Fine How'd Ya Do

Grant Lee Buffalo

Now the troubadours are outside the court
With their gramophones and rifles
And an awful cloud is daring to pour
Such a wild scene a 3-D picture Bible storyAnd the floats of tinsel garland are downed
Stalled for blocks on the parade route
But the Majorette still twirls in the rain
And the marching band goes soaking wet and that's a fine howDo ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine how
Do ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine howDo ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine howSee the ladies in their Queen Union suits
Shuffling gaily for the camera
Doing high kicks in their felt button boots
While the men puff on their cigarettes from PanamaLike the baby dolls of Bisque on display
In the shops of Barcelona
There's a blankness that falls over his face
As the speaker makes his way up to the podiumCould he be so blind to sip lemonade
In such a dire time, well, that's a fine
That's a fine howDo ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine how
Do ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine howDo ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine how
Do ya do, do ya doHolding hostage in the opium dens
That are tucked behind the alleyway
Where the corridors of Amsterdam bend
'Neath the windows where the harlots pose like mannequinsNo one thinks of them on Valentines
There's no chocolate box or cards to read
And that's a fine howDo ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine how
Do ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine howDo ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine how
Do ya do, do ya do
And that's a fine how

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