

# The Invitational Week 76: So Good! So Bad! So Ugly!

We bring back a classic contest. Plus our winning parody lyrics and videos.

[PAT MYERS](#)

AND

[GENE WEINGARTEN](#)

*Click above to watch Dave Scheiber's "Stand by Your Sham," the winning video in our Week 74 parody contest. Dave even enlisted Tammy Wynette to sing with him! Well, it's old clips of the real Tammy, with Dave's wife, Janie, lip-syncing his lyrics. Also featuring Mike Johnson and various other toadies saying their toady things. See more videos and lyrics below.*

## Triple Play: This week's new contest, Invitational Week 76

**Good:** You get to spend a summer's day at a beautiful beach.

**Bad:** It's awfully crowded and noisy.

**Ugly:** It is June 6, 1944. *(Beverley Sharp)*

**Good:** She says she won't try to change you.

**Bad:** You are 97 years old.

**Ugly:** She is your nurse. *(Chuck Smith)*

Here's a classic Invitational contest that, we were surprised to discover, we've done only twice previously — ten years ago, and fourteen years before that. And unlike some of our recent efforts, we don't need a page of rules and guidelines to say how it works.

**For Invitational Week 76: Present some situation as a good/bad/ugly set, as in the examples above from 2014 and 2000, respectively. While we'll make them into three pretty lines as above, please send each of your progressions as a single line, like this one by Heather Spence:**

**Good:** I got a promotion. **Bad:** After sleeping with the boss. **Ugly:** It's a family business.

**Deadline is Saturday, June 22, at 9 p.m. ET.** Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, June 27. As usual, you may submit up to 25 entries for this week's contest, preferably all on the same form.

[Click here for this week's entry form](#), or go to [tinyURL.com/inv-form-76](http://tinyURL.com/inv-form-76).

**This week's winner gets** something so bad and ugly it's good: It's **a pair of earrings with almost life-size plastic eyeballs** — complete with lashed eyelids that roll up and down in the style of an old Chatty Cathy doll. They would be de rigueur at Loserdom's Met Gala, the annual Flushies picnic/potluck/songfest, Sunday afternoon, July 7, in Arlington, Va. (Write to [BrunchOfLosers@gmail.com](mailto:BrunchOfLosers@gmail.com) to ask for an invitation.)



Here's lookin' (and blinkin') at you, kid: Eyes for your ears, this week's prize.

**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.

## **Any Sing Goes: The parodies of Week 74**

We issued our call for song lyrics and videos in [Invitational Week 74](#) as a free-for-all: They could be on current events, as usual — or anything else. But the entry window covered both the Trump verdict and the Alito flag fracas, so what you gonna do — out of the hundreds of songs we received, almost a dozen were on the flag business.

As always, we got too many good songs and videos than a sane person can process on one page, so the Empress will share some more inkworthies in the [Style Invitational Devotees](#) Facebook group over the next few days; you can search there on the hashtag #parodies.

(Click on the titles of the songs to hear the original tunes and sing, or at least listen, along.)

### ***Second runner-up: Driving With Clarence (To [“See the U.S.A. in Your Chevrolet”](#)):***

Be beyond reproach in your motor coach  
A billionaire can get it for you free  
Or what’s better yet, go by private jet —  
Another billionaire will pay the fee!  
They love you for yourself, not your position;  
No need to disclose it, you don’t need permission.  
The ethics burden isn’t heavy!  
So see the U.S.A., take a trip today —  
It’s easy ’cause your “friends” will pay!  
(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

*First runner-up: Blame — Ode to Alito (to “Mame”;* [Judy Freed sings it here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5vJGFAObqVo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5vJGFAObqVo))

When you screw up, just point to your wife. Blame!  
Complain of neighbors causing you strife. Blame!  
Deny it when we say there is evil at the bottom of your soul.  
Explain that you just never learned how to hang a flag up on your pole.

