A “Newt” Deal

Tune: Away In a Manger

Away in DC, no crib for a bed,
All the poor and the homeless lay down their cold heads.
The stars in the Congress look down where they lay
And say: Get a job and get out of our way.

The cattle are lowing, the farmers are glad,
Because price supports are sure to be had.
I love thee, Jesse Helms, look down from on high.
Subsidize our tobacco ‘til doomsday is night.