

Bobs, Dictator In A Polo Shirt

Dictator in a polo shirt
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A backwards society
A non-aligned nation can't afford to buy starch
No chance for dignity in our laundry
When colonial powers were in charge
We send all the mufti to the riverbank
Pound it on a rock until it all come white
Then run it through the wringer while the women crank
Dictator in a polo shirt
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The twentieth century brought us refrigerators
Dryers, and washers with the built-in agitators
But they all turn communist and kick out the whites
Nothing left but the coloreds and the brights
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In a bloody coup
The colonials are sent packing
But they take some skills
That we seem to be lacking
The power fails and the washers all break down
And the runners bring a message that the rebels are attacking
Dictator in a polo shirt
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Of the hundred palace guards
Most have run away
Of the loyal ones, there are but thirty
They call to me to make a show of strength
But I can't come out
When my uniform is dirty
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