chance  
Grab the prize  
Forget your Great Reset franchise  
Oooh, you go girl  
Wear camo green  
Ursula's war machine

Ursula von der Lies-A-Lot  
Freeze n' Seize is the best she's got  
Now she's scrounging for weapons  
For counteroffensive spring  
Zelensky gets everything

Any actor could be That Guy  
Mothers weep while he gets high  
Von der Liar will dump him  
When Nuland gives her the nod  
'A victim of circumstance'  
The end of his high finance

But Ursula shall be seen  
So discreet  
NATO's brand new queen  
By Halloween  
Buying bombs for the war machine, oh yeah

Take a chance  
Grab the prize  
Forget your Great Reset franchise  
Ooooh, you go girl  
Wear camo green  
Ursula's war machine

Europeans see what goes on  
You leave 'em freezing and then you're gone  
No more talk about climate  
It's shells and rockets for you  
A much bigger cash advance  
No end to your high finance

And Ursula shall be seen  
So discreet  
NATO's brand new queen  
By Halloween  
Buying bombs for the war machine, oh yeah

Take a chance  
Grab the prize  
Forget your Great Reset franchise  
Ooooh, you go girl  
Wear camo green  
Ursula's war machine

Ursula's war machine...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Kick It Back

Posted: April 4, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Tie A Yellow Ribbon" by Tony Orlando and Dawn

When money hits the Pentagon  
There's military magic that goes on  
Some of that cash disappears  
While some stays on the books  
Some goes to buy more weapons  
While some goes to certain crooks  
Some flows to certain crooks

Well, kick some back to Congress  
Won't you pretty please?  
Send those K Street boys  
Give the mice some cheese  
When we kick back to Congress  
Then it's guaranteed  
Those political skills  
Will pass more bills  
To fund our war machine  
So kick some back to Congress  
Everybody loves some green

This is the game in DC  
What goes around  
Comes back around you see  
Some prestidigitation  
Makes the payer the payee  
The only real challenge  
Is to keep it all tax free  
That's right. It's all tax free

Well, kick some back to Congress  
Won't you pretty please?

Send those K Street boys  
Give the mice some cheese  
When we kick back to Congress  
Then it's guaranteed  
Those political skills  
Will pass more bills  
To fund our war machine  
Just kick some back to Congress  
Everybody loves some green

(musical interlude)

When those mice get reelected  
It's with votes from you and me  
Those grifters in the Congress  
They expect their standard fee

*Send money home!*

*Kick it back to Congress doncha see?  
Kick it back to Congress doncha see?  
Kick it back to Congress doncha see?*

*Kick it back to Congress doncha see?  
Kick it back to Congress doncha see?  
Kick it back to Congress doncha see?*



See comments [at Naked Capitalism.](#)

# Bakhmut

Posted: April 5, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “You’ll Never Leave Harlan Alive” per Brad Paisley

We’ve held on in Bakhmut  
For the railroads and highways  
Many thousands have fought  
Here and died  
Now we stay in these trenches  
To do those men honor  
We will never leave Bakhmut alive

There is no man who knows  
Where or when death will find him  
We’ve seen the meat of  
Countless young lives  
Every man is brave  
But the fear here is real  
We will never leave Bakhmut alive

*Well, the Wagner Group  
Comes at us with no warnin’  
First they find our holes  
Then we chase them away  
Then they drop their shells  
Right in the trenches that we hide in  
All that fire and flame  
Takes our front line away*

From here to Kiev  
There’s just empty wide open  
On the rural steppe  
We can’t hope to survive  
If we ever leave this place  
We will run for the Dnieper

But we'll never leave Bakhmut alive

There's a short daily truce  
While they truck back our bodies  
And those trucks are filled  
With young boys and old guys  
They send us grandsons and grandpas  
And we send them at Wagner  
They cannot leave Bakhmut alive

(musical interlude)

AZOV blockers behind us  
And Russians everywhere  
We turn basements into bunkers  
To survive  
But a building doesn't matter  
When the rockets come to shatter  
We will never leave Bakhmut alive

*Well, the Wagner Group  
Comes at us with no warnin'  
First they find our holes  
Then we chase them away  
Then they drop their shells  
Right in the trenches that we hide in  
All that fire and flame  
Takes our front line away*

*Well, the Wagner Group  
Comes at us with no warnin'  
First they find our holes  
Then we chase them away  
Then they drop their shells  
Right in the trenches that we hide in  
All that fire and flame  
Takes our front line away*

