

# The Invitational Week 74: It's Parody Time

Write a funny song about ... anything you like! Plus the winners of our contest to rhyme a Beatles line with one of your own.

[PAT MYERS](#)

MAY 30, 2024

^^ **Loserbard Jonathan Jensen got his first blot of Invitational ink with this video parody in 2018. You don't have to have Jonathan's musical chops, though, to write a song for this week's Invite.**

Hello. As Gene reported in his Saturday post, the Czar is away this week, so you have just the Empress today for any Loserly sucking-up, hatemongering, etc. To compensate for the Genelessness, I declare this day **Comment Thread Free for All**: You don't have to be a paying Gene Pool subscriber to write in with comments. (I won't be monitoring the question queue, so I'm not even putting up the Big Orange Button for that, just the one for the comments.) Your comments don't have to be on Invitational matters; feel free to opine on the usual weird coincidences, dog smells, cilantro, VPL, etc. I can also do the Pat the Perfect thing I used to do on Gene's early chats and take questions on grammar, usage, etc. I ask only this:

Unless you're telling a really fascinating narrative, **please keep your comments brief**; don't drone on with some tl;dr disquisition. You're on the honor system with that (and you're all so honorable). I'll hold the discussion live for an hour or so, but feel free to keep the conversation going — especially to shout out your faves among this week's inking entries.

## **This week's Invitational: Week 74, Buckdancer's Choice**

I grew up on the song parodies of Mad Magazine, plus the satirical pastiches of Tom Lehrer, and one of the first ongoing contests I started in The Invitational, back in 2005, was one for song lyrics about politics. **The results** were fantabulous, thus beginning an ever-expanding Great Invite Songbook of

parodies — and, once we had the option of videos, original topical songs — by dozens of talented Loserbards.

Gene's never really gotten into the song contests, so I figure this is a good week to have one — plus we should get some good new material for this year's Flushies, the Loser Community's annual awards/potluck/singalong; this year it's on the afternoon of Sunday, July 7, in Metro-friendly Crystal City, Arlington, Va. (If you're interested in joining us, write to [brunchoflosers@gmail.com](mailto:brunchoflosers@gmail.com) to get on the mailing list for details.) And while all our past contests have asked either for songs about something in the news or ones on a particular theme, this one is open to any topic at all. Bring it on.

**For Invitational Week 74: Write a humorous song on your choice of topics, 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 you're parodying, one we can sing along to. Videos are welcome as well; on the entry form, tell us that you've made a video, and include a public link (e.g., YouTube) to your performance along with your lyrics. Pleeze tell us what song your lyrics are parodying; sometimes it's totally obvious in your head and *whuh?* in ours, especially when we're looking at hundreds of these things.

**Sooo important:** 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 about 8 to 16 lines, without choruses that simply repeat the same words; the songs need to be interesting and funny top to bottom. (Even with videos: Unless you have lots of graphics or staging — like [this tour de force about covid by Sophie Crafts](#), or Marty Gold and his family singing their [“Ode to the Chinese Buffet”](#) — your song shouldn't run much over two minutes; Jonathan's above is 1:15. And you don't *need* fancy production: One of our all-time favorites is [Laurie Brink singing “Rudy's Crazy”](#) to Frankie Valli's “Sherry.” )

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

**last year.** You'd think we're being silly to tell you that you may submit up to 25 entries for this week's contest, but then you don't know some of our peeps.

I'm going to extend the deadline as long as I can and still be able to read and sing along with and listen to everything: **Deadline is Monday, June 10, at 9 p.m. ET.** Unlike most weeks, **if you send them earlier, I'll try to look at them earlier.** Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, June 13.

**[Click here for this week's entry form,](#)** or go to **[tinyURL.com/inv-form-74](http://tinyURL.com/inv-form-74)**.

**The winner gets** a deluxe pair of Big Ol' Word Nerd socks; they're described on the tag as "women's crew" but they're stretchy, and if you're not *too* big of an Ol' Word Nerd, they should fit your male foot as well. Donated by Normal Size OWN Dave Prevar, who has not worn them.



