

A Gaggle of Granny Songs

Rockabye, Baby

Rockaby, baby, your mum's feeling great.
With menopause over, it's still not too late.
Birth after 60—it's the *in* thing to do;
It makes me feel young, and who cares about you!

They told me a face lift would be just as good,
But it wouldn't make news like gray motherhood.
Now science can boost my hormonal drive;
I plan to have twins in two thousand and five.

The Family Jewels (Oh, What a Beautiful Morning)

When so many of us got breast cancer,
No one seemed in a rush with an answer.
But wouldn't you know that they're raring to go
Now that research has shown why the sperm count is low.

Chorus

If your lover has trouble performing,
Remember we gave you a warning.
If you want to be fruitful and to multiply,
Fish him out of that lake and make sure he's quite dry.

Chorus

Chorus:

Watch out for those blobs in the water,
Polluting in spite of the rules.
They're not just a hazard to nature,
They're threatening the family jewels.

We're the Women (I's the B'y)

We're the women who did the work
So men could get the credit.
We said, "Leave it all to us,"
And wished we'd never said it.

"Leave the dishes in the sink.
You sit down and rest dear.
I can do the clearing.
I can do it best, dear."

Chorus

We're prepared to do the work,
But we want more than credit.
Equal pay for equal work.
We'll sing until we get it.

"No, I don't mind staying late.
I'll type another stencil.
Can I get your coffee now?
Let me sharpen your pencil."

Chorus

"I'm sorry that the baby cried.
I'm sorry she upset you.
I'm sorry she threw up on you.
I'm sorry that she wet you."

Chorus



Nuclear Umbrella (original tune)

Beneath the nuclear umbrella,
We're safe as we can be.
Bush is such a pleasant fella,
He'll look out for you and me.

We don't have to think about it.
Our defense has been assured.
What would we all do without it?
Don't it make you feel secure?

(This is a lullaby written by Jane Mackey. During the last verse, one of the Grannies opens a large beach umbrella full of holes.)

Unity Song (My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean)

We love our Canadian beaver.
He's one of those endangered kinds.
We don't want our country divided
Because of intolerant minds.

We think maple leaves look much nicer
When mixed with Quebec fleur-de-lis.
Add pitcher plant, dogwood, and roses
For provincial equality.

Referenda
Don't produce national unity.
French or English
We're all Canadians—eh?

We love our Canadian weather.
We don't care which way the winds blow.
'Cause nothing can keep us together
Like most of Quebec saying *No!*



Church Ladies for Choice, Calgary

Lorena Bobbit (When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbing Along")

When Lorena Bobbit
Said, "John, you stop it!
I've had enough!"
He went on abusing her,
Never thinking she'd
Chop it off.

Oh, what a grave indignity!
Poor John, in just one minute she
Severed his masculinity.
(They sewed it back,
but it's still a bit droopy.)

Now the whole assembly
Of men goes trembly
At Bobbit's name.
If they see the little wife
Sharpening a kitchen knife, they exclaim:

I'm so sorry, Honey-bun,
I just like a little fun.
Now I'll be good."
And if they learn from Lo-
Rena Bobbit, they should!