

The Bananaqueen

Zita Swoon

Happy happy happy happy
Man i drove down to Ghent in my underwear
I went lookin for some new funny clothes to wear
I was feelin strange
I'd say a little deranged
So i walk on in this funky place
Just to see what kinda groove that i could trace
I saw her face
And her elegant taste
Dancin to a disco was the bananaqueen
Thouroughly surrounded by her royal bananakin
I was amazed
She put a smile on my face
She said:
Hey man
You shouldn't be worried 'bout the good or the bad
Or all them stories
Just a slowly point your life
In the right direction
And live it up to the max of true satisfaction
Hey
My life is okay
{repeat a few times}
Maybe she was french or african or german
But it didn't really matter to the people that were turning
To the left
To the right
The way they moved was out of sight
Man i had to get busy giving everything
Everything
Ooooooooooooooh man just give me everything EVERYTHING
She had a afroceltic fire and a philosophic trill
She had the muscles of a giant with a delicate skill
She had the softness of a mama and the kindness of a granny
She was yelling like James Brown Joyce Donkey Daddy
Now you may think the queen was some doctrinial fool
Or like a monkey doing tricks around a touristic crew
I'd say a this here character was nothing like that
I think the forces of this planet
All were bound in this cat
I said:
Hey
My life is okay
{repeat until end}