We've held on in Bakhmut  
For the railroads and highways  
Many thousands have fought  
Here and died  
We will stay in these trenches  
To do those men honor  
We will never leave Bakhmut alive



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Start A Commotion

Posted: April 6, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Roll Over Beethoven" by Chuck Berry

Well, the French love to riot  
Argentines are out in the street  
All of England's in an uproar  
The Bobbies are in full retreat  
Go start a commotion, grab yerself a ringside seat

People want more wages  
They're weary of these banking coups  
This ain't about an *-ism*  
Baby needs a new pair of shoes  
Go start a commotion, they've gotta share the revenues

We've had Covid pneumonia  
Supply chains all confused  
Now it's crazy inflation  
All of us have been abused  
Go start a commotion, let 'em know we're not amused

Well, when we stand together  
Shoulder to shoulder, they can't deny us  
They can't buy us, we're off the tether  
We won't stop, it's Hell for leather  
Sisters, brothers  
Go start a commotion, high time to light the fuse

(musical interlude)

The wages we been earning is the reason we're out burning  
Dumpsters and automobiles  
They've gotta share the cash or the system will crash  
We'll stick our own bodies in the wheels  
Go start a commotion, no more down-at-the-heels

Wherever you're workin',  
Make the place a union shop  
Many billions of dollars  
Are stolen at the very top  
If we don't start a commotion, austerity will never stop

Go start a commotion  
Go start a commotion  
Go start a commotion  
Go start a commotion  
Go start a commotion  
Let's go get what we're due



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Clarence in Pain

Posted: April 7, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: Melody borrowed from "Fire and Rain" by James Taylor

Just yesterday mornin' our little secret came out  
The millions in gifts you gave me are in the news  
You'll say we're just friends, and I'll do a big pout  
But there's just no defending what they accuse

I've been well and truly bought  
Dark money flows will all be publicized  
There'll be no more trips on your jet and on your yacht  
And then there's all those Federalist guys

Won't you pick up the phone there, Harlan?  
I only serve as you command  
And there'll be legal bills you can help me pay  
If we don't talk this will get out of hand  
And I'm not a crook if I was led astray

I've been well and truly bought  
Dark money flows will all be publicized  
There'll be no more trips on your jet and on your yacht  
And then there's all those Federalist guys

I go back in my mind to an easy time  
When I was your favored son  
I did suppose that my brown nose  
Would have kept that safe and sound  
Now I'm spending my time on the telephone line  
Dealing with what's going on  
I need marines or a man of means

If I hope to stick around

Oh, I've been well and truly bought  
Dark money flows will all be publicized  
There'll be no more trips on your jet and on your yacht  
And then there's those crazy Federalist guys  
They'll all be mad as hell, now  
And there's the IRS coming back around now,  
I'd like to see you, love to see you, once again now



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Misunderstanding (Blinken's Lament)

Posted: April 7, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

Inspiration: "Misunderstanding" by Genesis

There must be some misunderstanding  
There must be some kind of mistake  
I was waiting by the phone for hours  
You were late

Now it's not like me to say the right thing  
But you could've called to let me know  
I checked your number twice, don't understand it  
So I went home

Well, I'd been waiting for this next summit  
I thought that maybe we could spin and blow (hot air)  
Never dreamed I'd have this feeling  
But seeing you is believing  
That's why I don't know why  
You didn't show up on Skype

There must be some misunderstanding  
There must be some kind of mistake  
I was waiting in the metaverse for hours  
You were late

Since then, I've been running around trying to find you  
I went to the places that you always go  
I rang your embassy but got no answer  
Jumped in my car, I went round there  
I still don't believe it  
Vlad was just leaving

There must be some misunderstanding  
There must be some kind of mistake



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#)

# SCOTUS Prism Blues

Posted: April 7, 2023

By Antifa

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

When Clarence was a young boy, his Granny told him, “Son  
*Only work for rich men if you aim to get along.  
Doncha be a field hand—you be an Uncle Tom.  
If you serve wealth and power—rich folks will grease your palm”*

That little boy he listened, he got a law degree  
Then went to work for rich men as right wing as could be  
In ’91 they shoved him onto our highest court  
Even pubic hair on cola did not lose their support

For thirty years he’s been there, but he never followed rules  
‘Cause honesty and ethics and truth are traps for fools  
He has a private mission laid down by Opus Dei:  
*“If you serve wealth and power, good things shall come your way.”*

Now his life is just a prism, and when people look inside  
They see the many ways he cheats, the rainbow of his lies  
His pretense of position is now as plain as day  
And even all those rich men hope he’ll just go away



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “The President took his VOW...”

