

Ol' Joe Clark/Donald Trump

Trad., new verses added by Lew Toulmin, 11/2020
Strum: DUDU; or Waltz (DUU) or Calypso (DDUUD)

[G] Ol' Joe Clark, he used to be, the biggest bum around
'Til Andrew Johnson 'pointed him, the [D7] marshall of the [G] town.
[G] He's full of wine and full of breeze, you oughta hear him brag
But all good Rebels know that he's, a [D7] low-down [G] scalawag!

CHORUS

[G] Get outta the way for ol' Joe Clark, hide that jug o' [D7] wine!
[G] Get outta the way for ol' Joe Clark, [D7] he's no friend of [G] mine!

[G] Well ol' Joe Clark, come to my door, treat me like a pup.
He runs my bird dogs under the floor and [D7] drinks my whiskey [G] up.
[G] He puts his banjo in my hand, and tells me what to play
Dances with my pretty little gal, [D7] 'til the break of [G] day!

CHORUS

[G] Ol' Joe Clark, they made of him, Treasurer of this town,
And now our money's in the john, [D7] goin' round and [G] down!
[G] Ol' Joe Clark, he got so drunk, he fell into a pool
Then he shared a cozy bunk, with [D7] Beelzebub – the [G] fool!

CHORUS

[G] Ol' Joe Clark, escaped from Hell, changed his name to Trump.
Ruled our country for a spell, [D7] put it in the [G] dump.
[G] He groped, he whined, he used hair gel, he spewed lies like a pump,
denied the virus' death knell, [D7] 'til we kicked him in the [G] rump!

LAST CHORUS

[G] Get outta the way, Donald Trump, stop that endless [D7] whine!
[G] Get outta the way, Donald Trump, [D7] you're no friend of [G] mine!