

RAGING GRANNIES SONGS

PEACE/WAR

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

My ears can hear it coming—
It's the rising cry for peace.
It is growing, swelling, spreading.
Let the talk of warfare cease.
In the place of hate and violence
Let the way of love increase.
The truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! (3 times)
Word peace is marching on.

We have tried the way of violence—
Let us try the way of love.
Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,
Tame the hawk and send the dove.
With our sisters and our brothers
Join to overcome with love.
World peace is marching on.

Chorus

(Bellingham Grannies)

BENEATH THE NUCLEAR UMBRELLA

(Tune: What a friend we have in Jesus)

Beneath the nuclear umbrella
We're as safe as we can be.
Bush is such a pleasant fella--
He'll look out for you and me.
We don't have to think about it--
Our defense has been assured.
What would we all do without it?
Don't it make you feel secure?

Twelve miles off we have out Tridents,
Those grand nuclear submarines.
All those warheads will protect us

We just love those war machines
It's true that if we ever use them
We will all be blown to bits
If that's the way that we find safety
SPOKEN---I'm sure that we have lost our wits.

*(1st verse: Victoria Grannies; 2nd verse: Rosy Betz-Zall,
Anne Hall, Kathleen Kelley, Shirley Morrison)*

BRING THE TROOPS BACK HOME

(Tune: Assembly Call)

Bring the troops back home RIGHT NOW
While they're still alive
Support our troops
Bring them home
RIGHT NOW!!!!!!
(Shirley Morrison)

CAPITAL SHIP

(Tune: A Capital Ship)

A capitol team for America's dream
Is the powerful George Bush crew.
No disbelief dismays our Chief
Or troubles the chosen few.
The man at the wheel has nerves of steel--
He laughed as he dodged the dra- a- aft.
But when gale winds blow he's gone below—
He's in Crawford—his cow has calfed.

Chorus:

So blow ye winds, heigh ho!
A-bombing we will go!
Ignore those groups
Who'd bring home troops.
Cover up with a media show-o-o.
Let's feed the rich once more,
And starve out all the poor.
Entitlements lost—
Can't pay their cost—
More bombs and pork for sure.

They bombed Iraq without a fact,
And Congress fell on its knees.
The Patriot Act means decks are stacked
So George can do as he please.
Katrina meant that the President
Didn't care if we lived or di-i-ied.
SeCURity isn't social, you see.
Our safety is denied

Chorus

(Monica Zucker)

PILE UP THOSE BOMBS

(Tune: Put Your Arms Around Me)

Pile those bombs around me honey
Pack 'em tight
Get those planes and submarines
Ready to fight
Who knows, we may need them soon
Somewhere on earth or on the moon.
We can make big bucks if we are
In the race
When war breaks out again in some exotic place
Oh, oh, it is such fun
When a war is won (by U.S.)

We tried out those missiles
Now it's NMD
Gotta be protected as you
Surely see Who knows other nations might
Think that they can start a fight..
And if we start early we can sell some stuff
To other fightin' nations who ain't got enuf
Gosh in so many ways
The arms trade pays
(and so do y-o-u and you and you...)

- the Ottawagrans

WE GRANNIES WORK FOR PEACE

(Tune: The Farmer In the Dell)

We Grannies work for peace
We work that wars might cease
We sing our songs condemning wrongs
And hope to tame this beast.

We Grannies know for sure
The price that's paid for war
We've sadly lived through many, and
We don't want any more.

We say it's an offense
To slaughter innocents
Destroying health and lives defies
Morality and sense.

War kills and maims, destroys
Ends lives and hopes and joys
We Grannies call for No More War
Please do not buy war toys.

No More War
No More War
No More War

And when this cause is won
And war is really done
Will we go home to sit and knit???

Fade off?
Not us!!!
Rage On!!!

- the Ottawagrants

ARE YOU SLEEPING? (As a Round)

(Tune: Frere Jacques)

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping,
Uncle Sam? Uncle Sam?
Anti-war bells ringing
Hear the people singing
"No more war! No more war!"

(GranMokoto, Grannies Without Borders)

COOKING UP PEACE

(Tune: Hey, Good Lookin'!)

Hey, I've been lookin'
For peace, I've been lookin'
How's about cookin' some of it up with me?
Hey, for the babies
Don'tcha think maybe?
We'd replace war with a brand-new recipe?
I got a heart full-o-hope and it's goin' on still
Let's march a little more right over the hill
There's a TIME comin' soon when this country will see
WAR IS NO ANSWER - PEACE GOTTA BE!
Oh, hey, good lookin'
Together we're cookin'
Up plans for a brand-new, peace-style recipe!

