## B-52s "Cosmic Thing"

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Gyrate it till you had your fill
Just like a pneumatic drill
Don't let it go down the drain
You 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, shake it, oh 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, cosmic Cosmic, cosmic

I don't need no earthquake, don't need no tidal wave Till night falls and day breaks, gonna shake, shake, shake

Cosmic, cosmic
Cosmic, cosmic
Cosmic, cosmic
Cosmic, cosmic
Shake that thing, shake that thing, oh yeah

Like someone gave you a wild goose
Or a freight train with a loose Caboose
You better shake your honeybuns, shake those
honeybuns
Shake that thing all night long, shake it man, you 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 you get 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, oh yeah, yeah, yeah

Cosmic, cosmic Cosmic, cosmic Cosmic, cosmic

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