

Mene, Mene, Tekel
 By:Pins and Needles
 composed by Harold Rome

The King of Babylon, Belshazzar,
 He sat feasting on his golden piazza
 With his court and concubines,
 Stuffing in fried chicken and imported wines!
 Stuffing in fried chicken and imported wines!
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

They sat there at that banquet board,
 Drinking from the vessels of the Lord:
 Big shots of the neighborhood,
 Praisin' gods of gold and silver, iron and wood!
 Praisin' gods of gold and silver, iron and wood!
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

That King of Babylon, Belshazzar,
 Was a mean, old razzar-dazzar.
 Never paid no income taxes;
 The big shot of the Jerusalem-Babylon axis.
 He was a tyrant took delight in
 Startin' wars and doin' fightin'.
 Sons of Israel, he called 'scamps':
 Set them all to makin' bricks in concentration camps.
 O! Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

O! O! O! Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

The Tribes of Judah from below
 Heard the saxophones and trumpets blow.
 Sore and weary, laid them down
 While Belshazzar's party kept a-goin' to town!
 While Belshazzar's party kept a-goin' to town!
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

The guests were shaggin'; horns were blowin'.
 Lord, how gin and beer and wine were flowin'.
 Of a sudden, all was still.
 Everyone stood frozen to the floor with a chill!
 Everyone stood frozen to the floor with a chill!
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

For through the plaster and the brick,
 Over by the candlestick,
 In Belshazzar's banquet hall,
 A hand was writin', writin' slowly on the wall.
 The King grew pale where he was sittin'.
 The finger wrote, and having written,
 Vanished slowly overhead.
 And this is what the writing of the good Lord said:
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

O! O! O! Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
 Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

The King called all his council table
 To read the letters, but they weren't able.
 All his wise men old and gray

Couldn't tell him what the writing had to say!
Couldn't tell him what the writing had to say!
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

Belshazzar offered jewels and gold
If the meanin' of the words were told.
In came Daniel, spurned them all
And for nothing told the bad news on the wall!
And for nothing told the bad news on the wall!
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

"King, stop your frolic and your flauntin'.
You've been weighed, and you're found wantin'.
All your days is numbered days.
The Lord don't like dictators or dictators' ways."
Belshazzar cried out, "Man, you're lyin'!
"But there was no use denyin'
For he saw the words divine
Shinin' out just like a cafeteria sign!
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

O! O! O! Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

The King of Babylon was slain,
But the children of the Lord remain.
All his idols turned to rust.
Crumbled are his kingdom and his power to dust!
Crumbled are his kingdom and his power to dust!
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Tekel, Tekel,
Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson!