Finnegan's Other Wake

Finnegan's Other Wake
(Charlie Miller 1983)

Tim Finnegan was a moral man
A member of the Majority,
A fine, upstanding Republican
With but one vice --- to water ski.
Now one fine day to Pleasant Point
The dozers came --- ka-chug, ka-chug
They pumped the Delaware River dry
And Tim was skiing in the mud.

cho: Whack-fol-a-dol, now where's our river?
Give it back for goodness sake,
There's dead fish and rocks and mud
But no more water in Finnegan's wake.

Now Tim he left the office early
Strapped his skis on at the pier,
He shouted to the motor boat driver,
"Come on! Get this thing in gear!"
The driver gunned the Chrysler engine
Tim grabbed the tow rope without fear,
The prop churned gravel, the motor exploded
Found Tim in mud up to his rear.

Tim, he looked around with horror
Said, "I voted for Ron, they can't do this to me!"
I guess I'll have to use my noodle
To figure out how I can ski."
He got himself a big Ford Bronco
Four-wheel drive and power brakes;
Tied his tow rope to the bumper
A spray of mud was Finnegan's wake.

Now twenty miles south of there
Philadelphians looked out to see
A muddy gap between Penn's Landing
And the State of New Jersey.
But tho' container ships are stuck
The Olympia turned on her side
They'd sooner drive the Delaware
Than to take I-95.

Now Tim awoke, to his relief,
To find that it was all a dream.
They hadn't pumped out all the water
We still had a running stream.
But PECO's nukes are very thirsty
They'll drink all the water they can take
Hear the people, dump the pump
So we can swim in Finnegan's wake.

DT #528

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