

# Oil Game!

Tune of *Take Me Out To The Ball Game*

There is an end to the OIL game  
Soon we'll sit in the dark  
Living on peanut and ROTTING snacks  
Once we are lost we may never get back.

So root, root, root for the GREEN life  
The only way to SURVIVE  
Let's shout one, two, three,  
And break free,  
Of the OLD OIL GAME!

Watch that hole in the OCEAN  
Spewing oil like the plague  
Killing the fish and the BIRDS and more  
Spreading disaster all over the shore.

Bringing poop, poop, poop on the PEOPLE  
No one's taking the BLAME  
Let's shout one, two, three,  
Tell B.P:  
Stop that DEAD-LY GAME!!

Granny Marlies and the Raging Grannies of Greater Westerly, Rhode Island

# Miner's Lament

Tune of *My Darling Clementine*

In the cabins  
In the canyons  
Live our families on the dole  
They have asthma  
They have cancer  
And the wind blows black as coal

Oh my homeland  
Oh my homeland  
Oh my Blue Ridge Mountain home  
Once I was a simple miner  
Now the mountain tops are gone

With the treasures  
In our valleys  
We should all be millionaires  
Corporations took our profits  
Left the landscape scarred and bare

Oh my homeland  
Oh my homeland  
Oh my Blue Ridge Mountain home  
You are lost and gone forever  
And the mountain tops are blown  
(right off!)

Granny Marlies and the Raging Grannies of Greater Westerly, Rhode Island

# Fiscal Cliff Talk

Tune of *Little Boxes*

Fis- cal **cliff** talk as the **globe** warms,  
Fis- cal **cliff** talk as they **dil-** ly dal- ly,  
Fis- cal **cliff** talk on the **bube** tube,  
Fis- cal **cliff** talk is a **scam**.  
There's the **wild** fires and the **dust** bowl,  
And the **heat** waves and the **hur-** ri- canes,  
And the **pols** seem but to **dil-** ly dal- ly,  
And they **all** want just the **same**.

Fis- cal **cliff** talk on the **bube** tube,  
Fis- cal **cliff** talk but to **dil-** ly dal- ly,  
Fis- cal **cliff** talk, fis- cal **cliff** talk,  
Fis- cal **cliff** talk is a **scam**.  
There's the **Blue** Dogs and the **Red** Dogs,  
And the **Dem** talk and the **Re-** pub talk,  
And they **all** seem but to **dil-** ly dal- ly,  
And they **all** want just the **same**.

See the **peo-** ple on the **bube** tube  
Car- ry **wa-** ter for the **ru-** ling class --,  
Me- di- **care** cuts, Me- di- **caid** cuts,  
Pay- offs **for** gi- gan- tic **greed**.  
And there's **home** loans and there's **stu-** dent loans,  
And the **debt** col- lec- tors **a-** gen- cies,  
'Cuz the **rich** need their en- **ti-** tle- ments --.  
Let the **com-** mon good be **damned!**

With aus- **te-** ri- ty and with **deep** cuts,  
They shall **tear** up so- cial **safe-** ty nets --.  
For all **dra-** ma 'bout pos- **te-** ri- ty,  
Fis- cal **cliff** talk is a **scam**.  
With their **pipe-** lines and their **tar** sands,  
They will **sell** off the en- **vi-** ron- ment,  
But they **don't** care 'bout **pos-** ter- i- ty --,  
As they **buy** and sell the **Earth**.

Granny Paige and the Raging Grannies of Greater Westerly, Rhode Island

# O Crucible of Specious Lies

Tune of *America The Beautiful*

O crucible of specious lies  
And greedy raves of gain,  
Where dollars vote, there freedom dies,  
Washed down the swirling drain.  
America! America!  
They shed disgrace on thee,  
And drown thy good in pools of blood  
Across the shining sea.

Where dutiful in riot gear,  
They wield their pepper spray,  
Their stun grenades, as they draw near  
Amid the asphalt fray.  
America! America!  
They shed disgrace on thee  
Debase their soul in crowd-control,  
Crush law and liberty.

O bounty for the financier,  
The laws corruption bought!  
For none but self, they gain each year,  
A tempest they have wrought.  
America! America!  
They shed disgrace on thee,  
While they their rancid oil refine,  
Tar-crusts dies the sea.

Granny Paige and the Raging Grannies of Greater Westerly, Rhode Island