(Granny Rose DeShaw, Kingston Raging Grannies)

WE MOURN FOR THE MOTHERS

(Tune: Morning Has Broken)

We mourn for the Mothers,
We mourn for the children,
Most often the victims
Of terrible wars.
We mourn for the men..and..
We mourn for all nations
In continuation
Of terrible wars.

Work for a new dawning
When war is abolished.
Reject the slavery
To weapons and wars.
Our real obligation
Is acceleration
Toward Peace between nations..
And an end to all war.

(Granny Barbara Siegfried, Montreal Raging Grannies)

THE CHILDREN OF IRAQ HAVE NAMES

Chorus: The children of Iraq have names
The children of Iraq have names
They must not be collateral damage
The children of Iraq have names

repeat Chorus

The children of Iraq have beautiful faces
They are not the faceless ones
The children of Iraq have hearts that pound
When they run and dance and play

The children of Iraq have many dreams
They are not the dreamless ones
The children of Iraq have twinkling eyes
They are quick and lively with their laughter

repeat Chorus

The children of Iraq have hopes and fears
They want to grow and live and love
The children of Iraq have smiles and tears
Just like you and me

[SPOKEN: (Please repeat each name aloud)]

The children of Iraq have names
Call them Omar
Call them Mohamed
Call them Fahad
Call them Marwa
Call them Tibya
Call them by their names
but never call them statistics of war.

repeat Chorus.

(adapted by Granny Jean McLaren, Gabriola Island B.C. Raging Grannies; from a poem by David Krieger)

YANKEE DOODLE GEORGIE

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle Dandy")

Georgie Porgie is the prez
'Tho he was not elected
Said he'd finish Daddy's war
And thought he'd be respected.

(Chorus:)

Georgie Porgie, you're all wrong,
Bombs are not the answer!
You can take your stupid war
And stick it in your pants, sir!

Georgie Porgie's cutting taxes
For the country's richest.
The poor will pay to fight his war
While George saves his own britches.

Chorus

Georgie Porgie's sending troops
To fight and to be killed, and
When it's over and they're dead
The poor will pay the bill.

Chorus

Georgie Porgie's sitting pretty
While our kids are dying
He says tha twar's the way to peace
But we know that he's lying.

Chorus

(Granny Vicki Ryder, Rochester N.Y. Raging Grannies)

FROM FAR AWAY

(Tune: Danny Boy)

From far away I hear their voices calling me
The disappeared, those lost to tyranny
Victims of war, of torture and of cruelty
They call to us and our humanity

Chorus: So sing out loud
In chorus for the innocent
And raise your voice
For justice and for peace.
Together we
Must make this world a better place
Keep singing loud and long
For those who cannot speak.

We sing for children -- sick, afraid and hungry
We sing for women -- poor, oppressed and weak
We sing for men -- pressed into hating enemies
We sing for them, and all humanity.

Chorus

OH, MY, THAT'S OUR GEORGIE

(Tune: Yes, Sir, That's My Baby)

Oh my, that's our Georgie
Havin' a war-time orgy,
Oh my, that's our Georgie now.

Yes sir, he's decided
No one else needs be invited
His war will be a one-two pow!

By the way, by the way,
Did you hear what Georgie did say...

"United Nations? We don't need it!
World law? We don't heed it!
Saddam needs to be defeated now."

Guess what? We don't buy it!
The world needs peace and quiet,
Not our bombs and not our killing now.

By the way, by the way,
We're the Raging Grannies and we say...

War? No! Peace will top it!
Grannies ARE gonna stop it!
We are RAGING Grannies now!

(Granny Vicki Ryder, Rochester N.Y. Raging Grannies)

THE VOTE SONG

(Tune: Clap Your Hands)

If you can't be bothered voting think again
If you can't be bothered voting think again
If you can't be bothered voting,
Keep in mind and it's worth noting
That the ones who got us in this mess might win.

If you can't be bothered sorting who is who
If you can't be bothered sorting who is who
If you don't take care to weigh
Each new promise of the day
Then prepare to live with what they choose to do.

Oh democracy's a nuisance you might say
But we wouldn't want it any other way
Yes, we would always choose it
We use it or we lose it
So vote and you will always have a say.

If you can't be bothered voting do not bitch
If you can't be bothered voting do not bitch
Politicians are not saints
Sometimes honest folks they ain't
If you can't be bothered voting,
DO NOT BITCH!!!

- the Ottawagrants

BATTLE HYMN OF THE PEOPLE

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

He says our country's been attacked and now's the time to act,
He gives us lots of rhetoric but can't supply the facts.
We build all the weapons, then we blame it on Iraq,
And Bush keeps pushing on.

Georgie Bush is telling stories, Georgie Bush is telling stories,
Georgie Bush is telling stories, and Congress goes along.

