

(with apologies to the Bard)

Eye of Newt and wing of Dole,
In a broth of hyperbole;
Gramm and Hatch and Jesse, too--
Helmsman of white racist hue--
Cast a spell of deep voodoo!

Lower taxes, raise defense.
(Keeping ours is common sense.)
Soak the poor and pay the rich,
Dis' the thieving welfare bitch:
Balance budgets in a twitch!

Item veto, do your thing:
Cut the pork and end the fling
Of tax and spend and wasteful care,
Of single mothers, babies bare,
Of rules and regs to clean the air!

All this be done and so much more,
Now the Right Wing's at the door.
Through forty years the GOP near' died,
But since malaise has turned the tide,
Give us a magic carpet ride!

Tobacco's King, the Greens be damned;
Let Jesse rule with iron hand:
No foreign aid unless it pays,
More prayer in class and bust the gays.
With moral wisdom us amaze!

Immigrants are ne'er do wells,
Whose schooling merely ups our bills.
So turn them out, give them the sack;
They just cost money, which they lack!
(And send that Staten Island Statue back.)

Recession rules, and black is white:
Slick Willy gave us fiscal night.
No matter what the figures say,
Make clear the truth, like light of day,
And let Rush tell it, come what may!

With ear of Strom and musk of Gramm,
Keep the liberals on the lam.
With reek of smoke and fur of mink,
Generate a mighty stink,
And dry up Willy's veto ink!