

# Holiday Carols for a New World

Presented by the **DC Guerrilla Poets** and **DC\*Jammers** with special thanks for the major contributions of **MayDay DC**, **Code Pink**, and the **Radical Cheerleaders DC**.



[guerrillapoets.org](http://guerrillapoets.org)



[dcjammers.com](http://dcjammers.com)



Radical Cheerleaders DC

**2006**

# **Carol Contents**

- 1. I'm Dreaming of a Just and Peaceful Christmas**
- 2. Happy Holidays**
- 3. The First Bombs Fell**
- 4. Gonzales is Coming to Town**
- 5. SantaHood is Coming to Town**
- 6. We Three Thugs a Tribunal Are  
International Anthem**
- 7. Don't Be Shy**
- 8. 12 Days of Fascism  
12 Days of Consumerism**
- 9. GI Joe**
- 10. Jingle Bells – Sweatshop Style**
- 11. War to the World**
- 12. Away in a Sweatshop  
Consumption, Consumption**
- 13. Stuck Inside a War Torn Wonderland**
- 14. Slaving in a Sweatshop Wonderland**
- 15. Silent Night, Hellish Night  
Peace Shalom Shalom**
- 16. God Bless You Very Wealthy Men**
- 17. God Rest Ye Weary Laborers**
- 18. Status Quo**
- 19. My Favorite Things**

## **I'm Dreaming of a Just and Peaceful Christmas**

(Tune: I'm dreaming of a white Xmas)

I'm dreaming of a just Christmas  
Where nukes and missiles are no more  
Where the CIA is hauled away  
And our leaders bomb no more

I'm dreaming of a just Christmas  
Where Bush no longer rules our land  
Where our only fight is for human rights  
And weapons are all banned.

I'm dreaming of a just Christmas  
Where we all make a living wage  
Where healthcare for all, both big and small  
Is found across the world stage.

I'm dreaming of a just Christmas  
Where sweatshops are forever banned  
Where the Christmas toys for girls and boys  
Are never made by their own hands

I'm dreaming of a peaceful Christmas  
One where the bombs of war are still,  
Where the children and living  
And we're not giving  
Them toy guns and teaching  
Them to kill.....

I'm dreaming of a peaceful Christmas  
Here and in lands so far away  
For our days to be merry and bright  
We must all say "no" (*shout it*) to war tonight.

## **Happy Holidays**

(Tune: We Wish You a Merry Xmas)

We wish you a happy holiday  
We wish you a happy holiday  
We wish you a happy holiday  
And a peaceful new year

On Kwanzaa and Christmas,  
Hanukah too  
A world without war  
Is our wish to you  
When nations are ruled by greed  
And by lies – our songs and our  
Vision will keep hope alive

We wish you a happy holiday  
We wish you a happy holiday  
We wish you a happy holiday  
And a peaceful new year

Let's speak out for truth for one  
Thing is clear: Our silence is  
Golden to those who spread fear  
The violence of war, one day will a cease –  
for it will be stilled by  
The voices of peace!

We wish you a happy holiday  
We wish you a happy holiday  
We wish you a happy holiday  
And a peaceful new year

## **The First Bombs Fell**

(Tune: First Noel)

The first bombs fell  
In the Mideast that night  
Collateral damage, they said was  
Quite light.

In the mountains and deserts  
Baghdad and Kabul  
People are fleeing and  
Can't go to school

Bombs fell,  
Bombs fell,  
Goodbye  
Rumsfeld,  
Torn are the lives  
Of folks where they dwell

In fields where they lay  
In cluster bomb spray  
For children to gather  
In yellow display

Can't go to school or even work  
Trying not to go bezerk  
Peace is the answer  
It's time for rebirth

Bombs fell,  
Bombs fell,  
Goodbye  
Rumsfeld,  
Lay down your weapons  
And come home as well.

