

Timbuk 3

"Disland Was Made For You and Me"

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Wisemouth Johnny was a gifted child
Went out in the world one foggy morn
Gazed at the city that lay in ruin
Skipped down the road and sang this song
Let the wayward children play
Let the wicked have their day
Let the chips fall where they may
I'm going to Disneyland
On The Blood Of The Lamb Variety Show
See the little preachers all in a row
They jump and shout, hoot and holler
Prayin' for your salvation dollar
Let the wayward children play
Let the wicked have their day
Let the chips fall where they may
I'm going to Disneyland
As we contemplate the horror
Of the senseless things men do
In this search for rhyme or reason
One must finally come to view
This recurring nightmare madness

As merely man's attempt
To prove that nothing's sacred
That no one is exempt
So, let the wayward children play
Let the wicked have their day
Let the chips fall where they may
We're all going to Disneyland
It doesn't matter what I say
It don't matter what notes I play
'Cause we're all gonna die someday
And then we'll all be together in Disneyland

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