

Political satire is an ancient form of expressing ideas. Done properly, it casts a spotlight on the foibles of our leaders in a humorous manner. Done incorrectly it is rude and destructive. It is a very thin line. The following is a poem I wrote to the song "Beverly Hillbillies". Since this song is only two stanza's long I had to repeat them to get enough space.

### The Washington Hillary's

Come and listen to my story about a man named Bill.  
A backwoods lawyer who could really spread the swill.  
Well, one day he was out shoutin for some votes,  
When outta the sky fell some treasury notes.  
Whitewater that is--good investments.

Well the first thing you know young Bill's a millionaire.  
His constituents say "Bill, move away from here".  
Said "Washington is the place ya orta be".  
So he loaded up Hillary and moved to DC  
The Capital that is--PACs, special interest groups.

Well the next thing you know he's the Democratic front-runner.  
The press yelled out "But you're just a fornicator."  
"And Arkansans say you misused your powers."  
So Bill says he's sorry, and does it with Flowers.  
Jennifer that is--his first Adultery?

But the people don't care, they just want a change.  
A yellow-dog Democrat's better than a Bush with mange.  
So the next thing you know young Bill's the President,  
And when he heard it, he inhaled--I bet.  
From relief that is--He'd made it, Sax and all.

Well, four years later the country held another vote  
And the Republicans ran another septuagenarian Dole--t  
Meanwhile Clinton was being sued for sexual harassment  
But he got off by questioning the meaning of the word "Is".  
As in "I isn't having sex with her right now."

Well two years later Starr's finally got the facts,  
But the Democrats say it's just about sex.  
Is that enough to cause Billy political pains?  
Will the people finally see him as a national stain?  
On the country that is, not just Monica's dress.

Well the impeachment "trial" went on and on and on.  
And when it was over both sides claimed that they had won.  
Meanwhile the nation ignored it all and just had fun.  
It made even less sense than the Simpson's  
OJ that is... a nation without leaders—but with the Constitution

ASSIGNMENT: On \_\_\_\_\_, you will turn in a political satire written to a TV song over A MAJOR FIGURE from the NATIONALISM PERIOD. It must be at least 20 lines long, and it must follow the rhyme scheme and meter of a well-known song. Remember to use actual phrases from the actual song, so that anyone will know what song you are using. Turn in a copy of the ORIGINAL song.

### **Jingo Yells (written in 1990)**

Jingo Yells, mortar shells,  
Blowing Saddam away.  
Oh what a bomb it is to ride  
In a F114 today—HEY!  
Dashing through the night  
Going to make Iraqi's pay.  
With our military might  
Blasting WMD's away.  
Bombs on Baghdad rain  
Lighting up the night.  
We'll get his latest anthrax strain  
Or free unfettered access tonight. Oh—

Jingo Yells, uranium hardened shells,  
Blowing schools away.  
Oh what a bomb it is to make  
Baghdad pay, and pay, and pay.  
Our plan the U.N. doesn't like,  
Hope our bombs don't go astray.  
Smart bombs must make a surgical strike  
Or what will the Arab world say?  
After eight years on UNSCOM,  
Saddam is just as strong.  
Why don't we just nuke the bum,  
And send him back where he belongs. Oh—

Jingo Yells, plutonium shells,  
Nuke Iraq away.  
Russia says that they will start WWII that day.  
But that is not our goal.  
"No Assassinations" is what we say.  
Just want to save his soul  
Boy those Muslims better pray  
That Annan's got the clout  
To end those sanctions soon,  
Help "Free Willy" come about,  
And bring back our oil boom. Oh—

Jingo Yells, boy this smells,  
Willies gonna have his way.  
Wag the Dog, oh wag the dog  
Make Lewinsky go away.

### **Jingo Yells (15 Years Later February 2004)**

Jingo bells, uranium shells  
We finally got our way.  
Oh what fun it must have been  
In his "spidey hole" that day.  
Dashing through Baghdad  
Till we find WMD we'll have to stay,  
Making Arabs mad.  
Bush had better prey  
That the voters want this fight;  
Or else just like his dad  
They will kick him out on election night.  
Oh man, oh man this thing is really getting bad. Oh

Jingo Bells, Osama yells.  
Aljazeera's got it all on tape.  
Oh what fun it is to track  
'Al-Qa'ida through the Afghani desert-scape.  
Hiding in his cave  
As another guerilla war takes shape.  
"Death to America", is his rave  
As we watch with our mouth's agape.  
Must we give up all our rights  
Because to oil we're a slave?  
A constant war on terrorism we will fight,  
Or should conservation be what we crave? Oh...

### **More Jingo Yells in 2005**

Jingo Bells, locked in their cells;  
Let's throw our laws away.  
Oh what fun it is to run  
A concentration camp today-HEY.  
The Patriot Act passed without a fight.  
So in court they'll never have their day  
With our "Big Stick" we have the right  
To lock the Muslims in Guantanamo Bay.  
The Geneva Conventions we ignore  
Even though we wrote them out.  
For 9/11 we will tie the score  
And ignore the cry's of Freedom's shout. Oh...