

Deputy Dubya's Droopy Diaper Rap

You fell asleep on watch and let some bad guys blow us up, And when you woke you swore to pay them back.
You then attacked a country that had never done us harm Which seems to indicate it's brains you lack.

You needed made-up reasons that you thought the rubes would buy.
You swore Saddam Hussein had done the crime.
You had Ms. Rice warn darkly of some sprouting mushroom clouds In little less than forty minutes' time.

Dick Cheney spoke of spies who may have met one night in Prague
Discussing who-knows-what? or when? or how?
He claimed that all this nothing added up to something big That justified attacking Iraq now.

Don Rumsfeld claimed to know just where to find those awful bombs.
He said he knew exactly where they were.
That none had ever come to light disturbed him not at all; For dreams, not facts, made better sales allure.

And Colin Powell played along and told the world untruths In service to a man who oft betrays; And now no thinking person who resides on Planet Earth Believes a single word that this man says.

Your CIA did what it does, whatever that might be; And spent more billions finding zilch to fear; But undeterred you pressed ahead until the spooks agreed To tell you everything you longed to hear.

The Pet Press pundit sycophants fell quickly into line; For "access" they had sold their souls for free.
You gave each one a nickname in return for which they swore To overlook your rank stupidity.

The Congress went along and did precisely not one thing To cure us of our doubts about their worth.
They swarmed aboard the lemming liner, "Gulf of Tonkin II,"
And led us once again to rue their birth.

So came the night of green-hued TV pictures from "The Front"
With breathless claims of "Shock and Awe" profound That really only lulled and bored the viewers back at home Impressing no Iraqis on the ground.

You and your team, of course, converged to watch the main event; To stomp and cheer each way-cool boom and bang.
You had photographers snap pictures of you gettin' down And doin' that studly Texas hamster thang.

With manhood issues unresolved, you pranced and leaped about With every adolescent urge fulfilled, You launched three dozen missiles at a Baghdad neighborhood Yet never cared to wonder whom you'd killed.

And don't you think that forty missiles seem a little much To cut the heads off three Iraqi men Who, anyway, were somewhere else when all the bombs arrived And not where you supposed them to have been?

That word "decapitation" sounded swell not long ago But now only
reminds us of your lies.

Some folks have lost their heads, all right, just not the ones you
planned; Just those who drive your trucks and cook your fries.

So things have gone from only-bad to worse-than-that and more As GI
coffins come home late at night; And billions run into the hundred-
billions off the books Which makes those foreign lenders quake with
fright.

You started spouting Jesus-jive because you think it sells Among
religious folks who live in dread Of terrorist hijackers crashing into
Red State barns And working people organized and led.

To you, the Middle Ages sound like just the place to reign With
hopeless people waiting for their doom Who ev'ry thousand years or so
take off their clothes and climb Up on their roofs to wait for what?
and whom?

You learned to watch the NBA and do that high-five dance.
You've learned your three-word mantras through and through.
George Tenet taught you how to 'slam-and-dunk' and jockstrap-sniff But
still you've never grown to more than you.

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