

**KOMPROMAT**

(The Band)

**THE SORTA WHITE ALBUM**

(The Album)

Songs by Steve Radlauer

DO THE DONNY  
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VERSE 1: Cat named Donny came to town  
Straight from Queens, and he wore a frown  
Spoiled and mean, nothing good to say  
All he wanted was a big fat payday

VERSE 2: Cat named Donny came to town  
Putting every b-b-b-body down  
But soon we knew how to win that fight:  
Ridicule is his kryptonite!  
(Let's dance!)

CHORUS 1: Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
Put on a face like you just don't care  
Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
Do something stupid with your hair  
Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
Dance like you soiled your underwear  
(You heard me!)

VERSE 3:  
Take one step forward, then walk it back  
Eat five burgers, have a heart attack  
Send a tweet, drop your fly  
Paint your face orange and wag your tie  
(That long, long tie)

VERSE 4:  
Now scam your partner, cheat on your spouse  
Play some golf, whine and grouse  
Wrap toilet paper around your shoe  
Pay off a porn star and a bunny too  
(A bunny too)

CHORUS 2: Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
Wave around your massive rump  
Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
Have a squat like you're taking a dump  
Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
Now stick out your belly so you look real plump

BRIDGE

Now face the east and curtsy to Putin, curtsy to Putin and face the east  
Face the east, bow real swift  
Now you wanna grift, grift, grift  
Yeah grift, grift, grift

Verse 5:

Show the chip on your shoulder, nurse a grudge  
Yell at woman, curse at a judge  
Fire a flunky, hire a clown  
Squeeze into a throne and wear a fake-gold crown

CHORUS 3: Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
Put on a face like you just don't care  
Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
Do something stupid with your hair  
Do the Donny. Make fun of Donny.  
And when the dancing's over we'll all say a prayer  
Yeah, say a prayer

[CHANT] Lock him up, lock him up, lock him up...

All The Above  
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Some say he's mentally ill  
Some say he's dumb as a bug  
Some say he must be demented  
Some say it must be a drug  
Some say it's mutant self-love  
I say it's all the above.

His brain is twisted from Fox  
His brain is twisted from tweeting  
He had a bad mom and dad  
It's all the burgers he's eating  
Some say mutant self-love  
Uh, uh, it's all the above

CHORUS:

Sure there are some who think he's the best  
But they're a bunch of bigots and they're not too bright  
He's their mighty cult leader, authority figure,  
KKK wizard... and he's sorta white

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE + CHORUS

He's an obstrucater of justice  
He's a Kremlin colluder  
He's a grabber of pussies  
A dressing-room intruder  
Some say it's mutant self-love  
I say it's all the above

He's a cheater at golf  
A chiseler and a thief  
A pathological liar  
A man without a belief  
He's full of mutant self-love  
Whew—all the above

CHORUS:

Sure there are some who gave him their vote  
But they're all screwed up—their self-esteem is low  
They think he is the only one who isn't a fake  
The same kinda morons who dug his phony TV show

REPEAT FIRST VERSE:

Some say he's mentally ill  
Some say he's dumb as a bug  
Some say he must be demented  
Some say it must be a drug  
Some say it's mutant self-love  
I say it's all the above.

I Wish I Were Religious  
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I wish I were religious  
I wish I believed  
Then I'd believe that you were going to hell  
And I'd be so relieved.

I'd see your neck blubber bubbling  
Your stupid hair aflame  
You're begging for a sippy cup  
And no one knows your name.

CHORUS:  
In the reality show of Hell  
Only the devil knows you well  
Only the devil knows you at all.

Shades of men that you cheated  
Unaware of your fame  
Command you to tie their shoes  
They don't know your name.

Shades of women you accosted  
Their loveliness makes you sick  
You're drooling and you're throwing up,  
And you don't have a dick.

REPEAT CHORUS

In a vast cave of echoes  
Decaying dictators declaim  
That you're ugly, you look like a loser  
They don't know your name

In a Hall of molten lava  
Roy Cohn plays a little game  
He asks you about a billion times  
"Remind me, sonny — what's your name."

In the Golden-Shower Chamber  
Saudi hookers stake their claim  
For half an eon, you're their peon,  
And they don't know your name.

BRIDGE:

A thousand years frozen in a glacier  
A thousand years as an ashtray in a singles bar  
A thousand years as a lowly postal worker  
A thousand years as a string on Satan's guitar.