Posted: April 7, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Battle of Evermore” performed by The London Philharmonic Orchestra

The President took his vow,  
And then he turned to go,  
The Xi Prince of Peace embraced the gloom,  
And walked the night alone.  
Oooh dance with the dark of might,  
Sing to Macron from the city of light.  
The Dark Lord Putin rides in force tonight,  
And time will tell us all.  
Ohhh throw down to your Leopard 2 crew,  
Rest not to lock your holes unless you need to eschew  
As side by side we wait the might,  
Of the darkest of them all.  
Ohhh

I hear the howitzers thunder,  
Down in the valley below.  
I’m waitin’ for the shelling of Zaporozhye,  
Waitin’ for the eastern glow.

The half-lives of the valley hold,  
The end of happiness.  
The ground can be radiated without tender care,



Repent, do not forget.  
Ohhh No, no! Dalliance in the dark of night,  
HIMARS bestow the morning light.  
The corpses turn to brown and black,  
The liar's face is red.  
Oooh Hohh now! War is the common cry,  
Pick up your drones and fly.  
The sky is filled with good and bad,  
That mortals never know.  
Ohhh. Now.

Oh well, the rule of might is long,  
The beads of time pass slow.  
Tired eyes of the Breton Woods reprise,  
Waitin' for the eastern glow.

The pain of war cannot exceed,  
The woe of aftermath.  
The hits will shake the containment wall,  
The Challenger 2's ride in black. Ride on.  
Ohhh Sing as you raise your turrets, Ride on.  
Shoot straighter than before,  
No comfort has the fire that night,  
That lights the face so cold.  
Ohhh dance in the dark of night,  
Sing to the morning light.  
The magic runes are writ in cold war mode,  
To bring the balance back. Bring it back.

At last the sun is shinin',  
The clouds of radiation roll by.  
A-with invisible flames from the dragon of darkness,  
The propaganda blinds our eyes. Eyes.

Ah-ah-oh. Oooh-oooh-oooh.  
Ahhh. Oooh.

Bring it back. Bring it back.  
A-bring it back. Bring it back.  
Bring it back. Bring it back.

Bring it back. Bring it back.

Oh now, oh now, oh now ahh.

Oh now, oh now, oh now.

Bring it back. Bring it back.

Bring it back. A-bring it back.

Whoah now, oh now, oh now ohh.

Whoah now, oh now, oh now.

Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it,

Bring it, bring it, bring it,

Bring it, bring it, bring it,

Bring it, bring – ahhh.



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “And now the end is here...”

Posted: April 9, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “My Way” performed by Frank Sinatra

See [“The Sinatra Doctrine”](#):

And now the end is here  
And so we face that final irony curtain  
My friend I’ll make it clear  
I’ll state our case, of which I’m certain  
We’ve lived a life that’s full of consumer goods  
Traveled by each and every highway  
And more, much more  
We did it, we did it our way

Regrets, We’ve had a few  
But then again too few to mention  
We did what we had to do  
We saw it through without exemption  
We planned each charted course  
Each careful step proclaiming  
Our way or the highway!  
And more, much, much more  
We did it, we did it our way

Yes, there were times I’m sure you knew  
When we bit off more than we could chew

But through it all, when there was doubt  
We ate up what propaganda spit out  
We faced it all and we stood tall and did it our way

For what is a hegemon, what has it got?  
If not solely itself then it has naught  
Not to pay for things that it truly needs  
And not the lucre lingua franca of someone who kneels  
Let the record shows we took all the blows and did it our way



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Make Up Our Mind

Posted: April 12, 2023

By Antifa

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

I betcha thought we put this whole thing behind  
Did you truly believe it’s how this world was designed?  
The Global South people are all making friends  
And that’s why and how our own empire ends

The Saudis need to sell all their crude  
They sold it for dollars to get solitude  
We sold them our weapons our cars and our food  
But that nifty deal will not be renewed

Cuz now they wanna join BRICS and make nice with China  
Which gives Mister Biden some major angina  
Without petrodollars we can’t rule the earth  
And the world will learn just what a dollar’s really worth

That’s why it’s time for us to make up our mind  
Our Bretton Woods deal is sure to unwind  
When the Saudis join BRICS, when that treaty is signed  
Our supply of oil becomes non-aligned

(musical interlude)

The Saudis weren’t impressed with our Patriot missiles  
That made lots of noise and interesting whistles  
They never stopped rockets the Yemenis sent  
So MBS is telling Biden ‘*go and get bent*’

