Fine How'd Ya Do

Grant Lee Buffalo

Now the troubadours are outside the court With their gramophones and rifles And an awful cloud is daring to pour Such a wild scene a 3-D picture bible story

And the floats of tinsel garland are downed Stalled for blocks on the parade route But the majorette still twirls in the rain And the marching band goes soaking wet And that's a fine how

Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how

See the ladies in their queen union suits Shuffling gaily for the camera Doing high kicks in their felt button boots While the men puff their cigarettes from Panama

Like the baby dolls of bisque on display In the shops of Barcelona There's a blankness that falls over his face As the speaker makes his way up to the podium Could he be so blind to sip lemonade In such a dire time well that's a fine That's a fine how

Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Do ya do do ya do Ah ah

Holding hostage in the opium dens That are tucked behind the alleyway Where the corridors of Amsterdam bend 'Neath the windows where the harlots pose like mannequins No one thinks of them on Valentines (do ya do) There's no chocolate box or cards to read And that's a fine how

Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Do ya do do ya do That's a fine how Tištěno z www.txp.cz