

The F-Song

I'm sittin' here in my tub, a scrubbin' away the dirt,
The week was long, I'm all worn out, but ready for a flirt.
My wife keeps on a tellin' me about the world at large,
How government is so screwed up, especially those in charge.

Katrina knocked upon the door while you were on vacation,
Congratulations Mr. Pres, again you stunned the nation .
As commander-in-chief, our beloved leader-in-cheer,
I take this time to tell you what I truly hold most dear.

'Cause, it's only fair we hold you to reasonable account,
To set a good example, and in the right amount.
But fare is fare, this is no dare, the world has no illusions,
That you and yours are in a state of total obscene confusion.

So,

Fuck ya Mr. President, Dick Cheney fuck you, too.
What Vice can say on the Senate floor, I can say to you.
Fuck ya Mr. President, Dick Cheney, fuck you, too.
Some law and order in Washington is really overdue.

My dear Mr. President, I'm sorry I do not see,
Just what you said and meant about restorin' dignity.
The Oval Office is no place for blow-jobs and such things,
Like lightin' pickled cigars, or blowin' big smoke rings.

All this talk about Jesus and how he died for you,
What of the poor and innocent ones who also die so you,
Can drive your big fat cars around like nothin' is taboo,
And think big thoughts of victory, then clap your hands loud, too.

I heard Vice is pissed about a guy who did compare,
Guantanamo to gulags, as if it were not fair.
He says we treat our captives in all ways most humane,
Will he now go to Amnesty and let the F-word reign?

Ahh...

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I hear that you're quite pleased with our progress in Iraq,
what a bloody, fuckin', stinkin' mess you made with your attack.
You call it America's golden time, what has become so rotten,
Be sure that in 100 years the world won't have forgotten.

You Neocons convinced yourselves that you're the better batters,
That America invented all and nothin' else matters.
For you countin' votes is one more thing to preempt,
Don't be so damned surprised why we hold you in contempt.

You lied your way into a war and now it's goin' bad,
I never understood what for, unless it's cause your mad.
You were so hot to rule the land, and screw your enemies,
But now you do just the same to your constituencies.

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You say it's gettin' better, but I see it's gettin' worse,
I've seen all along you were talkin' about your purse!
Now that the cat has left the bag, a hundred fold or two,
It's time again to wash my eyes and proudly yell, «Not True!!!»

What can I teach my kids about livin' on these shores,
You cooked the books and stacked the deck and coddled the have-mores.
You've played the game of life with a borrowed set of tools,
A graduate of Yale, a Professor of Barstools.

So as a wild-eyed patriot it is my duty to say,
I'm glad you won a second term 'cause now you're gonna pay,
A political price, for you and Vice, in your hand is a nail,
Oh, king of dupe, what a strange loop, you've bitten your own tail.

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You like to change the rules in the middle of the game.
This seems to be your holy way of dealin' with the blame.
You never liked book learnin', and don't know what is shame,
How can you be so sure that it will all add up to fame?

You had to start a war and create a deficit,
To stiff-arm the world into a mold it won't fit.
Is this war of yours against real adversaries,
Or do you just need someone with whom to disagree?

You sell freedom tonic as the mother of all lies,
What a flamin' hypocrit hides inside your disguise.
But, know for sure you earned a place in world history,
Beside the biggest thugs and swine of royal infamy.

(Come on everybody, clap your hands, sing along!)

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Fuck ya Mr. President, Dick Cheney fuck you, too.
Your wives deserve much better, yet they shackled up with you!
Fuck ya Mr. President, Dick Cheney fuck you, too.
Your wives deserve much better, but maybe that's not true!