

Grannies Stand for Peace & Justice

Tune: Glow Worm

Lyrics: Deborah Lofgren, inspired by Raging Grannies of Milwaukee

We are the raging, raging, grannies
We don't hide in nooks and crannies.

We stand up for peace and justice
Even when the po-lice bust us.

Join with the raging, raging grannies
Time to get up off your fannies

The world needs folks to take a stand
And that's why we are grans!

Do You Hear Wisconsin Sing?

Melody: Do You Hear the People Sing?; Lyrics: Sheila Plotkin for Raging Grannies of Madison

Do you hear Wisconsin sing?

This is the message that she sends

We are a people waking up

And we will not be fooled again.

We heard promises of wealth

Good-paying jobs were going to come

Corporate suits are doing great

While the farms / succumb.

Will you join in our **campaign**

Who will speak out and stand with me

Our mission is so clear, we need to save democracy

So join in the fight to insure that our country stays free

Do you hear **the nation** sing?

This is the message that she sends

We are a people waking up

And we will not be fooled again

He said he would drain the swamp

He hired crocodiles instead

Ethics are drowning in the muck

Competence is dead.

We will work for our ideals

Despite the pressure to retreat

Knowing that the threat is real, we will not lie down in defeat.

Our message will echo in chambers and out on the street! (**raise fist**)

Do you hear **the nation** sing?

This is the message that she sends

We are a people waking up

And we will not be fooled again

We have a nation to protect

We want corruption washed away

A President we can respect

From the very first day.

Our country's soul is on the line

We can't leave any task undone

Granny's are ready for this fight

We have just begun!

Grannies are ready for this fight

We have just begun!

The Best Democracy Money Can Buy

Tune: "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall"

Key of D, Start on D
Key of E ♭, Start on E ♭

Lyrics © by Vicki Ryder (2010)

Did you ever wonder why our **health** care is in doubt,
Why **rich** folks have the Cadillac plans and poor folks go without, Why
all the news that's fit to print is **nothing** but corporate lies?
It's because... we've **got** the best democracy that **ever** money can buy.

Did you ever wonder why we **keep** on startin' wars,
Why **poor** folks' kids are sent to die while **CEOs** make more,
Why **votes** are counted up by those who **sell** the voting machines?
It's because... we've **got** a corpora**TO**Cracy – **thanks** to the Supremes.

Did you ever wonder who will **run** for office since
Supreme Court lifted limits – it **really** makes us wince.
The **rich** will buy the candidates, and **if** you wonder why,
It's because... we've **got** the best democracy that ever money can buy.

Those with all the money now will **run** the whole damn show
And **if** we dare to disagree they'll **tell** us where to go.
'Cause **money** buys elections, and **that** you can't deny.
We've **got** the best democracy that **ever** money can buy.

(We wave dollar bills)

Follow the Money

Start on D

Tune: Beer Barrel Polka

Original lyrics: Vicki Ryder, revised by Deborah Lofgren & Raging Grannies of Madison

Follow the money, to **see** why we **go** off to war
Follow the money, it's **not** freedom **we're** fighting for
Follow the money, **profits** aren't worth **dying** for
Lockheed Martin's **got** their **billions**,
And they **don't** need **more**!

Boeing and **Raytheon**, **Bechtel**, and **Koch** brothers, too
Reap all the **profit**, and **don't** give a **fig** about you
Families are **hungry**//schools **don't** have **funds** that they **need**
Weapon Makers **turn** a **blind** eye
While the **coun** try bleeds!

Follow the money, it **all** leads to **corporate** greed;
The **vets** and the **homeless**, **when** will they **get** what they need
Big money **int'rests** **dictate** our **nation's** war **plans** –
Now's the time to **take** back our country
And give **folks** a **helping** hand!

People not profit, **let's** make our **government** see,
War steals our treasure, **killing** cannot make us **free**;
Follow the money, once you **have** found where it **leads**
Raise your voice, get **loud** and **louder**
Singing **out** for **peace**!

Raging Grannies Anti-Gun Chorus Line

G+2, 4/4

Tune: Ta ra ra boom de ay Lyrics: Kathy Walsh, Gerri Martini, Sheila Plotkin, RGoM

Verse 1

We're **dear** old grannies, as you see
Pillars of society
Here to save humanity
From **NRA**'s insanity

Chorus (with kicks)

Ta ra ra **BOOM** de ay (On "BOOM," right leg kicks to the left)
Let's stop the **NRA** (On "stop," push out left hand)
Let's pass tough laws today.
Ta ra ra **BOOM** de ay (On "BOOM," right leg kicks to the left)

Verse 2

Bullets **rip** our days apart
Ending lives and breaking hearts
Cities, small towns, schools, and shops
Grannies **say** it's got to stop

Chorus (with kicks)

Verse 3

We **need** federal background checks
Ammo limits must come next
Assault style weapons with a clip
End in **slaughter**/get a grip!

