

Trump's Blind Trust Tune: *Three Blind Mice* Lyrics by Sheila Plotkin,
Raging Grannies of Madison

Trump's blind trust. Trump's blind trust.

It's his sons. His **two** grown sons.

No **word** of his **profits** will **ever** be spoke.

They **promise** to keep that old **pig** in its poke.

Have we **ever** seen such a **cynical** joke

As Trump's blind trust?

Trump's blind trust. Trump's blind trust.

It's his sons. His **two** grown sons.

Whenever investments go **up** a tick,

They **swear** that he **won't** know whose **boots** to lick.

For **him** it's a treat, for the **country** a trick,

That's Trump's blind trust.

Trump's blind trust. Trump's blind trust.

It's his sons. His two grown sons.

Conflicts of interest are **waiting** in line

But **he's** not worried; he **says** it's all fine

He **relies** on the blindness that's **yours** and mine/

We are Trump's blind trust.