

Nancy Reagan's Head

Mission of Burma

Fat lot of good it's done you
Tryin' to play the fool
When we know full well
You know your ass from your apposive

This club has standards, many
Try to come up short
That touch of thickness that makes a
Proper mesomorph, proper mesomorph

Five-foot-one,
Eyes as cold as stone,
Topped off by that hard blackened helmet,
And I'm haunted by the freakish size of Nancy Reagan's head,
(No way that thing came with that body)

We, believe, believe
If, we, believe

Strike up the band, it's official,
You've got my back
Next thing I know, I got me
A chronic pain in the sacroliliac
Think it's funny? laugh
Want your money back?
Count it out, then,

One-two-three-four-five-foot-one,
Eyes as cold as stone,
Topped off by that fierce ___ helmet
And I'm haunted by the freakish size of Nancy Reagan's head,
(No way that thing came with that body)

And Roxy Music came to save the world,
And all I got was this lousy T-shirt ,
And I'm haunted by the freakish size of Nancy Reagan's head,
(No way that thing came with that body)