

Video transcript: "The Talking Hillary Blues" by Dana Krugle.

From "'Stronger Together': Open Pedagogy, Digital Scholarship, and Hillary Clinton's Rhetorical Appeal" by Julia Canzoneri, Brie Cronin, Iris Finke, Melissa Harden, Wendy Hayden, Alex Kreichman, Dana Krugle, Sarah Parente, Rasha Reda, and Christina Yim, published in *Kairos: Rhetoric, Technology, Pedagogy*, 24(2), available at <http://kairos.technorhetoric.net/24.2/praxis/canzoneri-et-al>.

[musical intro]

Mama said if you want to get tough, gonna tell you what to do
Gotta stand up to bullies, make 'em black and blue
Big girls don't cry in this here house
Or run and scream when they see a mouse
You punch first, then offer 'em a plate of cheese and crackers

Was a Goldwater girl, just playing it cool
Drove west to Boston, learned a thing or two
Got so steamed I made a speech
'Bout a Washington man I'd soon impeach
Senator, check it out, LIVE, 1969, me in bold striped bell bottoms

Well the Republicans got mighty mad
I switched parties, then, man, I was glad
I said, we don't want reconstruction
We want human change and reproduction rights
For all women, from Chicago to Beijing

Before that, I moved down to Arkansas
Married a boy named Bill and got the call
They said little lady, we don't like your kind
Take off those big old glasses and turn your mind off
They said that, dye your hair too and bake some cookies

Why, I did that and more, even changed my name
Rodham to Clinton, yeah, played their game
Got called everything from slut to bitch
Was a nutcracker and dominatrix, hickory nuts
And something nasty dangling between my legs

I was first lady when I made a case
Health care for all in this crazy place
Those boys with guns, man, they shot it down
I just grit my teeth and went back to town

And back to the drawing board, sticky posts and highlighter pens

Couple years went by when an open seat
In New York state where I had to be
The former mayor who pulled out quick
And a representative trying to be slick
All up in my personal space, sorry Rick!
Score Hillary.

Yee-haw, woo! Yeah. Woop!

Well, people say that I laugh too loud
My voice is shrill and I scare the crowd
But let me tell you a thing or two
Gotta speak up in this here zoo
Lots o' snakes slithering 'round, donkeys and elephants too

But the time was right to make a run
Grab a pantsuit or two and have some fun
Pinned a big old square brooch upon my chest
And made a historical bid to be president
Of these here United States of America
Score Obama. Lost again, 2016.

To a misogynist man with smallish hands
Whose face got orange from fake sun tans
Yeah, when I caught pneumonia, called me wussy
While those greasy hands were out grabbin'...
On a bus full of virgin bush. Braggin' and poppin' tic tacs.

Now people say that I don't relate
That I can't connect and inspire hate
But I have to ask, not saying the words
Are women here held to higher standards?
Touched a nice ceiling, though, even if the gods were against us.
Sorry, ladies. Thanks for the view, Michelangelo.

Some people think I ditched forgotten folks
That I was a crooked lady and can't tell a joke
But a man a campaign in stormy weather
Made it hard to believe we are stronger together
There's plenty else I can do, like those boys told me back at Harvard

Hey, Bill!
Yeah, Hill?
What's that you said about me at the DNC?
Well, you are the best darn change maker I ever did see!
Let's write about the dogs, Bill, and the grandkids, and go hiking yander
Okay darling, what's good for the goose is good for the gander

Well, that depends on who you're talking to
If you're a man on the fringe, maybe that's true
With a baseball cap and red-tailed coat
You can lead the circus and still lose the vote
Popular, that is. Ringmaster full of hyperbole.
"Believe me!" "Bigly!" "Step right up, folks!"

Just say it, boy, and repeat it again
Maybe the lies you tell will soon sink in
When you spend as much time in this here life
You learn a thing or two when all is rife
With contradiction. Huh, nothing shiny about this city on a hill
Bunch o' clowns in shiny cars and suits and gold toilet bowls

Well, I said it once and I'll say it again
The time is right for all women
To take the bull by the horns and march on in
To this game of thorns
Called politics, democracy, bled like a damn lamb
Next time, ladies

Better buy a bulletproof vest, though
And hire that girl, what's her name, Bill?
Kellyanne!
But don't bother with a private email server
They'll burn your heels at the stake
Go braless, too, and don't get too mad
Or laugh too loud or study too hard
Or catch a cold, achoo!
Or ever give up on this great country of ours

Thank you, America! Thank you.

[musical outro]