

Butcher Jazz, She's On Drugs

(And you can dance...)

Good grief, won't you look on the dancefloor!
She's got to be American; she's not from here
Oh no! I can't even look away
She's just far too thin and beautiful as sin
We're all living in a world of poetry
Eating polyester and committing adultery
Calm down, boy! I'll tell you the secret
It's ever so simple it really, really is

Hey! Sha-la-la-la Oo my-my
She's On Drugs What's up?
Hey! Sha-la-la-la Oo my-my
She's On Drugs

□

So steady on, get a grip on yourself
You just can't act like that in the theatre
Where'd you get that look in your eyes
Behaving like the boss of a whole new religion
Said please! I thought you got savvy
But you're looking like a lemon and talking like a navvy
Ah I guess that's so many people's problem these days:
You can see the hills - you just can't go there

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Aw, it simply shouldn't ever occur
If she puts her arms above her head like that again
I don't know what I'll say or do
Hey Charlie

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Now I'm out on the street and I believe she's in distress
She's got her hair in her eyes and her eyes are in a mess
Hey now, I've been hoping we was going to meet
Now won't you take my hand so I can help you across the street?
Whooo! Talk about bloodsports!
Even the spectators get killed!
You can see the cars, you just can't get out of their way

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Ah this simply doesn't happen to me
If you have a single night like that in town again
I don't know what I'd say or do
Oh, but honey? I think I want to do it with you