GUITAR SOLO OVER VERSE X 2

Roger Ailes sits on you  
Idi Amin shits on you  
Mussolini pulls his peenie  
Every time he grins at you.

Your ridiculous parents  
As creepy as ever  
They walk on by you, don't recognize you  
It goes on forever.

REPEAT CHORUS

But who am I kidding?  
There ain't no hell  
And ain't nobody gonna forget you  
We know you too well.

OUTRO:

A thousand lifetimes as a stewardess on Ryanair  
Losing seven billion lawsuits in a row  
Losing seven billion debates to a smart woman  
It's so unfair  
It's so unfair  
You can't remember your name  
Your ratings are terrible  
It's so unfair  
Etc.



Show Us Your Transcripts, Man  
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Back in '64, man, you were a fresh-man at Ford-ham  
Just as the sixties began to flow  
What was your favorite Beatles tune? Or were you a Frankie Valli fan?  
Where was your head at, man, I want to know

What was your favorite class? Did you have a lot of friends?  
What did you think about LBJ, man?  
Who was your favorite writer? What were your favorite books?  
Let me guess: Mark Twain was your main man (Just kidding.)

You must have been thrilled when you lucked in to Penn  
You never had to mention Fordham again

INSTRUMENTAL OVER SHORTENED VERSE

Nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-six, you're an Ivy man now, man  
Weekdays in Philly, weekends in Queens with your fam  
How'd you like Blonde on Blonde? Were you a Blow-Up fan?  
What did you think about the war in Nam?

Did you join protest lines? Were you aware of civil rights?  
Did you ever ponder what it all means?  
Did you debate your classmates in the dorm late at night  
Or did they just ignore the rich dumb lout from Queens?

CHORUS

Yeah, you went to the finest schools, all right, but your learning  
seemed to stop  
Teachers thought you were a joke, no one would give you a toke, man  
They must have laughed, they laughed at you every time you spoke  
No wonder you went to work for mom and pop

Since then you craved revenge and fame, fame and revenge  
You climbed the campus tower and started firing  
Your next act, your final act, will be your suicide by cop  
Front page of the Times, man—it's inspiring

Have you ever even read a book? Have you ever seen a shrink?  
Do you know a single thing about World War Two?  
Did you ever stop and wonder what kind of spell you're under  
And why it's so horrendous being you?

Back in '64, man, you were a fresh-man at Ford-ham  
Just as the sixties began to flow.

Outro:

Show us your transcripts!

Show us your SATs!

Etc.



I Do It to Own the Libs  
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What I like to do  
On a Saturday night  
I go to a gay bar downtown  
I get stinkin' drunk  
Call Pelosi a punk  
Then puke when I slip and fall down

CHORUS

But I do it to own the libs  
Yes I do it to own the libs  
I know it upsets 'em  
It pains 'em, it gets 'em  
I do it to own the libs

I hear of a place  
Where they kick Trumpers out  
I give 'em a piece of my mind  
I curse and I spit  
Hurl chunks of my shit  
And I end up arrested and fined

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

I hate them elites  
'Cause I'm told they hate me  
By Tucker and Sean—I say YES!  
To Blondie and Doocy—they're on the teevee!  
USA! USA! USssssssssssssss—

Say, see this here pic-  
Ture—what I'm gonna do  
To show I'm a man not a mouse  
It's of the Obamas  
So, in my pajamas,  
I'll torch it and burn down my house

And I'll do it to own the libs  
I can't stand the cut of their jibs  
I know that it gets 'em  
It pains and upsets 'em

I like how it galls 'em  
It shocks and appalls 'em  
You bet that it frets 'em  
And their panties, it wets 'em  
I do it to own the libs.

Trump Dump  
© 2018 Steve Radlauer

Who wants to stay in a Trump dump,  
With that name over the door?  
Who would stay in a Trump dump,  
With fake gold all over the floor?  
    I wouldn't stay in a Trump dump  
    Would you?

People who bought a Trump condo  
Now want that "T" taken off the wall  
They're tired of friends refusing to come over  
And being called racists and all.  
    I wouldn't live in a Trump dump  
    Would you?

BRIDGE:

It's bad enough to be a member of the same species  
It's bad enough to have to live on the same planet  
As him

The doormen in Trump buildings  
Can't stand the uniforms they wear  
They're happy enough to have decent jobs  
But they're embarrassed by the man and his hair  
    I wouldn't stay in a Trump dump  
    Would you?

