



Dubya Em Dee (WMD)

(to the tune of *Oh Lord, Won't You Buy Me a Mercedes Benz*)

[G] Oh, Lord, won't you find me some Dubya Em Dee?
[D] My friends won't send forces, [G] or money to me.
[G] Looked hard under sand dunes; [C] there's nothing to [C7] see.
[G] So Lord, [D] won't you find me some [G] Dubya Em Dee?

[G] Oh, Lord, won't you find me some chemicals, please?
[D] France and Germany are [G] laughing at me.
[G] I wait for intelligence [C] each day until [C7] three,
[G] So Lord, [D] won't you find some [G] banned chemicals, please?

[G] Oh, Lord, won't you buy me a fight in Iran?
[D] There's oil in there, Lord, please [G] give me their sand.
[G] Prove that you love me and [C] buy me a [C7] plan,
[G] Oh, Lord, [D] won't you find me a [G] fight in Iran?

[G] Oh, Lord, won't you find me Bin Laden please?
[D] Suppose that those Dems get [G] up off their knees.
[G] Elections are coming; [C] there's nothing to [C7] see,
[G] So Lord, [D] won't you find me

[G] Bin Laden please?

[D] Or some [G] Dubya Em Dee

[Spoken:]

...Or some banned chemicals, or something Lord! Come on, Lord!
You told me to *do* it...!