

# South from Wasilla

Tune: North to Alaska

Little Sarah moved from Sandpoint in 1964,  
Her daddy was a rambler, who wanted something more,  
He took her to Alaska, where the moose and caribou roam,  
And settled in Wasilla, where Sarah made her home.

With daddy she went hunting, with mommy she praised God,  
In school she was a point guard, there she hooked up with Todd,  
They crowned her Miss Wasilla, she learned to strut her stuff,  
Then off she went college, one B.A. was enough.

*Chorus:*

*When her smile is unwinding, her lipstick is blinding,  
South from Wasilla, Woo Hoo! the race is on.*

While mayor of Wasilla, she built a skating rink,  
It cost more than expected, but Sarah didn't blink,  
She fired all those who crossed her, replaced them with her friends,  
And feared the town library owned books with liberal trends.

Her daddy taught kids science, but Sarah went to church,  
She became a roller holy, danced the Pentecostal lurch,  
She rejected evolution, loved intelligent design,  
Denied global warming, gung-ho to drill and mine.

*Repeat chorus*

Next she went to Juneau, as Sarah Governor,  
She went to bat for earmarks, she wanted more and more,  
She liked the Bridge to Nowhere, lamented its demise,  
Then spun 'round and opposed it, to no one's great surprise.

Her sister got a dee-voice, from an Alaskan cop,  
Sarah thought the trooper was a gendarme she could stop,  
She lobbied for his ouster, but the commish wouldn't budge,  
So he was terminated; yup, dear Sarah holds a grudge.

*Repeat chorus*

Her hubby works the North Slope and races snow machines,  
He's father of five children, still the guy of Sarah's dreams,  
He got a Troopergate subpoena, but he won't testify,  
The First Dude keeps his mouth shut, so he won't have to lie.

Now Sarah stumps for Old John, rides the Doublespeak Express,  
She lies six ways to Sunday, she gives the truth a rest,  
She knows not what she knows not, but doesn't give a damn,  
'Cause she's teamed up with Jesus, she's in his master plan.

*Final chorus*

*A head that's so hollow, the voters won't swallow,  
Go back to Wasilla, and with you take Old John.*

Recommend banjo, guitar, bass, and drums.

Male lead for vocals, mixed singers for the chorus.

By James Conner, 16 September 2008