

The Invitational Week 123: STFU (St. Fun, our patron)

Tell us new meanings for abbrvs. And we have the winning lyrics & videos of our song parody contest.

[PAT MYERS](#)

AND

[GENE WEINGARTEN](#)

MAY 08, 2025

“Trump is Trumpier the second time around,” sings Jonathan Jensen in a parody of the Frank Sinatra hit about love. See lots of other videos and lyrics below in this week’s Invitational results.

Hello.

Hey, WTF? RUOK?

That’s our new contest for Invitational Week 123. **Take an existing initialism** — a word we did not know until two weeks ago when we inaugurated this contest — **and redefine it. You may also use an acronym**, which is an abbreviation you pronounce as a word, rather than spelling out its letters. (“IMO” is an initialism. “OSHA” is an acronym.)

Here are five examples for you:

IMO: Old meaning: “In my opinion.” New meaning: **“I am having an orgasm.”**

IMHO: Old meaning: “In my humble opinion.” New meaning: **“I am a ho.”**

ICU: Old meaning: “Intensive care unit.” New meaning: **“Um, your hospital gown is hanging open.”**

JK: Old meaning: “Just kidding.” New meaning: **“I’m a trans-bigot.”**

OSHA: Old meaning: “Occupational Safety & Health Administration.” New meaning: “Oh! Shat!” a startled exclamation after a lower intestinal mishap.

Formatting this week: Start each entry with the abbreviation you’ll be redefining, then follow it on the same line with the definition (i.e., don’t push Enter until that particular entry is finished), as in the examples above.

Click here for this week’s entry form, or go to **tinyURL.com/inv-form-123**. As usual, you may submit up to 25 entries for this week’s contest, preferably all on the same form.

Deadline is Saturday, May 17, at 9 p.m. ET. Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, May 22.

The winner gets a handsome finger puppet of William Shakespeare that doubles as a refrigerator magnet! You will, however, have to imagine that it is chiding you, quoting from *The Merchant of Venice*, “They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they are that starve with nothing.” Gift’d to The Invitational by Dave Prevar.



DINGDINGDING! We have an Invite milestone to announce: The two parodies by Beverley Sharp appearing below are her 1,000th and 1,001st blots of Invitational ink, admitting her into the Invite Hall of Double Fame or Something Like That. Beverley first hit the Invite in 2005 (with a foal name)

shortly after she moved to D.C., and quickly became a constant presence with everything from dog-poop jokes — she raised Great Danes — to the dozens of brilliantly crafted and laugh-out-loud funny parodies and other poems she'd send us, even after she and her husband returned to Alabama, and quite often from a cruise in Alaska or Ecuador or Russia. **Here's a sampling** of some of Beverley's classic parodies from the past two decades, along with a few of her other specialty: doggerel about obscure people's unusual demises, from our annual obit-poem contest.

Zinger-Songwriters: The current-events parodies of Week 121

In **Invitational Week 121**, we once again welcomed song parodies — videos or just lyrics — about recent news events. As always, we were bombarded with excellent submissions: Three different writers superbly turned *West Side Story*'s "Maria" into "García," a song about the man mistakenly deported to El Salvador; we robbed two of them of ink this week.

In case you're not sure how some of this week's melodies go: Click on the link in each title to hear the tune of the original, and then you can sing along lustily with these newsy lyrics.

Third runner-up:

Musk's plans to personally repopulate the Western world with his sperm (To "I Am Woman"):

We need women birthing more
Musk babies — maybe several score,
Given men like him are in such short supply.
He produces sperm galore,
With genes inherently top-drawer,
Which he can donate right up to the day he'll die.

Whoa, yes, he has smarts; his IQ is off the charts.
And, yes, he's rich as sin — the richest man there's ever been.

He is here to save humanity!
He is white — white!
He is incredible — incredible)!
He is Elon!
(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

Second runner-up:

^ “The Traitor Bunch,” parody of the theme of (duh) by Judy Freed,
Deerfield Beach, Fla.

