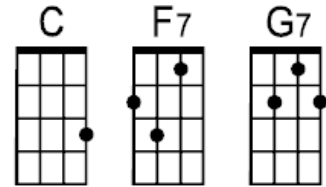


Brand New Dance

Louden Wainwright III

There's a new dance craze sweepin' the land
First you get out of bed, then you attempt to stand
You get out of bed, you get on your feet.
You got to just stand there, you can't retreat
Now here comes the hard part, here's the bad news.
You got to bend over and put on your shoes

This song is a simple 12 bar blues in C, with an extra 4 bars of C vamp between verses.



Over in the bed lies your sleepin' wife. Snorin' like a sailor, she's the love of your life
But that woman is a martyr and you know it's true. Who the hell else would put up with you?
You got a brand new dance and it goes like this
Wake up in the mornin' and look in to the abyss <Take a look>

It's a fight to the finish. It's a flackin' and a fray. Got a brand new song and I sing it everyday
I got a new smell and it's called "The Old Man." A new taste sensation, I'd say it was bland
That senior discount, that's my kind of treat, when I get on the bus, you got to give me a seat
<Move over baby>

Yeah the water is rising way past flood stage
And the woods are on fire, and we got to turn the page
So we stagger to the table to get something to eat
You drink a little coffee then you go take a seat
Read your business section, up there on your throne
You got a brand new dance, and you do it alone <Don't just sit there...do something>

You got a brand new dance, you gotta get you some work
It's a little like the Monkey, and a lot like the Jerk
The Chicken and the Pony and the Frug and the Slop
It's a brand new dance, and you wish it would stop
You'd rather be a workin' stiff, than a lazy slob. Sha Na Na don't get you no job

Hey hallelujah it's election time. Vote in a booth you form a big long line
But it's the same old song, same old dance
Same long shot at the same slim chance
One of those fools is bound to win, but it's the same old, same old, all over again
<Repeat 1st verse>