

Idaho Stinks

Paul McKenna © 1996

(Tune: “England Swings” by Roger Miller)

**CHORUS: Idaho stinks like a dirty dog do.
It’s a right-to-work state and the rich make the rules.
The unions are weak, the wages are low,
So don’t turn our state into Idaho.**

**Now if you are a boss, and you want to cut your costs,
You want to be in total charge, holdin’ all the cards,
Take my advice before you make your choice,
Let me tell you where to go—go to Idaho. ‘Cause...CHORUS**

**Well, Idaho’s a state with a lot o’ millionaires,
A lot o’ money flowin, but few get a share.
You’re either on the top and you’re a rollin’ in the dough,
Or you’re barely getting’ by—that’s Idaho. ‘Cause...CHORUS**

**Workers in our state are union and proud.
We don’t want no part of that open shop crowd,
So if they want your signature, tell ‘em hell no,
On right-to-work-for-less—leave it in Idaho. ‘Cause...CHORUS**

REPEAT CHORUS