You say the Dems want you to recuse. Blame!  
Proclaim two flags were not enough clues. Blame!  
You'll never be impartial 'cause Donald Trump is now your favorite name.  
You'll vote for his immunity,  
Defend him with impunity,  
Then say we need more unity. Blame! (*Judy Freed, Deerfield Beach, Fla.*)

**The winner (video division): Stand by Your Sham** (lyrics and video by Dave Scheiber, St. Petersburg, Fla., performed by Janie and Dave Scheiber)

Sometimes it's hard to see them woin'  
Giving all their love to one flawed man  
Charged 34 times  
Guilty of each crime  
In his hush-money, porn-star plan  
But still the GOP stands with him  
Scared to risk the wrath of MAGA land

Pretends to love him, oh, acts proud of him  
Even though they know it's one big sham  
Stand by your sham  
Hungry for power you cling to  
Ignore the damage he'll do  
Repeat his “rigged” BULL-oney  
Stand by your sham  
Fawn at your courthouse love-in  
Red ties, blue suits worn by each man  
Stand by your sham  
Stand by your sham  
Embrace that Big Lie from him  
Just bow as low as you can  
Stand by your sham

*And the winner of the [Big Ol' Word Nerd socks](#) for best song:*

*To ["If I Only Had a Brain"](#):*

Many say of Robert Junior, "His mind is getting punier!

His smarts are on the wane!"

Now, perhaps, the explanation for that sad deterioration:

There's a worm inside his brain.

Of his "thinking" we'd grown weary with every farfetched theory;

Perhaps this could explain

Why he's turned to glibly waxing, stop-the-steal-ing, anti-vaxxing:

There's a worm inside his brain.

Unseen, inside his bean, an aperture it carved.

Prob'ly hoped to bring the pupa, once it larved.

But now it's dead. (My guess: it starved.)

Done with D's and R's, you smarty? "This fall I'll vote third-party"?

Not here to yank your chain,

But come Tuesday in November, you should probably remember

There's a worm inside his brain. (*Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.*)

## **Music of the Not: Honorable mentions**

*To ["Try to Remember"](#):*

Try to remember when we reach November,

Do not elect that awful fellow

Try to remember he's no Mensa member

In fact, his brain is filled with jello.

Try to remember a KKK member

Is likely to call him a pal, so hell, no.

Try to remember don't pick in November

A felon. Felon felon felon felon .... (*Hildy Zampella, Sarasota, Fla.*)

**Sleepin' in the Courtroom (to "Smokin' in the Boys' Room)**, lyrics by  
*Jonathan Jensen, Baltimore, performed by Bob Heck*

Sitting in the courtroom thinking "what a drag,"  
Listening to the lawyers yap just ain't my bag.  
I don't understand half the words they use,  
I'm gonna close my eyes and have a little snooze.

Sleepin' in the courtroom,  
Sleepin' in the courtroom.  
Now, judge, I know you're watching, so don't you get short  
'Cause everybody knows that sleepin' ain't allowed in court.

There's a guy named Pecker, he's sleazy and he's slick.  
He's got the perfect name because he's nothing but a prick.  
He says he worked with me, but hell, we never met before.  
I listen to his crap awhile and then I start to snore. (Chorus)

Little Mikey Cohen's up there lying on the stand,  
And Stormy says I screwed her, when I barely held her hand.  
The judge has got me silenced, already I've been fined.  
What'm I supposed to do -- sit there and never speak my mind?  
Sleepin' in the courtroom,  
Sleepin' in the courtroom.  
Now, judge, I've got your number -- it's Joe that you support.  
Everybody knows that sleepin' ain't allowed in court.

