‘Twas Congressional Christmas, when all through the House
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The PACs were counting their money with care,
In hopes that John Boehner soon would be there.

Lobbyists nestled all snug in their beds,
While veto-proof riders danced in their heads.

Zasloff down south and I on the Bay,
Were trying to think of just what to say,
When out in D.C. there arose such a clatter,
We went straight online to see what was the matter.

The rustle of Tea Bags was all we could hear,
When, what to our wondering eyes should appear?
In that moment Earth’s prospects turned bleaker
— I knew in that instant it must be the Speaker.

More rapid than eagles his sidekicks they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
“Now, Cantor! Now FOX! Now Chamber and K Street!

“Now Murdoch and Beck! Now Limbaugh! Now Wall Street!

“EPA is oppressive,” he told every PAC,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his sack.
More mercury, more carbon to fly up the stack!

“Let sea-level rise till you can’t see the ground;

Coal for all stockings, it’s the best fuel around!”

One last funding cut, and he sprang to his feet,

And away they all flew, as fast as a tweet.

But I heard him exclaim, ‘ere he dove out of sight,

“We need more contributions, let’s move to the Right!”