The Rrraging Grrannies
of Grrrreater Westerly
aged, enraged
&
politically engaged

The first Raging Grannies emerged in 1986 in Victoria, BC, to sing satirical songs protesting nukes, militarism, racism, clear-cut logging, and corporate greed. There are now more than 60 gaggles of grannies throughout Canada, Europe, and the United States....some of us can actually carry a tune, but we’re more interested in carrying a message: peace, justice, the environment, human rights—with the humor and perspective of our generation, and willing to mock ourselves along with the White House, Congress, and the Military-Industrial Complexities of the past, present, and future. Were always looking for recruits. If you’re willing to look like an old granny, we take young as well as old, male, female, singers and non-singers. Rehearsals the first Saturday of most every month at 10am at the Friends Meetinghouse, 57 Elm Street, Westerly. Info:

RagingGranny@pobox.com
401-596-5712, 860-535-9029
War on Terror

Tune of *Battle Hymn of The Republic* (E♭: starts on B♭)

Our eyes have seen illusions of the War-On-Terror’s end
We’ve trampled lots of terrorists, our missiles have been sent
We’ve lost our sons and daughters; many trillions have been spent
Our honor to defend.

(speaking) Or is it our assets?
Now our President Oba-ma,
As a high point in the dra-ma
Killed Arch-enemy Osa-ma
Whom once we called a friend ...

(speaking) Like Saddam Hussein, and Ghadafi.
Our eyes have seen the misery of cas-kets coming home
Of children lost and hun-gry who in war-torn regions roam
We pride ourselves on ven-geance but we lost our way at home
We still don’t un-derstand!

(speaking) Will we ever get it?
Is this cause for jubil-a-tion
Or for fur-ther tribu-la-tion?
If we don’t change as a na-tion,
The ter-ror will not end.

(speaking) Let’s try peace!!

Granny Marlies
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 always fighting? (Bang! Bang!)
Those weapons we make ev'ry year?
How much are those wars we're always fighting? (Bang! Bang!)
We each pay four thousand per year!

You read all those God forsaken papers, (Bang! Bang!)
But never you find out the facts:
That Congress was bought by Daddy Warbucks. (Bang! Bang!)
't Is he who gets billions of bucks!

And who are the ones to do the dying? (Bang! Bang!)
They're most-ly the black, brown, and poor.
And who reap the fruits of their destruction? (Bang! Bang!)
The ruling class old, white and rich.

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

Granny Paige
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 **Granny 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
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
What Do We Want From Obama?

Tune of 99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall

What do we want from Obama,
The man we'd like to love?
We're here to tell you what we wrote
To him on change-dot-gov:

We want our troops brought home real quick
And all the wars to cease,
'Cause bombs and occupation
Are not the way to peace.

We want fair and equal treatment
For folks both straight and gay,
An end to corporate bailouts...
Those with the most should pay!

We want single-payer health care,
Or else you'll hear us rage,
And jobs that stay right here at home
And pay a living wage.

Restore our civil liberties!
(We wonder where they went.)
Don't label folks as terrorist
When they choose to dissent.

This country must stop torture.
For justice to prevail!
To teach the world how wrong it is
Put Cheney and Bush in jail!
Change? What Change? (A Granny Rap)

Tune Rap ("99 Bottles of Beer" if you must ...)

We Grannies are hip to the trends of the day
And we know that brown’s the new black;
We know there’s a change in our government
And George is now Barack!

We heard he’ll fix our economy
With a roarin’ stimulus,
Create new jobs and cure our ills…
But here’s what troubles us:

Obama’s still talkin’ ‘bout goin’ to war;
Afghanistan’s the new Iraq.
But wherever our armies are fixin’ to go,
We Grannies say “Bring ’em back!”

We thought that things would change a bit
With Obama in command,
And it makes us rage that he’s fixin’ to send
Our troops to Afghanistan.

Sending our troops to Afghanistan
Is a crazy thing to do.
They routed the Brits and the Soviets
And they’ll kick our butts there, too!

How many more of our good kids
Will die on foreign shores?
Obama or Bush, we see no change
When it comes to these God-damned wars!

How many civilians of other lands
Will die for imperial aims?
How many lives will we snuff out
For greedy corporate gain?

Afghanistan or Pakistan…
War is so yesterday!
We voted for change, not more of the same.
So end all wars today!

Granny Vicky Ryder
Pilot Bob

Tune of *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen* (G minor; starts on G)

There was a pilot, name was Bob. He went to work each day. He loved to play his video. Nevada was his base. He steered his drones from far away, and missiles he did guide, and his Hellfire struck its target half a world away, but with aim astray, a wedding he did slay.

When Bob went home, his shift was done. His seatbelt he did wear. He kissed the wife and hugged the kids. Bob asked: "How was your day?"
The fam was fine, but he had killed, dead bodies torn to shreds; For his Hellfire struck its target half a world away, but with aim astray, a wedding he did slay.

Bob's double life was hard to take. He got P T S D. The Air Force kicked him off the job, but they refused to pay. When pre-existing it was deemed, the streets became his home; For his Hellfire struck its target half a world away, but with aim astray, a wedding he did slay.

Forget our Bob, for he is dead. His wife on food stamps lives. His kids in prison, how they rot for dealing crack cocaine. As he flew Reapers through the blue, their future he would dash; For his Hellfire struck its target, half a world away, but with aim astray, a wedding he did slay.

Spiritual death is what once Martin Luther King this called: Resources we drain for those bombs that no one can afford. While social uplift goes to pot, war profiteers we feast. And our Hellfire strikes its targets half a world away, but with aim astray, more weddings we shall slay.

Granny Paige