

Japan It!

Ludo

I'm sick of the humdruming white breaded meat
It grill marks my brain with it's hamburger beat
Give me Mr. Fuji and paper mashay
Just an ocean away

Let's go to Japan
I'm not joking this time
So go get your bags packed
We'll be just fine
We'll both wear Kimono's
No shoes on our feet
Just take my hand
Japan it with me

Its an archipelago exotic and pure
Of ancient enchantments, so says the brochure
I need a place where there's no room to grow
Watch out Tokyo
I'm coming

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Japan it with me

Don't miss quote me
I'm not disowning my country
We'll come back one day (USA)

With those Geisha's teasing
That Emperor could keep me all saki bombed
We'll be singing Karaoke.....IN OSAKA
ROCK!

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Japan it with me

Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh
Japan it with me

Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh
Japan it with...me