First runner-up:

***Trump threatens to cut off child nutrition funds to Maine because it won't
ban transgender athletes (to “If I Only Had a Brain”)***

You must cater to the bigots, or we'll turn off the spigots;
We're doling out the pain.
If you don't go on a bender, ban the folks we call transgender,
We'll cut off the funds to Maine.

If you want those federal dollars to help your native scholars,
Then stay, pal, in your lane,
Former men in women's swimming mean your hopes for bucks are dimming;
We'll cut off the funds to Maine.

We'll slash your schooling cash! So kick them out of sports;
It's your duty now to look inside their shorts —
You say you'll see us in the courts?

Your activities aerobic — go make 'em more transphobic!
We're here to yank your chain,
So commence discrimination or we'll screw your education,
Yes, we'll cut the funds for Maine.
(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

*And the winner of the **Mona Lisa food-stain-by-number dish towel**:*

Jonathan Jensen, Baltimore — watch him perform his parody at the top of this page.

Second Fiddles: Honorable mentions

Parody of “King of the Road,” written and performed by Michael Stein, Arlington, Va.

Defense Secretary Pete Hegseth plans to “modify” military physical fitness standards (to “Pink Pony Club**” by Chappell Roan):**

I was a soldier in my day,
A super-macho warrior for the good old U.S.A.,
Back then the Army was my home,
And every single fighter had an XY chromosome.
Along came DEI, they said give girls a try,
Eased up the fitness test so they could qualify.
Soon they were in the ranks on every combat team,
In every fighting force, it made me want to scream,
God! What have we done?
She’s got a vagina, and she carries a gun (can’t have that),
My job number one:
I’ll move back the goalposts until there are none.

And then we’ll be a dicks-only club — the U.S. military
Is a dicks-only club! Every chest is hairy,
And we’re all manly men, not one Jane or Mary,
In our dicks-only club, dicks-only club.

It’s God’s law — he’s made it very clear —
That you’re not built for battle if you’re wearing a brassiere.
Ladies, instead of making war,
Go back to making babies like in centuries before.
Respect for history requires a policy,
Of meritocracy, except for guys like me,

I'll start a Signal chat — what could be wrong with that? —
Where I'll pursue my scheme, so I won't have to scream,

God! What have we done?

We're teeming with females, our ranks overrun (can't have that)

My job number one:

Kick out every daughter and keep every son,

And then we'll be a dicks-only club, just one single gender

In our dicks-only club! Never say surrender!

So let's all have a drink, pour one from the blender

In our dicks-only club, dicks-only club.

I know we're gonna take a hit,

'Cause all those screaming feminists will surely lose their shit.

Still there's a safe place I can go,

Where I can sing this song inside my makeup studio.

God! What have we done?

We're no longer feared like Attila the Hun (can't have that)

My job number one:

Get rid of the women, make soldiering fun,

And then we'll be a dicks-only club; nothing comes between us,

In our dicks-only club, no one can demean us,

And I'm here at the top, thinkin' with my penis,

In our dicks-only club, dicks-only club.

(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

^ **Parody of "My Girl," by Marty Gold, Arlington, Va.**

—

Trump has decided that Chuck Schumer is "not Jewish anymore"

(To "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter")

Sung by Sen. Schumer:

I'm gonna write the Prez a strongly worded letter

And tell him what he's gotta do.
I'm gonna show him my contempt
While being strong and not verklempt.
I'm gonna make that fascist schnook kiss
My pink and wrinkled tuchis!
Trump's gonna see how I've become a real go-getter
Who'll fight the crap he plans to do.
And though my letter's gonna wind up in the shredder,
He'll know that he can't scare this Jew. (*Chris Doyle*)

ICE Cold (to “*Wouldn't It Be Nice*”)

Wouldn't it be ICE who's snatching toddlers,
Jailing students for their wrongthink speech?
And wouldn't it be ICE who (they're no dawdlers)
Ships its prisoners south: “They're out of reach”?
No surprise they're up to these abuses —
That was something any fool deduces...