RAP

*Uhh...Yo, I don't wanna be in a Trump dump  
I'd rather fall  
If I could choose a different man  
You know who I'm-a call  
He messed up, he's on a roll  
Don't get involved  
Tweetin' every thought  
This is not a free-for-all  
Trump, why you doin' this  
Why you hurtin' all these people?  
Don't be so incompetent  
Cause everybody's equal  
I'm sick and tired I've always gotta settle for less  
Put the focus on the people*

*Not the money you caress  
I got legislators on my phone  
Cause we're trying to impeach you  
Yeah, we know you're filthy rich  
But we know you ain't peaceful  
You can keep your hotel, I'm-a take a motel  
I don't want to spend  
In your pockets full of evil*

I'm not playing golf on a Trump course  
It's just not in my genes  
I'd hate to see him ride his little golf cart  
All over the greens  
    Never gonna stay in a Trump dump  
    Will you?

Unless you are laundering rubles  
Stay away from his real estate  
He builds high rises out of papier maché  
He's a dangerous cheapskate  
    I wouldn't stay in a Trump dump  
    Would you?

What's In It For Me?  
© 2018 Steve Radlauer

One day I ran into this stripper  
She was really a sight to see  
She told me she wanted to sit on my face  
I asked her what's in it for me?

I like to build luxury buildings  
With my name there for all to see  
They're the finest and the biggest and the best in the world  
I wonder what's in it for me

Now you know that I got me some children  
At last count there were four or three  
They're supposed to be the joy of my life  
But I ask you what's in it for me?

CHORUS:  
My daddy left me just ten million or so  
And a string of low-rises in Queens  
My huge success, I owe it all to myself  
But I can't figure out what it means

I have fans all around this big nation  
As far as the eye can see  
They'd jump off a cliff if I ordered them to  
What could be in that for me?

I was elected the leader of the free world  
I'm as powerful as a man can be  
And yet there remains one question, dear lord  
What the hell is in it for me?

CHORUS:  
Some people called daddy a racist  
Cause he refused to rent to the blacks  
But me, everyone loves me  
'Cept for those who deserve my attacks

Soon they'll be coming to take me away  
For my sins and my lifelong crime spree  
In prison I'm told, you can rake in the gold  
There better be some left for me

KNOW IT ALL (HE'S MR. RIGHT)  
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I know more about crime than the FBI—BELIEVE ME  
I know more about justice than the DOJ  
I know more about war than the DOD  
I know more about drugs than the FDA  
I know everything about everything,  
There's nothing you can tell me.

I know more about spying than the CIA  
Know more about cell phones than AT&T  
I know more about the cyber than IBM  
I know more about traffic than the DOT  
I know everything about everything,  
There's nothing you can tell me.

CHORUS

When I was a baby my momma said  
Son, you gotta fight and kill just to get ahead  
But I'm too smart to fight, I don't need to kill  
I just make everybody submit to my will

I know more about taxes than the IRS  
I know more about golf than the PGA  
I know more about investing than the SEC  
I know more about women than the WNBA  
I know everything about everything,  
There's nothing you can tell me.

Background singers:

He's Mr. Right  
He's never wrong           SING LOUDER!  
He knows it all  
Let's sing his song       GIVE IT TO ME, BABY!

I know more about Facebook than Little Marky Z  
I know more about drones than the NSA  
I know more about banks than FDIC  
I know more about the blacks than MLK  
I know everything about everything,  
There's nothing you can tell me.

CHORUS

When I was a young man my daddy said  
***Here's four hundred million to help you get ahead***  
"That's an insult," I said, "but I'll take it.  
I don't need your money to make it" BUT I'LL TAKE IT, HE-HE I'LL  
TAKE IT

I know more about TV than the FCC  
I know more about airplanes than the FAA  
I know more about rap than Run DMC (whoever HE is)  
I know more about the law than my great AG  
    I know everything about everything,  
    There's nothing you can tell me.

I know more about children than UNICEF  
I know more about food than Ronald Mc D  
I know more about bedsheets than the KKK  
I know more about commies than AOC  
    I know everything about everything,  
    There's nothing you can tell me.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE 2/Catherine  
He knows everything  
It kinda makes me sing

I know more about the Bible than G-O-D  
I know more about the universe than G-O-D  
I know more about life than than G-O-D  
That's because I'm T-R-U-M-P  
    I know everything about everything,  
    There's nothing you can tell me.

