

## **Butcher Jazz "She's On Drugs"**

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(And you can dance...)

Good grief, won't you look on the dancefloor!  
She's got to be American; she's not from here  
Oh no! I can't even look away  
She's just far too thin and beautiful as sin  
We're all living in a world of poetry  
Eating polyester and committing adultery  
Calm down, boy! I'll tell you the secret  
It's ever so simple it really, really is

Hey! Sha-la-la-la Oo my-my  
She's On Drugs What's up?  
Hey! Sha-la-la-la Oo my-my  
She's On Drugs

So steady on, get a grip on yourself  
You just can't act like that in the theatre  
Where'd you get that look in your eyes  
Behaving like the boss of a whole new religion  
Said please! I thought you got savvy  
But you're looking like a lemon and talking like a navvy  
Ah I guess that's so many people's problem these  
days:  
You can see the hills - you just can't go there

Aw, it simply shouldn't ever occur  
If she puts her arms above her head like that again  
I don't know what I'll say or do  
Hey Charlie

Now I'm out on the street and I believe she's in distress  
She's got her hair in her eyes and her eyes are in a  
mess  
Hey now, I've been hoping we was going to meet  
Now won't you take my hand so I can help you across  
the street?  
Whooo! Talk about bloodsports!  
Even the spectators get killed!  
You can see the cars, you just can't get out of their way

Ah this simply doesn't happen to me

If you have a single night like that in town again  
I don't know what I'd say or do  
Oh, but honey? I think I want to do it with you

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