

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Election Year Rag

Election Year Rag
(Steve Goodman)

Come on baby, wontcha take a chance
Your papa's gonna show you a brand new dance
Come on down, now, dontcha be no drag,
And do that election year rag

Its two steps to the left and two to the right
Then you stand in the middle and hold on tight
Shuffle on down, now--don't you lag--
Do that election year rag.

Jump on that old band wagon,
now here's what you're gonna do:
Go down to your precinct captain's house this mornin'
And scarf up some lame duck stew...

Don't you cry, don't shed no tears
You know it only comes around every four years
I'm your dark horse, and you're my nag
Do that election year rag

If you feel like you need a score card
You really don't have to fuss
Ya know the winner is always somebody else
And the loser is always us

Wontcha shake it to the east
Shake it to the west
Hand me down my bullet-proof vest
It's nobody's choice and it's anybody's guess
Do that election--(there ain't no selection--)
Do that election-year rag!

TK