

Senator McCain

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There's gridlock at the crossroads
And caution on the wind
Why don't you take that 89 percent
And take it for a spin?
They're tired of Billy and Al
Of Tricky Dick and Spiro
Who was the last president
Who really was a hero?

Mr. Carter was the man
Was not in his time
Father Reagan had a plan
Not on his own dime
He fell into the sunset
And man you feel that pain
Don't you want a little,
Senator McCain?

Johnny hold your fire
We don't need your salvation
Johnny don't you dare
Disturb the coronation
We're doing all your talk shows
We're selling all your books
Every year that you get older
You get less of a look

Mr. Carter won the prize
Not till he was old
JFK was canonized
Not till he was cold
Was it when your plane went down
Or you crashed your campaign
That got you started,
Senator McCain?

I want to tell it to 'em straight
I want to play it to 'em fair
And baby, when I'm dead and gone
I want to know they thought I cared
But if you're going to reach the top,
Man, you're going to need a stash
Of hard choices
And soft cash

Somewhere in Arizona
On some November day
The people lined the streets
And called out your name
The rocks a brilliant red
The desert is in bloom
American flags
Twenty-one booms

Mr. Carter had Iran
And LBJ had Vietnam
They all got their libraries
You just got this song
Really in the end all one man has
Is his good name
Is that enough for you,
Senator McCain?
Senator McCain?