The Raging Grannies of Greater Westerly

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Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rage at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
... (Dylan Thomas)

**Oh, We're a Gaggle of Grannies**

Tune of *Side by Side* $(B_b / B_b)$

Oh, we're a gaggle of Grannies,
Urging you off of your fannies:
We're raising our voice;
We want a new choice:
NO MORE WAR!

Sooooo, join this gaggle of Grannies!
Get up off of your fannies!
We're telling you now:
We're angry and how!
NO MORE WAR!

We mean precisely--NO MORE WAR!
We'll say it nicely--NO MORE WAR!
We really mean it --NO MORE WAR!
We Have Just One World

Tune of *You Are My Sunshine*, (C/G)

We have just one world
Yes, only ONE world
Complete with sunshine, wind and rain
With ancient forests
And clear blue oceans
And living streams and fields of grain.

We have just one world
Yes, only ONE world
With purple mountains
And fruited plain….
And when we soil it
Pollute and spoil it
We'll never get that one world again.

Granny Marlies Parent
What Shall We Do With Corp'rat Fat Cats?

Tune of *What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?* (A minor; start on E)

*What* shall we do with corp'rat fat cats? (× 3)
*Rise* up and *declaw* them!

*Way-*hay, rise up *neighbors*! (× 3)
*Rise* up, seize the *morning*!

*Make* them pay their *share* of taxes! (× 3)
*Make* haste to *expose* them!

*What* shall we do with robber banksters? (× 3)
*Rise* up and *depose* them!

*Way-*hay, rise up *neighbors*! (× 3)
*Rise* up, seize the *morning*!

*Strip* them of their *year*-end bonus! (× 3)
*Pay* those who are *working*!

*What* shall we do with Wall Street gamblers? (× 3)
*Say:* "Your gig is *up* now!"

*Way-*hay, rise up *neighbors*! (× 3)
*Rise* up, seize the *morning*!

*Toss'*m in a cell in fed'ral prison (× 3)
*Early* in the *morning*!

*Way-*hay, rise up *neighbors*! (× 3)
*Rise* up, seize the *morning*!

Granny Paige and the Raging Grannies of Greater Westerly, Rhode Island
First and third stanzas only:

Stamp Out Hate-Labels

Tune of If You're Happy And You Know It (D major; starts on A)

If you're socialist and know it, clap your hands!
If you're socialist and know it, clap your hands!
If you're socialist and know it, and you're not afraid to show it,
If you're socialist and know it, clap your hands!

If you're for the public schools, raise your hand.
If you're for the public schools, raise your hand.
If you're for the public schools, and support the golden rule,
You're for socialistic schools--raise your hand.

If you're for your fire department, stamp your feet!
If you're for your fire department, stamp your feet!
If you call your fire department, when there's smoke in your apartment,
You're a socialist-on-fire, so stamp your feet!

If you love your kids and grannies, shout "hurray"!
If you love your kids and grannies, shout "hurray"!
If security is social, about medicare be vocal,
If you want a public option--shout "hurray"!

If you want your public broadcast ... gimme five!
If you want your public library ... gimme five!
If you think we ought to keep 'em, and the country really needs 'em,
You're a socialist like me then--gimme five!

If you're commie and you know it, just keep still!
If you're capitalist and know it, just keep still!
If you just want health and freedom, social programs when you need 'em
Then don't let the labels stop you — DON'T KEEP STILL!

Granny Jane
This Old Gray Granny

Tune of This Old Gray Mare (C/G)

This old gray Granny ain't what she used to be,
Had a hysterectomy, needs a colonoscopy,
But she can't afford to pay for her care and so
I guess we'll have to shoot her now!
'Cause where is she supposed to go
When she does not have the dough?
She dare not get sick without health insurance so
I guess we'll have to shoot her now!

This old gray splits all her pills in half.
The drug companies just laugh; Their profits are off the graph.
But granny can't afford to pay for her pills and so
I guess we'll have to shoot her now!
'Cause what is she supposed to do
When money for the rent is due?
She can't buy pills and groceries, too, and so
I guess we'll have to shoot her now!

This old gray Granny now needs a test or two.
Her boob has a lump, it's true. But what's she supposed to do?
She can't pay the bill so she'll just have to muddle through.
I guess we'll have to shoot her now!
Well, granny's old but she is wise.
She knows we have to organize.
Let's get out and work for health care for ev'ry one,
So we won't have to shoot her after all!

Granny Vicky Ryder
Refrain, last stanza, refrain:
see: http://tinyurl.com/3v2nbl7 (Military Spending Primer)

How much are those wars?

Tune of How much is that doggie in the window? (G/D)

Refrain:
How much are those wars we're al- ways fight- ing? (Bang! Bang!)
Those weap- ons we make ev'- ry year?
How much are those wars we're al- ways fight- ing? (Bang! Bang!)
We each pay four thou- sand per year!

The Pen- ta- gon's get- ting way more smack- ers. (Bang! Bang!)
The White House, they call that a cut.
Since two- thou- sand one, war bud- gets dou- bled. (Bang! Bang!)
Four thou- sand: man, wo- man and child!

You read all those God for- sa- ken pa- pers, (Bang! Bang!)
But ne- ver you find out the facts:
That Con- gress was bought by Dad- dy War- bucks. (Bang! Bang!)
't Is he who gets bil- lions of bucks!

George Or- well, he saw the fu- ture co- ming: (Bang! Bang!)
Call war peace; call in- crease a cut.
Big Bro- ther, for war he has us brain- washed: (Bang! Bang!)
A tril- lion buck rack- et to kill.

And who are the ones to do the dy- ing? (Bang! Bang!)
They're most- ly the black, brown, and poor.
And who reap the fruits of their de- struc- tion? (Bang! Bang!)
The ru- ling class old, white and rich.

Refrain: last line melody goes up and add a final "Bang! Bang!"

Granny Paige
When We Make Peace Instead of War

Tune of *Oh, When The Saints Go Marching In (C/G)*

When we make peace instead of war,
How I want to be in that number,
When we make peace Instead of war!

When all the world has human rights,
...

When justice rules instead of bombs,
...