

Congressman Comped has written this wonderful little ditty for you to sing at your next get-together! Fun for the whole family - we swear! Use whatever tune you want, as long as it fits with the lyrics.

The Democrats have come to you from their ivory towers,
They claim they have a man to represent this district like a virgin's bower
For those flowers are native to the district where Brain resides,
We will not take a Congressman from east of the continental divide!

"The time has come the fight is on as we have picked the man to run,
A man who everyone can trust - the man we need, the man to lead,
He's from Chesapeake, their favorite son, the chosen one,
He'll put Democratic policies in action, guaranteed!" says the Democrats

He's never done a thing of note,
His party tried to tax us by the pen-stroke,
Who in the hell is this man named Brain?
Not a single man can recall his name.

Do we want a Congressman who knows nothing of our district?
Whose only well known action as a Senator is when he resigned?
To election him would be nothing more than a trip up the river sadistic,
We don't want a Congressman who will put us on the wrong end of the poverty line!

What with his politics, of doing nothing good, of doing nothing at all, like all the Democrats did,
He cannot lead no mighty craft, no men into battle's heed,
His party will sell this country to the worse id,
For he has done nothing of account - he don't know how to lead!

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His party tried to tax us by the pen-stroke,
Who in the hell is this man named Brain?
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A carpetbagger of the worst regard,
His mother ought to be picked up by Scotland Yard
For raising such a petulant thug, a menace to our lives!
He won't protect us from ogives!

For in your guts, you know he's nuts,
He wants to ban all planes,
His party wants cows not to fart,
We don't know if he has any brains except in his name.

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His party tried to tax us by the pen-stroke,
Who in the hell is this man named Brain?
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He wants us all to agree that the government should run our healthcare,
That the taxes we pay are A-OK, even if they're not our fair share,
Because to tax the rich will cause capital flight, and we'll all just end up poorer,
No doctors will work for the Federals if they get paid in bread!
All the votes he's gonna get are only in his mind,
For no sane man or woman would agree that Socialism is in our time,
This time, vote like your whole world depended on it,
As it certainly does!

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His party tried to tax us by the pen-stroke,
Who in the hell is this man named Brain?
Not a single man can recall his name.

Some people talk change and others cause It,
So come home Sierra - back to sense and normalcy,
Comped will make you proud again,
He'll help you unleash the American dream,

He's not like that carpetbagger scallywag,
He knows what needs to be done,
For his promises made are promises kept,
There is no question of fact!