

# Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, Yankee Go Home

Try Jamaica

(I) think they'll take you

Honolulu

How do you do?

I'll make a quick stop

My fair-lady pill pop

Before catching the bus to good lord knows where's what

(Catch me)

Falling out of line

I'm calling upon North Carolina to help me out here

Salad nicoise

Good to meet you

Carcasonne hon

Stands next to no one

The rake at the door has been taking a tour of this tar (and) feather land and good lord knows that

Falling out of line

I'm calling upon North Carolina to help me out again

Yankee go

Yankee go home

The gas prices are getting higher

As the rain falls upon dry land

Yankee go home

Senses burn man

When the deck-hand

Plays a flute which

Reminds me of you oh

But there's a land in the distance

That might have some patience

And girls who are singing or strangers and sailors

There are gunfights

There are neckties

A little history

A little sunlight

Alright

They said

Yankee go

Yankee go home

Yankee go

Yankee go home

The gas prices are getting higher

As the rain falls upon dry land

Yankee go

Yankee go home

papa said

Papa said

Pa said get used to it

Pa said get used to it

Pa said it gets so goddamn hard but I get used to it

Pa said get used to it