Wouldn't it be ICE, invading churches,
Stomping through the courts and raiding schools?
And wouldn't it be ICE: unlawful searches,
Acting like they're free from laws and rules?
Here's the thing about a reign of terror,
No one's held to an account for error.
Wouldn't it be ICE? (*Duncan Stevens*)

—

**^ The Cabinet Secretary's Secret Homage, a parody of “You're the Top”
by Cole Porter. By Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.; sung by Valerie Holt.**
At base brown-nosing, I'm not imposing,
So I'd always been circumspect,
But now I find that to be correct:
I should genuflect, spit-bedecked.

I used to think I would give the stink-eye
To groveling on my knees.
But abject ravin' does not seem craven
In a martinet's failing Cabinet:

You're the top! You're a madhouse tour!
You're the top! You're like fine manure!
You're a mournful dirge or a Stalin purge, you're shite!
You're North Korea, you're gonorrhea, you're celery blight!
You are vile, like a week-old pizza,
Or diarrhea at Chichén Itzá,
I'm a worthless stooge, a two-bit Scrooge, a pawn,
But if, baby, I'm a flunky, you're the Don!

Trump Sings to the Canadians (To *"Consider Yourself"* from *"Oliver!"*)

Consider your brand-new home!
Consider yourself part of our family!
My army is fierce and strong;
(I'm SURE you're going to soon belong!)

Consider yourself our state!
Consider yourself "Fabulous Fifty-One!"
Whatever you've got, we'll share —
Unfair? Get used to it, we don't care.

If it should chance to be
We should see some Russian MiGs
(Those invading pigs!) on high,
Since it is up to me, *you* will be the somebody
Who will shoot them down (or die!)
Consider yourself our mate;
We don't want a stink or fuss;

For, after some consideration, YOU'RE OUR STATE!
Consider yourself one of us!
(*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

Sir Elon Nix-a-Lot's Rap (To "*Baby Got Back*")

I like big cuts and I cannot lie!
You other cutters can't deny
That when a guy comes in with an itty bitty soul
And begins to seize control, you feel good!
Losers start to weep 'cause they notice that cut was deep!
Promises I'm withdrawin' —
I'm hooked and I can't stop sawin'!
Oh, slackers, right after I judge it,
I'll slash your budget!
I've seen the wastin'—so let's start erasin'!
It's bad, sad, got the voters feelin' super mad!
I'm tired of libs who say more spending is the way;
It's so obvious that we have gotten off track,
We gotta take a hack.

So, fellas (yeah), ladies (yeah),
Does the gubmint need a cut? (Hell yeah!)
I'm gonna make it (make it) make it (make it)
Make that healthy cut — take a big hack.
(*Jesse Frankovich, Laingsburg, Mich.*)

^ **“The Ballad of Donald and JD,” a parody of Billy Joel’s “Scenes From an Italian Restaurant.”** Written, performed, and produced by Dave Scheiber, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Falconry! The RFK Jr. Song (To “*Shaving Cream*” by Benny Bell)

Vaccines are a great innovation;
Their invention took genius and pluck.
But Bobby thinks we shouldn’t get them;
That’s because he is stupid as —
Falconry! (His hobby, you see!)
It’s not just for rich D-bags, I’m sure you’ll agree!

He loves quackery, snake oil, and nonsense,
And eats critters run over by trucks.
He cut funding that could have cured cancer;
I guess he was fresh out of—

Falconry! It fills him with glee
To watch his hawks snuff out a bunny or three!

He thinks Jews are protected from covid
(I guess those who died just had bad luck?)
He says AIDS isn’t caused by a virus,
This unqualified, worm-eaten—
Falconry! It’s fun as can be!
Puree mice and chicks to shock *your* family!

