

Great Job 60bpm sorta Dm (4:05) strum: sustained strum

| A7^(sus) | D | A7^(sus) | D | G | (in/out, slow, freely)

||: C | F⁷maj | C | F⁷maj | G⁶ | A⁷maj | E G | (70bpm)
| E | E | E | E | G | A | E | E :|| 140bpm

We have your
Application
You can start
This very day
It's full-time
And then some
It's a killing
At minimum wage
Because this is
Just a great
Freaking job

Employee
Appreciation
A nice gift
Is in the mail
Wages can't rise now
Haven't you heard
Inflation hits
The bottom line
But still, this is
Just a great
Freaking job

Some folks
Called in sick
So we're short just now
Don't you know
We see you're
Off the clock
We're happy that you
Donate your life
To this
Great freaking
Job

Up at dawn
To skim their pool
And mow their lawn
Then the edging tool
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

Pull'n shots
Soy Tea Latte
Barista robot
On New Year's Day
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

Just scrubbed in
To keep you alive
No ivermectin
Just hateful jive
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

A number two
Want fries with that?
It's in the queue
From the grease-filled vat
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

Half tank of gas
At two am
A drunk jackass
Pukes a giant clam
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

At ten thousand feet
Seat twenty-B
His did excrete
Filth and debris
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

Pick'n and a pack'n
For your fulfillment
My knees are cracking
From hours of torment
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

Dinner's on
Ten tops an hour
Forgot the dijon
So the tip's a downer
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

Bell just rang
Some arithmetic
Parents harangue
Dumb as a brick
And isn't this
Just a freaking
Great Job.

Your apron's waiting
Over by the sink
You can't quit now
You're our best cash cow
And isn't this
Just a great
Freaking job

Mr. Putin

72 bpm A minor ||: A- | C : || E- | G :||

October Seven, a day real bad
Mr. Death is born, in Leningrad
Thirty-six years, past Rasputin
Vladimir Vladimirovich, Mr. Putin

KGB Man, with his oligarchs
No real friend, of Karl Marx
Never spent the spring, in Prague
Liked to visit, the Gulag

Chechnya, eighty-thousand dead
Georgia, thousands bled
Syria, six million fled
Ukraine, all bled red

chorus

The letter Z, it stands for death
With Sarin gas, on his breath
All wrapped up, in red sable
At the end, of a long table

Hypersonic, cluster bombs
From a collection, once Saddam's
Spin up, some tiny nukes
Thermobarics, to the troops

Molotov, Cocktails
Topped of, by the Prince of Wales
Javelins, with a stinger
Three chords, a folk singer

chorus

Facebook, and Instagram
Twitter, and Telegram
Fog of war, Lies of war
Misinformation, conquistador

The ruble, in rubble
Fast growing, class struggle
Sanctions, bite real bad
Default, like a deadbeat dad

October Seven, a day most sad
Death was born, in Leningrad
War crimes, he stepped right in
Vladimir Vladimirovich, Mr. Putin

Chorus

| Em | G⁶ |

Pol Pot 1975
Amin 1977
Al-Bashir 1993
Pinochet 1998
Milosevic 1999
Hussein 2006
Gaddafi 2011
Putin

| Dm | F | B^b | Em |

Where do
We get
These monsters?

Gerrymander Rules 100bpm Blues shuffle ABCA ABCA (3:00) strum: blues shuffle

E⁷	E⁷	E⁷	E⁷
A⁷	A⁷	E⁷	E⁷
B⁷	B⁷	E⁷	E⁷

Gerry Scales
Was a salamander
Liked to change colors
And swap out tails

He kicked off a trend
Back in 1812
The pols pick their voters
Their districts to defend

So Let's do
Let's do
Do the Gerrymander!

The census comes round
Every ten years
Let the algorithm loose
Like some rabid hellhound

Time to manipulate
Just split and re-draw
Forge wasted votes
Go'n state-to-state

So Let's do
Let's do
Do the Gerrymander!

If ya want to keep
Your incumbent safe
Throw out that map
On some big scrapheap

Get ta hijack'n
'n watch your back
'Causd it's winner take all
Like a fast kidnapp

So Let's do
Let's do
Do the Gerrymander!

