

Lyrics to "The Editor's to Blame"

Now wars are never started by those who have to eventually fight them. And profit is often gained by those who plot and intrigue to ignite them. Now take the recent struggle 'twixt America and Spain, When all is said and all is done, there's only one man to blame.

Chorus

Editor, Editor, we all know your name.
Editor, Editor, you're the man to blame. (Repeat)

He saw his circulation, sinking mighty low,
So he says we need a yarn to put us on the go.
Then he looked at Cuba, and then he looked at Spain,
He says I'll tell the world and God, of Cuba's tragic shame.

Chorus

And so he wrote of pain and tear, of anguish and despair,
Taxes made and orphans made, and print both bold and bare.
He wrote of bleeding Cuba, he wrote of cruel Spain, He says
that we should intervene, in Christianity's name.

Chorus

And when the country was aroused, as much as we could be,
He scribbled off his masterpiece, enthusiastically. He took his
yellow-quilted pen, and then with great disdain He wrote his
editorial, and sunk the goodship, *Maine*.

Chorus

This fellow made a lot of money from the Little war, And
after it was over, boys, he made a whole lot more.
Newspapers all around the land, bear his famous name, But it
began the day this man, sunk the goodship, *Maine*.

Chorus