



Freedom's View

A COMMENTARY ON GOVERNMENT FROM ATOP THE CAPITOL

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"All the other alternative facts you need to know"

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February 21, 2020

EMPIRE STORY*

TRUMPER SONG

(Sung by Rob "Senate Seat For Sale" Blagojevich, Michael "Greed Is Good" Milken, and Paul "I'll Buy My Way Outta Anything" Pogue)

When you're for Trump,
You're for Trump all the way
From your first vapi'n' draw
To your last dyin' day

When you're for Trump,
If the shit hits the fan,
You got Trumpestus around,
You're a newly freed man.

You're never alone,
You're never disconnected.
You're let out with your own –
You're well protected!

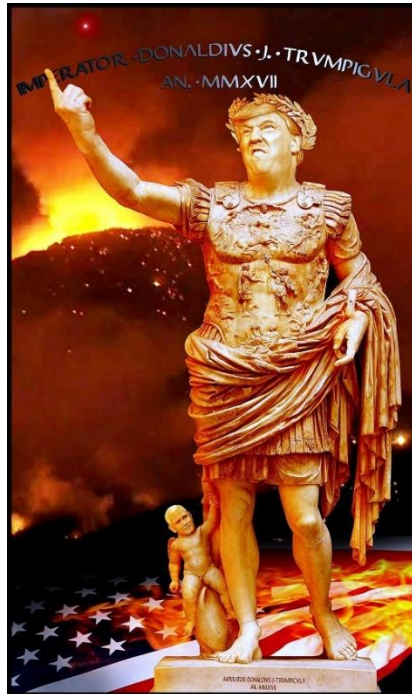
Then you are set
Thanks to good Donald J.,
Whom you'll never forget
Till they cart you away.
When you're his pet,
You say
"No sweat!"

Make way for the Trump!
He's the King of all Kings –
Someone gets in his way and
They'll go through some things!

Here comes the Trump –
Just like he had planned,
He'll defeat all the Dems
In the whole buggin' land!

In the whole - !
Buggin' - !

Ever - !
Lovin' - !
Land!



Trumpestus Impersonator
(adapted from Sven Littkowski)

I FEEL PRETTY

(Sung by Kellyanne Conway)

I feel pretty,
Oh, so pretty,
I feel pretty and witty and gay,
And I pity
Any girl who isn't me today.

I feel charming,
Oh, so charming,
It's alarming how charming I feel,
And so pretty

* A sendup after *West Side Story*. See Editor's Note, Page 3 for explanation and apologies.

That I hardly can believe I'm real.¹
See the pretty girl in that mirror there,
Who can that attractive girl be?
Such a pretty face,
Such a pretty dress,
Such a pretty smile,
Such a pretty me!

My makeover gives me new standing
"Oh, so pretty" is my new branding,
("Last Ten Minutes of Prom," notwithstanding.)

I feel stunning
And entrancing,
Feel like running
and dancing
for joy,
For I'm loved by a pretty wonderful boy!²

¹ Well, real isn't quite the word. After all, Kellyanne (pictured below) is the one who invented the phrase, "alternative facts."

² She's singing here about Trump, not George T. Conway, III, her husband. He said he wouldn't accept a position in the Trump administration because, it's, "like a shitshow in a dumpster fire."

New York Magazine has aptly dubbed her, "The Real First Lady of Trump's America." To her credit, when asked if she'd take the job as Trump's press secretary, she said: "Slit my wrists, bleed out, put cement shoes on, jump off the bridge, and then I'll take the job — are you kidding me?"



EMPIRE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

A MAN LIKE THAT*(Sung by Ivana Trump to Melania)*

A man like that would kill your
brother,
On 5th Avenue, or else some other.
He's got a sick mind.
Stick to your own kind!

A man like that will give you sorrow.
You'll meet another man tomorrow,
One who can be kind.
Get in your right mind!

A man who lies cannot be trusted.
The truth, for him, is to be busted.
Yet, he's the one who gets your love,
And gets your heart!
Very smart, Melania, very smart!

A man like that wants one thing
only,
And when he's done, he'll leave you
lonely.
He'll murder your love; he murdered
mine.
Just wait and see,
Just wait, Melania,
Just wait and see!

Oh no, Ivana! You should know
better!
You were in love, or so you said.
You should know better . . .

I have his money (and it's *all* that I
have.)
Right or wrong, what else can I do?
I have him, I'm *his*,
And everything he is
I am, too.
It's umbilical: we're one.
There's nothing to be done,
Not a thing I can do.

