

D-A-D, D-Law

Look at that guy in those tight leather-pants
He can't sing and you can see he can't dance
And soulfinger's spinning; throwing his hair
He's got nothing to say; He's just happy 2 B there
Look at his friend and look at his face...
He's got a 1 track mind'n'a 2 stringed bass!
On garbage drums with a license to swing
Pete sets the pace to anything...
But I don't care - No!
'Coz by the order of the police'n'sweet olde Walt
Yeah! We do as we please...
It's the Disneyland law - Disneyland law
And we don't need no more no
We got the Disneyland law - Disneyland law
Yeah, it's so far out; It makes anarchy a bore
What the critics defined as presence of mind
Was nothing but a wish 2 be 4 of a kind...
And though we don't share the same label
Each of us is a can of tomato...
From lower ego to upper i.d.
We're climbing up on the social tree
From cellar to t.v. - Arena to bowl
To penthouse-view from misery...
But I don't care - No!
'Coz by the order of the police'n'sweet olde Walt
Yeah! We do as we please...
It's the Disneyland law
Disneyland law
And we don't need no more no!
We got the Disneyland law
Disneyland law
Yeah, it's so far out; It makes anarchy a bore
Disneyland law
Yeah! We're doing our duty
Disneyland law
Following a track
Disneyland law With our pistol foreskin back!
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Anyplace U haven't been?
This ain't open territory...
We're building a road-block
- On your guard, boys!!
- Ohmygod there's a maniac in here.!!
Yeah! By order of the police
- We do as we please
Wanna hear something funny?
- We print our own money!!
Disneyland law
Disneyland law And we don't need more
We got the Disneyland law
Disneyland law
It's so far out it makes anarchy a bore
Disneyland law
It's the beauty of the duty
Disneyland law
When following a track
Disneyland law
Disneyland law With out pistols foreskin back!