

Billionaire Songs

(More available online at <http://www.billionairesforbush.com/music.php>)

Billionaires for Bush

(to the tune of "The Caissons Go Rolling Along" by E. Gruber)

We're so rich that it's zany
Billionaires for Bush and Cheney.
We can give you the stars and the moon.
When we pay campaign debts
It's a way to hedge our bets
That the winner will dance to our tune,

Sing hey hey hey
Buy a candidate today
And he'll become your buddy
through and through.
Sing ho ho ho
If he's desperate for your dough,
He will do what you tell him to do!

We've got life by the tush,
We're the Billionaires for Bush,
We're determined to keep it that way.
Though there's money to burn
We expect things in return
And we get what we want when we pay!

Sing hey hey hey
Buy a candidate today
And he'll become your buddy
through and through.
Sing ho ho ho
If he's desperate for your dough,
He will do what you tell him to do!

We will sing! We will cheer!
Billionaires for Bush are here!
Politicians start making a fuss.
Let them bow, let them scrape,
Let them peel us all a grape
The election is paid for by us!

Let them bow, let them scrape,
Let them peel us all a grape
The election
is paid for
by us!

*Lyrics by Felonius Ax
(aka Clifford J. Tasner)*

Georgie Made The Size Of My Wallet Grow

(to the tune of "Joshua Fit The Battle of Jericho")

Chorus:

Georgie made the size of my wallet grow.
He fed the flow with lots of dough.
Suddenly we're lovin' the status quo,
Now that George Bush runs this town!

He's givin' us a reason to celebrate.
He's fillin' us with pride.
The gulf between the workers and billionaires
has never been so wide!

(Chorus)

Oh Georgie is a champion of policies
That benefit the top one per-cent.
And when it's time for funding the safety net,
Aw, the budget's all been spent!

(Chorus)

We were wealthy in the time of Reagan.
We were wealthy with Georgie's dad.
But save your cheers for the last four years.
They're the best we've ever had!

(Chorus)

He's concentrating all of our money.
And those tax cuts were a plus.
He keeps selling his ass for the upper class.
Yes he's truly one of us!

(Chorus)

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