Maria McKee, Panic Beach

Well the dog act got drunk again last night
And the king and queen of the waltz clog team
Had another fight
King was careless with his tango grip
Nearly lost his queen in a dip
Yeah, she righted herself, straightened out her slip
And kicked him in the shin

Miss Billy Begonia thinks she's hit the "big time" She wants a thick red rug From the dressing room door to the front line of the footlights She's got a sky blue swansdown powder puff And a corset to keep her spirits up Yeah, she don't sweat, she sours and melts Like ice cream in the sun She'll be out of a job at the end of this three week run

We're havin' fun out here
On Panic Beach
All the Vaudeville bums are here
Out on Panic Beach
I hear them talk about the Palace
But it's so far out of reach
So I'll do my time
Then say goodbye to Panic Beach
Goodbye, goodbye

The visionary theatric
Strikes a juggler's seesaw tune
And the dying swan pirouettes and fawns
By the light of the street lamp moon
When my trunk is filled with taffeta
Those "big time" hacks won't laugh at us

When my taps are made of silver
I can make the kiddies thrill for just one buck and wing
Yeah, I will nail them to my heel
And the Panic Choir sings
Here comes a lucky little thing
To Panic Beach
Yeah, you know we got to teach him how to sing
While we're stuck on Panic Beach
Ah, the way ya hear 'em say it
Doesn't seem so outta reach
So I'll do my time
Then say goodbye to Panic Beach
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

Well the landlord gets a free show
Every Saturday at six
Sometimes on a Sunday,
All dependin' on whatever kind of mood he's in
I keep his glass filled up with Sherry
And sing him all his favorite songs
If a tear comes to his eye he may let a month go by
Before he takes away my key

Oh, that Sherry starts to taste real good to me Hey Mama, look at me On Panic Beach I may be hungry but my rent is free Up on Panic Beach Yeah, I can almost see the Palace No longer outta reach So I'll do my time Then say goodbye to Panic Beach Goodbye, goodbye