

# There's A Tumor In The White House

Dan Mangan

There's a tumor in the White House  
There's a blowhard at the gate  
Chokeholders in the squad car  
Bootlickers on parade

There's a tumor in the White House  
It's getting bigger every day  
Chest puffers on the TV  
Always got so much to say

So if you buyin' what they're sellin'  
But some part of you remains  
Go on and call your friend Llewellyn  
Maybe he feels the same

And if you're tired of the peril  
The rhetoric and the shame  
Go on and call your old aunt Carol  
Maybe it's not too late

'Cause there's a tumour in the White House  
There's a fascist at the bank  
Flag wavers in the court house  
Why do assholes get their way?

So if you've eaten the mythology  
And now you've got a belly ache  
Go on and call your old friend Dorothy  
Maybe she feels the same

And if you're tired of the peril  
The bullshit and the hate  
Go on and call your uncle Darryl  
Maybe it's not too late  
Maybe it's not too late  
I hope it's not too late