**Gonzales is Coming to Town**

(TUNE: Santa Claus is Coming to Town)

He's making a list  
With all sorts of names  
And if you're on it  
Then you'll be detained  
Gonzales is coming to town

He sees you in the airport  
In cameras on the streets  
He knows if you're a citizen  
So behave or he'll mistreat..

you... better not call  
For peace and justice  
Or you will be labeled a terrorist  
Gonzales is coming to town

He's keeping us safe  
And fighting the fight  
There's nothing to lose  
Except civil rights  
Gonzales is coming to town

He hears you when you're  
Speaking  
Upon the telephone  
He's sorting through your e-mail  
And he'll torture you to tell

You better not shout  
Or raise an outcry  
Or try to dissent  
I'm telling you why  
Gonzales is coming  
Yes, Gonzales is running your town!

**Santa Hood is Coming to Town**

(TUNE: Santa Claus is Coming to Town)

Oh, we can all shop  
And buy too much junk  
Consuming our paychecks  
Getting fat and drunk  
Santa Hood is coming to town.

He's making a list  
Of the haves and have-not's  
Looking for justice  
And those they forgot  
Santa Hood is coming to town.

He knows if you give often  
Perhaps even volunteer  
He wants you to recycle  
And spread your holiday cheer

Oh try something new  
Make all your gifts  
Plenty of hugs and little kisses  
Santa Hood is coming to town

If you've got too much  
While others have none  
He'll make it right  
Re-distribution  
Santa Hood is coming to town.

**We Three Thugs a Tribunal Are**

(Tune: We Three Kings of Orient Are)

We three thugs a tribunal are:  
No law school, no license, no Bar.  
All in secret, none dare speak it:  
When we say "traitor" – you are!

Ooooooo-oooohh

Constitution! Bill of Rights!  
Vanish in the inky night.  
They surveil us, rights will fail us  
In our Freedom's dim twilight

**International Anthem**

(Tune: God bless America)

God bless the planet Earth  
Land were we live  
Stand beside us and guide us  
Help us learn how to love and forgive  
From the Holy Land to Afghanistan  
From the Andes up to Nome  
God bless the Planet Earth  
May all God's children have a home  
God bless the Planet Earth  
Our home sweet home!



**Don't Be Shy**

(Tune: Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the mall, on a cold December day  
Looking for a sale, shopping come what may  
You should be aware, the pay's not always fair  
For the women who sew and sweat in factories everywhere

So, don't be shy, ask them why  
Nike can't pay well, when sports figures  
We all know gets lots and lots of dough, hey  
Don't be shy, ask them why  
Teachers are quite poor, they doing the hard work  
While congress sells the store

In our city streets, we can stomp our feet  
Demand the cheatin' cease, can't we get some peace?  
Healthcare we all need, we gotta stop this greed  
Of companies and lobbyists using all their green

So don't be shy, ask them why  
Some ballots got lost, how much this was cost  
And why Bush can't be tossed hey  
Let's be a democracy, where people do get heard  
Regardless of class and race, we'll banish the absurd

**12 Days of Fascism**

(Tune: 12 Days of Christmas)

On the first day of fa-a-ascism  
My president gave to me  
A Department of Homeland Security

Twelve digital implants  
Eleven surveillance cameras  
Ten less amendments  
Nine internment camps  
Eight years protesting  
Seven TIPsters tipping  
Five hanging chads  
Four airport friskings  
Three wiretappings  
Two detained Muslims  
And the Patriot act full and tyranny!

**12 Days of Consumerism**

(Tune: 12 Days of Christmas)

On the first day of Christmas  
My boss gave to me  
A piece rate worth 2 dollars a day.

Twelve cents an hour  
Eleven sewing needles  
Ten supervisors  
Nine Nike runners  
Eight Wal-Mart labels  
Seven Guess jeans  
Six hems for sewing  
Five Katie Lee tears  
Four Woolworth vests  
Three Barbie dolls  
Two gap Shirts  
And a piece rate worth 2 dollars a day.

