

The B-52s, Cosmic Thing

Gyrate it till you had your fill
Just like a pneumatic drill
Don't let it go down the drain
Ya better hop on the cosmic wagontrain!

Cosmic! Cosmic!

I was havin' this out-of-body experience
Saw these cosmic beings
Everywhere I went up there, they were shakin' their cosmic things
Like someone gave ya a wild goose, or a freight train with
A loose caboose

You better shake your... honeybuns! Shake your honeybuns!
Shake it till the butter melts, shake it till the butter melts
Shake that cosmic thing, shake that thing, shake it, ohhhh yeah!
Shake that thing all night long, shake it man you can't go wrong
Don't let it rest on the President's desk, rock the house!

Cosmic! Wooooo! Cosmic!

I don't need no earthquake, don't need no tidal wave!
Till night falls and day breaks, gonna shake, shake, shake!
Shake! Cosmic thang! Shake that thang! Wooo! Yeah!

Like someone gave ya a wild goose, or a freight train with
A loose caboose, ya better shake your... honeybuns!
Shake those honeybuns!
Shake that thing all night long, shake it man, ya can't go wrong
Rock the house! Rock the house!

While cruising through the ionosphere, I saw these alien beings
Everywhere I went up there, they were shakin' their alien things
I'll give you a genuine faux pearl ring if ya git on up and shake
Your... honeybuns! Shake your honeybuns!
Shake! Don't let it rest on the President's desk, rock the house!
Oh yeah! Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh! Cosmic! Wooo! Shake that thing! Cosmic!