

University of Connecticut – Avery Point
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The Raging Grannies of Greater Westerly

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Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rage at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
... (Dylan Thomas)

Oh, We're a Gaggle of Grannies

Tune of *Side by Side* (B_b / B_b)

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

Sooooo, join this gaggle of Grannies!
Get up off of your fannies!
We're telling you now:
We're angry and how!
NO MORE WAR!

We mean precisely--NO MORE WAR!
We'll say it nicely--NO MORE WAR!
We really mean it --NO MORE WAR!

See Save BioGems:

<http://www.savebiogems.org/wildlands/>

We Have Just One World

Tune of *You Are My Sunshine*, (C/G)

We have just one world
Yes, only ONE world
Complete with sunshine, wind and rain
With ancient forests
And clear blue oceans
And living streams and fields of grain.

We have just one world
Yes, only ONE world
With purple mountains
And fruited plain....
And when we soil it
Pollute and spoil it
We'll never get that one world again.

Granny Marlies Parent

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 decl**aw** them!

Way-hay, rise up **neigh**bors! (× 3)

Rise up, seize the **morning**!

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

Make haste to exp**ose** them!

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

Rise up and dep**ose** 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**!

First and third stanzas only:

Stamp Out Hate-Labels

Tune of *If You're Happy And You Know It* (D major; starts on A)

If you're **socialist** and **know** it, clap your hands!
If you're **socialist** and **know** it, clap your hands!
If you're **socialist** and **know** it, and you're **not** afraid to **show** it,
If you're **socialist** and **know** it, clap your hands!

If you're **for** the public **schools**, raise your hand.
If you're **for** the public **schools**, raise your hand.
If you're **for** the public **schools**, and support the golden **rule**,
You're for **socialistic schools**--raise your hand.

If you're **for** your fire **department**, stamp your feet!
If you're **for** your fire **department**, stamp your feet!
If you **call** your fire **department**, when there's **smoke** in your **apartment**,
You're a **socialist-on-fire**, so **stamp** your feet!

If you **love** your kids and **grannies**, shout "hurray!"
If you **love** your kids and **grannies**, shout "hurray!"
If **security** is **social**, about **medicare** be **vocal**,
If you **want** a public **option**--shout "hurray!"

If you **want** your public broadcast ... gimme five!
If you **want** your public library ... gimme five!
If you **think** we ought to **keep** 'em, and the **country** really **needs** 'em,
You're a **socialist** like **me** then--gimme five!

If you're **commie** and you **know** it, just keep still!
If you're **capitalist** and **know** it, just keep still!
If you **just** want health and **freedom**, social **programs** when you need 'em
Then don't **let** the labels **stop** you — DON'T KEEP STILL!

First stanza only: see: <http://tinyurl.com/3geza23>
(U S Ranks Last Among Other Industrialized Nations on Preventable Deaths)

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 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!**

Granny Vicky Ryder

Refrain, last stanza, refrain:

see: <http://tinyurl.com/3v2nbl7> (Military Spending Primer)

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!**

The **Pen-** ta- gon's **get-** ting way more **smack-** ers. (Bang! **Bang!**)

The **White** House, they **call** that a **cut.**

Since **two-** thou- sand **one,** war bud- gets **dou-** bled. (Bang! **Bang!**)

Four **thou-** sand: man, **wo-** man and **child!**

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!**

George **Or-** well, he **saw** the fu- ture **co-** ming: (Bang! **Bang!**)

Call **war** peace; call **in-** crease a **cut.**

Big **Bro-** ther, for **war** he has us **brain-** washed: (Bang! **Bang!**)

A **tril-** lion buck **rack-** et to **kill.**

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

When We Make Peace Instead of War

Tune of *Oh, When The Saints Go Marching In (C/G)*

When we make peace instead of war,
How I want to be in that number,
When we make peace Instead of war!

When all the world has human rights,
...

When justice rules instead of bombs,
...