

Ain't no doubt Jesus sees us
Acting foolishly on American Band Stand
Agog with spastic baskets, the latest fashions
Here I am, here I am, here I am

But that chin music sound, oh, how it drowns
Gotta shake 'em on down
Scaling up the heights of folly
Kill the lights and bring the music down, everybody be quiet

Sudden movement on the Serengeti, get ready Freddy
Opportunity only knocks once
Never mind the fat ones, just go for the slow ones
See how they run see how they run see how they run

While you were busy lighting roman candles on the yellow cake
They shook you on down
When the rain start falling, boatman calling
Got to shake 'em on down

The flood receding, the mountain appears
Send out the black bird, send out the dove
You babel rabble-rousers
In polyester trousers, big bright cities

Ain't no doubt Vishnu missed you, then Kali kissed you
Better get busy, days get shorter, air gets colder
Tune on into the N.O.A.A. radio
Scaling up the heights of folly

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