

# In Praise Of Sha Na Na

The Dead Milkmen

Sha Na Na  
Sha Na Na Na  
Sha Na Na Na Na  
Sha Na Na (x2)  
Sha Na Na Na Na  
Sha-Na-Na were the kings of Woodstock  
You know it's true deep in your heart  
Greasy guys in gold lame  
If only Hendrix had been so smart  
Pete Townshend wouldn't be so deaf  
If he followed Sha-Na-Na's advice  
And played fifties do-wop songs that  
Even your mom would think are nice  
Keith and Janis went away  
But Sha-Na-Na is here to stay  
I don't care 'bout Joan Baez  
Sha-Na-Na can wear my fez  
(at least it rhymes)  
Sha Na Na  
Sha Na Na Na  
Sha Na Na Na Na  
Sha Na Na (x2)  
Sha Na Na Na Na  
Sha-Na-Na were the kings of the sixties  
Deep in your heart you know it's true  
All those kids at Berkeley dressed like Bowser  
They didn't like the Stones or the Who  
Sha-Na-Na didn't need flower power  
They didn't drive a yellow submarine  
Yet they were the guys who called the shots  
Sha-Na-Na really made the scene  
Keith and Janis went away (so long)  
But Sha-Na-Na is here to stay  
I don't care 'bout Joan Baez  
Sha-Na-Na can wear my fez  
(once again it rhymes)  
Sha Na Na  
Sha Na Na Na  
Sha Na Na Na Na  
Sha Na Na (x2)  
Sha Na Na Na Na  
Sha-Na-Na... shot Kennedy  
Sha-Na-Na... stabbed that guy at Altamont  
Sha-Na-Na... started the Peace Corps  
Sha-Na-Na... were the first Astronauts  
Sha-Na-Na... joined the Black Panthers  
Sha-Na-Na... led student sit-ins  
Sha-Na-Na... grew organic food  
Sha-Na-Na... just never fit in  
You can move to Montana and listen to Santana  
But you still won't be as cool as Sha-Na-Na  
Sha Na Na  
Sha Na Na Na  
Sha Na Na Na Na  
Sha Na Na (x2)  
Sha Na Na Na Na  
(x2)

Sha Na Na Na Na (x2)