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More Honorable Mentions

More Honorable Mentions from Week 585 of The Style Invitational, political parodies of holiday songs:

To "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town"

You better watch out, you better
not groan,

Better not pout, your cover is
blown.

Porter Goss is coming to town.

He's making a list of agents who
bitch;

Gonna find out who's likely to
snitch.

Porter Goss is coming to town.

He'll catch you when you're
leaking.

He'll know if you're a snake,

He'll find out when you help the
Dems.

And you'll pay, make no
mistake!

Oh! You better watch out! You're lookin' for grief.

Better not flout the CIA chief.

Porter Goss is coming to town.

(Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

To "Deck the Halls"

Block the vote and filibuster

Blahblahblahblahblah, blahblahblah.

Make a speech devoid of luster

Blahblahblahblahblah, blahblahblah.

Make it boring and appalling

Blahblahblah . . .

Just so you succeed in stalling

Blahblahblah . . .

(Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

To "Away in a Manger" (addressed to the Republican Party):

DeLay is a danger too great to ignore.

Although you got lucky in two thousand four.

If Tom is indicted for his dirty tricks,

You won't be so lucky in two thousand six.

(Barbara Sarshik, McLean)

To "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus"

I saw Daddy kissing Santa Claus,

Then they took them both away last night . . .

(Michelle Stupak, Ellicott City)

To "Good King Wenceslaus"

Colin Powell don't get down

Now that you are leavin'

Write a book and roast that town

Better to get even.

Tell it like it really is

Don't pull any punches

You'll make millions standing and

Speaking at big lunches.

(Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

To "You're a Mean One, Mr. Grinch"

You've a mandate, Mr. Bush,

Don't heal that divide

Shove it up the liberals' (nostrils)

— Audio —

- To "The Chipmunk Song," by Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.
- To "Deck the Halls," by Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.
- To "Winter Wonderland," by Fred Dawson, Beltsville
- To "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree," by Barbara Sarshik, McLean
- To "White Christmas," by Barbara Sarshik, McLean
- To "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," by Brendan Beary, Great Mills
- To "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," by Barbara Sarshik, McLean
- To "Good King Wenceslaus," by Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.
- To "O Come All Ye Faithful," by Shirley Grossman, McLean
- To "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," by Brendan Beary, Great Mills
- To "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," by Catherine Hagman, Silver Spring
- To "The Christmas Song," by Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.

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You've got Heaven on your side, Mr. Buuuuuuu-ush!

Fifty-one of 100 votes is . . .

A God-sent landsliiiiiiiiiide!!!

(Bob Jones III, Greenville, S.C.) (Jim Proulx, Renton, Wash.)

To "Winter Wonderland"

Step away from the oil,

Or our rep you will spoil,

We've been there too long

Where we don't belong,

Walking 'round on other people's sand.

(Kyle Hendrickson, Dunkirk)

To "Silver Bells"

Global warming, tax reforming,

Cleaning Hummer exhaust,

Medicare goes the way of big business.

Immigration, education,

When we add up the cost,

Then on every street corner we'll hear:

Future bills! Future bills!

Deficit time in committee.

Ring-a-ling, hear them ring,

Soon it will be time to pay.

(Barbara Sarshik)

To "The Christmas Song" ("Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire")

George Bush boasting of his newest hire

Cheney's ripping on his foes:

Al Gonzales being praised by the choir

As folks dress up his legal prose.

Everybody knows Alberto's gonna strike a blow,

Help to prove that might is right.

Qaeda pals down in Guantanamo

Will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know Alberto's on his way

He's putting lots of ploys and gambits on display;

'Cause every terrorist and every spy

Will see Geneva's silly rules don't apply.

And so I'm offering this simple phrase

To those we capture and pursue:

You're blessed and our guest for the rest of your days,

Merry Gitmo to you.

(Chris Doyle)

Come the Rapture, can I have your cat?

'Cause I won't be goin' up with you.

Not that I don't think that Jesus is phat,

It's just because I am a Jew . . .

(Michelle Stupak)

To "We Three Kings of Orient Are"

DOD, we travel afar, try to burnish W's star,

Those we don't like we're first to strike,

Who cares just what facts there are?

Oh . . . fools rush in without a doubt,

Showing off our awful clout,

Fools rush in but do they win

If they get in and can't get out?