He told us that Bin Laden was the one we ought to get,
But suddenly Iraq, it seems, is where his sights are set.
It doesn't make a lot of sense, we fear that he's all wet,
Yet Bush keeps pushing on.

Georgie Bush is telling stories... and the media go along.

He tells us that Saddam's a threat to our security,
While we spend more than all the rest on military,
Instead of focusing on building our economy,
Yet Bush keeps pushing on.

Georgie Bush is telling stories... and the people go along.

He says he wants Iraq to change and war's the only way,
But he won't let the people or the UN have their say.
War is not the answer and invasion's not our way,
Yet Bush keeps pushing on.

Georgie Bush is telling stories... but we won't go along!!!

DOO DAH

(Tune: Camptown Races)

Raging Grannies
Sing our song.
Doo dah, doo dah.
Raging Grannies say
War is wrong.
All the doo dah day!

Gonna rage and roar,
Gonna stop all war.
Raging Grannies
Sing our song
All the doo dah day!

Bush's policies are wrong,
Doo doo, doo doo,
Iraq is not where we belong
And killing's not the way.

Gonna roar all night,
Gonna rage all day.
We're here to stop the war machine,
Don't get in our way!

We've got to stop it now,
We've got to do it right,

Children are the ones at risk,
So get out there all right!

GAGGLE AGAINST WAR

(Tune: Side by Side)

Oh, we're just a gaggle of grannies,
Urging you up off your fannies,
We're raising our voice, we want a new choice,
NO MORE WAR!

Now Bush has been given the power
To force other nations to cower,
It's "Do as I say or get blown away!"
NO MORE WAR!

(solo) Whether it's bin Laden
Or Saddam Hussein,
War is not the answer,
BOMBS JUST KILL AND MAIM!

Soooo, join this gaggle of grannies
Get up off of your fannies!
We're telling you now, we're angry and how!
NO MORE WAR!

(solo) We really mean it -- **NO MORE WAR!**
(solo) We mean precisely -- **NO MORE WAR!**
(solo) We'll say it very nicely -- **NO MORE WAR!**

GEORGIE PORGIE

(Tune: Daisy, Daisy)

Georgie Porgie,
Listen to your old Gran,
You look childish
Tryin' to be a big man.

Put away your war toys
And join the 'Work for Peace' boys
Then you'll look tall
And we can all
Live together in harmony.

Georgie Porgie,

Why would you go to war?
'Smart' bombs just make
Vi-o-lence grow the more.

We think it's time you grew up
And stop these endless screw-ups.
Put down your guns
So all our sons
And our daughters will die no more.

TA RA RA BOOM DE AY

Ta ra ra boom de ay!
We don't want war today!
Smart bombs are dumb-de-ay,
They must be put away.

Ta ra ra boom de ay!
Who shall we bomb today?
This isn't child's play.
"Thou shalt not kill," we say.

Ta ra ra boom de ay!
The world has gone insane.
We can't just kill and maim
To fight Saddam Hussein.

Ta ra ra boom de ay!
Bush hasn't got a clue --
Iraq's a country, too,
With folks like me and you.

Ta ra ra boom de ay!
War doesn't work no more.
It could go nuclear!
Ta ra ra BOOM!

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE WAR BUSINESS

(Tune: "There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no business like war business,
The best business we know.
Never mind the homeless and the hungry!
Never mind the people without jobs!
Nowhere can you get that special feeling
Like when you're dropping a ton of bombs....

There's no business like war business,
The best business we know.
Paying for those missiles is a lot of bucks,
You may complain, but golly shucks,
Oil is what they're fighting for
So let's get tough
We need a war, so GO FIGHT!

BOMB IRAQ

(Tune: If You're Happy and You Know It Clap Your Hands)

If we cannot find Osama, bomb Iraq.
If the markets hurt your Mama, bomb Iraq.
If the terrorists are Saudi
And the bank takes back your Audi
And the TV shows are bawdy, bomb Iraq.

If the corporate scandal's growin', bomb Iraq.
And your ties to them are showin', bomb Iraq.
If the smokin' gun ain't smokin'
They don't care and they're not jokin'
That Saddam will soon be croakin', bomb Iraq.

Even if we have no allies, bomb Iraq.
From the sand dunes to the valleys, bomb Iraq.
So to hell with the inspections,
Let's look tough for the elections.
Close your mind and take directions, bomb Iraq.

While the globe is slowing warmin', bomb Iraq.
Yes, the clouds of war are stormin', bomb Iraq
If the ozone hole is growin'
Some things we prefer not knowin'
Though our ignorance is showin', bomb Iraq.

So here's one for dear old daddy, bomb Iraq.

