

## Joe Jackson "Happyland"

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This one is based on a true story  
It's called Happyland

It was on a summer night  
She says, a year ago today  
Packed, the place was packed  
The chicos lookin' for some play

He wore a satin shirt  
And said a prayer to Yemaya  
And he was calm and handsome  
As they squeezed through to the bar

The girls were in tight dresses  
Just like sweets in cellophane  
Everyone was there, Sabroson from Spanish Harlem  
And luz from Camaguey

In her hand a single rose  
In her mouth a razorblade  
Hot, the place was hot  
Too many people to be safe

She says  
It was our night  
Watch us seize the day  
And dance it all away

Bailamos, esa noche, bailamos  
In Happyland

It was on a summer night  
She says, it was a year ago  
Packed, the place was packed  
But where else were they gonna go

And then she heard the screams  
And saw the smoke come down  
And then it really turned into  
The hottest club in town

She remembers all the firetrucks

And that maldito TV crew  
And he, he didn't make it  
So, "Mi amor, this song's for you"

She's got red shoes on her feet  
And a red smile on her face  
And people say she's loca  
To go back into that place

She says, this is my night  
Watch me seize the day  
And dance it all away

Bailare, esta noche, bailare  
In Happyland  
Bailare, esa noche, bailare  
In Happyland  
In Happyland  
Happyland

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