

Twenty-fifth Amendment

Description

On top of our nation,
There sits a sick man
Who's led with poor judgment
Ever since he began.

His words come out tangled,
His lies shift around,
He rambles and blusters,
No truth can be found.

When someone can't manage
The duties they swore,
The law gives a pathway
We wrote long before.

Category

1. Government & Politics

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Meta Fields

Lyrics By : Paula Miller

Gaggle : Piedmont Raging Grannies

Tune : On Top of Old Smokey