From his favorite little laddy, bomb Iraq.
Saying "No" would look like treason.
It's the Hussein hunting season.
Even if we have no reason, bomb Iraq.

STRANGEST DREAM

Last night I had the strangest dream
I'd ever dreamed before.
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.

I dreamed a saw a mighty room,
The room was filled with men.
And the paper they were signing said
They'd never fight again.

And when the paper was all signed
And a million copies made
They all joined hands and bowed there heads
And grateful prayers were prayed.

And the people in the streets below
Were dancin' round and round,
While guns and swords and uniforms
Lay scattered on the ground.

Last night I had the strangest dream
I'd ever dreamed before.
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.

WHAT ARE THEY THINKING?

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

O what are they thinking, the men who make war
It's all about power and wanting more oil.
They sit in the White House, the Pentagon too
And dream up new ways to annihilate you.

Bush says if you gas us, we'll nuke you to bits
So don't you dare use an-ny germs or anthrax.
We've got all these warheads, been stockpiled for years
Just waiting for leaders to trade on our fears.

They'll melt down the countries that try to fight back

But sooner or later they'll throw in the sack.
Because if one country starts nuclear war
(momentary silence, count 6, then spoken)
There won't BE any more!

Patricia Lay-Dorsey

BRING OUT TROOPS HOME TODAY

(Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game)

Take us out of the war game,
Let's all leave in a crowd.
Let's all say that we don't want to play,
Imperialism just inset the way.
So lets work for peace and for justice,
And BRING our troops home right away, 'Cause Weider one, two, three saying "hey!Bring our
troops home today!"
Take us out of the war game,
Let's go play with the kids.
There's LOTS of them here who need someone near
To feed them and hug them and give them a cheer
So lets work to keep their schools open
And teach them that wards not the way.
'Cause Weider one, two, three saying "hey!
Bring our troops home today!"
Take us out of the war game,
We've LOTS of needs here at home.FEMA cannot save us and Bush is a joke.
He's squandered our surplus. Our country is broke!So LET'S all get it together.And bring our
troops home right away, 'Cause Weider one, two, three saying "hey!Bring our troops home
today!"*Adapted by Granny Vicki Ryder*

FOLLOW THE MONEY

(Tune: Beer Barrel Polka)

They've gone and bombed the Iraqis
So Halliburton can get more.

Pfizer and Wal-Mart, Bechtel and Citigroup, too,
Reap all the profits and don't give a fig about you!
While folks are dying in Iraq or in New Orleans
They're at home counting their money
To support the war machine.

Follow the money -- it all leads to corporate greed.
The poor and the homeless, when will they
get what they need?

Big money interests dictate our government's plan.
It's time now to take back our country
And give folks a helping hand.

George Bush and Cheney, they're evil right down to their toes.

They lie to the people while the LIST of our dead grows and grows.
We've got to stop them, and
all those who profit from war.
Yes, we will follow the money!
Let's buy peace instead of war!

Vicki Ryder **HALLIBURTON**

(Tune: "Hava Nagila")

Halli-, Halliburton

Halli-, Halliburton

Halli-, Halliburton

Profits from war.

Halli-, Halliburton

Halli-, Halliburton

Halli-, Halliburton

Profits from war.

The U.S., they bomb, bomb, bomb, The U.S., they bomb, bomb, bomb,

There's no more calm, calm, calm,

Like Viet Nam, Nam, Nam, We profit from war.

Who rules, who rules Iraqis? Who's in charge? Shi-ites think they are.

Who's in charge? Sunni's not anymore

Who's in charge, to gain from postwar? (Pause)

(Slow last 3 lines)

Who's in charge? Who's in charge? American cor-por-a-a-tions..

(Repeat faster)

Connie Graves, Tucson Raging Grannies

RAGING GRANNY IKO IKO

(Tune: Jockamo)

My grandmaw and your grandmaw

Settin' by the fire

My grandmaw tol' your grandmaw

We're gonna end this war together.

CHORUS:

Talk about Hey now!, Hey now!
Iko Iko unday
Bring all the troops back home right now
Jackamo fee nané

See that man in Washington
Iko Iko unday
He still thinks he's the president
But we know that he ain't
CHORUS:
Talk about Hey now!, Hey now!
Iko Iko unday
Bring all the troops back home right now
Jackamo fee nané
We're gonna march on Washington
Iko Iko unday
Tell George Bush he better get outta town
'Cause grandmaw's on her way!

CHORUS:

Talk about Hey now!, Hey now!
Iko Iko unday
Bring all the troops back home right now
Jackamo fee nané
Send help down to New Orleans
Iko Iko unday
No more money for the war machine
Stop the killing today!

