

World Entertainment War "Marlboro Man Jr."

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The Marlboro Man is dead.
Long live the Marlboro Man!
In our dreams he remains the hero
Of a thousand billboards,
The ultimate salesman
For the sexy macho flame of death.
Yes, the original Marlboro Man is gone,
But his son, the Marlboro Man, Jr., lives on--
Going boldly where his father
Never dared to go...
The Marlboro Man has come again
His kingdom has no end
This time around he's selling something new
It's called the Spiral Slam Dance Fever
And it's like therapy
It's guaranteed to make you act the fool
Proud Americans do your holy dances
(Make a fool of yourself)
Strange Americans do what you must do
(Put the broomstick between your legs)
Wild Americans tear down your defenses
(Make a fool of yourself)
Proud Americans do your HOLY HOLY
The Marlboro Man understands
What dancing's all about
He learned it from the ancient astronauts
He makes a fool of himself
In the biggest proudest way
He gives it all he's got
He takes it all away again
Breathe into the feeling...1...2...
(Ride the broomstick
in the Spiral Slam Dance Fever)
The Marlboro Man can spit into the wind
And not get sprayed
He smokes and smokes and smokes
But he never coughs
He loves martinis with his brown rice
And sex with his TV
Committing crimes that don't break any laws
No truth or consequences
Holy dances...Holy dances...Holy dances

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