In Texas today
Oregon next week
North Carolina
Out Maryland-way

Illinois with glee
Upstate New York
Old Nashville
And Alabama on my knee

So Let's do
Let's do
Do the Gerrymander!

Time to get a crack'n
Reds get over there
And Blues over here
Now we're ready for some pack'n

Supreme court rules
It looks real good
Those lines all drawn
Like polygon jewels

So Let's do
Let's do
Do the Gerrymander!

If democracy's just a game
To help your friends
And hurt your enemies
Then it's a real damn shame

In a fractured town
Swing votes won't do
'Cause with the devil himself
Ya just did bed right down

So Now
With the Dark Prince
You'll do the Gerrymander!

The One Percent Waltz

56bpm (168) Amin AABBC (4:00)

||: A- | A- | A- | A- | | D- | D- | D- | D- :|| 3x | E- | E- | E- | E- | A- | A- | A- | A- :|| 6x +1 solo

Ten years ago in Zuccotti Park
The cops kicked them out into the dark
The nintey-nine percent all went on their way
In the financial district it's a bright new day
The movement's rage at the machine
Couldn't dent Wall Street's greed so obscene
The One Percent
One percent
One percent waltz

All men are created equal, Jefferson said
Women and slaves can have cake but not bread
Mitt Romney calls it class warfare
Oligarch America is here Bernie will declare
Manchin says childcare costs are just a bitch
While AOC dresses down to tax the rich
The One Percent
One percent
One percent waltz

The Journal says "Income Inequality Is by choice"
John Galt economists in think tanks rejoice
Milton Friedman got a Noble to trickle right down
Gekko and Zuck and Bezos all wear the same crown
Those in high places will now lift a wineglass
Unanimous resolution congratulating the billionaire class
The One Percent
One percent
One percent waltz

Rich kids think six figures is mean
Most can't scratch four hundred from a cash machine
First gentrification and foreclosure
Then homelessness follows your loan debt disclosure
The minimum wage in no living wage
'Cause unions last thrived back in the ice age
The One Percent
One percent
One percent waltz

Playing crouquet all dressed up in white
The guilded age elites think everyone's allright
Their pre-ordained God-given wealth
Family dynastys built on tax-dodging stealth
Top of the ladder at a million each day
Inherited privilege never ever goes away
The One Percent
One percent
One percent waltz

Follow the money 'cause free enterprise ain't free
Hedge funds just pull cash right off of the tree
Society seems to be in declining health
But it's socialism to say lets just share a little wealth
Lenin said "in some weeks decades happen"
Just like the sound of one hand a clappin'
The One Percent
One percent
One percent waltz

Too Hot to Sleep (in Seattle) AABCCB (3:00 with 1x solo) strum: slow downstrokes on 1, and of 4

The midnight sun
A day undone
No breeze so fair
Moves the night
Like vulcanite
On gaseous air
It's still
too hot
to sleep
in Seattle

On muggy sheets
A burning heart beats
All though the night
Evermore turning
Mind churning
'Till comes daylight
It's still
too hot
to sleep
in Seattle

Out on the street
White hot concrete
There lies a man
In determined thirst
For some cloudburst
To cool the hardpan
It's still
too hot
to sleep
in Seattle

In fifty years
Of countless tears
Our endless regret
For an Eden lost
The last threshold crossed
To our end we beget
It's still
too hot
to sleep
in Seattle

60 bpm Bb minor (Capo 1)

| Bbm | Fm | Ebm | Bbm | Fm | Bbm |

| Ebm | Bbm | Db | Ab | Bbm | Bbm |

| Am | Em | Dm | Am | Em | Am |

| Dm | Am | C | G | Am | Am |

When John John Comes to Town 90bpm AABB Capo 3 Gmaj (3:00) strum: Mrs Robinson

verse	G G C C GG	E E E E A ⁷ A ⁷ E E
chorus	F C G	D A E
bridge	Eb Ab Bb Eb F C G C	C Fmaj7 G C C Fmaj7 G Dm Am Em Am

