

Yankee Go Home

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

Try Jamaica
(I) think they'll take you
Honolulu
How do you do?
I'll make a quick stop
My fair-lady pill pop
Before catching the bus to good lord knows where's what
(Catch me)
falling out of line
I'm calling upon North Carolina to help me out here

Salad nicoise
Good to meet you
Carcassonne hon'
Stands next to no one
The rake at the door has been taking a tour
Of this tar (and) feather land and good lord knows
that I am now
Falling out of line
I'm calling upon North Carolina to help me out here

Yankee go
Yankee go home
The gas prices are getting higher
As the rain falls upon dry land
Yankee go home

Senses burn man
when the deck-hand
Plays a flute which
Reminds me of you oh
That night have some patience
And girls who are singing of strangers and sailors
There are gunfights
There are neckties
A little history
A little sunlight
Alright

Yankee go home

Papa said
Papa said
Pa said get used to it
Pa said get used to it
Pa said it gets so goddamn hard but I get used to it
Pa said get used to it