

The Invitational Week 40: It's Parody Time

Send up the news with those songs and videos that you do so well. Plus winning chiasmus jokes.

[GENE WEINGARTEN](#)

AND

[PAT MYERS](#)

OCT 5, 2023



You probably did that already. But check out the twist on Dante in this week's Invitational results below.

The New Contest: Finding Paradise

It's been too long since we had a full-blown song parody contest, one of our stockiest stocks-in-trade: **For Week 40: Write a satiric song about anything in the news these days, set to any familiar tune — or even your own tune, if**

you'll sing it to our readers. Include a link to the original tune so that readers can follow along. Videos are welcome as well; include a public link to your performance along with your lyrics. **Be sure to tell us what song you're parodying**, even if it's OBBBBBBvious; we promise not to be insulted.

Because these lyrics are going to be *read*, not listened to (unless you're making a video), don't send us a line-by-line parody of a five-minute recording; best for us are lyrics generally about 8 to 16 lines, without choruses that simply repeat the same words.

For that ol' Guidance and Inspiration, see the [winning lyrics and videos from last year](#).

[Click here for this week's entry form](#). Or go to bit.ly/inv-form-40. As usual, you can submit up to 25 entries for this week's contest, were you, uh, Mozart. **Read the form first** for formatting instructions, as well for guidelines for what we're looking for in song lyrics.

Deadline is Saturday, Oct. 14, at 9 p.m. ET — **but** if you need just a little more time to edit the video, or polish the lyric, [email the Empress](#) and she'll see what she can do. Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, Oct. 19.

The winner gets **a cute little solar-powered energetically swaying hula dancer**, her feet anchored in some plastic greenery. If your car's dashboard lacks that certain tackiness, this is an instant solution. Donated by Dave Prevar.



Who better to dance along sensually to your inking song parody? This week's prize.

Runners-up get autographed fake money featuring the Czar or Empress, in one of [ten nifty designs](#). Honorable mentions get bupkis, except for a personal email from the E, plus the [Fir Stink for First Ink](#) for First Offenders.

Read Our Flips: The chiasmi of Week 38

In [Week 38](#) we asked for witticisms featuring **chiasmus**, the clever inversion (more or less) of a phrase. We also allowed for spoonerisms, a variant in which the beginnings of two words are switched. Our exhortations to make them original prevented *most* of you from sending in the one about leaving no tern unstoned.

Third runner-up: A protest sign outside a Kanye West concert: Hope All Who Enter Here Abandon Ye. (*Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.*)

Second runner-up: Her profile said she was one of a kind, but she turned out to be kind of a 1. (*Rob Cohen, Potomac, Md.*)

First runner-up: If you give a man a fish, he eats for a day. If you give a fish a man, he eats for a month. (*Diana Oertel, San Francisco*)

And the winner of [the L for Loser iron-on patch](#):

Why do men believe they're so good at making love? Because the women they love are so good at making believe. (*Jesse Frankovich, Laingsburg, Mich.*)

Dimmer Switches: Honorable mentions

Trump's offering the country not a New Deal, but a Do Kneel! (*Ed Gordon, Austin*)

What do you call an arrogant Broadway actor with a single award? A one-Tony prick. (*Chris Doyle*)

On a first date, one may reasonably anticipate a peck on the kisser, but not a kiss on the pecker. (*Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.*)

A snail was giving thought to crossing the road, but she was a big procrastinator. So what happened? A big crow passed and ate her. (*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

Cigar but no clothes. — B. Clinton (*Jesse Frankovich*)

How was Linda Lovelace different from Linda Tripp? The first was a porn star, while the second a Starr pawn. *(Chris Doyle)*

An infield home run — were those guys in Nats caps taking catnaps? *(Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)*

Did you hear that the sperm bank is closing because of its string of lousy donors? They're having a fire sale after the sire fail. *(Sam Mertens, Silver Spring, Md.)*

We've gone from facts determining opinions to opinions determining facts. *(Michael Stein, Arlington, Va.)*

What did Humpty Dumpty tell the horses and men who were trying to put his yolk and white back together? "If you can't join 'em, beat 'em." *(Judy Freed, Deerfield Beach, Fla.)*

The scion of the Listerine fortune is a real heir of fresh breath. *(Jesse Frankovich)*

Kevin was Speaker of the House, but he never learned the hows of the Speaker. *(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)*

King Charles III disdains splashy royal processions and pageantry. After the obligatory coronation froufrou, he instructed his court, "Don't parade on my reign." *(Jonathan Jensen, Baltimore)*

Mike Pence is in the "party of life," but he surely isn't the life of the party. *(Jesse Frankovich; Chris Doyle)*

It's said that certain bordellos in Prague have a policy in which johns must remit payment not just before the deed is done, but before they even arrive at the establishment. As they put it, the check must be in the mail before the male can be in the Czech. *(Justin Stone, New York, a First Offender)*

Sex with your mama was enjoyable, but it was spoiled the next morning by a fly in the ointment: I needed an ointment in the fly. (*Jon Gearhart, Des Moines*)

Show too much sex and violence, censors will have you vexed and silenced. (*Sam Mertens*)

A new mom was feeling down in the dumps because when her baby's diaper had slipped off onto the comforter there were dumps in the down. (*Beverley Sharp*)

Sometimes in a public restroom, you need to bum a wipe in order to wipe a bum. (*Leif Picoult, Rockville, Md.*)

The Lennon-McCartney song "Can't Buy Me Love" was a flop in its original version, "Can't Love Me? Bye!" (*Jonathan Jensen*)

Did you hear that the ex-Nationals pitcher [rushed into the stands to assault a heckler](#) ? Seems he could batter a fan as well as he could fan a batter. (*Kevin Dopart, Washington, D.C.*)

What do you call Trump's hate mail? Jeer Don letters. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

When your lover hurts you, you're liable to go out and have an affair just out of spite. As the song says, your weepin' heart will make you cheat. (*Jonathan Jensen*)

The rich playboy finally got his comeuppance when he was convicted of sexual assault on a member of his household staff: They cooked his goose when he goosed his cook. (*Jonathan Jensen*)

The would-be thief was about to run off with some winter wear, but nope — he was caught with his down pants. (*Judy Freed*)

What is a common rule at fundamentalist Bible camps? The Men Command Tents. (*Chris Doyle*)

Why did Hunter Biden get indicted? Gun of a son! (*Jesse Frankovich*)

Republicans work to ensure Democrats have problems in voting so that
Republicans can keep voting in problems. (*Michael Stein*)

I know I'm short, but I'd rather be under six feet than six feet under. (*Rob
Cohen*)

It's a hard-knock life. Had to move back in with my parents. Now if only I
could get them to remember: It's a hard life! Knock! (*Judy Freed*)

And Last: You might get ink if your submission contains a wry idea. But
you're more likely to get ink if your submission contains "diarrhea." (*Mark
Raffman*)

*The headline "Read Our Flips" is by Jesse Frankovich; Chris Doyle and Jeff
Contompasis each submitted the honorable-mentions subhead.*

Still running — deadline 4 p.m. ET Saturday, Sept. 7: **Our Week 39 contest
for "tailgater" couplets in which you pair a line from a Bob Dylan song
with a rhyming one of your own.** [Click here](#) or type in bit.ly/inv-week-39 for
full directions.