

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