

**Oh the Things You can Do
A Seussian Ballad to
Georgie, Dickie and Don**

Oh, the things you can do,
When you're planning a coup,
In a place so far away!

You can talk to your friends,
On whom you depend,
And then go out to play.

Play with your guns,
Develop smart bombs
And drop them from the sky.

With shock and awe,
Video footage that's raw,
To make those heathens cry.

And there in the sand,
You'll make your last stand,
To make the world quite free;

Your way is right,
You have the might,
To *force* them to liberty!

You'll topple your foes,
Insuring oil flows,
And protect your way of life.

Who cares if the cost,
And all that is lost
Is worth this deadly strife?

The land of the free,
Is about you and me,
And not some stupid words;

Who wants due course,
Or trial by the courts,
When it's better to rule by the sword?

So justify your callous acts,
By twisting and distorting facts,
To get them to mean what you say;

No weapons uncovered,
Sinister plots discovered,
But still, you'll get your own way.

Oh, the land of the free,
And the home of the brave
Is not all it's cracked-up to be,

If you can't beat those boys
With all your cool toys,
And install democracy.

And if it gets tough,
Enemies call your bluff,
Cash in your one trump card,

Good old dad will talk gruff,
He'll huff and he'll puff,
And blow `em down real hard.

You'll get your own way,
You'll carry the day,
You'll crush `em in record time.

And then when it's done,
You'll rule with a gun,
Cause you never thought past the crime.

But somewhere the cost,
Of what we've all lost,
Will turn blue skies to gray.

For out in the sand,
When we make our last stand,
The world will start to say,

That this mighty nation,
Has achieved damnation,
And lost its reason to be.

When the line is crossed
For victory at any cost,
You lose what made you free.

Look back with rue,
On a land we once knew,
Where liberty held sway.

Oh, the things you undo,
When you're planning a coup,
In a place so far away!