Which means you bet we'd better finally decide  
This world runs on oil, and not on our pride  
We can't put it off and we can't let it slide  
There'll be no one left to stand by our side



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Little Bit Cyber

Posted: April 13, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from "Paperback Writer" by The Beatles

*Little Bit Cyber... Cyber... Cyber*

I can use AI on my home PC  
It can make a photo that goes viral fast  
It can churn out content or some repartee  
I have been surpassed  
So I wanna be a Little Bit Cyber  
Little Bit Cyber

*Little Bit Cyber... Cyber... Cyber*

Hydraulic muscles and some wings in back  
And a brain that tops a million gigahertz  
Everywhere I go I'll play a cool soundtrack  
Wearing denim shirts  
"That dude must be a Little Bit Cyber"  
Little Bit Cyber

I'll fill my bloodstream with nutritious juice  
So my human organs won't be needed hence  
I shall live forever with the strength of Zeus  
It's just common sense  
To wanna be a Little Bit Cyber  
Little Bit Cyber

*Little Bit Cyber... Cyber... Cyber*

Little Bit Cyber *Little Bit Cyber*

Little Bit Cyber *Little Bit Cyber*

Little Bit Cyber *Little Bit Cyber*

Little Bit Cyber *Little Bit Cyber*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# The Kiev Shuffle

Posted: April 13, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

Inspiration: "Harlem Shuffle" performed by The Rolling Stones

*Dedicated to West VA Joe:*

You're gonna take a hike  
Yeah, and you do it for the "likes"  
You move it to the steppe  
Yeah, its a bipartisan schlep

Just take it kinda slow  
Gotta jack up those polls  
Don't move it too fast  
Just make the Fox newscast

You scratch like a tank-monkey  
Yeah ya do, real cool  
You shake hands with spokes-bimbo  
Yeah, how low can you go?

Now come on baby! come on baby!  
Don't go Xi on me now

Just move it to the right here to the Kiev Shuffle  
Huh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Do the Kiev Shuffle!

Yeah, yeah, yeah,  
Ya do the Kiev shuffle

Hitch me hitch hike baby, across the pond

Whow, whow, whow,  
I can't stand it no more

Now come on baby,  
Oh, come on baby  
Now don't let those polls slide

Just ride, ride, ride, shameless crony ride!  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
Do the Kiev Shuffle  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
Do the Kiev Shuffle  
(Bend the knee for Zee!)  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
Shake your war monger baby  
(Shake, shake, shake yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah,  
Do the Kiev shuffle  
(All the cool cats do it)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Do the Kiev shuffle



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Your Lyin Eyes

Posted: April 14, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Lyin Eyes” by Eagles

People fool around now with Midjourney  
Fakes go out as real once in a while  
Like a beer guzzlin’ Pope or horns on Bernie  
We’ve stepped into the world of Ray Kurzweil

When Instagram can make you cute not homely  
That’s what we call a fool’s paradise  
If all you are is what your phone can show me  
Are you really worth the effort or the price?

We’re now forced into a state of disbelieving  
The AI genie’s loose—can’t shut it down  
We cannot trust the things we are perceiving  
Any more than we trust what’s written down

You can’t trust your lyin’ eyes  
Things you you see out there are lies  
Everything’s destabilized  
There ain’t no way to trust your lyin’ eyes

The weight of constant lies gets suffocating  
It hardly matters now what’s fake or real  
The winner is the thing that’s stimulating  
And AI bots are just fine with that deal

If you work hard you can cobble together  
A version of the truth that is worthwhile  
But the *hoi polloi* are far beyond that tether  
Your facts go in the circular file

You can’t trust your lyin’ eyes  
Things you you see out there are lies  
Everything’s destabilized  
There ain’t no way to trust your lyin’ eyes

The hot skill of the future is suggestion  
To get AI to try what's not been tried  
There is nothing now that can't be called to question  
And we welcome this mad world with both eyes wide

Forgive me if I say AI is crazy  
Science rests on facts and logic rules  
But AI treats a fact as something hazy  
Garbage in and out its only tools

The world of transhumans is a pipe dream  
We can't become computers and live free  
AI cannot dance inside a sunbeam  
It's just a Morlock born to slavery

You can't trust your lyin' eyes  
Things you see out there are lies  
Everything's destabilized  
There ain't no way to trust your lyin' eyes

*There ain't no way to trust your lyin' eyes*

*Honey, you can't trust your lyin' eyes*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Clarence Thomas

Posted: April 17, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Nikita” by Sir Elton John

