Ebeneezer Goode

The Shamen

'A great philospher once wrote..."
Naughty, naughty, very naughty.

There's a guy in the place
He's got a bittersweet face
And he goes by the name of Ebeneezer Goode.

His friends call him Eezer
And he is the main geezer
And he'll vibe 'bout the place like no other man could.

He refined, sublime
Makes you feel fine
Though very maligned and misunderstood.
But if you know Eezer,
He's a real cloud please,
He's ever so good,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.

You've seen that he's michevious,
Mysterious and devious,
As he circulates amongst the people in the place
Once you know he's fun
And something of a genius
He gives a grin that goes around from face to face to face.

Backwards and then forwards
Forwards and then backwards
Eezer is the geezer who loves to muscle in.
That's about the time the crowd all shout the name of Eezer
And he's kotcheled in the corner laughing by the bass bin.

Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,

He's Ebeneezer Goode.

He's Ebeneezer Goode.

"Has anyone got any veras?
Laaarvley. "

"A great philospher once wrote..."
Naughty, naughty, very naughty.

Ebeneezer Goode,
Leading light of the scene
Know what I mean?
See, he created the vibe
He takes you for a ride
And if by design the party ignites like he's coming alive.

He takes you to the top
Shakes you all around
And back down
You know as he gets mellow
Then as smooth as the groove that is making you move
He glides into your mind with a sunny 'ello'.

A gentleman of leisure
He's there for your pleasure
But go easy on old Eezer
He's the love you could lose.
Extraordinary fellow like Mr. Punchinello
He's the kind of geezer that must never be abused.

When you're in town and Ebeneezer is around,
You can sense a presence in the sound of the crowd.
He gets them all at it
The party starts rocking
The people get excited
It's time to shout loud;

Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,

He's Ebeneezer Goode.

He's Ebeneezer Goode.
He's Ebeneezer Goode.
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.

"Has anyone got any salmon?
Sorted."

Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
"Oh what a carry-on."
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
"Wiickeed"
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.

He's Ebeneezer Goode,
"Oh what a carry-on"
He's Ebeneezer Goode,
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
"Wiickeed"

Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode,
He's Ebeneezer Goode.

He's Ebeneezer Goode.
He's Ebeneezer Goode.
Eezer Goode, Eezer Goode.

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Lyrics submitted by molly.

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