CHORUS (Sing it twice):

Talk about Hey now!, Hey now!
Iko Iko unday
Bring all the troops back home right now
Jackamo fee nané

New lyrics by Mimi Yahn, Pittsburgh Raging Grannie

RAGING GRANNY IKO IKO – INDIANA VERSION

(Tune: Jockamo)

My grandmaw and your grandmaw
Settin' by the fire
My grandmaw tol' your grandmaw
Let's take Indiana back together!

CHORUS:

Talk about Hey now!, Hey now!
Iko Iko unday

Vote Mitch Daniels out of office
Jackamo fee nané

Iko Iko unday
Sold our toll road to the Spanish
Now we'll pay 'n pay!

CHORUS:

Talk about Hey now!, Hey now!
Iko Iko unday
Vote Mitch Daniels out of office
Jackamo fee nané

IBM gets a billion dollars
Iko Iko unday
Makes Indiana poor to suffer
What a Hoosier disaster!

CHORUS:

Talk about Hey now!, Hey now!
Iko Iko unday
Vote Mitch Daniels out of office
Jackamo fee nané

Send Mitch down to Crawford Texas
Iko Iko unday
He and Bush can retire together
And hunt with Dick Cheney!

CHORUS:

Talk about Hey now!, Hey now!
Iko Iko unday
Vote Mitch Daniels out of office
Jackamo fee nané

SOUND OFF! MILITARY RECRUITMENT CHANT

(Tune: Call and Response)

I don't know but I've been told,
Recruiters gettin' way too bold.

Hear closely what recruiters say.
They will trick you anyway.

Recruiters tell you lots of lies,
But they don't tell you, you might die.

There's a quota they must fill.
They send you off and get you killed.

If you listen to their lies
You can kiss your ass good-bye.

If YOU get DEployed to Iraq,
You, my dear, might not come back.

And don't count on those benefits,
They'll leave you flat if you get sick.

Raising kids takes time and toil.
We won't let them die for oil.

Sound off Sound off
Sound off Sound off Sound off— one, two three, four,
NO WAR!

WE'RE SICK AND TIRED

(Tune: 100 Bottles of Beer on the Wall)

We're sick and tired of Georgie's lies!
They make us want to gag!
He's killing our democracy
While wrapped up in our flag.

He sends our kids to die in war —

But what has he achieved? He says he's fighting terrorists

But we won't be deceived! We're sick and tired of Georgie's lies!

They make us want to scream! He's killing Social Security And the American dream.

More of us are out of work And more of us are poor. With no Head Start and no health
care, We're tired of this manure!

We're sick and tired of Georgie's lies!

They make us want to spit! The rich all thrive while poor folks die — We're tired of this shit!

He's taking away our liberties

And killing the Bill of Rights, And sending tanks into our streets We think that really
bites!

So lets all get together

And throw the fascist out!

We've had enough, its time to get tough —

The sweet old Granny way. *By Vicki Ryder*

NO BASES SONG

Lyrics by Corinne Willinger and Mercy Van Vlack of the NY Metro Raging Grannies

Tune: "There is Nothing Like A Dame"

We have bases in Hawaii, and bases all around,
In old Peru and Timbuktu, wherever there is ground.
In one hundred thirty countries, and in every case,
What do they give us, ANOTHER base!

There is nothing like a base.
NOTHING IN THIS WORLD
And we have them every place
We will soon have them up in space.

In one hundred thirty countries, on every continent
On the land we occupy, their people don't consent.
In Turkey and the Phillippines, in Okinawa too,
Whatever we do there - we must undo!

There is nothing like a base.
NOTHING IN THIS WORLD
And we have them every place
We will soon have them up in space.

Seven hundred thirty seven, foreign bases plus,
We dominate these countries, they fear and don't want us.
Let the U.S. people know, our bases we must yield,
We only want our bases, on a baseball field!

There is nothing like a base.
NOTHING IN THIS WORLD
And we have them every place
We will soon have them up in space.

VETS AT WALTER REED

Lyrics by Nora Freeman of the NY Metro Raging Grannies

Tune: "My Little Playmate"

Ain't got no healthcare
Say vets at Walter Reed,
Dubya supports the troops,
He makes them jump through hoops
To get the benefits
That they so sorely need
He puts them on the street
And shuts the door.

When it was his turn,
Of course he didn't go.
His daddy pulled some strings,
Took care of everything.
Now War on Terror vets
May have PTSD
Severe brain injury,
Says he, what's that to me?

They're facing homelessness,
Divorce, and suicide.
Misery is all around
That's what our vets have found.

So don't let Dubya
Play out his deadly game
It's time we all stand up
To shout NO MORE!