Sleepin' in the courtroom,  
Sleepin' in the courtroom.  
I wish I was sleepin' at a five-star Trump resort,  
'Cause everybody knows that sleepin' ain't allowed in court!  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ui-r9-ppNjM>

### **34th Guilty Verdict (to "[19th Nervous Breakdown](#)")**

You're a dirty cheater and a ranting tweeter who is globally despised.  
Center of a crowd, talking much too loud, with an ego oversized.  
Well, it's pretty clear to the people here that you've lied a bunch of times,  
And though you've tried you just can't hide your litany of crimes.  
You better stop, look around...

Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes,  
Here comes your 34th guilty verdict!

When a famous star is what you're proud you are, you believe that you can do  
Anything you please, but you are just a sleaze who is nasty through and through.  
A busty beaut that you tried to mute got a hundred thirty K,  
And your fixer aide says he got repaid in an underhanded way...  
Oh, who's to blame? It's rigged, that's your claim.  
It's all a scam being played on you;  
The judge's corrupt and the jury too—oh, please... (*Jesse Frankovich,  
Laingsburg, Mich.*)

**Stefanik's Veep Campaign (to Beethoven's "Für Elise")**

I would really like to be VP,  
So I'll give up my dignity.  
I'll gin up baseless smears of Judge Merchan,  
My self-respect has largely gone.  
On all my Trump critiques I've now reneged;  
That jury verdict? It was "rigged."  
And maybe MAGA faithful will applaud  
If I invent election "fraud."  
And what the heck, I'll take the plunge,  
Impeachment records: "Let's expunge"—  
You see, you see? VP: pick me, pick me!  
I'll call the 1/6 plotters "hostages,"  
If that is what the Donald says...  
My suck-up skills, eclipsed! I've got no chance:  
I'm losing out to J.D. Vance. (*Duncan Stevens*)

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**The Final Stretch (to "The Lusty Month of May" from "Camelot")**

Aaahh, it's May!  
We've reached the month of May!  
I can't believe how suddenly this  
Year has slipped away!

Oh my, oh dear,  
It's actually here,  
With just a few weeks left of school,  
We must persevere!

Okay! We'll stay!  
...Until Memorial Day,  
When every student's losing their shit,  
Ready to quit,  
Let's split! We're done!  
It's time for summer fun!  
So many tests and finals to take,  
Gimme a break,  
I'm not awake, for heaven's sake,  
We're unprepared for May!  
<https://www.youtube.com/shorts/3kv8c3BREPE>  
(Sarah Walsh, Rockville, Md.)

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**I Am Donald (to *"I Am Woman"*)**

I am Donald, hear me bitch  
About my trial, the likes of which  
Was so corrupt and rigged no way that I could win.  
Michael Cohen chose to switch,  
Become a sleazebag and a snitch,  
While each Merchan ruling proved the fix was in.  
Yes, I tell lies to keep the MAGA suckers mine,  
And, no, it's no surprise the GOP has stayed in line.  
If they diss me, they'll be McConnelled.  
I'm a strongman! I am invincible! I am Donald!  
(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

**Coup by You (to *"Blue Bayou"*)**

It's so sad, you've got a twisted mind.  
You're so loathsome all the time.  
Democracy got left behind



In the coup by you.

Wealth and power, you can't resist 'em.  
Way too many crimes to list 'em.  
Now have fun in the penal system  
For the coup by you.

We're going back someday to a U.S.A.  
Pre-coup by you.  
Narcissistic swine, treason's the crime  
In the coup by you.  
For your sins you'll be in  
Jumpsuits matching your skin!  
If I could only see.  
I'm not usually a hater, but you're just a dictator-  
Wannabe. (*Connie Akers, Radford, Va.*)

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**Because Biden** (to "*Because the Night*," written and sung by Laurie Brink, Mineola, N.Y.)

I hear you saying that you're uninspired,  
That Joe isn't everything that you desired.  
He's old and his policies aren't your ideal;  
I'm sympathetic, but you gotta get real.

Come on now, try and understand  
That even if Biden's not your ideal man,  
He's light-years better than the other guy,  
So if you ask me why  
To vote for him, I  
Can tell you just why...