**GI Joe**

(Tune: Jingle Bells)

GI Joe, don't you know, war is not the way  
War toys only teach our kids the violent way to play – hey  
GI Joe, don't you know, war is not the way.  
Let's teach our kids to live in peace 'cause killin's not okay

Little kids will learn by what their parents do  
So when you buy their toys, it's really up to you  
If you buy them guns, they may learn to kill  
But violence is not a game and we have had our fill

OH, GI Joe don't you know, war is not the way?  
War toys only teach our kids the violent way to play – Hey  
GI Joe, don't you know, war is not the way  
Let's teach love and peace instead by what we buy today.

You can buy them books and dolls and cars that run  
There's lots of things you can get but they don't need a gun  
You can give them hugs and teach them how to play  
So they'll grow up all safe and sound and not get blown away.

OH, GI Joe don't you know, war is not the way?  
War toys only teach our kids the violent way to play – Hey  
GI Joe, don't you know, war is not the way  
Let's teach love and peace instead by what we buy today.

## **Jingle Bells – Sweatshop Style**

(Tune: Jingle Bells)

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
Sweatshop workers all deserve  
Their Christmas bonus pay – hey!  
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
Greedy owners keep it all, won't give a cent away.

I work in sweaty shops – the work it never stops  
And there's never been a day where I get to stay home  
I'm a health inspector crook – this place ain't by the book  
But there's never been a bribe I haven't taken home.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
Sweatshop workers all deserve  
Their Christmas bonus pay – hey!  
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
Greedy owners keep it all, won't give a cent away.

I'm a big, old CEO and I make lots of dough  
But when they want their Christmas pay, I say they have to go!

**War to the World**

(Tune: Joy to the World)

War to the world! Don Rumsfeld declared  
Let's go to war for oil!  
Arms dealers and oil companies  
Will make our foreign policies  
And we'll be safe and free  
And we'll be safe and free  
And women and children will all be safe and free!

We rule the world! With bombs and tanks;  
So let the war hawks sing  
We'll target all the hospitals  
And mosques and pesky journalists  
And lie on CNN  
and lie on F-O-X  
And NBC and ABC and MSN!

War to the world! The empire reigns;  
You're with us or against!  
We'll torture your whole family  
And never stop the insanity  
Of endless violence  
Never mind any sacraments  
Might makes right  
And we sure know how to fight.

### **Away in a Sweatshop**

(Tune: Away in a Manager)

Away in a sweatshop where no one can see  
The immigrant seamstresses work constantly  
Conditions are awful, the pay is absurd  
The boss he will fire them if with just one word.

Away in a factory an ocean away  
Young girls making shoes for a dollar a day  
But please don't complain 'bout exploitation  
Cause this factory's in a Most Favored Nation

Away in a Congress, the Senators get fat  
Count up their PAC, pass NAFTA and GATT  
They couldn't care less about workers in need  
They've traded their conscious to service their greed.

### **Consumption, Consumption**

(Tune: Conjunction Junction)

Consumption, sumption  
What's your function?  
Telling me I should buy more to feel good  
When I'm depressed, buy more to impress

For just 19.95 you might let me stay alive  
For an arm and a leg, give me shelter and a bed  
For a lifetime guarantee, I might sell you all of me.

Are you selling peace in a bottle  
Artificial peace in a bottle  
We don't need it, we don't want it  
That shit makes us vomit.

**Stuck Inside a War Torn Wonderland**

(Tune: Walkin in a Winter Wonderland)

Bombs explode – are you listenin'  
Along the road – soldiers missin'  
We're frightened tonight  
Our chopper's in flight  
Stuck inside a war-torn wonderland

Gone away is the U.N.  
Here to stay – Americ-n's  
We've changed ou-ur minds  
About weapon finds  
Still we're stuck inside a war-torn wonderland.

In their country we'll set up a council  
We'll pretend it's the Iraqi's voice  
We'll complain that they are at a stand-still  
If we left right now they'd all rejoice.

Later on, we'll rehire  
Ba'athist guards  
We once fired;  
They'll smuggle our schemes  
To insurgent teams  
We're stuck inside a war-torn wonderland.  
Stuck inside a war-torn wonderland.