WE'RE NOT FIXIN' TO DIE RAG

Lyrics by Sunny Armer and Corinne Willinger of the NYC Metro Raging Grannies and Their Daughters

Tune: "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag" as performed by Country Joe and the Fish at Woodstock

SING CHORUS FIRST:

And it's one, two, three,
What are we fightin' for?
First it was WMD,
Now it's democracy.
And it's five, six, seven,
It's worse than Watergate.
Force the Congress to find out why
Bush sent our soldiers to die.

VERSE 1:

Come on, all good women and men,
America's been asleep again.
The Constitution is under attack
Here at home and in Iraq.
If our troops don't lay down their guns,
We're gonna have a revolution.

REPEAT CHORUS

VERSE 2:

Moms and Daddies watch your schools;
Recruiters think your kids are fools.
They promise kids an education
Then they invade another nation.
Troops face bombs and IED's,
And go home as amputees.

REPEAT CHORUS

VERSE 3:

Reservists and the National Guard
Get shipped out: "All aboard!"
If they don't die on their first tour,
They get sent back for more and more,
They get called up till age 42.
Grannies, they're coming for you!

REPEAT CHORUS

ALIVE ALIVE-OH

Tune: "Sweet Molly Malone")

Lyrics by Mercy Van Vlack and Corinne Willinger, with Will Morgan and Ken Gale

In this New York City, it's such a damn pity.
They're taking our children, to fight in the War.
All over the nation, to our great frustration,
They'll die for a lie, a lie we all know.

CHORUS

Alive alive-oh, alive alive-oh,
We want our troops HO-ME, alive-alive-oh.

In Colorado Springs, there are awakenings,
Young people in camouflage, funerals galore.
The war we must end, our troops we defend,
Not crippled or damaged, But alive alive-oh.

REPEAT CHORUS

The New Orleans flood, folks drowning in mud.
Were all left defenseless against nature's wrath.
Troops went to Iraq, and couldn't come back,
To help the 9th Ward stay, alive, alive-oh.

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

LET OUR CHILDREN GROW!

Tune: "When Israel Was in Egypt Land" (also known as "Go Down, Moses")

Lyrics by Alice Sutter of the NY Metro Raging Grannies

When recruiters are in education land
Let our children grow!
It is our job to get them banned
Let our children grow!

Get out army
Our kids don't need your lies
Poetry! Music!
No recruiters No!

Lieutenant Watada heard their lies
Let our children grow!
He was ordered to Iraq to kill and die
Let our children grow!

Get out army
Our kids don't need your lies
Poetry! Music!
No recruiters No!

Watada refused with a mighty shout
No, I will not go!
He called for troops to get right out
No, I will not go!

Get out army
Our kids don't need your lies
Poetry! Music!
No recruiters No!

Election Reform

IT'S TIME FOR ELECTION REFORM

(Tune: Johnny's So Long at the Fair)

CHORUS:

Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Big money is killing democracy!
Our elections are fraught with hypocrisy,
No one can run if they're poor.

Our taxes are cut but that's just for the wealthy, While poor people cannot afford to stay healthy!
Our tax money's wasted on bombs that are stealthy.
It's time for election reform.

They say that the way to make peace is through war
And the way to get rich is to rob all the poor, and
They're all such big liars we can't take no more!
It's time for election reform.

CHORUS

They own all the newspapers and TV stations
They lie through their teeth to the folks in the nation
Our voting procedure's an abomination!
It's time for election reform.

They get the big contracts without even bidding
And rake in big bucks -- now just who are they kidding?
We Grannies are ragin'; we won't just be knitting...
We'll work for election reform.

CHORUS

Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Big money is killing democracy,
Our elections are fraught with hypocrisy,
Let's vote the thugs right out the door!

ECONOMIC JUSTICE/ CORPORATE WELFARE

LOBBY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

(Tune: Happy Days Are Here Again)

Corporations rule the day!
Energy and Medicare, they say,
Must be written the big business way.
Corporations rule the day!

You don't have to go-o to college
To gain legisla-a-tive knowledge.

Corporations must say when
Law enhance their profits. Only then
They spread cash in each congression'l den.
Lobby days are here again!

(Monica Zucker)

GLORY, GLORY HALLIBURTON

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Chorus:

Glory, glory Halliburton!
All our people now are hurtin'.
Massive deficits are certain--
But we know how to make war pay!

Three hundred billion is a lot of money, true,
And we will get our share of it and more before we're through.
The army will protect us while we do the things we do.
We know how to make war pay.

Chorus

A cost of war is relative and so it all depends
On who are your connections and who..oo are your friends
A contract here and there can do a lot to make amends.
We know how to make war pay.

