

You Picked A Mean Way To Screw Me Kathleen

by Don Fredrick

(Sung to the tune of, *You Picked A Fine Time To Leave Me Lucille*)

In an office in D.C, the old lady saw me,
As I angrily entered the room.
I moved ever closer,
Though I didn't know her,
And told her that she was to blame.
She moved guards between us,
Me and Kathleen Sebelius,
And told me, 'I don't work for you.'
I said, 'You're mistaken,
My pocketbook's achin'
And I don't at all like gettin' screwed.'

'Lost my coverage,' I told her,
Continued to scold her,
And kicked in her desk with my boot.
Her guards tried to stop me,
But they couldn't drop me,
And she couldn't talk, almost mute.
Quiverin' and shakin'
At the points I was makin'
She cried she should not take the blame.
She made many excuses,
For all the abuses,
But I said, 'I'm not playin' your game.'

'You picked a mean way to screw me, Kathleen.
With premiums doubling, you're just downright mean.
I've had some bad times,
Lived through some sad times,
But this is the worst I have seen.
You picked a fine way to screw me, Kathleen.'

She said things would be better, and I'd soon forget her,

And Barry just wanted the best.
That we should be grateful, instead of just hateful,
And line up with all the rest.
I told her that lyin' was much worse than dyin'
And freedom was what we deserve.
'You gray haired old lady, are worse than just shady,
To cheat us takes more than just nerve.'

'You picked a mean way to screw me, Kathleen.
With premiums doubling, you're just downright mean.
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Lived through some sad times,
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You picked a fine way to screw me, Kathleen.'