JUSTICE ROBERTS*(Sung by the Senate's GOP)*

Dear kindly Justice Roberts,
You gotta understand:
It's getting re-elected
That makes us out of hand.
Some constituents are lib'rals,
Others are just drunks.
We swore upon your Bible so
It can't be that we're punks!

That's why, Justice Roberts, we're
very upset;
We never had the *sure* votes that we
all oughta get.
We ain't no snollygosters,
We're just misunderstood.
Deep down inside us we are good!

There is Mitch! There is Mitch!
Leading us - without a single hitch!
(Who cares if he's a sonofabitch?)

So, Your Honor Justice Roberts,
We're down on our knees.
Trump directs this circus and we're
only his fleas!
Gee, Justice Roberts
What are we to do?
"The Constitution," you say?
F**k you!

AMERICA*(Sung by Carmen Cruz, Mayor of San Juan
Puerto Rico and POTUS)**(Cruz)*

Puerto Rico,
You lovely island . . .
Island of tropical breezes.
Always the pineapples growing,
Always the coffee blossoms blowing

*(POTUS)*

Puerto Rico . . .
You ugly island . . .
Island of tropic diseases.
Always the hurricanes blowing,
Always the population growing . . .
And the money owing,
And the babies crying,
And the bullets flying.
I like the island Manhattan.
Smoke on your pipe and put that in!

(Cruz)

I'd like to be in America!
O.K. by me in America!
Ev'rything's free in America

(POTUS)

For a small fee in America!

(Cruz)

I like the city of San Juan.

(POTUS)

I know a boat you can get on.

(Cruz)

Hundreds of flowers in full bloom.

EMPIRE CONTINUED PAGE 3

EMPIRE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

(POTUS)

Hundreds of people in each room!

(Cruz)

Our citizens go to America,
But not many hellos in America;
Nobody knows in America:
Puerto Rico's a part of America!

Still, we like the shores of America!
Comfort is ours in America!
Knobs on the doors in America,
Wall-to-wall floors in America!

(POTUS)

You all should go back to sad San
Juan;
I know a boat you can get on.
Go back to the island you extol;
We'll cheer when you leave for your
Shithole!

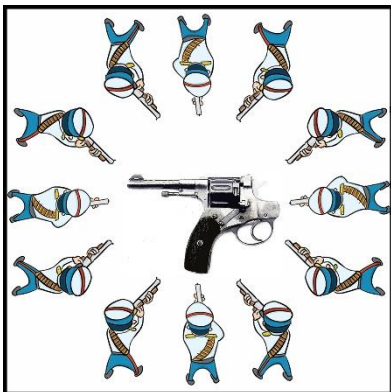
(Cruz)

When you will shut up and get
gone?

(POTUS)

As soon as I have *compassion* for San
Juan!

DEMOCRATS CELEBRATE
TRADITIONAL ELECTION YEAR RITE



"I'm not a member of any
organized political party. I'm a
Democrat." ~ Will Rogers

SOMEDAY . . .

*(Sung with wistful, almost homesick pathos,
by all the Democrat Candidates, anxious
they'll be defeated by Trumpeustus in
November.)*

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us, somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Someday a time for us,
Time together with time spare,
Time to learn, time to care.

Someday,
Somewhere,
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving.
Somewhere,
Somewhere . . .

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold our hands and we're halfway
there.
Hold our hands and we'll take you
there
Somehow,
Someday!
(Maybe not now.)

It may come cannonballing down
through the sky,
Gleam in its eye,
Bright as a rose.
Who knows?

It's only just out of reach,
Down the block, on a beach,
No need to discuss....
I got a feeling there's a miracle due,
Gonna come true,
Coming to us!

Could it be? Yes, it could.
Something's coming, something
good,
It's so hard to wait.
Something's coming, I don't know
what it is,
But it is
Gonna be great!

The air
Is humming,
And something great is coming!

Who knows?
It's only just out of reach,
Down the block, on a beach,
Maybe this year.....



SOMETHING'S COMING

(Sung by Armed Freedom)

Could be . . .
Who knows?
There's something due any day—
I will know right away,
Soon as it shows.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

*With humble apologies, we've taken
the liberty of pressing Stephen
Sondheim's great West Side Story
lyrics into the service of this sendup.
Unfamiliar with that 1957 musical
about New York gang rivalries, or its
wonderful music by the late Leonard
Bernstein (1918 – 1990)? You can
find all the original lyrics [here](https://www.westsidestory.com/lyrics).
(<https://www.westsidestory.com/lyrics>)
The songs are readily available on
YouTube. ~ Armed Freedom*