Well, I tried my best to be amusing
And to laugh at that Kennedy schmuck,
But it’s tough, ’cause when I think about him,
I find all of my words turn to—
Falconry! I mean ... falconry!
This dumb motherfalconing falconry!
(*Laurie Brink, Mineola, N.Y.*)

Where We Are Today (To “*Anything Goes*”)

In olden days some defamation
Could lose you the nomination;

Now Hades knows — anything goes!
Big issues you can deal with later
Just go down the escalator
And strike a pose — anything goes!

We've got spite today, no birthright today,
Might is right today and we fight today,
We throw books away and love disarray,
Tweaking truth on the nose....

Important jobs are yours to earn —
Voice opinions that nimbly turn
With each wind that blows — anything goes!

Screw scientists and give facts a twist,
And make gotcha lists and get experts dissed,
Heap a load of scorn on the foreign-born —
You'll forget all your woes....

The leadership across this nation
Is built on insinuation.
We've reached new lows — everything goes! (including your rights)
(*Diana Oertel, San Francisco*)

^ Trump calls his imposition of huge tariffs “Liberation Day”
By the Jonathan Jensen Quintet of Clones (*to the Beach Boys’ “Graduation Day”*)

—

To My Papal Successor (*To “I Hope You Dance**”*)**
I hope you never lose that wondrous feeling
When you stand beneath the Sistine Chapel ceiling.
May the faithful find your edicts evenhanded,
And with God you see the church's reach expanded.

I hope you lead the Catholic flock with grace and mercy,
And you rid the papacy of controversy.
Promise me you'll drop the pomp and circumstance,
And, most of all, make sure there's not a chance
That you meet Vance.
Yes, JD Vance.
— Pope Francis (*Chris Doyle*)

Hello From El Salvador (To “Maria” from *West Side Story*)

Sung by President Nayib Bukele:

García! I'm holding Abrego García!
Who cares if there's no ground?
Trump pays me to impound — a fee!
García! American lawsuits won't free ya!
Those judges lack the juice
To ever pry you loose from me!

García! Let the Democrats keep on braying!
The world's coolest dictator is saying,
García! In prison you're staying ... García. (*Mark Raffman*)

Hundred Days (To “*Glory Days*”)

I won it all saying I'd turn back the clock
To a dreamland
We'd have peace, jobs, lower prices
DEI would be banned
Showed up the other night at the rally site
I was talking 'bout my first hundred days
But inflation's back, Dow's tanked, my polling stinks
So how to explain the malaise? It's...
Biden's fault
World still waging war? Biden's fault
That woman in the New York store?

An assault? ... Biden's fault!
(Steve Smith, Potomac, Md.)

The Major Disruptor's Song (To *"The Major-General's Song"* from *"The Pirates of Penzance"*)

I am the very model of an autocratic president;
I've learned some nifty tricks from Vlad; I'm not the least bit hesitant
To silence those who disagree, to make dissenters disappear;
(So far, I'm only firing them, but who knows in another year?)
The leaders from around the world all scratch their heads confusedly;
They can't predict what I'll do next — I snicker quite amusedly!
My tariffs have caused quite a mess! So what? That's just the way it goes.
(I thrive on the attention, and I love to keep them on their toes!)
I'm great at public speaking and, quite frankly, I enjoy my rants;
I never hear complaints 'cause I surround myself with sycophants!
I have a big announcement now, although I know the Dems will squirm:
In 2028, NO NEED TO VOTE — I'll serve another term!
(Beverley Sharp)

^ **Judy Freed and her close friend Judy Freed perform "Goodbye Money," to "Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little/ Goodnight Ladies" from *The Music Man*.**

The headline "Zinger-Songwriters" was submitted independently by Great Minds Chris Doyle, Jesse Frankovich, and Jon Gearhart; Chris also wrote the honorable-mentions subhead.

Still running — deadline Sunday, May 11, at 9 p.m. ET: Our "grandfoal" spinoff of our contest to "breed" two racehorse names. Click on the link below for the details.