Chorus (with kicks)

Verse 4

We're **gentle** grannies, **MAD AS HELL!**
We don't fight but **WE CAN YELL!**
We **won't** be quiet anymore
'Til we end this shooting war!

Chorus (with kicks)

CLIMATE CHANGE

Tune "Baby Face"

Lyrics by Marjorie Matthews (Madison,WI, Raging Grannies)

Climate Change, We've got to slow the rate of climate change
The situation's one of urgency/ emergency
/With short-sighted thinking/ We'll see all coastlines sinking

Climate Change, Good science tells us about climate change
We need to cut down use of fossil fuels, Set up new rules
/Fracking gas and oil/ will make the planet boil

Climate Change,
Our kids and grandkids need a healthy place to live
Sustainability requires you and me
To take drastic action now
To slow down climate change
The planet cannot wait for us to change
Depend on energy from wind and sun, it must be done
/To outrun disaster/ we must act fast and faster

Climate Change,
Our kids and grandkids need a healthy place to live.
Sustainability requires you and me
To take drastic action now.

If My Uterus Were a Gun

Written by Lauren Mayer, adapted and used by Raging Grannies with author's permission

*Solo: Have you heard the news of late, how Republicans in state after state
Are launching big legislative fights against **women's** reproductive rights??*

But ... if ... my ... **uterus** were a **gun** these guys would **leave** it alone
They'd say, "oh go have fun, we won't quibble or moan"
They hate all **forms** of regulation 'cept when it comes to pro-cre-ation
Then they'll **take** away our **choices**, 'cause they **can't** hear women's voices!

If ... my ... **cervix** were a **rifle** they would **keep** their mouths shut
And **maybe** they would **stifle** saying "the **Pill** is just for sluts"
When I **want** to get my **eggs** lost/ they tell me I should keep my **legs** crossed!
Abstinence education// **Not** the **answer** for our **nation**

If ... my ... ovaries were semi-automatic **weapons**, all these **laws** we'd escape
Our **birth** control they **step** on, while still **talking** a-bout rape
And in the guise of **weird** knight **erranthood**/ they try to **get** rid of Planned
Parenthood

Cause these **men** are just so **damn** sure... just ask the **right** wing in New
Hampshire, or (1)**Texas**... or (2)**Indiana**... or (1)**Florida**... or (2)**Alabama**...
or (1)**Missouri**... or (2)**Georgia**... (all) or **Wisconsin!** (with questioning
gestures)

If ... our ... **vaginas** were large-capacity **ammunition** clips
Life for **women** would **be** a breeze
There would be **access** to **contraception** to **prevent** **unwanted** **pregnancies**...
To **protect** all **fertilized** **eggs** they've sworn
But the **kids** are on their own as **soon** as they're BORN ...
But all this **debate** would be **done** ... If my **uterus** were **only** a **gun**!

Homelessness

Tune & Lyrics by Lou and Peter Berryman, 2005

I never **dreamed** I'd ever **be** without a **home** to comfort me
'Til a friend of **mine** this very **spring**, lost his whole **house** and everything
So now I know that life is **strange**, that all is **luck**, and luck can change
And don't **forget** it's sad but true, the next time **'round** it could be you!

*One runaway truck, one slip in the muck, one stretch of bad luck/ Homeless
One family feud, one litigious old prude, one long bad mood/ Homeless
One toaster too hot, one investment that's not, one tiny blood clot/ Homeless
One decision on gin, one pay check too thin, one dumb night of sin/ Homeless*

My poor old **pal** is on the **street**; it's extra **sad** 'cause he's so sweet
But even **if** he were a **creep**, the lug should **have** a place to sleep.
So anyway it's really **true**, the next time **'round** it could be you
And when you **say** how can that be, it could be **worse**, it could / be / me!

