



To Hell With You

Dedicated to my friend, Bob Jones. After Bob died, an autopsy determined he did not have a single prejudiced bone in his entire body.

I'm Caucasian, white, to you.
And if you're not, to hell with you.

I'm an American, born in the U. S. of A.
If you're not, to hell with you.

I speak English, the Southern version.
You no comprende? To hell with you!

I'm male. I know who's boss,
And it's not you, so, to hell with you.

I've got degrees in spades rolling off my mortarboard.
Never had a mortarboard? To hell with you!

I'm literate. Yes, literate.
Don't know what that means? To hell with you!

You wear a towel; you veil your face?
Not in this country! To hell with you.

I'm straight, like God intended!
I hear you're not. To hell with you!

I'm a believer in the only true right way.
You're not? To hell with you!

God bless me; God bless mine.
If you're different—To hell with you.