

# Slapp Happy, Casablanca Moon

He used to wear fedoras but now he sports a fez  
There's cabalistic innuendoes in everything he sez  
Sucking on a cigarette, picking up a thread  
Underneath the Casablanca Moon

He lurks behind a paper in the shadow of a mosque  
He can't count all the continents he's crossed  
Trailing party members leaving footprints in the frost  
Underneath the Acnalbasac Noom

His cover was broken somewhere in Hoboken  
The Man said his case was lost  
He was sent to the Orient  
A double agent double crossed

There's a cocaine stain on his moustache  
The pieces of his puzzle just don't join  
People in high places want to stamp his many faces  
On a trans-Caucasian coin

He'd better watch his steps 'cos sooner or later  
They'll find his headless body in a ventilator.

Lines of sweat like tinsel start to smart his eyes  
Neurosis seeps like semen through the cracks in his disguise  
In a dark bordello cracked a mirror with his cries  
Underneath the Casablanca Moon

Yesterday evening he finally lost his mind  
The walls fell in, he saw mankind  
Standing before him all raising their hands  
In a significant gesture which he didn't understand