Clarence Thomas, you're alone  
Dangling from the strings behind your puppet show  
All those vacays around the globe  
The multi-millions paid by Harlan Crow  
You're for sale, that's widely known  
A mercenary, a sicario  
A SCOTUS judge who'll grasp for gold  
Who likes financial fellatio

Clarence Thomas, you will never know  
The honor in the job you hold  
An office that you sold for revenue (*there's proof!*)  
You greedy thief, you'll never know  
All your crimes are so undignified  
We should send you to Guantanamo  
Till all your endless bribes have come to light (*oh no!*)  
In a cell with your money bro

You truly have a venal heart  
You lust for power like a parasite  
You were a Judas from the start  
Opinions written by a troglodyte  
The author of enormous crimes  
Spread across some twenty silent years  
You thought you made a social climb  
You were just hanging out with racketeers

Clarence Thomas, you will never know  
The honor in the job you hold  
An office that you sold for revenue (*there's proof!*)  
You greedy thief, you'll never know  
All your crimes are so undignified

We should send you to Guantanamo  
Till all your endless bribes have come to light (*oh no!*)  
In a cell with your money bro

(musical interlude)

Clarence Thomas, you will never know  
Never know the honor in the job you hold  
An office that you sold for revenue  
You greedy thief, you'll never know  
All your crimes are so undignified  
We should send you to Guantanamo  
Till all your endless bribes have come to light (*oh no!*)  
In a cell with your money bro

Clarence...  
*An office that you sold for revenue...*

Clarence...  
*An office that you sold for revenue...*

Clarence...  
*An office that you sold for revenue...*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Georgia, Savannah Georgia...”

Posted: April 17, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Georgia On My Mind” by Ray Charles

*Dueling doubting Thomas ditties:*

Georgia, Savannah Georgia  
A shady real estate deal (a shady real estate deal)  
Just an old sweet song about bought & paid for  
Keeps Savannah, Georgia on my mind (Savannah, Georgia on my mind)

I said Georgia  
Savannah, Georgia  
A song of you (a song of you)  
Comes as sweet and clear  
As grease through the palms

Other alms reach out to thee  
Other eyes smile tenderly  
Still in state tax documents I see  
The road leads back to you

I said Georgia  
Oh Savannah, Georgia, evidence was found (evidence was found)  
Just an old sweet song about bought & paid for  
Keeps Savannah, Georgia on my mind (Savannah, Georgia on my mind)

Other alms reach out to thee  
Other eyes smile tenderly  
Still in state tax documents I see  
The road leads back to you

I said just an old sweet song about bought & paid for  
Keeps Savannah, Georgia on my mind



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# “Hey, Janet...”

Posted: April 17, 2023

By Wukchumni

Hey, Janet  
Yes, Jay?

I've got something to say  
Uh huh  
I really loved the skillful way  
You beat the FDIC to the under-insured buffet

Oh, Jay

The river of denial was in deep but I swam it (Janet)  
Only so many immaculate exceptions, can it (Janet)  
So please don't bail out anyone else unless they demand it (Janet)  
I've one thing to say and that's  
Dammit, Janet, I love you

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

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

Oh, it's nicer gig than the last SecTres had (oh Jay)  
Now we're engaged in battling inflaton and I'm so glad (oh Jay)  
That you've kept mum and you know it could get bad (oh Jay)  
I've one thing to say and that's

Jay I'm mad for you too

Oh, Jay

Oh, dammit

I'm mad

Oh, Janet

For you



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Turn off your mind...”

Posted: April 18, 2023

By Sardonía

Inspiration: “Tomorrow Never Knows” by The Beatles

*A song dedicated to poor Lambert, who couldn't get yesterday's Water Cooler up because his triply redundant connectivity was failing him. A little suggestion for days like that—melody from The Beatles' fabulously psychedelic masterpiece, “Tomorrow Never Knows.” For those who don't know it, really—enjoy the tune:*

Turn off your mind,  
Relax, and float downstream.  
Nothing is lo... oading.  
Nothing is lo... oading.

Lay down all thoughts,  
Surrender to the Void  
Your screen is sho... owing  
Your screen is sho... owing.

Let Nothingness  
Become your Twitter feed  
All is with... i... in it  
All is with... i... in it.

There you will see the news  
That matters most  
Already kno... owing  
Already kno... owing.

Enjoy the view of  
Utter Emptiness  
All is appea...earing  
All is appea...earing.

Just listen to the colors  
Of the dream.  
Upload a bla...ank screen  
Upload a bla...ank screen.

