

Dead Milkmen, In Praise of Sha Na Na

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)