

# *Tremendous Apples*<sup>1</sup>

No homeless winos in D.C.  
Again,  
not inside the Beltway.  
Thank him, streets of gold.  
I'll be his collateral, these wonderful people.  
Thank all these tremendous apples.

O thou rulest the raging of the sea:  
when the waves thereof arise,  
thou stillest them.  
For thou hast broken Rahab in pieces,  
as one that is slain;  
thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.  
The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:  
as for the world and the fulness thereof,  
thou hast founded them.

Really good, the police,  
to seal these deals.  
A wharf  
filled with the bones of Rahab.  
Unless the Donald gets them,  
Mexicans are left alone,  
where easy renting makes trash  
of certain border places.

The north and the south thou hast created them:  
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.  
Thou hast a mighty arm:  
strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.  
Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne:  
mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Never again will reality be so poor.  
Television is brighter than the lights  
of a mother's face;  
you're fired, or you will be my people.  
Forever, we're united,  
as if Great Drumpfs do overlay,  
Fatherland hand over American hand is spread;  
as if raw hunger riles no more, eats.  
People today grasp the script.  
And my own Chicago police are most at ease  
now TV drugs me

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm 89:9-17 (KJV) with minor alterations, makes up the whole of the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, and 6<sup>th</sup> stanzas.

all way to Jackson's deep sleep.

O blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:  
they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of thy countenance.  
In thy name shall they rejoice all the day:  
and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.  
For thou art the glory of their strength:  
and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.