

# Your Crook's Name Here

Lyrics: Gary McGath, Copyright 2002

Music: Lou and Peter Berryman, "Your State's Name Here"

The campaign reform laws say when we complain,  
They won't let us cite politicians by name,  
And so I have written a few lyrics here,  
Of a rat you all know, [Your crook's name here].

No robber's so rotten, no crimes quite so clear  
As those acts committed by [your crook's name here].  
He'll soon stab your back, although I don't know when.  
There's no one so false as [your crook's name again].

## *Chorus:*

Oh, [your crook's name here], oh, [again], what a crook.  
I've read of his misdeeds in [name of a book].  
And the asshole tells us a new lie every year,  
In the stale campaign speeches of [your crook's name here].

The papers reported his robbing the plate,  
A scandal we all know as [fill the blank] gate,  
His bills have provisions that go on for hours,  
Ignoring restrictions on [specified powers].

The pledges he makes are two-faced and obscure.  
He learned from the last thief in office, I'm sure.  
The words that he uses are linguistic rape,  
Like [expletive deleted] all over the tape.

## *Chorus*

His friends pile up fortunes while we pay the tax,  
And he manufactures [a few so-called facts].  
The web pages make their opinion quite clear  
With an eye, and a pyramid, and [your crook's name here].

Whisper it softly, so no one will hear.  
[Your crook's name here, your crook's name here]  
In office he sits and it's there he'll grow old  
By the barrels of pork and the mountains of gold.

## *Chorus*