



Billionaire Xma\$ Carols

TOYS FOR THE WORLD

(tune of "Joy To The World")

Toys for the world are made by kids
And not by elves at all!
We work them night and day
For very little pay.
And little tiny hands
Make all your fav'rite brands
That fill up the shelves in every shopping mall.

Toys for the world that Santa brings
So your sweet kids can play...
What's underneath your tree
Is our economy.
And all those girls and boys
Who make you're children's toys
Are not getting squat from us on Christmas Day!
They're not getting squat from us on Christmas Day!

Lyrics by Felonius Ax (aka Clifford J. Tasner)

MP3s for airplay and backing tracks:

BillionairesForBush.com/dc/carols.html

WE THREE KINGS (OF PETROLEUM ARE)

We Three Kings Of Petroleum Are
Bearing drills we traverse afar
Deserts, mountains, black gold fountains
From Iraq to Anwar
[Refrain]

Oh-oh, OIL of wonder, Oil of might!
We drill and plunder day and night
Bombs and rockets fill our pockets--
We do what's wrong and call it right.

[King George sings:]

Born again, I gave up cocaine
I stole your votes from Texas to Maine
Pres'dent forever, ceasin' never
O-o-ver y'all to reign

[Refrain]

[King Dick sings:]

I'm Dick Cheney, look at me lie!
When I smile, I make children cry
No-bid contracts for my contacts--
Who needs an alibi?

[Refrain]

[King Karl sings:]

I'm Karl Rove, I lurk in the gloom
Encompassing democracy's doom
Cheating, lying, leaking, denying
All for us, none for you!

[Refrain]

Lyrics by Ivy League-Legacy

O COME, YE INVESTORS (version 1)

(tune of O Come Ye All Faithful)

O Come, ye investors, bold captains of commerce,
Let's get our products made in old Saipan.
Come for the people, peaceful and compliant
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them because we can!

Here come the consumers, hungry for some bargains,
Desperately shopping since July began,
Into our pockets they will pour their dollars.
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them because we can!

The Kids in our sweatshops make designer watches,
They are the key to our expansion plan.
Look how we pay them fifteen cents an hour.
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them because we can

*Lyrics by Felonious Ax
(aka Clifford J. Tasner)*

O COME, YE INVESTORS (version 2)

(tune of O Come Ye All Faithful)

O Come, ye investors, bold captains of commerce,
Let's get our products made in old Saipan.
Come for the people, peaceful and compliant
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them because we can!

See how consumers, blinded by low prices,
Leaving their ethics, come here to buy.
Into our pockets they will pour their dollars.
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them because we can!

Child, in our sweatshops making designer watches,
Billionaires get richer from your twelve-hour days!
Who would not hire you for ten cents an hour?
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them
O come let us exploit them because we can!

*Lyrics adapted from Felonious Ax (aka Clifford J. Tasner)
by Frieda Rabieux for the Dick Cheney Holiday
Spectacular*

PRISON CELLS

(tune of "Jingle Bells" by J. Pierpont)

It's just a traffic stop – for D.W.B.
Then the cop plants drugs on you and busts you, 1–2–3.
Or you could get popped – and if it's your third strike,
You'll get life in prison just for jacking someone's bike!
Oh...

(Chorus)

Prison cells, prison cells – don't you break the rules.
We spend more on prison cells than we spend on our
schools!
Prison cells, prison cells – You'll be doing time.
We'll lock you up for forty years and say we're tough on
crime!

Here comes the D.A. Watch him rig the game.
He'll suppress the evidence that just might clear your
name.
You could still appeal, but you're bound to fail.
Your court-appointed lawyer couldn't get Jesus out of jail!
Oh...

[Prison Cells Continued]

(Chorus)

You'll be building toys. You'll be booking flights.
We'll force you to work so just forget about your rights.
We don't pay you much. You can't unionize.
Prison labor really makes our profit margin rise! Oh...

