

## **Fatboy Slim**

# **"Moonbeam Woman"**

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Who's that sister, mader her own space,  
she's got moondust on her 'fro.  
Damn we miss her sugarsome face,  
Wistful, moonbeam sense to go.  
Six months later she steamed up the van,  
we got no small surprise.  
Daisy lady sits on her hand, a naughty sparkle in her  
eyes.

Daisy Lady, come flyin' out my hand.  
Daisy Lady, Playmate of the land.

Late arrival, never been kissed,  
strode up sneaking in tongues.  
Settled nicely up to the wrist,  
grinding to the bass and the drum.  
3 years later she's back in her stride,  
Down Full Circle doin' the bump,  
Lovely Lady, up on her feet,  
She's getting over the hump.

That poor old poet didn't know so,  
but she cooked the wrong goose.  
She should have lapped it up  
and licked it like we do with that juice.  
And if you ask her she just shrugs  
and digs the life that she chose.  
She sure 'nuff gets some when her cup overflows.

Can't stop Won't stop, rockin' to the lady 'cuz I get  
down and I go down x many

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