

President Pussygrabber

Would you leave your daughter alone with this man?
Why, He's the President of the land.
Better Watch your daughter, he might nab her,
He's our President Pussygrabber.

The Christians thought he was heaven sent,
Our boastful bright-orange President.
They were so excited to see him win,
To make America great again.

The Ten Commandments — now just Recommendations,
— and they don't apply to the head of the nation,
who can do anything, cause he's got the money.
He thinks every woman wants to be his honey.

He gets a free pass on sexual assaults,
Cause when you're really rich, you got no faults.
He's a strong man! He ain't no wussy —
Let's build a wall, and grab some pussy.

We'll terrorize the Muslims, deport the Spicks.
I wonder who they'll come for next.
Maybe for the Jews, or the Greeks, or the Wops.
Indians and Blacks'll get shot by the cops.

America! The promised land!
Just kiss good-bye to your health care plan.
If you're old or sick, you're just dead weight.
Time for you to expire.

This little White House can't contain all his glories,
He's gonna have to add another 7 or 8 stories,
With a new golden dome, and some searchlights, too.
And better security, before we're through.

Dogs, and guards, with bullet-proof vests.
The Orange President needs only the best.
And a higher wall, to keep out the riff-raff,
Well, except for the Cabinet, and the staff.

Now the new White House will have a Golden Toilet.
He's gonna redecorate, probably spoil it.
Put his name across the top in sparkly lights:
"Trump White House" — Won't that be a sight?

There'll be a Golden Statue of Himself in the lobby.
But he deserved it — that ain't being snobby.
With big leather couches, and potted plants.
A place where he can entertain his sycophants.

"Come right in, meet the President.
He's our Saviour, Heaven-sent.
He's gonna help us win, win, win,
And make America great again."

He loves to Twitter. He loves to Tweet.
He loves to bray. He loves to bleat.
He's stuck in his own mendacity —
And he doesn't like big words — No Siree!

Now nothing anymore can be what it seems
We got alternate facts, and alt-right memes —
For every con, there's a pro, and a bro,
Like an alternate reality TV show.

His crowds were small, just like his fingers.
He can't get over it — resentment lingers.
Teeny crowds, alternative facts,
Bigger lies, and more attacks.

Dismember the government, piece by piece,
Government services will have to cease.

No more health care, no more arts,
We'll get rid of all the frilly parts.

Except for the Army, to keep the peace,
(we) better give them a budget increase,
And the Border patrol, and money for the wall!
We need to build that really tall.

Emoluments, just a fancy word.
There are no conflicts — so absurd!
I need to protect the success I've had:
The press attacks me — so sad!

Now of course we didn't get help from the Russians.
That could have nasty repercussions.
Well — maybe a little — but not a lot.
I'm just too wealthy to ever be bought.

It's helpful to have a lot of distractions,
Which you can create by executive actions.
Subject your opponents to ridicule.
Sow confusion, and you can rule.

He's our President, everyone knows:
He's got little fingers, he's got little toes,
He's got a wee dick, and expensive clothes,
The Secret Service follows him, wherever he goes.

Now he's the President of the land —
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