

# Ry Cooder, UFO HAS LANDED IN THE GHETTO

(Ry Cooder & Jim Keltner)

Lonesome outerspace invader blasting through the night  
Tuning in the soul music on the satellite  
All that low-down funky rhythm makes him jump and shout  
Just got to find that ghetto planet that everyone's talkin' about

Tuning in the local scene on the radio  
The D.J. on the radar screen is telling him where to go  
The funky fever's getting louder, sounds just like a soul encounter  
Cruisin' for some bar-b-que right up Central Avenue  
And he's got a little dance he wants to do

He pulls up to a big night club in his UFO  
Gets right in with all the folks out on the big dance floor  
It really stops the action, everybody's mystified  
To see that little step he's got as he goes glidin' by

Now, he ain't doin' the Gigolo 'cause he ain't got no hips  
Looks like the Funky Chicken man, 'cept he ain't got no hips  
Those shiny metal threads he's wearin' really got some class  
I'd say he was doin' the Bomp, but I can't seem to find his ass

Now, everybody fall in love  
He's reet, he's neat, he can't be beat  
You shake your shimmy like I shake mine  
He's hand held and he's jet propelled  
Shake it up from sun to sun  
He's fast and loose, he's full of juice  
Shake it like an atomic bomb  
He's got the goose so what's the use  
That UFO has landed in the ghetto