

## 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 story

And 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 how

Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how

See the ladies in their queen union suits  
Shuffling gaily for the camera  
Doing high kicks in their felt button boots  
While the men puff their cigarettes from Panama

Like 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 podium  
Could he be so blind to sip lemonade  
In such a dire time well that's a fine  
That's a fine how

Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
Do ya do do ya do  
Ah ah

Holding 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 mannequins  
No one thinks of them on Valentines (do ya do)  
There's no chocolate box or cards to read  
And that's a fine how

Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
Do ya do do ya do  
That's a fine how  
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