Chorus

(Unknown Granny gaggle (please advise us) with amendment by Seattle Grannies)

BLACKWATER, BLACKWATER

Lyrics by Corinne Willinger

Tune: "My Favorite Things"

Blackwater, Blackwater What are you hiding?
Killing's your business And that you're providing.
Our Gov'ment's paying a ton for your skills.
You do your job But we're paying your bills.

Blackwater, you tell us you're bringing order.
No laws can stop you, no country, no border.
You kill and maim indiscriminately.
Your deeds will be found out ultimately.

Blackwater, Blackwater Our Gov'ment loves you;
Federal contracts they're happy to renew;
Iraqi people want none of your crew;
Your mercenaries are in New Orleans too.

When you murder, when you ravage,
We are horrified.
You'll be brought to justice, you'll never escape
For all of your homicide.

WORKING FOR THE STOCK MARKET

(Tune: I've Been Working on the Railroad)

I've been working now for ages,
All my lifelong through,
Paying FICA on my wages
'Til my golden years come due, ooh, ooh, ooh.
Now they want me to invest in
Stocks that brokers claim
Let me take an interest in
Republicans' "ownership" aim.

Oh, Wall Street don't you blow-ow,
Wall Street don't you blow-ow,
Wall Street don't you blow away my cash!
Wall Street don't you blow-ow,
Wall Street don't you blow-ow,
Wall Street don't you blow my cash!

Cause there's something fishy going on here,
Something fishy going on and o-on.

Something fishy with the numbers!
Fiddling away my cash!

Fee, fie, fiddly-io,
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-oooo.
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-OH!
Fiddling away my cash!
(Monica Zucker)

ENVIRONMENT / POLLUTION

I HAD AN SUV

(Tune: I Had a Little Ford)

Oh, I had an SUV,
A big black SUV,
The biggest SUV you ever did see.
The car was on the wheels,
The wheels were on the ground,
And the engine in the car
Made the wheels go 'round.
Bump diddy ah dah, BUMP! BUMP!

Oh, the engine guzzled gas,
Polluted all the air,
Polluted all the sea,
Polluted all the ground
That you ever could see.
The car was on the wheels,
The wheels were on the ground,
And the engine in the car
Made the wheels go 'round.
Bump diddy ah dah, BUMP! BUMP!

I got a hybrid car,
A pretty little car,
The cutest little car
That you ever did see.
It didn't guzzle gas,
It didn't ruin the earth,
And look at all the cash
That it saved me!
Oh, that hybrid's on the wheels,
The wheels are on the ground,
And two engines in the car
Make the wheels go 'round.
Bump diddy ah dah, BUMP! BUMP!

(Monica Zucker)

SCIENTISTS' LAMENT

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We can't say "global warming."
We can't say "Studies show..."
We can't say "greenhouse gasses,"
We can't say "Now we know..."
We've got to hide our science--
Never mention Kyoto,
Cause his head is in the sand.

But the facts are so alarming
That the planet earth is warming
Our emissions surely harming
But his head is in the sand.

We love carbon dioxide!
We love the SUVs!
We love all the emissions--
Even lung disease!
We love deregulation
And the censorship decrees,
Cause his head is in the sand!

Chorus

(Monica Zucker)

HARK! THE HUMPBACK WHALE SINGS!

Lyrics by Sally Brown with Mercy Van Vlack of the New York City Metro Raging Grannies

Tune: "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"

Hark! The humpback whale sings,
Glorious is this ocean king!
Peace on earth, and save the wild,
God and whalers reconcile.
Joyful, all ye nations, please,
Save the triumph of the seas;
With pen & paper please proclaim:
"Humpback whales, must remain! "
Hark! The humpback whales sing,
Glory to this ocean king!

Whales, by highest heav'n adored:
Let's preserve these great Sea Lords;
What in time, if they all die?
Whales no more to breach on high.
Killed for flesh and endless greed,
Claimed for research, for no need.
Please, all nations let them dwell.
Be sure to write your capitol!
Hark! The humpback whales sing,
Glory to this ocean king!

Hail! the heav'ns - thar she blows!
Hail! this king!, as he shows!
Light and life to all he brings.
God please bless these majestic beings.
Miles they swim so gloriously by,
None should cause their demise:
Born to reign the seas of Earth,
Let the whales sing with mirth.
Hark! The humpback whales sing,
Glory to this ocean king!
Hear! The humpback whales sing.
Let's all save this ocean king!

BETTER POWER

Lyrics by Pam Drake of the NYC Metro Raging Grannies

Tune: "Turn! Turn! Turn!" (also known as "To Everything There Is a Season")

If everyone (Turn! Turn! Turn!)
Used the wind's power (Turn! Turn! Turn!)
We would not need to get our power from oil.
There would be windmills all over the land.
There'd be no oil wells, they would be banned.
There would be Better Power at our command.
There would be cleaner and cheaper energy.

