

THE WICKIUP ARTILLERY

Tune: "Let Those Caissons Go Rolling Along."

Over hill, over dale,
We will hit the dusty trail,
As those dumpsters go rolling along.
Laws are smashed, rules are bashed,
And democracy is mashed,
But the dumpsters go rolling along.

Chorus:

So it's work, work, work,
You poor old CO jerk,
Fighting for liberty,
Civilian Public Service
Makes everybody nervous,
But the Colonel from Washington, D.C.

COs work all the day
But they sure don't get the pay,
Still the dumpsters go rolling along.
Hershey Bars all around,
Keeps us guys from going to town,
Still the dumpsters go rolling along.

MONEY PATRIOTS

Explanation: "Money Pay-triots" attempts to reveal the usual Fourth-of-July type of "patriotic spouting" for what it is -- money-grabbing and hypocritical expressions of belief in Christianity and devotion to one's country.

Tune: "Clementine."

Join the party that is ruling
Give the boss what brains you've got,
Play the rooster, be a booster,
And you'll be a patriot.

Boom your business, boom your business
Brother love it matters not,
Use your gall, sir, do them all, sir,
Then you'll be a patriot.

Chorus:

O, my country, O, my country,
How I love each blooming spot!
But ain't it funny how for money
One may be a patriot.

Go to church and talk like honey,
Kiss the flag and shout a lot,
That will make you for they'll take you
For a blooming patriot.