Old Regime

Becker And Fagen

I heard them whispering
I saw their eyes, their chests
Their secret smiles
Dance a wild new tango
Overrun the great placenta
And who received the first "bang, bang"?
It was the whole goddamned gang
What can the price for freedom be?
The old Regime
Is falling
The ball and chain is gone
You see
No winning team
Is calling for volunteers
Don't hesitate
The old regime is falling
Who got the bottles?
Who got the ladies' fashions and the tray?
Did you get the radio?
Did you get the princess' collar?
Well don't you know I got the cheat
So what you got you'd better keep
But that brunette, she comes with me
[Chorus]
Gotta get a move on
What's in your head?
It's just my things left in the sand
Now I'll drive with four wheel drive
There in the breadbox
Cheese in the mouths of babes is fine with me
Yes I'm on your side
Deal me in and do your preaching
Well won't you carve the turkey now
I know I've earned my share somehow
By morning who knows where I'll be
[Chorus]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by WALTER BECKER/DONALD FAGEN

Lyrics Â© Royalty Network, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/