Because Biden is not a moron,  
Because Biden acts like an adult,

Because Biden has done some good things,  
Because he leads a party, not a cult.

Have I doubts about his aging brain?  
I mean, sure, but Trump's straight-up insane.  
Better a president who's past his prime  
Than a narcissist loon who keeps committing crime.

Oh, come on now, help me understand  
What anyone sees in that mango man?  
He keeps losing trials, he has no defense —  
How does this make sense? Make it make sense! Just use common sense...

Because Biden is not an asshole,  
Because Biden never staged a coup,  
Because Biden does not grab pussies,  
Because he's not a sack of flaming poo.

Oh, "man and woman, person, camera, and TV,"  
That's Trump's sole "evidence" of sanity!  
Meanwhile, he's been committing felonies;  
This choice is easy! Please,  
Just vote for Joe, even though he's just so-so...

Because Biden does not quote Hitler!  
Truly the bar is set so low,  
But Trump keeps on sliding underneath it,  
Winning the worst game of limbo.  
(Because Biden) is not racist!  
(Because Biden) is not loco!  
(Because Biden) is not awful!  
Just do the only sane thing, guys, and vote for Joe!

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**Trump or Biden (to [“Love and Marriage”](#))**

Trump or Biden, Trump or Biden:  
That’s the choice this year. It's not excitin’.  
This I'll tell you, brother:  
It’s one old white guy or the other.

Trump or Biden, Trump or Biden:  
There’s no other choice, no dark horse hidin’.  
If I had my druthers  
I’d prefer there’d be some others.

“There is always a third party” — that’s an illusion.  
If you think third party, you will come to this conclusion:

Trump or Biden, Trump or Biden:  
It’s between these two we’ll be decidin’.  
Here’s the story I’m tellin’:  
It will be one. It's just which one.  
It's one old white guy or the ... felon.  
*(Bernard Brink, Cleveland, Mo. — Laurie’s dad)*

**Do You Need Ozempic (to [“Do You Believe in Magic”](#))**

Do you need Ozempic, finding hunger hard?  
Just one prick a week will get rid of your lard  
And it’s magic, you know, this semaglutide  
Will make you thinner than the diets you tried  
No willpower’s needed, you’re not under a knife,  
There’s just one small detail, though, you’ll be on it for life . . .  
*(Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)*

**Hungaring for Orban (to [“Be Our Guest”](#))**

Budapest! Budapest has conservatives impressed:  
From V. Orban they’re absorbin’ plans they’d like to bring back west.  
Crushed dissent, seized the courts: “what a guy!” come their reports;  
Over this Hungarian despot right-wing fawning has no respite,

State-owned press, “no mixed race” they are eager to embrace—  
He loves Putin? They are not at all distressed.  
So he’s a fascist strongman? They see nothing wrong, man,  
Think he’s blessed—“he’s the best!” Budapest! (*Duncan Stevens*)

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**A Roomful of Jurors** (to “*A Spoonful of Sugar*” from “*Mary Poppins*, written and performed by Judy Freed)

When Trump is stirring up his base with all the crap he has to face,  
proclaiming persecution so unfair,  
'Though he will say it's all contrived, the moment has arrived.  
Thank God! It's true! New Yorkers do pull through!

And a roomful of jurors helps the candidate go down.  
The candidate go down, candidate go down.  
Yes, a roomful of jurors helps the candidate go down  
in a most delightful way.

It's hard to hit the campaign trail when you are doing time in jail.  
And though it is unlikely, we can dream.  
For every count -- all 34, he's guilty evermore.  
Poor guy! Who knew what one affair could do? (Chorus)  
<https://youtu.be/FFeTLxf6kUQ>  
(Judy Freed, lyrics and performance)

**Bigots on Parade** (to “*Silhouettes on the shade*”)

Took a walk and passed your house, late last night,  
And the cops arrested me, on first sight  
Guess I was too Black to be  
In your 'hood after eight  
Oh, what a lousy welcome committee...

