George Dub

Tune: King Tut (Steve Martin)
New Lyrics: Harriet Morris

(“George Dub!”)
(“George Dub!”)
Now when he was a young man, he drilled him some oil wells. (“George Dub!”)
And though they all were empty, the stock he sure did sell! (“George Dub!”)
How’d you get so lucky? (“Lucky Dub!”)
Find such gen’rous Saudis?!
(“Born connected preppy, posin’ as a cowboy, George Dub!”)

(“George Dub!”)
He lost the last election, but still he got to win! (“George Dub!”)
As soon as his gang fixed it, Dub b’lieved they had crowned him! (“King Dub!”)
Questions make him cranky! (“Cranky Dub!”)
Hidin’ hanky-panky!
(“Turns democracy into a monarchy, George Dub!”)

[Instr. break]
Lynin’ when his mouth moves! (“Lynin’ Dub!”)
Claimin’ he’s in God’s groove! (“Jivin’ Dub!”)
Hear him “terra” talkin’… (“Terra Dub!”)
Fear’s all he’s got for hawkin’!
(Duh…uh…uh…uh-ub)
Fear is golden…(“George Dub!”)
(Dub, Dub, Dub, Dub) He has nothing to fear but no fear…
(Dub, Dub, Dub, Dub) The buck’s never stopped with Dub…
(Duh…uh…uh…uh-ub)
Unless it went into his pocket.

(“George Dub!”)
(“George Dub!”)
He doesn’t have divine right—he’s not really a king, (“Not-king Dub!”)
As he’ll learn from regime change, that Kerry-Edwards bring! (‘Bye Dub!)
Kicked out by the Donkey! (Kicked-out Dub!)
1-term like his Poppy!
(Movin’ out the White House, back to his play ranch house)
(Movin’ out the White House, back to his play ranch house)—
(“George Dub!”)