Three days before his third birthday the father was killed
As the dreams and hopes of a nation went unfulfilled
From Love Field to a grassy knoll, stopping only every so often
And the young child stood to salute a flag-draped coffin

What a glorious day
When John John
Comes to Town

Q sent us in from the perimeter, all is going according to plan
For the Second Coming and end-of-days we'll all live like a clan
We'll cast out the cabal with our grand magical thinking
In the covid carnival we all lost our taste but most kept on stinking

What a glorious day
When John John
Comes to Town

The Kennedy bloodline goes back to Christ, as written in the book of Negative48
Heretics say he won't reclaim the kingdom of heaven, as if this is not his fate

What a glorious day
When John John
Comes to Town

Dealey Plaza Warren Report Lee Harvey Oswald Jack Ruby and Oliver Stone
For Dallas she left her kids her husband and home for the landing zone
Another just said sell the house, sell the car. Sell the kids.
Never going back. Waiting for a miracle. His career hit the skids.

What a glorious day
When John John
Comes to Town

April '98 his dream to fly the blue skies became fulfilled
July '99 the flight departed from Essex County to end with all killed
Deliverance to a vineyard high above traveling with one black suitcase
None could imagine the scene to come thanks to some Protzmanian nutcase (Protz Manian)

What a glorious day
When John John
Comes to Town

Until the Bees Come Back

| Bm | Cm | 135 bpm

What ya gonna do until the bees come back?
It's not to be or not to be tonight

Please just come to me tonight
Just to see my hive's a dive tonight
Come fly with me to parts unknown
A plantation there that we can own

I'll deflower you tonight
You deflower me tonight
My pollen be your pollen
If your pollen be mine

What ya gonna do until the bees come back?
It's not to be or not to be tonight

Colony in disorder outright
So make your flight to the hive tonight
The few of us left will dine despite
The organophosphate of the suburbanite

I'll deflower you tonight
You deflower me tonight
My pollen be your pollen
If your pollen be mine

What ya gonna do until the bees come back?
It's not to be or not to be tonight

Trucking in on the tide a night
This be our very last drive tonight
In their service our employ outright
To make their Almond Joy just right

I'll deflower you tonight
You deflower me tonight
My pollen be your pollen
If your pollen be mine

What ya gonna do until the bees come back?
It's not to be or not to be tonight

Blue skies never burnt so bright
Never saw such lovely blight
Days sear us through the night
Gonna have to stay out of sight

What ya gonna do until the bees come back?

The Twelve Year Blues

Amaj 12 bar blues 100bpm

in | E | G | A | E |

A	A	A	A
D⁷	D⁷	A	A
E	G	A	E

walk-up | B | C# | D | E |

They say we just got twelve good years
To cut the carbon out and change our gears
They say there won't be a second chance
No way to back out from this dance
No kidding, Charles Keating
Broke the news, Oh yea

Countdown

Now the data should make ya scream
It's from a big comput'n machine
We're gonna have to find a new way
To get our coffee just to start the day
No kidding, your footprint's
Just that big, oh yea

Countdown

Have ya heard about the Big New Deal
Just cash your oil stocks you'll make a steal
The Frackers say they're gonna save the day
But you know that methane smells that way
No kidding, Jack Flash
Is a gas, oh yea

Countdown

No they say that we've run out of time
That we gotta turn it all on a dime
So where were you twelve years ago
It goes like that just so ya know
No kidding, time flies
Right by, oh yea

Countdown

Oil Man Joe D (see: Shotgun Willie)

| D | G | D | A7 | D | | C | F | C | G7 | C | (*capo 2 might sound better*)

Oil Man Joe, he wants ya to know
His Moderate Snake Oil is a big hit at the show
Oil Man Joe, he gonna vote damn no (I'm an Oil Man)

Those pricy child credits they just get in the way
And pre-K school'n, fer that, he ain't got no sway
All his donors say it's too much to pay

Community college 'round there ain't never been free
And pay'n out home care for old folks, he just can't see
With all this strange weather we ought to just sit tight, wait and see

All the rich folks should get right off uh the hook
They help him write the laws and get 'em into the book
While you West Virginians don't know how bad ya got took