

## "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