

## Donald Fagen "New Frontier"

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Yes we're gonna have a wingding  
A summer smoker underground  
It's just a dugout that my dad built  
In case the reds decide to push the button down  
We've got provisions and lots of beer  
The key word is survival on the new frontier  
Introduce me to that big blonde  
She's got a touch of Tuesday Weld  
She's waering Ambush and a French twist  
She's got us wild and she can tell  
She loves to limbo that much is clear  
She's got the right dynamic for the new frontier  
Well I can't wait till I move to the city  
Till I finally make up my mind  
To learn design and study overseas  
Have you got a steady boyfriend  
Cause honey I've been watching you  
I hear you're mad about Brubeck  
I like you eyes I like him too  
He's an artist a pioneer  
We've got to have some music on the new frontier  
Well I can't wait till I move to the city  
Till I finally make up my mind  
To learn design and study overseas  
Let's pretend that it's the real thing  
And stay together all night long  
And when I really get to know you  
We'll open up the doors and climb into the dawn  
Confess your passion your secret fear  
Prepare to meet the challenge of the new frontier

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