(John Held, Fairfax)

To "Up on a Housetop"

Straddlin' the fence, McCain will wait,
Hoping the GOP will nominate.
Bad taste still lingers in his gorge
Having to stump with curious George.
Ho, ho, ho, why did you go?
Ho, ho, ho, could've laid low
On the campaign trail in oh-oh-eight
You'll get no pity from the fourth estate.
(Peter Metrinko, Chantilly)

To "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming"

Lo, how a debt e'er booming
From tender Shrub hath grown.
Of Dubya's tax cuts coming,
The screw-up is your own.
You put us in the red
And there'll be hell to pay here,
As Greenspan now doth moan.
(Catherine Hagman, Silver Spring)

To "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen"

God rest ye, lefty justices, your circumstance is dire;
Take care you not fall ill or unexpectedly expire.
A bench of right-wing ideologues is Dubya's deep desire,
Your retiring's a plum that he'd enjoy, plum he'd enjoy,
Your retiring's a plum that he'd enjoy.
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

Arrest those hairy gentlemen
And kick them in the tush.
They had the nerve to enter in
A campaign speech by Bush . . .
(Ira R. Allen, Bethesda)

Increase the budget deficit, red ink should not dismay,
We've just seen that most voters only care about today,
Contributors will give you more when they've less tax to pay,
Tax cutting gives comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Tax cutting gives comfort and joy.
"We can accept a deficit," most Democrats agree
("As long as it is spent for health," said poor old John Kerry).
So spending more and taxing less helps national unity,
Tax cutting gives comfort and joy . . .
Of course we know this growing debt our children must repay,
But let's be honest with ourselves, we matter more than they!
Besides they're mostly ingrates -- we'll get back at them this way,
Tax cutting gives comfort and joy . . .
So raise the budget deficit, a trillion bucks at least,
The red states will approve of this (who cares about the East?).
When services begin to fail, rejoice, you've "starved the beast."
Tax cutting gives comfort and joy.
(Steve Ettinger, Chevy Chase)

To "White Christmas"

I'm dreaming of a right Congress
Just like the one we hammered through.
Where the left's retreatin'
'Cause they were beaten,
And red states dominate the blue.
I'm dreaming of a right Congress
With every Democrat we smite.

May the daze of Kerry delight,
And may all our Congresses be right.

(Chris Doyle)

To "O Come, All Ye Faithful"

O come ye consumer,
Come ye with good humor:
Behold, the economy is in your hand.
Max out your Visa
Though you're no Teresa.
The deficit is high now,
The Treasury is dry now,
So buy and buy and buy now
To save this land.

(Shirley Grossman, McLean)

To "Up on the Housetop"

Up to the White House, quick, quick, quick,
For the Court judicial pick.
Rehnquist is out and you're the Man,
Key to the Right's strategic plan.
Time to go! Go, Rudy, go!
Please for me, Judge Rudy G,
Up to the White House and report:
Chief Justice, U.S. Supreme Court.

(Jeff Brechlin)

To "What Child Is This?"

What child is this who's left behind
By cuts in federal spending?
The Congress could inflict some good
In the omnibus bill that is pending. (Doug Pinkham, Oakton)

To "The First Noel"

In '48 was born a state
Where war followed war and hate followed hate
Departments of State negotiate,
It's 50 years later and still we wait.
Oh well, oh well; oh hell, oh hell.
Colin's not going to Israel.

(Shirley Grossman)

To "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas"

Have yourself a merry filibuster, while we pack the courts;
Though your task is futile, we can be good sports.
Have yourself a jolly little gabfest, fight our spending bills;
You just look so cute when tilting at windmills!
When one's in the minority, it's no cup of tea, it's true.
Now your party is so bereft, this is all you've left to do.
Just adhere to Robert's Rules of Order; that much we'll allow.
We'll get our agenda rammed through anyhow,
So have yourself a merry filibuster now.

(Brendan Beary)

To "Santa Baby"

Tony baby, slip a baseball underneath the tree, for me
Stop a-wandering the world
Tony baby, hurry back to D.C. tonight.
Tony baby, a head of schools who's willing to stay -- let's pray
I'll wait up for that, dear
Tony baby, hurry back to D.C. tonight

(Sara Simons, Washington)

To "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear"

It came upon a mandate clear,

Our country's direction to take,
So now, I sleep with my children near,
And hope, in four years, I'll awake.
(Mike Cisneros, Centreville)

To "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer"

Arnold the governor
Used to be a movie star
Now he's a politician
Who, like Reagan, could go far.
But when the founding fathers
Put our country's rules in place,
They wouldn't let poor Arnold
Join the presidential race.
Then one close election eve
Congress came to say,
"Arnold, with this race so tight,
Won't you lead our country right?"
Adding a quick amendment
Nailed it for the GOP.
Arnold the governor,
You'll rewrite our history.
(Sara Simons, Washington, and Erika Reinfeld, Somerville, Mass.)

Ralphie the lame campaigner
Made a very solemn oath:
He'd knock off corp'rate welfare
And promote domestic growth.
All of the Dems were hostile,
So they laughed and called him names.
They wouldn't let poor Nader
Play in the election games.
But maybe next election eve
Democrats will say,
"Ralphie, your ideas are great,
Won't you be our candidate?"
Then how they all will love him
As they're shouting out with glee,
"Nader, you are our savior,
You'll defeat the GOP!"
(Chris Doyle)

To "The Dreidel Song"

We targeted Tom Daschle, and now he's lost his seat.
And if you cause us trouble, you too will be dead meat.
Daschle! Daschle! Daschle! You Dems should heed the sign,
That you'll end up like Daschle, if you step out of line!
(Bill Frist, Washington) (Brendan Beary)

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