

An Acceptable Level of Ecstasy

Lyle Lovett

The two-step it drug like a ball and chain
While the band was playing something like moon river or somewhere over the rainbow
And I was chasing the black man with the champagne
And I was chasing the black girl with the oysters rockefeller And it was a highbrow occasion
For no special reason
And nobody knew
Nobody knew
That the flowers were furnished by the funeral parlor
And the whole thing was paid for by the funeral director
Who poisoned the saxophone section And if you ain't the big daddy
You ain't nobody
If you ain't the big daddy
You ain't nobody
Red and yellow, black and tan
But white that's the color of the big boss man
It was a twenty-piece orchestra at the warwick hotel
With some fat man from the opera who tried to sing misty
And it was black men and black boys in white ties and tails
And mascara and rouge and fake fingernails If you ain't the big daddy
You ain't nobody
If you ain't the big daddy
You ain't nobody
Red and yellow, black and tan
But white that's the color of the big boss man They had them everywhere man
They had one on every foot and every hand
And they was all saying yes sir
And right away ma'am
And they was picking up plates
And they was pouring wine
And they was checking umbrellas
And making shoes shine
And they was handing out towels in the washroom
For a quarter And it was an acceptable level of ecstasy
As far as everyone could see
But nobody knew
That the flowers were furnished by the funeral parlor
And the whole thing was paid for by the funeral director
Who poisoned the saxophone section And if you ain't the big daddy
You ain't nobody

If you ain't the big daddy
You ain't nobody
Red and yellow, black and tan
But white that's the color of the big boss man

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