

# New Frontier

Donald Fagen

Yes we're gonna have a wingding  
A summer smoker underground  
It's just a dugout that my dad built  
In case the reds decide to push the button down  
We've got provisions and lots of beer  
The key word is survival on the new frontier

Introduce me to that big blonde  
She's got a touch of Tuesday Weld  
She's wearing Ambush and a French twist  
She's got us wild and she can tell  
She loves to limbo, that much is clear  
She's got the right dynamics for the new frontier

Well I can't wait 'til I move to the city  
'Til I finally make up my mind  
To learn design and study overseas

Have you got a steady boyfriend  
Cause honey I've been watching you  
I hear you're mad about Brubeck  
I like your eyes, I like him too  
He's an artist, a pioneer  
We've got to have some music on the new frontier

Well I can't wait 'til I move to the city  
'Til I finally make up my mind  
To learn design and study overseas  
Let's pretend that it's the real thing  
And stay together all night long  
And when I really get to know you  
We'll open up the doors and climb into the dawn  
Confess your passion your secret fear  
Prepare to meet the challenge of the new frontier

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Lyrics submitted by rock.

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