

Manhattan Transfer, The "Shiny Happy People"

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"Ha ha ha, that's disgusting!
Here we fuckin' go!

Bring out your dead, bring out your dead
We're gonna make 'em dance, give us cold cold head
Fill' em full of whisky, it'll bring 'em back to life
Just as well, I like 'em nice and tight
Streetlights flashing like the greatest little disco
[Whimbo, belch-o, slam-o, fist-o]
The grand parade is coming your way

Meet me in the crowd, I'll be yelling out loud
with a dick in every orifice, this'll [pummel them
around]
with a 6-6-6 and a do-what-thou-wilt
though no body fluids are gonna be spilt
You look like the type who likes to suck a big pipe
Tonight could be your night if you play your cards right

Shiny happy people holding hands
Yes, that is correct, that's what we are seeing
Shiny happy people holding hands
("Go fuck yourself!")

Mummy, when you shoot up, dear,
do not spew up, dear, in baby's face here
Give him a few beers to dry his wee tears
and if his dad hears, he'll fuck you both, dear

Zeebrugge, '87, mass murder
Campaign contribution that goes no further
Innocent people lost their lives
for the killer's profit and another five
'cos the government by well-spanked arses, closet
queens ("Masturbate,
masturbate.") making it a crime to be gay

Shiny happy people holding hands
Shiny happy people holding hands
("Go fuck yourself!")

Fuck your nuclear family
Fuck your passion for advertising
Fuck your show business
Most of all, fuck your show business

Shiny happy people holding hands
Shiny happy people holding hands
I must be blind, I can't see them!
Shiny happy people holding hands
Shiny happy people holding hands
("Masturbate, masturbate")"

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