

Anglo Saxon Mendacity

Anglo Saxon Lies

by Bob Boucher Oct/2010

I loved Jack Kennedy.
I still love him today.
You killed my Jack in Dallas
that sad November day.

You fingered Lee Oswald
but he was never tried.
Your sick pal Jack Ruby
made sure that Oswald died.

There was never a trial.
There was never a conviction,
All that remains is
an evil suspicion.

Who were the killers?
No, you will never tell.
I'm sure you killed them too.
They're burning now in Hell.

Nothing can bring my Jack back
nor dry my crying Eyes.

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