

The Biden /Harris scam continues

By William Corden

Here's a couple of throwaway lines I wrote back in 2020

No ifs, ands, or buts—

they hate each other's guts.

I'm talkin' 'bout Harris,

I'm talkin' about Joe.

The democratic 'pimp'

and the democratic 'ho'

There they were six months ago,

at the presidential primaries.

Bitter fighting, toe to toe—

in the battle of the binaries.

Hurling threats and calumny—

their foreheads pumped with botox.

Placing blame for anomie,

to get you to their votebox.

But now we see it's all an act,

papered on a devil's pact.

They're holding hands

like man and wife,

a perfect marriage

without strife.

You see, *they know*.

They're unabashed

in fooling us

—the great unwashed.

"We're two as one,

we're only kidding,

we always do
the other's bidding."

"Please elect us as a team,
as a ticket, we're the dream.
We're the ones who'll put things right—
until, of course, we start to fight."

So with this tale, there's thought for pause,
the two don't have a common cause.
They don't agree on anything
and that can break a wedding ring.

But Uncle Joe can't fire his friend,
if they go different ways.
VPs are there until the end—
as the constitution says

You can't ditch the number two—
it is something you just can't do;
And it's quite likely—sure and fast—
that Mr Biden might not last.

He's starting to get on in years
—and many have expressed the fears—
that he won't make it through the night
and that his mind's a fading light.

In the shadows, standing steady,
both guns drawn, cocked and ready
will be his phony running mate
next to step up to the plate.

The winsome multiracial girl
who appeals to every colour.
She'll take a knee or give a twirl
whichever is in favour.

Will the torch be carried through

by someone old and frail?
Or will we see her take his place
if his heart should fail?

As confident as Joan of Arc
when she laid siege to Paris,
she'll knock the ball
right out the park—
your own Kamala Harris.

An unelected President
yearning for the job—
A fighting feminista—
born to weave and bob.

And so we wait, to see what comes
in this: a crucial fight.
Will we see the darkness
be vanquished by the light?

This one was from September 2021

Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe



(sung to the tune of Ramblin' Rose)

Ramblin' Joe Ramblin' Joe

when you ramble
no one knows,
what you're saying'
or what you're meanin'
it's so bad that
it blows
Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe
how you got there,
we all know.
Rigged election,
to perfection,
now they tell us,
case is closed.
Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe
what a circus, what a show,
backroom dealings,
rat finks squealing,
truth is always
first to go.
Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe
will you make it

or will you go?
Go out early,
through gates pearly
leave behind a
horror show
Ramble on, ramble on
when your ramblin' days are done
we will see you
in the rear view
on your way to
the old folks home.

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