

Trump's gone golfing. No surprise.
The market's tanked as worries rise
That unemployment, rising cost
Will render what was once earned lost.

Trump's gone golfing. On the green
And well-trimmed fairways he is seen
Most often. It is quiet there...
He needn't notice, needn't care
That chaos, loss, and fear pervade
The tilting world he's lately made.

Trump's gone golfing, and the folks
Who thought his policies were jokes
Or tactics to dismay his foes
Like mannequins lined up in rows
Are sweating at the mess Trump's made
Of all the plans they thought they'd played
To keep investors in the game,
For they were wrong, and all the same,
Old Trump's gone golfing, portly Trump,
As dumb and hollow as a stump.

Trump's gone golfing. Would that you
Had money to go golfing, too,
Instead of asking, day to day,
Where will I find the dough to pay
For food and shelter, health and such.
For when have they all cost so much?

Trump's gone golfing. Would that now
A sandtrap, like a mighty slough,
Could swallow up Old Trump, mad king,
And bring an end to this bleak thing.