

# 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