

Throw Out your Wicked Bans

Words by Paul McKenna, © 2025, Tune: “Come Out Ye Black and Tans” (Traditional Irish song)

I served in the Marines and I saw some bloody scenes,
As I risked my life beneath this nation’s banner.
After all the time I served, I don’t think that I deserve
To be cast aside and treated in this manner. CHORUS

CHORUS **Throw out your wicked bans on people who are trans.**
 What gives *you* the right to question our existence?
 You’ve denied our right to be
 And our true identity,
 So *expect* to meet our adamant resistance.

Donald Trump, you wield your pen and repeat your lies again.
You demonize, disparage and deride us.
You are heartless and unkind, you mock and you malign,
But if you *want* to get your way, you’ll have to fight us. CHORUS

I’ve *walked* an uphill road and I’ve borne a heavy load
As I’ve struggled my true gender to determine.
The journey has been rough, but as if *that’s* not hard enough,
I’m branded as immoral in your sermons. CHORUS

Is there something that I missed that says I don’t exist
And that nobody could ever be transgender?
For I *know* that I am real and I *know* I will not kneel.
I’ll keep being who I am and won’t surrender. CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS

Italic type indicates emphasis

Occupella