(Chorus)

We don't add no frills, nor rehabilitate.
We privatize the prisons and we get rich from the state.
If our venture fails, and if our stock should tank,
We'll let the public bail us out and laugh it to the bank!
Oh...

(Chorus)

Lyrics by Felonious Ax (aka Clifford J. Tasner)

GEORGIE BABY

(to the tune of Santa Baby)

Georgie Baby, just slip some sanctions
under the tree, for me,
been an AWFUL good girl, Georgie Baby,
so hurry down the chimney tonight!

Georgie Baby, an oh-so-big gas guzzler too,
light blue!
I'll wait up for you dear, Georgie Baby,
so hurry down the chimney tonight!

Think of all the fun I've missed,
think of all the brokers that I haven't kissed!
Next year, my profits could
be oh-so-good,
if you check off my Christmas list!

Georgie Baby, would you dissolve the EPA, OK??
They wreck my profit margin, Georgie
Baby, Let's drill in Anwar today!

[Georgie Baby Continued]

Georgie Baby, one little thing I really do need, the deed!
To a uranium mine, Georgie honey,
so hurry down the chimney tonight!

Come and trim my Christmas tree,
with some juicy tax cuts for my company!
I really do, believe in you...Let's
see if you believe in me!

Georgie cutie, de-regulate the coal industry for me
No rules, just profits and glee!
Georgie cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight!

Georgie Baby, forgot to mention one little
thing...A Ring!!!
About my no-bid contracts, Georgie Baby,
and hurry down the chimney tonight!
Hurry down the chimney tonight
Hurry down the chimney tonight!!

Lyrics by Olive Oilfields

CAROL OF THE BILLS

(tune--Carol of the Bells)

Closing Bell Rings! Fill your stockings!
With Market Shares, Nothing we'll Spare!
Capital Gains, Nothing Remains,
For pension plans, wage earning clans

Ding Dong, Ding Dong, that is our song!
With Closing Ring, Profiteering!
Ownership Race, we'll set the pace!
Glee we reap from, Unearned income!
Oh, how it pounds! Closing Bell Sounds!
Through halls of gold, so Rich and Bold!

Gaily it rings, CEOs Sing
Songs of their gains. Free Market Reigns!
Social Social Social Social Security
Private Private Private Privatizing!

On, the bell tolls, Divert Payrolls
Our elite tones, Drown working homes.
Closing Bell Rings! Fill your stockings!
With Market Shares, Nothing we'll Spare!
Capital Gains, Nothing Remains,
For pension plans, wage earning clans

[Carol of the Bills Continued]

Ding Dong, Ding Dong, that is our song!
With Closing Ring, Profiteering!
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Ding Dong, Ding Dong

lyrics by Diva Denz

REST EASY WEALTHY GENTLEMEN

(tune of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" an English Christmas Carol)

Rest easy, wealthy gentlemen,
Let nothing make us sigh.
We give our workers little crumbs
So we can keep the pie.
We pay off politicians
So they bear our needs in mind
And they line up to kiss our fat behind.
If they're inclined,
They line up to kiss our fat behind!

Don't worry, wealthy gentlemen,
Let nothing make us twitch.
This new global economy's
Designed to keep us rich.
We write the laws in many lands –
Let all their leaders come
To bend down and kiss us on the bum.
There's a good chum.
Just bend down and kiss us on the bum!
There's a good chum.
Just bend down and kiss us on the bum!

Lyrics by Felonious Ax (aka Clifford J. Tasner)



Billionaire Xma\$ Carols

Songs produced by Billionaires For Bush

MP3s for airplay and backing tracks:
BillionairesForBush.com/dc/carols.html

CD for purchase and airplay:
BillionairesForBush.com/music.php

Songbook pdf:
Santacon.com Santarchy.com

Dick Cheney Holiday Spectacular
BillionairesForBush.com/follies.php