Did you know that the top part of a sock is called the welt? You did? Then this prize has your name on it.

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

## **We Can Dork It Out: The Beatles ‘tailgaters’ of Week 72**

In **Week 70** we invited you to be the songwriting partner of the Beatles: to choose any line from a Fab Four song and rhyme it with your own line, in a couplet that the light-verse world calls a tailgater. (We did the same contest with Bob Dylan songs in **Week 39**.) We specified that the song must have been released as a Beatles song, not a solo effort, and so we had to toss this one by Barbara Turner using Paul McCartney’s “Another Day”: “Alone in an apartment she’ll dwell/ Till the man of her dreams comes and makes it smell.”

*Third runner-up:*

**I have always thought that it’s a crime,**

But it looks like he won’t do any time. (*Lee Graham, Reston, Va.*)

*[Don’t know about you, but if this entry proves to be incorrect, we won’t be disappointed.]*

*Second runner-up:*

**It’s a thousand pages, give or take a few.**

Buy my Bible now — my lawyer’s bill is due. (*Jonathan Jensen, Baltimore*)

*First runner-up:*

**What do I do when my love is away?**

I can give you a hint, and it starts with “m-a...” (*Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.*)

*And the winner of the 2000s greeting card satirizing President George W.*

*Bush:*

**I feel good in a special way —**

My dog's bad and I just made him pay! — K. Noem (*Terri Berg Smith, Rockville, Md.*)

## **We Love It? Meh, Meh, Meh: Honorable mentions**

### **Take these broken wings and learn to fly**

Or, Boeing, you'll be absent from the sky. (*Mark Raffman*)

### **I've got something to say that might cause you pain:**

No one's surprised that a worm ate your brain. (*Terri Berg Smith*)

### **All through the day, I me mine, I me mine, I me mine,**

Pronouns I sing: we us ours, they them theirs, thee thou thine! (*Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.*)

### **Always shouts out something obscene:**

She's Marjorie! Taylor! Greene! (*Mark Raffman*)

### **I will say the only words I know that you'll understand.**

You really suck at this job, so listen up — you've been canned. (*Pam Shermeyer, Lathrup Village, Mich.*)

### **For though they may be parted, there is still a chance that they will see.**

"Fat chance!" will be my answer. "Disagree!" (*Diana Oertel, San Francisco*)

### **Mundo paparazzi mi amore cicce verdi parasol.**

I love writing nonsense while you search for hidden meaning in it all... (*Terri Berg Smith*)

### **Now somewhere in the black mountain hills of Dakota**

Kristi Noem's shooting pets to make her quota. (*Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.*)

### **Rocky had come equipped with a gun**

'Cause Bullwinkle clearly was coming undone. (*Sam Mertens, Silver Spring, Md.*)

**Pink brown yellow orange and blue:**

In Florida this flag's taboo. (*Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.*)

**So why on earth should I moan,**

Why fake the O when alone? (*Leif Picoult, Rockville, Md.*)

**Suddenly I'm not half the man I used to be —**

That magician made a mess of me! (*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

**Something in the way she moves**

Suggests to me she walks on hooves. (*Chris Doyle*)

**The man of a thousand voices talking perfectly loud**

Shares all of his cellphone convo with the Metro crowd. (*Duncan Stevens*)

**There's a chance that we may fall apart before too long**

But I won't vote for Biden 'cause his Gaza views are wrong. (*Kevin Dopart, Naxos, Greece*)

**Yellow matter custard dripping from a dead dog's eye,**

Mixed media on canvas, cost you 15 mil to buy. (*Mark Raffman*)

**When I was younger, so much younger than today,**

I walked to school through six-foot snowdrifts, uphill all the way. (*Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.*)

You're the fattest girlfriend I have found —

**And I do appreciate you bein' round...** (*Beverley Sharp*)

**Thoughts meander like a restless wind**

Inside a letter box; they— squirrel! (*Ward Kay, Vienna, Va.*)

**Each one believing that love never dies**

Wait till they read my new will-surprise! (*Dan Steinbrocker, Los Angeles*)

