

The Rrraging Grrannies
of Grrreater Westerly
aged, enraged
&
politically engaged

The first Raging Grannies emerged in 1986 in Victoria, BC, to sing satirical songs protesting nukes, militarism, racism, clear-cut logging, and corporate greed. There are now more than 60 gaggles of grannies throughout Canada, Europe, and the United States....some of us can actually carry a tune, but we're more interested in carrying a message: peace, justice, the environment, human rights—with the humor and perspective of our generation, and willing to mock ourselves along with the White House, Congress, and the Military-Industrial Complexities of the past, present, and future. We're always looking for recruits. If you're willing to look like an old granny, we take young as well as old, male, female, singers and non-singers. Rehearsals the first Saturday of most every month at 10am at the Friends Meetinghouse, 57 Elm Street, Westerly. Info:

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War on Terror

Tune of *Battle Hymn of The Republic* (E_b : starts on B_b)

Our **eyes** have seen **illusions** of the **War-On-Terror's end**
We've **trampled** lots of **terrorists**, our **missiles** have been **sent**
We've **lost** our sons and **daughters**; many **trillions** have been
spent
Our **honor** to **defend**.

(spoken) Or is it our assets?

Now our **President Oba**-ma,
As a **highpoint** in the **dra**-ma
Killed Arch-enemy Osa-ma
Whom **once** we **called** a **friend** ...

(spoken) Like Saddam Hussein, and
Ghadafi.

Our **eyes** have seen the **misery** of **caskets** coming **home**
Of **children** lost and **hungry** who in **war**-torn regions **roam**
We **pride** ourselves on **vengeance** but we **lost** our way at **home**
We **still** don't **understand!**

(spoken) Will we ever get it?

Is this **cause** for **jubila**-tion
Or for **further** tribula-tion?
If we **don't** change as a **na**-tion,
The **terror will** not **end**.

(spoken) Let's try peace!!

How much are those wars?

Tune of *How much is that doggie in the window?* (G/D)

Refrain:

How **much** are those **wars** we're al- ways **fight-** ing? (Bang! **Bang!**)

Those **weap-** ons we **make** ev'- ry **year?**

How **much** are those **wars** we're al- ways **fight-** ing? (Bang! **Bang!**)

We **each** pay four **thou-** sand per **year!**

You **read** all those **God** for- sa- ken **pa-** pers, (Bang! **Bang!**)

But **ne-** ver you **find** out the **facts:**

That **Con-** gress was **bought** by Dad- dy **War-** bucks. (Bang! **Bang!**)

't Is **he** who gets **bil-** lions of **bucks!**

And **who** are the **ones** to do the **dy-** ing? (Bang! **Bang!**)

They're **most-** ly the **black,** brown, and **poor.**

And **who** reap the **fruits** of their de- **struc-** tion? (Bang! **Bang!**)

The **ru-** ling class **old,** white and **rich.**

Refrain: last line melody goes up and add a final "Bang! Bang!"

Granny Paige

This Old Gray Granny

Tune of *This Old Gray Mare* (C/G)

This **old** gray **Granny ain't** what she **used** to be,
Had a hysterectomy, **needs** a colonoscopy,
But **she** can't afford to **pay** for her **care** and so
I **guess** we'll have to **shoot** her **now!**

'Cause **where** is she supposed to **go**
When she does not **have** the dough?
She **dare** not get **sick** without health insurance so
I **guess** we'll have to **shoot** her **now!**

This **old** gray **Granny splits** all her **pills** in half.
The **drug** companies just laugh; Their **profits** are **off** the graph.
But **granny** can't afford to **pay** for her **pills** and so
I **guess** we'll have to **shoot** her **now!**

'Cause **what** is she supposed to **do**
When **money** for the **rent** is **due?**
She **can't** buy **pills** and **groceries, too,** and so
I **guess** we'll have to **shoot** her **now!**

This **old** gray **Granny now** needs a **test** or two.
Her **boob** has a **lump,** it's true. But **what's** she supposed to do?
She **can't** pay the **bill** so she'll **just** have to **muddle** through.
I **guess** we'll have to **shoot** her **now!**

Well, **granny's** old but **she** is **wise.**
She **knows** we have to **organize.**
Let's **get** out and **work** for **health** care for **ev'ry** one,
So **we** won't have to **shoot** her after **all!**

What Shall We Do With Corp'rat Fat Cats?

Tune of *What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?* (A minor; start on E)

What shall we do with **corp'**rat fat cats? (× 3)

Rise up and de**claw** them!

Way-hay, rise up **neigh**bors! (× 3)

Rise up, seize the **morning**!