Told them I lived on the block, three doors down,  
Without listening, they seethed, “Turn’ around!

Raise your hands — uh oh, you breathed!  
The consequence will be great  
And with our cuffs your wrists will be wreathed.” ..

Gave myself up but they Tased anyway  
Bodycam vids were erased, so they say,  
Glad a doorbell cam you raised  
Or they would surely skate  
(Not that they’ll pay at the end of the day)  
Hypocrites, Bigot Shits ...  
Too many Bigot Shits on parade. (*Jon Gearhart, Des Moines*)

**Togetherness (to [“Blinded by the Light”](#))**

Neighbors fighting, spiting, Sam Alito-slighting,  
Martha’s flag hangs upside down.  
At the time of the crime, turns out Ginni’s in the slime,  
Abetting the ochre clown.  
With the golden bars she’s holdin’, Benjamins she’s rolled in,  
For [Nadine](#), a ragtop, too.  
Then the press started pryin’, spyin’, implyin’,  
And their husbands knew what would ensue...  
And their husbands knew just what to do!  
So if your world is filled with strife,  
Demands to resign — they have a lesson for your life:  
Blame it on your wife! ... (*Steve Smith, Potomac, Md.*)

**Um, Something About a Brain (To [“If I Only Had a Brain”](#))**

When you're gettin’ old and brittle, it takes some time to piddle —  
Now let me please explain:  
All your organs diminish as you’re headin’ for your finish;  
Sadly, that includes your brain.

When your memory gets hazy, it doesn’t mean you’re crazy  
(Or borderline insane);

But the names of your buddies (who, like you, are fuddy-duddies)  
Have escaped your aging brain.

Oh, I can't tell you why our bodies start to crash;  
I used to do mathematics in a flash!  
(Is Prevagen worth all that cash???)

As you go through life, be wary 'cause your vocabulary  
Is surely gonna wane;  
So enjoy every minute —  
Hey, you're *on* the Earth, not *in* it! —  
And applaud your awesome brain!  
(*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

**The Boy From Mar-a-Lago (Courtroom 2024 Edition) (to “*The Girl From Ipanema*,” lyrics by Sandy Riccardi, Asheville, N.C., performed by Sandy and Richard Riccardi)**

Tired and pissed and orange and hangry  
The boy from from Mar-a-Lago is farting  
And when he passes gas  
All the people go (ah O God Pew)

While he sits he makes an odor  
By five o' clock his diaper's loaded  
And when he passes wind  
all the people cringe (gag vomit etc..)

Oh and they watch him intently  
How can they tell if he's conscious  
Who knew one could sleep so deeply  
If he flatlines will there be a beep  
Or will they all just let him sleep?

Eric showed, and well, “Good on ‘ya”  
But tell us where the hell's Melania?  
She's back at Mar-a-Lago by the Sea  
She's living free  
And happily.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=je7B6Qdb5uU>

*And Last, to The Invitational's favorite song to parody, "Be Our Guest":*

I'll attempt, yes attempt, if I'm inked I'll be verklemt!

Though this effort is quite meritless, please temper your contempt.

It's quite clear, I can't spoof, and this entry is the proof —

I'm no Stevens, I'm no Jensen; they are captains, I'm an ensign.

Still I try, still I hope (and this tune is such a trope) —

From this foolish dream I'm surely not exempt!

Since I'm so undeserving, won't you grade while curving?

Don't preempt, or perempt, my attempt!

*(oh, all right, Karen Lambert, Chevy Chase, Md.)*

*The headline "Any Sing Goes" is by Tom Witte; Judy Freed wrote the honorable-mentions subhead.*

**Still running — deadline 9 p.m. ET Saturday, June 15:** our Week 75 contest to write funny things with only certain sections of the keyboard. Click on the link below.