

FOX TROOP

The end of the Eye-rack war was near
And nonchalant as you please,
The White House's flacks turned lies to facts
And trailers to WMDs.

The papers were game to do the same,
Far lower they'd gladly stoop.
Their mandate for truth was deemed uncouth
From now on they all would be FOX
TROOP!

Where cave men are thrilled
That Libs get grilled
While neocons get a free pass
And checking facts is strictly cheap-ass.

So now black is white and peace is strife
And crap is tomato soup.
We all love Big Brother more than life
And get all our info from... FOX TROOP!

(Lyric by Kip Williams, originally posted on
rec.arts.sf.fandom 6/28/2003
Kip's e-mail is kipw@cox.net, and he would appreciate
any comments you might have.
Used by permission)