

Ry Cooder, UFO HAS LANDED IN THE GHETTO

(Ry Cooder & Jim Keltner)

Lonesome outerspace invader blasting through the night
Tuning in the soul music on the satellite
All that low-down funky rhythm makes him jump and shout
Just got to find that ghetto planet that everyone's talkin' about

Tuning in the local scene on the radio
The D.J. on the radar screen is telling him where to go
The funky fever's getting louder, sounds just like a soul encounter
Cruisin' for some bar-b-que right up Central Avenue
And he's got a little dance he wants to do

He pulls up to a big night club in his UFO
Gets right in with all the folks out on the big dance floor
It really stops the action, everybody's mystified
To see that little step he's got as he goes glidin' by

Now, he ain't doin' the Gigolo 'cause he ain't got no hips
Looks like the Funky Chicken man, 'cept he ain't got no hips
Those shiny metal threads he's wearin' really got some class
I'd say he was doin' the Bomp, but I can't seem to find his ass

Now, everybody fall in love
He's reet, he's neat, he can't be beat
You shake your shimmy like I shake mine
He's hand held and he's jet propelled
Shake it up from sun to sun
He's fast and loose, he's full of juice
Shake it like an atomic bomb
He's got the goose so what's the use
That UFO has landed in the ghetto