Make them pay their **share** of taxes! (× 3)

Make haste to ex**pose** them!

What shall we do with **robber** banksters? (× 3)

Rise up and de**pose** them!

Way-hay, rise up **neigh**bors! (× 3)

Rise up, seize the **morning**!

Strip them of their **year**-end bonus! (× 3)

Pay those who are **working**!

What shall we do with **Wall** Street gamblers? (× 3)

Say: "Your gig is **up** now!"

Way-hay, rise up **neigh**bors! (× 3)

Rise up, seize the **morning**!

Toss'm in a cell in **fed'**ral prison (× 3)

Early in the **morning**!

Way-hay, rise up **neigh**bors! (× 3)

Rise up, seize the **morning**!

What Do We Want From Obama?

Tune of *99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall*

What do we want from **Obama**,
The **man** we'd like to **love**?
We're **here** to tell you **what** we wrote
To **him** on change-dot-**gov**:

We **want** our troops brought **home** real quick
And **all** the wars to **cease**,
'Cause **bombs** and occupation
Are **not** the way to **peace**.

We want **fair** and equal **treatment**
For **folks** both straight and **gay**,
An **end** to corporate **bailouts**...
Those **with** the most should **pay**!

We want **single**-payer **health** care,
Or **else** you'll hear us **rage**,
And **jobs** that stay right **here** at home
And **pay** a living **wage**.

Restore our civil **lib**erties!
(We **wonder** where they **went**.)
Don't **label** folks as **terrorist**
When **they** choose to **dissent**.

This **country** must stop **torture**.
For **justice** to **prevail**!
To **teach** the world ho **wrong** it is
Put **Cheney** and Bush in **jail**!

Change? What Change? (A Granny Rap)

Tune Rap ("99 Bottles of Beer" if you must ...)

We Grannies are hip to the trends of the day
And we know that brown's the new black;
We know there's a change in our government
And George is now Barack!

We heard he'll fix our economy
With a roarin' stimulus,
Create new jobs and cure our ills...
But here's what troubles us:

Obama's still talkin' 'bout goin' to war;
Afghanistan's the new Iraq.
But wherever our armies are fixin' to go,
We Grannies say "Bring 'em back!"

We thought that things would change a bit
With Obama in command,
And it makes us rage that he's fixin' to send
Our troops to Afghanistan.

Sending our troops to Afghanistan
Is a crazy thing to do.
They routed the Brits and the Soviets
And they'll kick our butts there, too!

How many more of our good kids
Will die on foreign shores?
Obama or Bush, we see no change
When it comes to these God-damned wars!

How many civilians of other lands
Will die for imperial aims?
How many lives will we snuff out
For greedy corporate gain?

Afghanistan or Pakistan...
War is so yesterday!
We voted for change, not more of the same.
So end all wars today!

Pilot Bob

Tune of *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen* (G minor; starts on G)

There **was** a pilot, **name** was Bob. He **went** to work each **day**.
He **loved** to play his **video**. **Nevada** was his **base**.
He **steered** his drones from **far** away, and **missiles** he did **guide**,
and his **Hellfire struck** its target **half** a world **away**,
but with **aim** astray, a **wedding** he did **slay**.

When **Bob** went home, his **shift** was done. His **seatbelt** he did **wear**.
He **kissed** the wife and **hugged** the kids. Bob **asked**: "How was your **day**?"
The **fam** was fine, but **he** had killed, dead **bodies** torn to **shreds**;
For his **Hellfire struck** its target **half** a world **away**,
but with **aim** astray, a **wedding** he did **slay**.

Bob's **double** life was **hard** to take. He **got** P T S D.
The **Air** Force kicked him **off** the job, but **they** refused to **pay**.
When **pre-existing it** was deemed, the **streets** became his **home**;
For his **Hellfire struck** its target **half** a world **away**,
but with **aim** astray, a **wedding** he did **slay**.

For**get** our Bob, for **he** is dead. His **wife** on food stamps **lives**.
His **kids** in prison, **how** they rot for **dealing** crack **cocaine**.
As **he** flew Reapers **through** the blue, their **future** he would **dash**;
For his **Hellfire struck** its target, **half** a world **away**,
but with **aim** astray, a **wedding** he did **slay**.

Spiritu'l death is **what** once Martin **Luther** King this **called**:
Re**sources** we drain **for** those bombs that **no** one can **afford**.
While **social** uplift **goes** to pot, war **profiteers** we **feast**.
And our **Hellfire strikes** its targets **half** a world **away**,
but with **aim** astray, more **weddings** we shall slay.