

Bob Rivers

"On A Horse With Hussein"

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(Horse With No Name - America)

In the aftermath of the jihad
We were looking for lowlife scum
There were bombs and guns
In caves and things
But Osama must have sprouted some wings

The next thing we saw was a videotape
And the proof
It left no doubt
The heat was hot
But the trails been cold
And Bin-Laden has not been fun

He could be ridin' through the desert
On a horse with Hussein
It felt good to get out of the caves
In the desert you can make up a fake name
And there ain't no bombs
For to give you no pain

With his beard shaved
In the desert sun
Osama begins to turn to red
In the sun's rays
You know It ain't no fun
He's gonna need a another towel for his head
Some Groucho Marx glasses
And a nose that sticks out
Is the perfect disguise
It's been said
Avoid the city life
And don't make a sound
Or the Marines will fill you with lead

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