Dad
"D-Law"

Look at that guy in those tight leather pants
He can't sing and you can see he can't dance
And Soulfinger's spinning, throwing his hair
He's got nothing to say, he's just happy to be there

Look at his friend and look at his face
He's got a one track mind and a two stringed bass
On garbage drums with a license to swing
Pete sets the pace to anything

But I don't care, no
'Coz by the order of the police
And sweet old Walt
Yeah, we do as we please

It's the Disneyland law
(Disneyland law)
And we don't need no more, no
We got the Disneyland law
(Disneyland law)
Yeah, it's so far out, it makes anarchy a bore

What the critics defined as presence of mind
Is nothing but a wish to be four of a kind
And though we do not share the same label
Where each of us is a can of tomato

From lower ego to upper i.d.
We're climbing up on the social tree
From cellar to TV, arena to bowl
To Penthouse View from misery

But I don't care, no
'Coz by the order of the police
And sweet old Walt
Yeah, we do as we please

It's the Disneyland law
(Disneyland law)
Yeah, and we don't need no more, no
We got the Disneyland law
(Disneyland law)

Yeah, it's so far out, it makes anarchy a bore

(Disneyland law)
Yeah, we're doing our duty
(Disneyland law)
When following a track
(Disneyland law)
With our pistol foreskin back

481914, anyplace you haven't been?
This ain't open territory
We're building a road-block
On your guard, boys
Oh, my god, there's a maniac in here

Yeah, by order of the police
We do as we please
Wanna hear something funny?
We print our own money

Disneyland law
(Disneyland law)
And we don't need more
We got the Disneyland law
(Disneyland law)
It's so far out it makes anarchy a bore

(Disneyland law)
It's the beauty of the duty
(Disneyland law)
When following a track

(Disneyland law)
Disneyland law
With our pistols foreskin back

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