

Dear Senators,

In this nuclear-fueled nation embracing Brother George
Within the fabled crucible of a free world
Politicians hunt for plans amid the double talk
Letting Orwellian ideas hurt our Land
The way a Hammer hurts our Hand

Gleaming NuScale's in the Checkout counter now
Flamed So Profitable in their Church of Fame
Those Lucky Winners cheer this Casino Nation
That places their own Gain
FAR above anything Sane
They Pity those not in that Program
Who have only themselves to Blame
And can't Quite seem to Understand
How this Hammer shapes the Man

Out beyond our ethernet active isotopes spread
AC from daylight... move over, these cowboys ride
Never worry where the gold for all that waste is gonna come from
Get along little doggies, it's coming out of your hide

This intentional Cultivating of a Destructive Class
Stages the Future lit by brightly burning fuel pools
With Justice fully clothed in Price-Anderson Acts
Vaporizes into a thousand Small Fukushimas
And everywhere the good prepare for perpetual waste
And let their green energy plans blister the land
The way a hammer does the hand

And in the fabled end when they shut them down Cold
The Radioactive Riot Inside Lives On
So Please shape our Green Energy Plan
By Releasing this Hammer from your Hand
And Vote Against SB 360.

Thank You,
M. Hulstrunk 97330

(And Thanks to Jackson Browne for Inspiration)