*One letter too strong, one adventure gone wrong, one sick leave too long/ Homeless
One knock on the door, one slippery floor, one nuclear war/ Homeless
One slip of the pen, one downsizing trend, one backstabbing friend/ Homeless
One identity thief, one flaky belief, one slice of bad beef/ Homeless*

Once I **did** agree with **you** that fiscal plans make dreams come true
Now I **know** that that was **nuts**, that fate is **king** and fate's / a / putz!
For **now** I'd say that you'd be smart to squirrel away a shopping cart
And if they **ever** change your locks ...
Mi cardboard box, *su* card / board / box,
My cardboard box, your card ... board ... box!

Voting Rights (3 verse version)

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Lyrics by Vicki Ryder, Marguerite Coyle, Rebecca Alwin

We're the Raging Grannies and it's **turning** our hair gray
These legislative plots to take our **voting** rights away
Our **mothers** fought to vote and now we **fight** again today!
Not one step back! No way!

Voting's how we make our choices, Voting's how they hear our voices
We **want** a true democracy with **voting** rights for all!
Not one step back! No way!

They **want** to take us back in time when **owners** ruled the land
When **women**, blacks, and poor folks from the **voting** booths were banned
But **this** is our democracy and **this** is our demand:
Not one step back! No way!

Voting's how we make our choices, Voting's how they hear our voices
We **want** a true democracy with **voting** rights for all!
Not one step back! No way!

We've **got** to get together, young, old, **brown** and black and white,
The **unemployed** and union folks, and **work** with all our might,
To **show** these power brokers that we'll **fight** to keep our rights.
Not one step back! No way!

Voting's how we make our choices, Voting's how they hear our voices
We **want** a true democracy with **voting** rights for all!
Not one step back! No way!

Kidneys for Tuition

Tune: Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer

Lyrics: Granny Gail Sredanovic, revised by Joy Morgen, Rebecca Alwin & Kathy Miner

If you can't pay **tu-i-tion**, **we** have got a tip for you
Just go and sell a **kid-ney**, **you** need only one, not two!

You need an ed-u-cation, **not** a pile of student debt
Find a **buyer** for your **kid-ney**, financial needs will be offset

Tuition's **steep** and though you save, it **will** not be enough
Tax cuts for the **wealthy**/ have **made** your life so very rough

The **fu-ture** is on the **line** here, **and you** need to be **debt** free
Getting an ed-u-cation, should not be a **misery**

Your **kidney**'s a small sacrifice, the **rich** can't be de-prived
Or **we** won't get that **trickle down** on which they say we all will thrive

So / **thank** you for un-**der**standing Right Wing budgets **can't** help you
Just go and sell a **kidney**, **you** need only one, not two!

Go Ahead and Die!

(Pirates Of The Health Care-ibbean) -- Austin Lounge Lizards. Sung with permission.

All: We **are** the captains **of** a health **insurance** company
We **plunder** and we **profit**, as we **sail** the corporate **seas**
Our **sal'ries** in the **millions** and our **dividends** **obscene**;
Our **logo** is the **Jolly Roger on** a field of **green ...**

All: Our **logo** is the **Jolly Roger on** a field of **green!**

Group 2: **Should** ye fear ill **winds** will blow your **ship** upon the **reef**
We'll **offer** our protection lest ye **surely** come to **grief**
We may spare your **life** if bloated **premiums** you'll **pay**
But **if** you can't afford this ransom, **here** is what we'll **say ...**

All: **If** you can't afford this ransom, **here** is what we'll **say:**
Yo Ho, Yo Ho, Go ahead and **die!**
From **shingles**, **beri-beri** or a **piano** from the **sky**
Yo Ho, Yo Ho! Go ahead and **die!**
I've got **mine** and **I** feel **fine**, so **go** ahead and **die! //**

Group 1: **Senators** and **Congressmen** make **up** our scurvy **crew**
They **swab** our decks and **cash** our checks, And **cast** a vote or **two**
When the **universal health** care serpent **rears** its ugly **head**
Our **press** gang fires **broadships**, and our **crew** ensures it's **dead ...**

All: Our **press** gang fires **broadships** and our **crew** ensures it's **dead!**
Yo Ho, Yo Ho! Go ahead and **die!**
A **charging** moose, an **angry** goose, Or the **dreaded** tse-tse **fly!**
Yo Ho, Yo Ho! Go ahead and **die!**
Face your **ills**, and pay your **bills**, then **go** ahead and **die! //**

Group 2: You **question** why we **buried** a vast **locker** full of **loot**;
Of **course** we must maintain our **yacht**, the **Golden Parachute**;
There's **advertising**, **lobbying** and **junkets** near and **far**,
Hard **working** C-E-Os / deserve their R & R,

