

By Charlie Ipcar, 9/6/2020

Tune: traditional after the California Gold Rush song "The Days of '49"

The Lake Travis Travesty

There are strange tales true, I'm a-telling you
On the shores of lovely Lake Travis;
Where the tumbleweed blow and there ain't much snow,
And the microfiche are so lavish!
And some folks say that the boaters that day,
Had only themselves to blame,
As they surged on by, with Trump banners a-fly,
"Make America Great!" they proclaimed.

'Twas September the fifth, this flotilla forthwith,
Assembled on the Lake all ecstatic;
For their Commander in Chief they risked coming to grief,
For with Trump they were all fanatic;
There were big boats and small, all answered the call,
And in columns they sped up the Lake;
But the big one percent made great waves as they went,
Swamping small ones in their wake.

Husbands and wives, children feared for their lives,
As the wakes poured over their boats,
There were calls to the shore, and saviors galore,
As they desperately strived for to float;
And no one can say all that happened that day
On the Lake where the wild waves did roar;
But I'm thinking, my friends, when this story ends,
They'll have earned their own Darwin Award.

No sadder sight for those in such plight,
As their boats sank 'neath the waves;
It was sink or swim, and God bless our kin,
May we all be resolute and brave;
The fifth of September, we'll always remember,
And the Sheriff's men who saved their gung hos:
Boats are in the abyss, like old Colonel Travis,
Let's remember the Alamo!