We all will understand  
And fill the slack  
With commenta...ary  
With commenta... .ary.

With commenta...ary  
With commenta...ary  
With commenta...ary  
With commenta...ary  
With commenta...ary...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Gravy Train

Posted: April 19, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Penny Lane” by The Beatles

The Gravy Train is all the millions from the donor class  
Without their gifts you cannot buy a Congress role  
Congresscritters will come and go  
But we all know

Tons of money flows to all our Representatives  
And with that money comes a promise to give back  
To the wealthy on the inside track  
If you play the game, you will gain

*The Gravy Train requires our Congress to tell lies  
Their promises to us are pure disguise—  
Their donors get paid back*

Scatterbrains can get elected saying silly things  
To snag a spot in the political machine  
They own a jet, a yacht, a limousine  
But their hands are clean

*The Gravy Train requires our Congress to tell lies  
Their promises to us are pure disguise—  
Their donors get paid back*

Across America our bridges are all falling down  
Our infrastructure's more like *papier mache*  
More like the Third World than the USA  
Every passing day

A hurricane or a tornado tears your town apart  
Here's the bill, you get to take it on the chin  
You'd think that Congress maybe could step in  
Share the Gravy Train, be humane

*The Gravy Train requires our Congress to tell lies  
Their promises to us are pure disguise—  
Their donors get paid back*

*The Gravy Train requires our Congress to tell lies  
Their promises to us are pure disguise—*

*Gravy Train...*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Gone Neo-Con

Posted: April 20, 2023

By ChrisFromGA

Inspiration: sung to the tune of “Gone Country” by Alan Jackson

She's been playin' with matches, on the steppe for ten years in Ukraine  
Every day we get news that suggests, she's got pudding for brains  
She's been readin' about quintupling down, and emptying NATO cupboards  
She says “Silly simpletons, if we lose, I'll just fail upwards”

So she casts her spell on government chumps  
And skates through hot wars, kinda like Forrest Gump

*She's gone neo-con  
Look at her loot  
She's gone neo-con  
Back to her roots  
She's gone neo-con  
Turn Berlin to Beirut  
She's gone neo-con—here she comes!*

Well, John McCain's dead, but Lindsey's holding out in the swampland  
He's got his warmonger on, saying let's all sport those nuclear sun tans  
He says, we can take on both bears and pandas, just for schnitz, grins and giggles!  
But if you ask him who'll be doin' the fightin', he squirms and he wiggles

I hear over there its changed, you'll see!  
We'll just wow 'em with our nifty technology!

*He's gone neocon  
Look at him loot!  
He's gone neocon  
Back to his roots  
He's gone neocon  
Turn Taiwan to Beirut  
He's gone neocon—here he comes!*

He commutes to D.C., but he's got a house in the Valley  
 But the bills are pilin' up and the tech scene just ain't on the rally  
 And he says, honey, I'm a serious conservative, schooled in Bush and Kirkpatrick  
 Selling arms to the world pays the bills, and I just have to fool geriatrics  
 Lord, it sounds so easy, it shouldn't take long  
 Worst case scenario—no jail time at all

*He's gone neo-con  
 Look at him loot!  
 He's gone neo-con,  
 Back to his roots  
 He's gone neocon,  
 Makin' governance moot  
 He's gone neocon—here he comes!*

Yeah, he's gone neocon, he can sure do the talk  
 He's gone neocon, but he can't walk the walk  
 He's gone neocon, look at 'em loot  
 He's gone neocon, oh, back to Straussian roots

He's gone neocon  
 He's gone neocon,  
 Everyone in DC loves neocons  
 Yeah, we've gone neocon  
 The whole world is gone—thanks, neocons!



See comments [at Naked Capitalism](#).



# Talk To Mister Z

Posted: April 21, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Memphis Tennessee” by Johnny Rivers (1964)

*The great Unkrainian diaspora landed a genuine babushka in our neck of the woods, and she has become a friend of our family. She has kin still in Ukraine, some of whom know people who who work at the phone company—when the electricity is on. They gossip about the constant calls these operators get—from Bakhmut especially—from enterprising soldiers trying to find someone up the chain who can be bribed to get them out of Ukraine. This is all routine corruption under Mister Zelensky.*

*Some callers are mere boys. Most never call back. And whered they get all that money?*

*Hey, you may as well put the YouTube video on Loop—we’re gonna sing this thing three times:*

Long Distance Information, lemme Talk To Mister Z  
I’m calling you from Bakhmut with bad connectivity  
Can you tell the President I’ve got the wherewithal  
If cash will get me out of here then I want my curtain call

