

Grant Lee Buffalo, Fine How'd Ya Do

Now the troubadours are outside the court
With their gramophones and rifles
And an awful cloud is daring to pour
Such a wild scene a 3-D picture bible story

And the floats of tinsel garland are downed
Stalled for blocks on the parade route
But the majorette still twirls in the rain
And the marching band goes soaking wet
And that's a fine how

Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how
Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how
Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how

See the ladies in their queen union suits
Shuffling gaily for the camera
Doing high kicks in their felt button boots
While the men puff their cigarettes from Panama

Like the baby dolls of bisque on display
In the shops of Barcelona
There's a blankness that falls over his face
As the speaker makes his way up to the podium
Could he be so blind to sip lemonade
In such a dire time well that's a fine
That's a fine how

Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how
Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how
Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how
Do ya do do ya do
Ah ah

Holding hostage in the opium dens
That are tucked behind the alleyway
Where the corridors of Amsterdam bend
'Neath the windows where the harlots pose like mannequins
No one thinks of them on Valentines (do ya do)
There's no chocolate box or cards to read
And that's a fine how

Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how
Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how
Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how
Do ya do do ya do
That's a fine how