

Cajun Dance Party

"Fashion Nugget"

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Heads of State who ride and wrangle,
Who look at your face from more than one angle,
Can cut you from their bloated budgets
Like sharpened knives through Chicken McNuggets.
Now Heads of State who ride and wrangle,
Who look at your face from more than one angle,
Can cut you from their bloated budgets
Like sharpened knives through Chicken McNuggets.

Shut the fuck up.
Shut the fuck up.
Learn to buck up.
Shut the fuck up.
Learn to buck up.

Now nimble fingers that dance on numbers
Will eat your children and steal your thunder,
While heavy torsos that heave and hurl
Who crunch like nuts in the mouths of squirrels.

Now nimble fingers that dance on numbers
Will eat your children and steal your thunder,
While heavy torsos that heave and hurl
Who crunch like nuts in the mouths of squirrels.

Shut the fuck up.
Shut the fuck up.
Learn to buck up.
Shut the fuck up.
Learn to buck up.

Now simple feet that flicker like fire
And burn like candles in smoky spires
Do more to turn my joy to sadness
Than somber thoughts of burning planets.

Now clever feet that flicker like fire
And burn like candles in smoky spires
Do more to turn my joy to sadness
Than somber thoughts of burning planets.

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