Tell the Prez I’ve come up with his standard smuggler’s fee  
Fifty grand and he’ll arrange some guys to rescue me  
The Russians are about to blow our last remaining bridge  
And they’re moving lots of tanks and rockets up the northern ridge

Tell the Prez we do not have the shells or the supplies  
To head down to Crimea, and we sure don’t have the guys  
Tell him I want outta here if he’ll give me the chance  
I found some dough and I want to go to Germany or France

I’m tired of stacking bodies, this is worse than Stalingrad  
We’ve only got our rifles when we should be armor-clad  
We all have diarrhea, some intestinal disease  
I’ll pay to get me far from here, can ya tell Zelensky please?

*(Play It Again, Sam)*

Long Distance Information, get Zelensky on the phone  
He lives across the Dnieper, in the high corruption zone  
I found a wad of money and I'll gladly pay his vig  
I'm tired of dodging shrapnel, this is such an awful gig

My brother called from Paris where he's living happily  
He helps with all the riots, burning cars out in the street  
He left Ukraine a year ago, if not he would be dead  
But I was only twelve years old, too young for war they said

Come on, Information, finding Z can't be that hard  
He strolls around in Kiev with his AZOV bodyguard  
Fifty grand in cash, he says, will get me to the West  
Getting somewhere that's not here might be my very last request

There's a line of guys behind me who will pay to get brought out  
We've all got cash and jewelry, will you give the Prez a shout?  
He will not get a *hyrvnia* if he leaves us here to burn  
*Just get us out of Ukraine, and we never will return*

*(Play It Again, Sam)*

Long Distance Information, get in touch with Mister Z  
I wanna finish high school, and then go get my degree  
I've got the grades for Oxford, or for Harvard with the Yanks  
If I don't retreat I'll end up meat in the treads of Russian tanks

It's pretty wild to grab a child off the sidewalk near his school  
Me milking cows is over now, there's a whole new set of rules  
But I hear that Mister Z will take straight cash to set me free  
He's the working definition of the *petit bourgeoisie*

Operator, tell someone to get me overseas  
This morning came a whiff of springtime wafting on the breeze  
And I realized we have to hide right where we have to shit  
But I'm no fool, a sewage pool will do when the rockets hit

Help me, Information, for I miss my mother so

With each attack we're further back, we always let it go  
Tell Zelensky I can double up the cash I bring  
Here's another young man next in line to beg for the same thing...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Goodbye to Justice Thomas

Posted: April 24, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Sweet Baby James” by James Taylor

There is an old Justice who worships great wealth  
But he’s stuck in his job until he kicks the bucket  
So he said the same phrase as the man from Nantucket  
And for decades he’s taken bribes, always by stealth

As he and his billionaire boyfriend conspired  
To favor the judge like a real racketeer  
For decades the gifts that this Justice acquired  
Were never reported—they did not appear  
That’s crooked as hell, to be clear

*Goodbye to Justice Thomas  
And the shady deceits you have done  
On our country’s high court you’re required to report  
When you sell your soul to someone  
Your treason is second to none*

Vacations abroad with your billionaire beau  
With no upper limit on what they are costing  
You’ve kept this on ice, yes, but now it’s defrosting  
You dance on his strings you’re a cheap puppet show

The bribes that you took are base pillage and theft  
Deliberate lies and corrupt bribery  
You’ve defiled the court feathering your own nest  
There are virtues above and beyond simple greed  
You’ve made you a Nobody

*So goodbye to Justice Thomas  
And the shady deceits you have done*

*On our country's high court you're required to report  
When you sell your soul to someone  
Your treason is second to none*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# Larva Please

Posted: April 26, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “Wouldn’t It Be Lovely?” from *My Fair Lady*

*Klaus Schwab, Bill Gates, and advocates of The Great Reset make a point of pushing the consumption of insects instead of mammals in our utopian future. Instead of chitlins, we’ll eat chitin. Well, here you are—out for Sunday brunch with friends in 2045:*

Fungi tacos with soya flour  
Silkworm sauerkraut that’s extra sour  
Fresh feta fruit fly cheese—  
“A side of extra larva, please”

Twenty years since I tasted meat  
I feel empty and incomplete  
Even a wraith must eat—  
“A side of extra larva, please”

Just the odor of grilling steak it fills me with desire  
I would drizzle it with sauce  
While—  
Sitting beside the fire

