

## Sparks "Let's Get Funky"

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She arrived on a Greyhound bus  
And she was young and so lean  
And she smelled like a smalltown church  
But she looked like a queen  
And I walked up and asked her name  
And she gave me a stare  
So i said will you marry me  
She just brushed at her hair  
She looked hungry and knew I was  
So she ate lunch with me  
Then she held out a greasy hand  
Rubbed the grease on my knee  
Maybe she's taken a vow of silence  
Maybe she's from some quiet island  
Or maybe she's scared of big city life, I don't know  
Maybe she's had a difficult life  
Oh c'mon baby just a word  
Just a syllable or two  
Take your pick, say a word  
Any word at all will do  
"Let's get funky"  
Well she's moved in with me, I guess  
We get funky a lot  
But she still doesn't say a lot  
Still she knows what she wants

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Lyrics posted by Richard T. Williams (Rex)  
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