

FERNANDO

(To "Fernando" by ABBA)

Can you smell the weed, Fernando?
I remember long ago a crazy night like this.
By the campfire light Fernando:
We were slugging down a *30-pack* and falling on our tush.
I could hear the sound of INS and Border Agents
crashing through the bush.

They crept closer now Fernando:
Every minute, every second seemed to last eternally.
We were so blitzed, Fernando:
We were so high and drunk and not prepared for jail.
And I'm not ashamed to say we puked our guts
and fell three times along the trail.

*There was ganja in the air that night
We weren't too bright, Fernando.
We were drunk and high and on the lam,
We had to scam, Fernando.
If we had to do it all again, there'd be no regret:
If we had to swim across, again,
We would, my friend, Fernando.*

We are old and gray, Fernando
Many welfare checks we've cashed
since we first crossed the Rio Grande.
But we still love our dope, Fernando:
Fentanyl, smack and crank and weed, we love it so!
I can see it in the deadness of your eyes
and by the slobber on your clothes.

ABBA's old and gray, Fernando.

Do they still think illegal immigration's "cool"?

With its murder and predation,

Can't they see that borders opened up without constraints

Has made the U.S. into a real-life "**Camp of Saints**"?

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NEWS FLASH: Closing our borders will create shortages of Fentanyl, meth, heroin, MS-13, marijuana, and Democrat voters.

-- by Earl P. Holt III