## **Slaving in a Sweatshop Wonderland**

(Tune: Walkin in a Winter Wonderland)

Door bell rings, are you listening?  
On your brow, sweat is glistening.  
You're working tonight, it just isn't right.  
Slaving in a sweatshop wonderland

Gone away, are the good jobs  
Here today, are the sweatshops  
They want you to sew, 7 days in a row  
Slaving in a sweatshop wonderland.

Later on, they'll conspire  
How to raise the prices higher  
The plans that they've made, won't make us better paid  
Slaving in a Sweatshop Wonderland



### **Silent Night, Hellish Night**

(Tune: Silent Night)

Silent night. Hellish night.  
 All explodes – burns a bright  
 ‘Round Iraqi Mother and Child  
 Sanctioned infant tender and mild  
 Steeped in endless wa-----rrrr  
 Steeped in endless war.

Silent night. Hellish night.  
 Shepherds quake all in fright  
 Missiles stream from heaven afar  
 Imperial hosts say to hell with ya all  
 All because of oooo--il  
 All because of oil.

Silent night. Terrible night.  
 Son of Bush, peddles fright  
 Using TVs and modern comforts  
 To lull us so we don't assert  
 Something's not right with the earth  
 When will we discover our worth

### **Peace Salam Shalom (By Pat Humphries)**

Peace  
 Salam  
 Shalom

We believe in peace (2x)  
 We will work for peace (2x)  
 In Bethlehem.....Jerusalem...in Gaza...and Washington  
 In Baghdad...and Basra...in Bogata and New York City

### **God Bless You Very Wealthy Men**

(Tune: God Bless you Merry Gentleman)

God bless you very wealthy men,  
 Good news I have to tell  
 The market's up, you're making more  
 Each time you buy and sell  
 With layoffs more, your profits soar,  
 You're living rather well.  
 O tidings of capital gains  
 Capital gains  
 O tidings of capital gains

God bless you very wealthy men,  
 You never have to see  
 The people all around you who must live in misery  
 You keep the poor far from your door  
 You know no poverty  
 O tidings of capital gains  
 Capital gains  
 O tidings of capital gains

God bless you very wealthy men  
 Your time will too soon pass  
 The people will form unions, power to the mass  
 I have a feeling you'll be reeling  
 In your brand new class  
 O tidings of capital gains  
 Capital gains  
 O tidings of capital gains

## **God Rest Ye Weary Laborers**

(Tune: God Bless you Merry Gentleman)

God rest ye weary laborers, you need a living wage  
 And factories healthy, safe and clean  
 with children out to play  
 To save us from corporate power  
 Values gone astray  
 O tidings of justice and rights  
 Human Rights... oh tidings of justice and rights

It was down in Guatemala  
 We found some workers stressed  
 Slaving on 13 hour shifts, so we could be well dressed  
 paid just 30 cents an hour, while Wal-Mart devours  
 O tidings of justice and rights  
 Human Rights... oh tidings of justice and rights

O come you people of good heart  
 And make a witness strong  
 Such exploitation hurts us all  
 That's why we sing this song  
 Looking for equality  
 And relief for the poor  
 O tidings of justice and rights  
 Human Rights... oh tidings of justice and rights

**Status Quo**

(Tune: Let it snow)

Oh the weather outside is frightful  
But our cars were so delightful  
And since we've no place to go  
Status quo Status quo Status quo

It doesn't show signs of stopping  
The water, our roof, its topping  
But common sense is at a low  
Status quo Status quo Status quo

When it's left up to the right  
The climate does nothing but go warm  
But if you and me learn to fight  
We just might win some reform  
Status quo Status quo Status quo

When Earth is slowly dying  
And millions still denying  
We've got a long ways to go  
Status quo Status quo Status quo

## **My Favorite Things**

Warm April showers and cool moons in autumn  
Good friends and lovers  
You know when you get em  
Replacing government with something new  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Lock downs and tree-sits and teach-ins and blockades  
Joining with others to fight for a new day  
Reclaiming the streets while we dance and we sing  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When corporate culture, surrounds and oppresses  
I think I have to give it up and not express it  
I can find power by moving in masses  
We don't have to take this lying down  
Now is the time to have a facedown.