

A decorative border of stars in red, white, and blue surrounds the central text. The stars are arranged in a rectangular frame with alternating colors.

**Corrido  
Of  
Carájolo**

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Hi.

Thanks for the nice email.

No, I never recorded my "Corrido of Carájolo." It was a topical song, with a short shelf life, so it came and went pretty fast. But I've dug out the lyrics for you. I'll paste them into this reply.

And yes, corridos (the ones I'm familiar with) are Mexican. They're narrative songs that once upon a time carried important news from village to village. The form's not used much anymore, but it's perfect for "Corrido of Carájolo."

The piece is subtitled "The Primaries" and was supposed to be followed by two more songs—"The Conventions" and "The Election." The plan was to document the 2016 U.S. presidential race with corridos, but I won't be doing that. Too many other irons in the fire.

What else? Oh, the language of the song. It's a mix of English and Spanish, and I scattered accent marks around pretty liberally. The marks are for cadence, to remind me which syllables to emphasize during singing.

#### CORRIDO OF CARÁJOLO (The Primaries)

Come áll my amigos and friends  
And lísten to mý epic stóry  
It's a tale of adventure and fire  
Of rómance and heartbreak and glory  
When our héro's distressed by a thought  
He often says "kill it" or "mátalo"  
He doesn't like making a choice  
And he goes by the name of Carájolo

I forgot to mention that Carájolo's a name I made up. "Carajo" is a Spanish curse word with various meanings, one of which has to do with fornication. "Lo" at the end of a Spanish verb means "it," so carájolo means something like "screw it." And the A is accented for cadence. Back to the song.

Carájolo lives in a time  
Of chaos and great misdirection  
When people are pulling their hair  
On account of a coming election  
Carájolo rides a big couch  
Through a wilderness quite residential  
While he studies his glowing teevee  
For a sign how to vote presidential

The first man to exit the race  
Was a thorn from an old field of cacti  
A nuisance that won't go away  
With their drugs and their killer's dynasty  
So the thorn hoped he might win it all  
And wind up the big enchilada  
But he caved and he ran home to mom  
So he didn't get nothing or nada

That verse was about Jeb Bush. The next is about Joe Biden, Obama's vice president, and the one after that deals with Marco Rubio. Rubio was a strong Republican contender for a while. He tried to humiliate Donald Trump, but then it came out that he may have taken part in gay bubble baths. Rubio, not Trump. I think Rubio's giving up on politics. Not sure about the bubble baths.

And then there was numero dos  
Or two, for those of you counting  
He was in he was out he was in  
But out of his mind without doubting  
He thought he could be number one  
That the nation would be quite abidin'  
But we all shook our heads as we watched  
His patty-cake game of decidin'

And óne candidáte liked to smirk  
And blurt silly words about hand size  
When asked what he meant he declared  
It somehow related to man-size  
The gay caballeros all laughed  
But the rest of the country was retching  
So Smirky went off in a snit  
But with both of his heads held erectly

The next few verses are about Hillary Clinton, Bernie Sanders, and Bill Clinton. The Democrats. I wrote this song before voters massed behind Sanders in an attempt to overthrow Hillary. It was clear from the start that Sanders was a ringer, running in order to make Clinton look good by giving her a quick victory, but then he won a *bunch* of primaries. He had to wait until the Democratic convention to throw in the towel.

Now most of the drama is in  
The dírrayed elephant's party  
While out in the donkey's corral  
The planning is going more smartly  
They know who the person will be  
To carry the big ass's banner

But first they must stage her a fight  
With a rassler who will not out-man her

And the rival they've picked for the bout  
Is a burned-out old gray communista  
Who works for the banks while he talks  
Of his love for the bruthas and seestas  
He's promised to give lots of things  
That he'll pay for someday or mañana  
But soon he'll be taking a dive  
So the title can go to La Mama

La Mama, to be very kind  
Is the meanest, by far the most vicious  
Of all of the dogs in the fight  
She's cértainly thé most malicious  
The media owned by the banks  
Says she'd never hurt you or another  
'Cause women are nicer than men  
Especially if they are mothers

And La Mama's supporters declare  
Her motherly love's without equal  
But whén you look ínto her past  
You see that it's been kind of lethal  
From Vince to Khadaffi she's left  
Uncountable dead as reminders  
She's foul to the core but the banks  
Say she flatulates roses behind her

And her husband is back in the news  
He used to be numero uno  
Saying "Is, what is is, I don't know,  
And if I don't however would you know?"  
Yes Buffalo Bill's still around  
Dreaming of humping Lewinsky  
And staining her famous blue dress  
With his man-size the size of a pinski

Now I focus on the Republican party — a couple of verses about Ted Cruz, then three about Donald Trump. Cruz was still a contender when I wrote the song. And the Nazi I mention is a billionaire named Soros. He collaborated with the Germans in World War 2, and now he's a big player in American politics. I don't know why he's not in prison.

But enough of the burros for now  
Let's talk of Republican matters

La Mama might possibly lose  
So the banks want a good back-up batter  
And they're backing a man who we know  
Is an expert on our constitution  
Though his stronger belief in the banks  
Makes him smarter about prostitution

And besides ev'rybody's aware  
His cámpaign is just a deception  
He's a Canada boy so he can't  
Even serve if he wins the election  
But his fáther speaks tó him in tongues  
To convince him that he's been anointed  
Though he can't be the boss unless he  
Is like George double-U court-appointed

And fin'ly we come to the man  
The Establishment views as a problem  
The man with his own wad of cash  
The banks make him out as a goblin  
They own all the others but he  
Is running without their assistance  
So they try to destroy him but can't  
Because of his macho persistence

But he does have a habit where he  
Shoots himself in the foot pretty often  
Like he did on the immigrant thing  
When it came to the question of Moslems  
He said that he doesn't want them  
Doing dómestic décapitations  
So the banking-owned media claimed  
He's a racist who'll déstroy the nation

And his ówn party even rejects  
Ev'rything from his hairdo to message  
While the voters give him their support  
And primary wins with their blessings  
So a Nazi has entered the game  
Sending brownshirts to break up his rallies  
It's clear that the banks are afraid  
And the voters are his only allies

Now the big finish. First the moral of the song, then the farewell, or despedida. In corridos the singer says farewell with bird imagery and . . .  
Oops. Telephone, gotta go. Here's the rest.

Which now brings us back to the start  
And the couch of our hero Carájolo  
He's a héro because finallý  
He has seen through the Lie and said "mátalo"  
If your choices for office are trapped  
Like flies in the bankers' thick honey  
The logical thing is to vote  
For the person who spends his own money

Now I quietly finish my song  
Taking care of Carájolo's slumber  
For tomorrow when he is aroused  
His fury must sound like the thunder  
So bid me good night all my friends  
I fly like a bird or a pájaro  
And I hope that when each of you vote  
You'll remember the tale of Carájolo