

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

| A7<sup>(sus)</sup> | D | A7<sup>(sus)</sup> | D | G | (in/out, slow, freely)

||: C | F<sup>7</sup>maj | C | F<sup>7</sup>maj | G<sup>6</sup> | A<sup>7</sup>maj | 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 | G<sup>6</sup> |

Pol Pot 1975

Amin 1977

Al-Bashir 1993

Pinochet 1998

Milosevic 1999

Hussein 2006

Gaddafi 2011

Putin

| Dm | F | B<sup>b</sup> | Em |

Where do  
We get  
These monsters?

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

E<sup>7</sup>	E<sup>7</sup>	E<sup>7</sup>	E<sup>7</sup>
A<sup>7</sup>	A<sup>7</sup>	E<sup>7</sup>	E<sup>7</sup>
B<sup>7</sup>	B<sup>7</sup>	E<sup>7</sup>	E<sup>7</sup>

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 <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7</sup>   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
D<sup>7</sup>	D<sup>7</sup>	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