If everyone (Turn! Turn! Turn!)
Used solar power (Turn! Turn! Turn!)
We would not need to get our power from oil.
There'd be no drills, no drills for oil.
There'd be no spills, no spills of oil.
There'd be no wars, no wars for oil.
There would be cleaner and cheaper energy.

If everyone (Turn! Turn! Turn!)
Used hydro power (Turn! Turn! Turn!)
We would not need to get our power from oil.
We'd get our power from cool water's flow,
Instead of the black tower we've come to know.
Isn't it time for a new way to go?
Let's work for cleaner and cheaper energy.

HEALTH/MENTAL HEALTH

SCARY BLUES

(Tune: Button Up Your Overcoat)

I am seeing scary things.
No one does but me.
I can't afford my meds.
Why aren't they free?

Spent three days in hospital,
Gave me some bus fare.
Is there a place for me?
Can't remember where.

Do I have food to eat?— no, no.
Place to sleep? — no, no.
Care and friends?— no, no.
Make a scene and end up in the pokey.

Fewer beds are there for me.
I need help, not jail.
We need to organize—
Must the system fail?

(Carolyn Hale, Laurie Rostholder, Monica Zucker)

RELIGION IN POLITICS

ON TOP IN THE WHITE HOUSE

(Tune: On Top of Old Smoky)

On top in the White House,
All covered with dough,
Struts our strong leader
Keeping us in the know.

“No” to Kyoto—
Global warming ain’t so.
Outlawing land mines?
A compassionate “no, no.”

No Child Left Behind,
Bright future in store.
Wal-Mart’s awaiting,
And the Army needs more.

No problems with health care
Drug companies can’t fix.
Just don’t lose your job,
And NEVER get sick.

Our right-wing leader,
With orders from God!
Have faith in our war hawk—
(speak) Honest lies are his job.

On top in the White House,
It’s time for his nap.
With month-long vacations,
Being President’s a snap!

(Hinda Kipnis)

RAPTURE

(Tune: I've Been Working on the Railroad)

We've been waiting for the Rapture
To lift us up to heaven. (3 bangs)
Today's the day they promised lift-off
At twenty past eleven. (3 bangs)
First, we'll see the Angel Gabriel,
And then the chariots come. (3 bangs)
But only for us true believers--
Not you other scum. (3 bangs)

Chorus:

We will be the first.
The rest of you are cursed--
The flames of hell are waiting there for you.
There'll be a mighty fire. (1 bang)
And you'll be on the pyre. (1 bang)
When God fires up the barbecue. (3 bangs)

We've read the Book of Revelation--
Every gory bit. (3 bangs)
Lots of thunderclaps and smiting,
In the good old holy writ. (3 bangs)
We confess we once were sinners,
But we've joined the righteous squad. (3 bangs)
We sent our money to the preacher--
Now we're right with God. (3 bangs)

(tune: "Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah")

Who cares about global warming,
Poverty or war? (3 bangs)
Who cares about the future--
When we won't be around any more? (3 bangs)

Chorus:

We will be the first.
The rest of you are cursed--
The flames of hell are waiting there for you.
There'll be a mighty fire. (1 bang)
And you'll be on the pyre. (1 bang)
When God fires up the barbecue. (3 bangs)

(Victoria Raging Grannies)

THEOCRACY

(Tune: I've Got Rhythm)

Got religion!
True religion!
We've got our man—
Who can ask for anything more!

Don't love neighbors.
Don't heal sick folks.
Don't help poor folks—
Don't ask for anything more!

Stem cell research!
Free abortions!
Same sex marriage!
We abhor!

Wars don't shock us.
Facts don't block us.
We've got our man—
We're through the door!
Who can ask for anything more?
Who can ask for anything more!

(Monica Zucker)

IMMIGRATION

THE IMMIGRANTS SONG

Lyrics by Lillian Pollak of the NY Metro Raging Grannies

Tune: Don't Fence Me In

Oh give us space, a little space,
Beneath the starry skies above.
Don't kick us out!
Let us live and work
In this great country that we love.
Don't kick us out!

Like other immigrants who come here . . . poor and hungry,
We work real hard, we pay our rent,
We spend our money,
Let all of us be citizens of this fair country.
Don't kick us out!

Oh give us space, a little space,
Beneath the starry skies above.
Don't kick us out!
Let us live and work
In this great country that we love.
Don't kick us out!

Workers from other lands
have made the US strong.
Like us they earned the right to say,
"It's where we all belong!"
"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" can be our national song.
Don't kick us out!