Friendly Arts Fair
October 16, 2010

The Raging Grannies
of
Greater Westerly

aged, enraged
and
politically engaged

granny@phys.uri.edu
Bail out the people

Tune of *Beer barrel Polka (G/D)*

Bail out the peo- ple!
Give them the mo- ney they need!
To hell with the bank- ers
Who suf- fer from ter- mi- nal greed.
Bail out the peo- ple!
That's where our tax- es should go.
We say do not bail out ban- kers,
Or the big three's C E Os.

Hey, have you no- ticed?
Fas- ci- sem seems to have come.
The poor, they go hun- gry;
While we bail out cor- po- rate scum.
Steal our tax mo- ney,
Send- ing our jobs o- ver- seas.
We are lo- sing health- care and homes,
While the rich do as they please.

Lay- offs are ri- sing!
More folks are now un- em- ployed.
Hey, what- e- ver hap- pened,
To the land of the free we en- joyed?
Time for the peo- ple
Rise up and now take a stand!
Get ou- out and bail out the peo- ple,
Then we'll shout it: "Yes, we can!" (Repeat from "Get out")

Granny Vicky Ryder
This Old Gray Granny

Tune of *This Old Gray Mare* (C/G)

This **old** grey **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** grey **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** grey **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
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 every year?
How much are those wars we're always fighting? (Bang! Bang!)
We each pay four thousand per year!

The Pentagon's getting way more smack-ers. (Bang! Bang!)
The White House, they call that a cut.
Since two-thousand one, war budgets doubled. (Bang! Bang!)
Four thousand: man, woman and child!

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!

George Orwell, he saw the future coming: (Bang! Bang!)
Call war peace; call increase a cut.
Big Brother, for war he has us brain-washed: (Bang! Bang!)
A trillion buck racket to kill.

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
There’s a Patch in The Ocean [There’s a Hole in The Bucket (Eₚ/Eₚ)] *

1. There’s a patch in the ocean, Dear Grandchild, dear Grandchild.
   It’s a patch full of plastic, Dear Grandchild, that patch.

2. How big is it, Granny, Dear Granny, dear Granny?
   How big is it, Granny?
   How big is that patch?

3. It’s the size of twice Texas, Dear Grandchild, dear Grandchild,
   The size of twice Texas, Dear Grandchild, that big!

4. But how did it get there, dear Granny, Dear Granny, dear Granny?
   But how did it get there, Dear Granny, say how!

5. My grocery wrappers, Dear Grandchild, dear Grandchild,
   My grocery wrappers
   And your plastic toys.

6. But why does it matter, Dear Granny, dear Granny?
   But why does it matter?
   And why should I care?

7. It kills lots of creatures, Dear Grandchild, dear Grandchild.
   It kills lots of creatures,
   Dear Grandchild, it kills.

8. Then why don’t you fix it, Dear Granny, dear Granny?
   Then why don’t you fix it?
   Dear Granny, fix it!

9. It’s your world we borrowed, Dear Grandchild, dear Grandchild,
   It’s your world, dear Grandchild,
   We laid it to waste.

10. Let’s clean up that trash patch, Dear Granny, dear Granny,
    Let’s clean up that trash patch,
    Dear Granny, that patch.

*See this link
(en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Great_Pacific_Garbage_Patch)
for more about the Great Pacific Garbage Patch; Lyrics by
Pedrolina "Paige" Delaparucca and The Westerly Grannies
Radical Environmentalists

Tune of She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain (D/A)

Oh we're RADICAL environmentalists,
Yes we're radical ENVIRONmentalists
We like clean air and clean WATER
Just like any farmer's daughter—
We are radical ENVIRONmentalists.

Oh we LIKE our veggies without pesticides,
And our meat without those HORMONES placed inside.
We like fish without PCB's
And our forests to have TREE-ses,
We are radical ENVIRONmentalists!

We like AUTOmobiles that do not pollute,
And we love those guns that simply cannot shoot,
We find natural seeds enticing
So forget genetic splicing—
We're radical ENVIRONMENTalists!

Let's get ENERGY from wind and sun and stars,
Ride more bicycles and drive electric cars,
Let's recycle cans and paper,
So we all can tell our Maker
that we're radical ENVIRONMENTALISTS!

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