All: **Arr Arr Arr Arr! Arr** and **Arr** and **Arr!**
Yo Ho, Yo Ho, Go ahead and **die!**
Kick the bucket, **bite** the dust, and **dryly** say goodbye! [*wave*]
Yo Ho, Yo Ho, Go ahead and **die!**

Group 1: A **poison** frog or **too** much **grog** — **Go Ahead and Die!**

Group 2: From **falling**, **mauling** or **keelhauling** — **Go Ahead and Die!**

All: **Got** our **share //** and we don't **care** — **Go Ahead and Die!**

DACA Dream Song (All I Dare to Do is Dream)

Kathy Miner, Raging Grannies of Madison WI

Tune: All I Have to Do is Dream, written by Boudleaux Bryant, recorded by the Everly Brothers; easily found on YouTube

Dre-e-e-e-eam, dream dream dre-eam
Dre-e-e-e-eam, dream dream dream ...

Sometimes I'm scared / In the night
Will anyone care / To make this right?
I counted on DACA
All I dare to do is dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dre-eam ...

When I came here / I was a child;
My family feared / For our survival –
I counted on DACA
All I dare to do is dre-e-e-e-eam.

I am not to blame / I have earned the name *American*
In my he-eart;
This country is my home / All I've known
My dreaming was only the sta-a-art!

I had no voice / I was afraid
My parents' choice / Is what was made
I counted on DACA
All I dare to do is dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dre-eam, dre-e-e-e-eam.

I am not to blame / I have earned the name *American*
In my he-eart;
This country is my home / All I've known
My dreaming was only the sta-a-art!

I want to stay / For all my life,
To send me away / Cuts like a knife /
I counted on DACA
All I dare to do is dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dre-eam, dre-e-e-e-eam,
Dream, dream, dre-eam, dream ... *[fade out]*

Gun Control Now! Now! Now!

tune: "Bella Ciao"

lyrics: Eugene Oregon Grannies, edited by Peggy Demsey, Vicky Ryder & Madison Grannies

We need to **wake** up. We need to **rise** up!
We need to o-pen our eyes
And do it **Now! Now! Now!**
We need to **build** a safer **future**
And the **time** to start is **now**.

We are a **country**, that has a **problem**.
Too many **guns**, too many **shootings**
We ask **How? How? How?**
Can we **build**, a safer **future**?
'Cause we **need** to start right **now**!

We are a-**wa-re**, that thoughts and **pray**-ers,
While kindly **meant**, don't prevent
Hearing **Pow! Pow! Pow!**
We need new **laws**, that have some **claws**
And we need to pass them **now**!

No more **bump** stocks or semi-autos
Make background **checks** uni-**ver**-sal
Do it **Now! Now! Now!**
We need to **build**, a safer **future**
And we **need** to start right **now**.

No more **waiting**, or hesitating,
Time to **wise** up, time to **rise** up
Do it **Now! Now! Now!**
We need to **build**, a safer **future**
And we **need** to start right **now**!
We need to **build** a safer **future**
And we're **gonna** start right **now**!

Get on Board with Black Lives Matter Tune: Old Dan Tucker Lyrics: Carol Tyler

It's not easy **being** black
Always have to watch your back
Judged by color wherever you go
Why does justice **come** so slow?

Chorus: Get on board with Black Lives Matter
Time for more than idle chatter
Time for us to come together
And get on board with Black Lives Matter

Denounce mass in- **car**ceration
Curb police mil-i-tar-i-zation
Housing now and **edu**cation
Start to balance **the** equation

Chorus

Time for radical **trans**formation
Economic justice, **repa-** rations
Community control and **poli**tical power
Come on people, **this** is the hour

Final Chorus: Get on board with Black Lives Matter
Time for more than idle chatter
Time for us to come together
So get on board with Black Lives Matter
Time for **ALL** to come together
We all know that Black Lives Matter

The More We Get Together

Lyrics by Carol Tyler, Susan & Alan Bickley, Nicole Bresnick

The more we get together, together, together
The more we get together, the happier we'll be
 (Group 1) 'Cause I'm gay (Group 2) and I'm straight
 (Group 1) and I'm bi (Group 2) transgender
The more we get together the happier we'll be

The **more** we show our **respect**, our **respect**, our **respect**
The **more** that we can **connect**, the **happier** we'll be
 (Group 1) 'Cause I'm gay (Group 2) and I'm straight
 (Group 1) and I'm bi (Group 2) transgender
The more we get together the happier we'll be

