



Songs for the Hapless Holidays

Okay, it needs a little work. I'm just trying to celebrate the environmentally-friendly folks who don't want us to burn oil or coal or nuclear fuel, while paying homage as well to the pagans in the pines out worshipping the trees. And since members of the House of Representatives are now forbidden to include Christmas greetings in their mailings to constituents, I think it's time to revise a few of the old Christmas carols to better reflect the age in which we live. Here, for example, is seasonal tribute to the folks who run things so well in our nation's capital:



"O Vicious Town of Washington"

O vicious town of Washington, how oft we hear thee lie
'Neath darkened skies and bloodshot eyes, the dollar signs roll by.
For in thy streets we findeth the never-ending blight;
The toil and tears of all our years
Are robbed in broad daylight.

*Deceitful town of Washington, how well thou hidest truth,
And grease the wheels with secret deals o'er whiskey and vermouth.
Then while thy conscience slumbers upon thy bed of sin,
Thy demons knock on doors unlocked
To let temptation in.*

And here is a tribute in song to the faithful guardians of our air, land and water:

"The EPA is Watching Your Land"

Oh, you'd better not plow, you'd better not plant,
You'd better not kill a rodent or ant.
The EPA is watching your land.

They know where you live, they know where you're at.
Don't you dare harm a Kangaroo Rat.
The EPA is watching your land.

They're watching over reptiles and wolves out on the prowl.
They're saving all the snail darters and the wise old spotted owl.

They've got a big list, they're checkin' it twice
For lizards and toads and yellow-tailed mice.
The EPA is watching your land.

For those weary of the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq and eager for a new adventure, here is a tribute in



Written by [Jack Kenny](#) on December 24, 2011

song to all who would like to see more missiles and less mistletoe this holiday season:

"Jingle Bells and Mortar Shells"

Jingle Bells, mortar shells, air strikes on the way,
Oh what fun if we could bomb
Iran on Christmas Day!

Dashing off to war
On a jolly Christmas Day —
Dear Santa goes before,
With bombs upon his sleigh!
Missiles through the night
Will brighten up their land,
And shock and awe and fright
Will make the season grand.

Oh — Jingle Bells, mortar shells, air strikes on the way,
Oh what fun if we could bomb
Iran on Christmas Day.

Finally, here is a Christmas carol the American Civil Liberties Union could love:

"Away With the Manger"

Away with the manger, no creche in our park!
The vandals and muggers must work in the dark.
Just keep your old Christmas from our public square,
And let the health workers pass condoms out there.

Enough! By now I'm sure I've enjoyed as much of this as you, dear reader, can stand. So have a socially meaningful, multicultural, truly relevant hapless holiday season.

And try not to get bombed.



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