**He got monkey finger, he shoot Coca-Cola,**

He write funky lyrics, this one's pure crapola. (*Chris Doyle*)

**Father snores as his wife gets into her dressing gown.**

Goes outside, gets the flag, hoists it up upside down. (*Sam Mertens*)

**Who knows how long I've loved you, you know I love you still,**

Will you sleep with me this evening? Have this drink — ah, now you will. —  
Bill Cosby (*Terri Berg Smith*)

**For if I ever saw you, I didn't catch your name,**

I just grabbed you by the pussy — I'm a man of wealth and fame. (*Steve Smith, Potomac, Md.*)

**Got to be good looking 'cause he so hard to see.**

I'll stay in my apartment so they'll say that of me! (*Roy Ashley, Washington, D.C.*)

**I can't forget the time or place where we just met —**

That mushroom's singed into my brain like a cigarette. — S.D. (*Jon Gearhart, Des Moines*)

**I don't wanna say that I've been unhappy with you**

But you blocked my coup, Mike—sorry, we're through." (*Leif Picoult*)

**I say "high," you say "low" ...**

Our picture-hanging is going slow. (*Jeff Rackow, Bethesda, Md.*)

**I want to hold your hand**

Four kings! That's worth a grand! (*Eric Nelkin, Silver Spring, Md.*)

**I've got a feeling, a feeling deep inside,**

I shouldn't have eaten that pod that's filled with Tide. (*Duncan Stevens*)

**Jo Jo was a man who thought he was a loner,**

The only DeSantis for President donor. (*Jesse Rifkin, Arlington, Va.*)

**Lady Madonna, lying on the bed;**

Her OnlyFans account got her out of the red. (*William Pifer-Foote, Rancho Cordova, Calif.*)

**Leave me where I am, I'm only sleeping —**

I'm not dead yet, no need for six-foot-deeping! (*Mark Raffman*)

**Little darling, the smiles returning to the faces —**

Little darling, today the twins get out of braces. (*Duncan Stevens*)

**Picture yourself on a train in a station,**

Praying the Metro resumes operation. (*Jesse Frankovich, Laingsburg, Mich.*)

**Say you don't need no diamond rings, and I'll be satisfied.**

But you'd better sign these prenup things, so I'll know you haven't lied. (*David Franks, Washington County, Ark.*)

**There's nothing you can make that can't be made,**

But no thanks on that prune juice lemonade. (*Duncan Stevens*)

**Well, she was just seventeen,**

But too old for Epstein ... (*Jon Ketzner, Cumberland, Md.; Terri Berg Smith*)

**Why don't we do it in the road?**

See [Section 22–1312](#) of the D.C. Criminal Code. (*Jesse Rifkin*)

**Why leave me standing here, let me know the way.**

This I pray to Google Maps on any given day. (*Karen Lambert, Chevy Chase, Md.*)

**Yes, I'm gonna be a star —**

I registered my name for XJ53R. (*Jeff Rackow*)

**You say you lost your love, well I saw her yesterday-yi-yay**

I asked her if she's game for a swift roll in the hay-yi-yay (*Howard Walderman, Columbia, Md.*)



**Listen to me one more time, how can I get through**

Representative. Representative! REPRESENTATIVE! Fuck you! (*Sarah Walsh, Rockville, Md.*)

**I may appear to be imperfect,**

Not unlike this rhyme I've furnished. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

**And Last: It's a thousand pages, give or take a few,**

Of senseless drivel Gene and Pat review. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

**And Even Laster: How can I even try? I can never win.**

Twenty-five entries every week, and not a one gets in. (*Chris Doyle, whose math is off by a mere 2,663 entries*)

*The headline "We Can Dork It Out" is by Neil Kurland; Lee Graham wrote the honorable-mentions subhead.*

**Still running — deadline 9 p.m. ET Saturday, June 1:** our Week 73 contest to make a "typo" in a real headline, then write a bank head, or subtitle, reflecting the revision. This contest will be guest-judged by ultra-Loser Jeff Contompasis in honor of his 1,000th blot of Invite ink — but obviously his tastes in humor tend to track with our own. Click on the link below.