What's my **preferred pronoun** - please **listen**, here's the **lowdown**
So **what** is in a **pronoun** - there's **much** to be **learned**
 (Group 1) I'm **Susan** - I'm **she hers**
 (Group 2) I'm **Alex** - I'm **they theirs**
And **this** is who we **are** and how we **want** to be **known**

We're **gender nonconforming** / non **binary** / **fluid**
I **like** to dress in rainbows, and **she** wears a **tux**
 (Group 1) 'Cause I'm gay (Group 2) and I'm straight
 (Group 1) and I'm bi (Group 2) transgender
And **all** of us **together** are **many** shades of **blue**

It's **time** to show we're **loving**, we're **caring**, **respecting**
'Cause **we** all need **accepting**, and **we** must stand **tall**
For **those** who are **out** and for **those** who are **struggling**
Let's **open** our arms **widely embracing** us all

Blame It on the First Amendment

tune: Blame It On The Bossa Nova by Weil and Mann Lyrics: Carol Tyler

Well, I have the **right** to express my **view**
And the great thing **is** the same is **true** for **you**
I can **burn** the **flag** and burn my bra, **too**
And **you** can protest **everything** I **do**

Blame it on the First Amendment - with its many rights
Blame it on the First Amendment - keep it in your sights
Oh, it all began with **just** James Madison
And finally he got **nine** states to sign **on**
Now we have the First Amendment - And **speech** is really **free**!

(Large group) Can we gag the **press**?
(Small group) *No, no, the First Amendment*
(Large group) **Restrict** religious **views**?
(Small group) *No, no, the First Amendment*
(Large group) Can I speak my **mind**?
(Small group) *Yes, yes, the First Amendment*
(All) It really rocks!
(guitar riff)

Now I'm sad to **say** -
Mr. Trump can't **see** - why the press can **say** he's a **travesty**
He would like to **say** - criticism's **wrong** (of him)
But **speech** is free and **we** will sing our **song** (Sing along!)

Chorus - Blame it on the . . .

(Large group) Can we gag the **press**?
(Small group) *No, no, the First Amendment*
(Large group) Stop **assemblies**
(Small group) *No, no, the First Amendment*
(Large group) Can we sing our **songs**?
(Small group) *Yes, yes, the First Amendment*
(All) 'Cause expression's free!

Down at the Polling Place

Tune: Down by the Riverside

Lyrics: Kathy Miner, Raging Grannies of Madison WI

Gonna **go** down and cast my vote (*clap clap*)
Down at the polling place (*clap clap*), down at the polling place (*clap clap*)
Down at the polling place
Gonna **go** down and cast my vote (*clap clap*)
Down at the polling place, **ain't** gonna suffer **fools** no more!

I ain't gonna **suffer** fools no more
I'm gonna **settle** up the score
I'll **vote** for **peace** instead of wa-a-ar --
I ain't gonna **suffer** fools no more
The people's **will** you can't ignore
I'll **vote** for **peace** instead of war!

Gonna go down and cast my vote (*clap clap*)
Down at the polling place (*clap clap*), down at the polling place (*clap clap*)
Down at the polling place
Gonna go down and cast my vote (*clap clap*)
Down at the polling place, **ain't** gonna suffer **fools** no more!

I ain't gonna **suffer** fools no more
The law's for **rich** as well as poor
Clean **government** we **will** resto-o-ore –
I ain't gonna **suffer** fools no more
I'll raise my **voice**, now hear me roar (*next line louder*)
Clean **government** we **will** restore!

These Are the Days My Friend

tune: "Those Were the Days" suggested by Kathleen McQuade Lyrics by: Rebecca Alwin
Raging Grannies of Madison

Once we had a country we believed in
We talked of fairness and a chance for all
Then came a man with no regard for others
Now we have cages near the border walls

*CHORUS: These are the days my friend
There's so much we must mend
We'll volunteer and get our friends on board
We'll canvass door to door
Democracy restore
Faith in ourselves will be our first reward!*

Taxes were cut mostly for the wealthy
Schools and roads are left in disrepair
People's needs were slighted for big business
Our water's damaged, now we must beware

CHORUS

We can't allow this liar to continue
We must not let him drag us down so low
We need folks of all kinds working with us
We'll fire him and cheer to see him go

CHORUS followed by La la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la La la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la la
These are the days
Oh yes these are the days