AUTHOR'S NOTES: I wrote this rap song some years ago on one my more cynical moods which seems to happen during times of distress. Inspiration comes, as always, from colors, words, sounds, and a plethora of other catalysts with the final result yet one of those mind boggling, or not, themes or plotlines created with that oh so annoying need for expression. And in this case, using a rap song genre for it's topic and theme which is, perhaps, not my forte. Perhaps it is. In any event, It is what it is. A short socio/political rap, LetterTo The Editor.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Hey, doncha love…

Monday ups with a mid day crackle
Three strike laws
Ozone's layer singin' day of the jackal
With hot dog sauce
Forget that Faust

Poison minds to give a gentle shove
At what cost?
Make evils fit sweethearts of love
Who's that Boss?

Ring…
Kerching…
What's your thing… ?

Send…your…
Letters to the editor, do your job
Send…more…
Letters to the creditor, weave and bob
Send…store…
Letters to the competitor, move that mob
Send…your…
Letters to the Senator, that's stayin' on top

Hey, doncha love…

If you want your freedoms solidified
Learn to use the ring
If shotgun boogie puts a hole in the ride

Write the paper king
Bring your sting

An apple a day makes the pendulum swing
Helluva thing
When monopoly's the only song to sing
On everything

Ring…
Kershing…
What's your thing…

Send…your
Letters to the editor, do your job
Send…more…
Letters to the creditor, weave and bob
Send…store…
Letters to the competitor, move that mob
Send…your…
Letters to the Senator, that's stayin' on top