

# We the People

Ray Stevens

It's gonna be a big heart breaker  
Grandma needs a new pace maker  
And the doctor says, "I realize she's ill"  
But there's talk of legislation on all our medication  
And maybe all we can do is put her on a pain pill

Whoa, me, hey, Congress

You vote Obamacare, we'll vote you outta there  
We the people have awakened to your tricks  
You vote to let this pass, you'll be out on your  
'Cause we the people have awakened

And to put it in words you might understand  
If you had the common sense that God gave a billy goat  
You'd no doubt noticed that your constituents  
The electorate, that's us, voters  
Are onto your pork-barrel-special-interest-tax-and-spend-scam  
Or, to put it more succinctly, "Heh, heh, heh, pff"

We've heard from Hannity, Beck, and Limbaugh  
What you've got in mind for grandma  
And we found this O'Reilly fella on Fox  
We're kinda like Joe the Plumber  
And when we crunch the numbers  
It all adds up to votin' you out at the ballot box

Heh heh heh heh

You vote Obamacare, we're gonna vote you outta there  
We the People have awakened to your tricks  
You vote to let this pass, you're gonna be out on your  
'Cause we the people have awakened

And to put it mildly, we're harboring feelings of extreme alienation  
Due to copious amounts of horse manure  
That have been shoveled out of the White House  
And the Capitol Building

And we sense that we are being royally defecated upon, ha ha  
Yeah, we're gettin' the impression that you think  
We are not relevant to these proceedings  
And dismissing our input into the situation

Please tell Nancy Pelosi  
We're gonna do the Hokey Pokey  
Put the right ones in  
Pull the left ones out

You vote Obamacare, we're gonna vote you outta there  
We the People have awakened to your tricks  
You vote to let this pass, you're gonna be out on your  
Yeah, we the people have awakened

And you might want to start looking for another line of work  
How 'bout the medical profession? Ha, ha  
Yeah, they're gonna need every one that can put up

With the red tape and the pay cut

Hey, why don't you kill every last job  
Tax every last penny and infringe on every God-given  
Right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?  
'Cause let me tell you, ain't nobody happy with you

We the people have awakened  
And it occurs to me that  
You might really like it down in Venezuela