

Let's Get Funky

Sparks

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"