Hooray For Everything

Shriekback

It is a miracle, though I'm empirical
Slightly hysterical, most of the time
When they are analyzed, some cock-ups justified are
Nelson's Column-sized, but we don't mind

Hooray for everything! Hooray for everything!
Hooray for everything! In every way...
You couldn't make it up, there's every kind of stuff
So let's be glad enough for every day

Although there's odium up on the podium
The lights are sodium when nighttime falls
Out come the sybarites and all their acolytes
With all their appetites, they have a ball

Not parsimonious and sounds euphonious
Could be erroneous, we cannot say
You mustn't worry now cos what's the hurry now?
The beer and curry now, can last all day

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Hooray for everything! In every way...
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So let's be glad enough for every day

All riled up: the fire in the belly
All ends up as lights on the telly
I don't even, can't begin to know just what it means
What we want's a whole lot of welly
Lining up for licks at the jelly
I'm amazed and grazed and crazed
By everything I've seen

The proletarian, the Rastafarians, septuagenerians
You know their kind
They had a rotten time, but here's the bottom line
Now that they're friends of mine I'm feeling fine

I'm not censorious, it's all so glorious:
Good Guys victorious forever more
What might be scarier: it could get larier
Was a gray area but now we're sure

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Hooray for everything! In every way...
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So let's be glad enough for every day

Hooray for everything...
[repeat to fade]

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