

## **The trumbler**

He has taken any money from his sponsors and the state  
And does not care about his country's fate.  
Golfing with some creepers any hour any day  
and still convinced he'll win so he can stay

But his influence is decreasing, so I hope his time has come,  
and he will be a loser off the charts  
From the highlands to the coast all that remains should be the ghost  
of a paranoid screamer and his farts

He's an idiot,  
Likes to riot,  
Truth's his blind spot,  
Needs a big pot  
He's a gangster,  
with an ego Dorian Gray had never got  
never fair to any other - boy or girl or to his mother  
Takin' every perpetrator on his shortcut down to hell

He is fooling his believers every hour every day  
Twittering more shit the world can take  
Damning former friends for all mistakes along his way  
And finding new companions 'cause his fake

Even the law is never safe from all corruption thanks to him  
but finally I'm sure he's gonna fail  
we will hear his noisy fall even if time could make him slim  
The only place that's waiting is in jail

He's a scrambler  
He's the trumbler  
He's a liar  
fans the fire  
He's a businessman who hates all others win,  
once he has lost

In truth he's just a hustler partly dumb and without shame  
but the world will shed no tear when this old gambler's lost his game