

Rockapella, Everything to Me

I can ride the One up to Yonkers,
Sun on a yacht on the Yangtze,
I can feel the breeze off the Mississippi.
You only mean everything to me.
Spinning over Chad in a chopper,
Boogie-woogie in a blimp over Bombay,
Take a batobus through the Gulf to Yucatan.
You only mean everything to me.
I could thumb around Thargomindah in the middle of the winter
(Marsupials bedding down)
Do the Louvre in a minute get a poster in the giftshop
(Mona Lisa gets shrunken down)
Take a suite in Topeka with spiders on the ceiling
I never know what you're feeling
What poisonous fruit you're peeling
What miracle cure you've found
I could ride into Cannes in a tux on a Clydesdale,
Bareback on a packmule to Greece,
I could walk a highwire 'tween the World Trade Towers.
You only mean everything to me.
Gonna saddle up a manatee and dive for gefiltes
(Funny white blob gonna drown)
Parachute into paranoia with your mama's dishes
(You better go underground)
Hang-glide on the Hudson with nothing but an aspirin.
You better know what I'm feeling
What dinosaur's doing your dealing
What kinda hog's in your ground.
Rip the conch from the shell do the Junkanoo party in Bahama
(Back-to-back)
And they were singing (Back-to-back)
They said it was nothing (Yeah) but a Zombie Jamboree Yeah
Gonna give a Bronx Cheer with an eggcream moustache.
You only mean everything to me.
Yeah, so give a hot towel to a humble visitor.
You only mean everything to me.