It's Too Late, Katie

(To *"It's Too Late"* by Carol King)

It was never easy living there with you
When you *crowned* me with potatoes I knew we were through
I'm so glad you're not around, and that I divorced you.

And it's too late Katie Porter, it's too late
Though I really tried to humanize you
Inside and out you're ugly
and there's nothing that you can do.

Your dream of being governor's in tatters now
In that interview you looked just like a raging sow
So it won't be long before your staff says *ciao*.

And it's too late Katie Porter, it's too late
We all got a good dose of the real you
A lunatic filled with hate
while you're angry and vicious, too.

You scream at all your staffers like you are insane
Those around you have ulcers simply from the strain
Now there's no one left on-board, to staff your campaign.

And it's too late Katie Porter, it's too late
To run for office in California
Too many have seen the REAL Kate
And, like me, no one's gonna mourn ya.

"I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille"