

# On A Horse With Hussein

Bob Rivers

In the aftermath of the jihad  
We were looking for lowlife scum  
There were bombs and guns  
In caves and things  
But Osama must have sprouted some wings

The next thing we saw was a videotape  
And the proof  
It left no doubt  
The heat was hot  
But the trails been cold  
And Bin-Laden has not been fun

He could be ridin' through the desert  
On a horse with Hussein  
It felt good to get out of the caves  
In the desert you can make up a fake name  
And there ain't no bombs  
For to give you no pain

With his beard shaved  
In the desert sun  
Osama begins to turn to red  
In the sun's rays  
You know It ain't no fun  
He's gonna need a another towel for his head  
Some Groucho Marx glasses  
And a nose that sticks out  
Is the perfect disguise  
It's been said  
Avoid the city life  
And don't make a sound  
Or the Marines will fill you with lead

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