

# An Acceptable Level Of Ecstasy

Lyle Lovett

The two-step it drug like a ball and chain  
While the band was playing something like moon river or somewhere over the rainbow

And I was chasing the black man with the champagne  
And I was chasing the black girl with the oysters rockefeller

And it was a highbrow occasion  
For no special reason  
And nobody knew  
Nobody knew  
That the flowers were furnished by the funeral parlor  
And the whole thing was paid for by the funeral director  
Who poisoned the saxophone section

And if you ain't the big daddy  
You ain't nobody  
If you ain't the big daddy  
You ain't nobody  
Red and yellow, black and tan  
But white that's the color of the big boss man  
It was a twenty-piece orchestra at the warwick hotel  
With some fat man from the opera who tried to sing misty  
And it was black men and black boys in white ties and tails  
And mascara and rouge and fake fingernails

If you ain't the big daddy  
You ain't nobody  
If you ain't the big daddy  
You ain't nobody  
Red and yellow, black and tan  
But white that's the color of the big boss man

They had them everywhere man  
They had one on every foot and every hand  
And they was all saying yes sir  
And right away ma'am  
And they was picking up plates  
And they was pouring wine  
And they was checking umbrellas  
And making shoes shine  
And they was handing out towels in the washroom  
For a quarter

And it was an acceptable level of ecstasy  
As far as everyone could see  
But nobody knew  
That the flowers were furnished by the funeral parlor  
And the whole thing was paid for by the funeral director  
Who poisoned the saxophone section

And if you ain't the big daddy  
You ain't nobody  
If you ain't the big daddy  
You ain't nobody  
Red and yellow, black and tan  
But white that's the color of the big boss man