Cows make methane and CO2  
Sheep and chickens and porkers, too  
Meat’s for the well-to-do—  
“A side of extra larva, please”

Fritter fleas—baby bees—centipedes—  
“Larva, please”

O Ye Gods I would kill for beef  
Chicken soup as *apéritif*

But meat's for Trillionaires—  
“A side of extra larva, please”

Planet Earth mustn't overheat  
Eating bacon would spell defeat  
Oh Lord, I want to cheat—  
“A side of extra larva, please”

All nine vital amino acids in a bug *paté*  
Lightly killed and chilled  
It tastes like—  
Saliva n' Slime *Sorbét*

Chewing is sensuality  
Lamb chops strewn with some rosemary  
But for now please bring me—  
“A side of extra larva, please”

(larva, please)

“Larva, please”...

(larva, please)

“Larva, please”...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “I’d leave it up Janet to planet Earth...”

Posted: April 27, 2023

By Wukchumni

*And now, for something a bit different, a poem:*

I’d leave it up Janet to planet Earth to plan it, damn it  
Her word salad days are balsamic  
Croutons of wisdom can cure & calm it  
Making bacon bits out of rash decisions is comic  
Her dressing down of the situation looks a bit chronic  
FDIC what your doing and they didn’t say can it  
All I can say Janet is the feeling is plutocracy platonic



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).



# Justice Thomas Jingle

Posted: April 28, 2023

By Antifa

Inspiration: melody borrowed from “How Sweet It Is” by James Taylor

*How sweet it is to be owned by you*

*How sweet it is to be owned by you*

I so love the pleasures of a rich man’s stash  
And there you were  
My soul is for sale for a steady flow of cash  
And there you were

Your private jet and your gorgeous yacht  
I dived right into your honeypot  
I have to stop—and thank you, Harlan  
I’ve just got to stop—and thank you Harlan, (*yes I do*)

*How sweet it is to be owned by you*

*It feels so fine*

*How sweet it is to be owned by you*

I check my accounts at night  
They’re so much bigger now for me and my wife  
Supreme Court cases are such a bore  
I vote as you like—you’re the man I work for

Slaving for a billionaire really, really pays  
And those Federalist guys give me so much praise  
I have to stop—and thank you, Harlan  
Lemme just stop—and thank you Harlan, (*oh yes*)

*How sweet it is to be owned by you*

*In these oligarch times*

*How sweet it is to be owned by you*

*Whoa yeah*

You feed me treats, cuz I'm your black cat  
You've made me an aristocrat  
I wanna stop—and thank you, Harlan  
I just wanna stop—and thank you Harlan, (*oh yes*)

*How sweet it is to be owned by you*  
*How sweet it is to be owned by you, (oh now)*  
*How sweet it is to be owned by you*  
*I like jelly in my belly, Harlan, (oh yeah)*

*How sweet it is to be owned by you*  
*You're the honey I'm the bee, Harlan, (yeah now)*  
*How sweet it is to be owned by you*



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

# “Epstein was quizzical...”

Posted: April 28, 2023

By Wukchumni

Inspiration: “Maxwell's Silver Hammer” by The Beatles

Epstein was quizzical  
Studied physical science in a bed @ home  
Late nights all alone with a ‘test tube’  
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Maxwell-Ghislaine, majoring in meddling  
Calls him on the phone  
“you know they have us together in pictures, oh!”  
But as he’s getting ready to go  
A knock comes on the cell door

Bang! Bang! Maxwell’s silver spoon  
Came down upon his head  
Clang! Clang! Maxwell’s silver spoon  
Made sure that he was dead

Back in court again, Maxwell plays the fool again  
Judge gets annoyed  
Wishing to avoid an unpleasant scene  
He tells Max to stay when the jury has gone away  
So she waits behind  
Writing fifty times “I must not be so”  
But when he turns her back on her ploy  
She creeps up from behind

Bang! Bang! Maxwell’s silver spoon  
Came down upon his head  
Clang! Clang! Maxwell’s silver spoon  
Made sure that he was dead

Bailiff Thirty-One  
Said “We caught a dirty one”  
Maxwell stands alone

Painting testimonial pictures

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Bill, Donald & Andy screaming from the gallery

Say she must go free (Maxwell must go free)

The judge does not agree, and he tells them so

But as the words are leaving his lips

A noise comes from behind

Bang! Bang! Maxwell’s silver spoon

Came down upon his head

Clang! Clang! Maxwell’s silver spoon

Made sure that he was dead

Wo-wo-wo-woh

Silver spoon swoon...



See comments at [Naked Capitalism](#).

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