

The Na-Na Song

Sheryl Crow

Video countdown cyber phallic optics
Profligate talk shows scrounging for a topic
Rock-a-buy gravy train cradle's gonna rock me
37 million's what Larry Parker got me
World War XIV, my first Sony
Beatles wrote the Nike song and called it macaroni
Billy Jean Burger King chauvinist pig pen
U.S. Army only wants a few straight men

Na-na, na-na na-na, na-na na-na na-na

Panaflex Soloflex Genuflect Pope
What the world needs now is babies, gun and hope
Guardian angel dust in the wind cries Mary
Wanna be Madonna but the price is too high, very
Perfect rhythm Nazis in the pagan rhythm nation
Everybody's equal in the glow of radiation
Gotta four-wheel drive and I park it in the driveway
When I get drunk I drive it on the parkway
Gotta get a TV set for my car
Tonight's the Battle of the Network Stars

Na-na, na-na na-na, na-na na-na na-na
Na-na, na-na na-na, na-na na-na na-na

Saniflush Bud-Bowl makin' me sick
Cause anybody in a helmet looks just like a dick
Steely Dan rather be hammer than a nail
The Serbs, the Poles, and the check's in the mail
Eat sleep live die fucking record label
G Gordon Liddy under the table, table, table
Clarence Thomas organ grinder Frank Dileo's dong
Maybe if I'd him I'd have had a hit song

Na-na, na-na na-na, na-na na-na na-na