

Burnett T-Bone, Hula Hoop

Way up in the hierarchies
Mr Big picks up his horn
Floats a note down through the lowlands
And another star is born
Then he turns another billion
And he deals a little porn

You're all gonna be geniuses
You're all gonna be famous
We'll all get in the tv business
And move up to New York
Who can blame us

They tell me way up there they got a man pulls
Fifteen feet of chain out of his brain

Hula Hoop

So if you're bound to hit the big time
Then you better do it right
Go on and get yourself a patent
And a healthy appetite
For some overpaid attention
And a lot of neon light
They you too can be a Hula hoop