OUTRO  
He's Mr. Right  
He's never wrong  
He's not obese  
And his fingers are long

I know more about the news than the failing NYT  
J'en sais plus sur philo que BHL — THAT'S FRENCH  
I know more about deductions than H&R B  
I know more about uranium than the AEC...

Russian Agent Man  
© 2018 Steve Radlauer

There is a cat who claims to be a rich man  
Says he's really HUGE in real estate  
Says he owns pro-per-ties all over the world  
And that his business is doing great

Turns out he stiffed a lot of people  
Turns out he didn't pay his way  
Turns out he used illegal workers  
And there's plenty more that I could say

The banks in his home country eighty-sixed him  
That's not so good if you're in real estate  
But then Mother Russia gave him comfort  
And once again he could operate

CHORUS

They made him a Russian agent man  
He's now a Russian agent man  
He does just what they say  
He don't get to have his way  
He's like Prince Albert in a can.

What's weird is, some people like him  
They see him as their overlord  
They think he's tough but in reality  
He's just a cocktail onion on a Russian sword

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

His job—he has no choice but to take it—  
It's to sell his little minions to their foe  
But they're already in such deep bondage  
When it happens, they won't even know

CHORUS 2

They made him a Russian agent man  
He's now a Russian agent man  
He does just what they say  
He don't get to have his way  
He's like Prince Albert in a can.  
He just kinda gets to play that he's okay

You can smell his fear a mile away  
He knows he's going down one day  
You can smell his fear a mile away  
You can smell his fear a mile away

Terminal Terminators  
© 2018 Steve Radlauer

With the nation grotesquely infected  
By a virus of darkness and hate,  
Imagine an army of volunteers  
Equipped to inoculate.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE 1

They're coming on, feeling strong,  
Trained to do what they do,  
They parachute, then they shoot,  
They're not so different from you.

[Chorus 1] Not afraid to die or be captured  
(Although they'd really rather live),  
They're destined to go down in glory,  
Taking a few bad guys with.

Not long ago they were desperate,  
Dreading the medical news,  
Today they're a wheelchair militia,  
Ready to die as they choose.

Some will be storming the White House  
While groper-boy wanks in the bath,  
Others will target the senate,  
Take out ten. Do the math.

[Chorus 2] Not afraid to die or be captured  
For they've only a few months to live,  
Terminal Terminators...  
...regret that they have but one life to give.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE 2

With common sense in remission,  
With darkness and hate close at hand,  
Where is our terminal SWAT team, [TO DISINFECT]  
To disinfect and clean up the land?

REPEAT 2<sup>ND</sup> VERSE

[Chorus 3] Not afraid to die or be captured  
For they've only a few months to live,  
They're destined to go down in glory,  
Taking a few bad guys with.

OUTRO

White House (parody of Jimi Hendrix's Red House)

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There's a White House over yonder  
That's where the president stays  
There's a White House over yonder  
That's where the president stays  
There hasn't been a president in that building  
For about [insert number here] and one-half days.

Where Is Everybody  
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Where am I? Why am I here?  
Do they know who I am? Do they have any idea?  
This is my bed? Oh, right, I'm in jail.  
Roy'll get me out! He doesn't fail!  
What time is it? This is like a dream.  
First one I've ever had. Makes me wanna to scream.  
Whose fault is this? Wait—it's getting clear.  
The Deep State and Google, they put me here.

My good friend Vlad, he's gonna fix it for me.  
Strongest man in the world! He's gonna set me free!

This is the best prison. My best friends are here.  
But no gold toilets. No people to cheer.  
I need a phone! I need to tweet!  
Tell all my fans to start shooting in the street!  
How did this happen after the great job I did?  
I got an A-plus! That's what everybody said.  
I'm President for Life. Everybody voted for me!  
Biggest win ever! Fake news is my enemy!

My pal Kim Jong Un, he's gonna make it right.  
Shoot a missile at the New York Times  
I'll be back in the White House tonight.

Oh mommy, daddy, aren't you so proud of me?  
Please take me home from this military academy.

I made the country great, but it's not great now.  
Without me, who cares anyhow?  
They've undrained the swamp, let foreigners in.  
And the worst thing of all, they forgot how to win.

Where are you Roy? Where are you Vlad?  
Where are you little Kim? This is getting so sad.  
Where is my daddy? Where is my mom?  
I'm getting killed here! This is my Vietnam!

Where are you Ivanka? Ivanka? Why don't you come and see me?  
Where are you Ivanka?...What are you wearing?