

# James Taylor, Slap Leather

Take all the money that we need for school and to keep the street people in out of the cold.  
Spend it on a weapon you can never use, make the world an offer that they can't refuse.  
Open up the door and let the shark-men feed, Hoover of the future in the land of greed.  
Sell the Ponderosa to the Japanese, slap leather, head for that line of trees, yeah.  
Slap leather, go on Ron, just about to go myself.

Turn the whole wide world into a TV show so it's just the same game wherever you go.  
You never meet a soul that you don't already know, one big advertisement for the status quo.  
As if these celebrities were your close friends, as if you knew how the story ends.  
As if you weren't sitting in a room alone  
and there was somebody real at the other end of the phone, yeah.  
Squibnocket, phone sex, just about to dial your number.

Get all worked up so we can go to war, we find something worth killing for.  
Tie a yellow ribbon around your eyes, big McFalafel and a side of fries.  
Yeah, big McFalafel, stormin' Norman, I just love a parade.  
Slap leather, phone love, big McFalafel, just about to dial myself.