

Weird Al Yankovic, Amish paradise

As I walk through the valley where I harvest my grain
I take a look at my wife and realize she is very plain,
But that's just perfect for an Amish like me
You know I shun fancy things like electricity
At four thirty in the morning I am milking cows
Jabbadiah feeds the chickens an Jacob ploughs fool
I've been milking and ploughing so long that
even Hezekiel thinks that my mind is gone
I 'm the man of the land
I'm into discipline
Got a bible in my hand and a beard on my chin
But if I finish all of my chores and you finish thine
Then tonight we're gonna party like in sixteen
ninety nine
We been spending most our lives
Living in an Amish paradise
A churn butter once or twice
Living in an Amish paradise
It's hard work and sacrifice
Living in an Amish paradise
We sell cruets of discount rice
Living in an Amish paradise
A local boy kicked me in the butt last week
I just smiled at him
and I turned the other cheek
I really don't care in fact I wish him well
Cause I will be laughing my head off
When he's burning in hell
but I have never punched a tourist even if he
deserved it
an Amish with a 'tude you know that's unheard of
I never wear buttons but I got a cool hat
and my homies agree
I really look good in black
fool
if you come to visit you will be bored to tears
we haven't even paid the phone bill in three
hundred years
But we aren't really quaint
So please don't point and stare
We're just technologicly impaired
There's no phone,
No life,
No motorcar,
Not a single luxury
Like Robinson Crusoe
It is primitive as can be
We been spending most our lives
Living in an Amish paradise
We're just plain and simple guys
Living in an Amish paradise
There's no time for sin and vice
Living in an Amish paradise
We don't fight we all play nice
Living in an Amish paradise
Hitching up the buggy
Churning lots of butter
Rave the barn on Monday
Soon I raise another
Think you're really righteous
Think you're pure of heart

Then I know I am a million times as humble as thou art
I'm the palmaceous little which I wan't to be like
on my knees day and night scoring points for the
after life
So don't be vain,
And don't be whiny
Or else my brother I might have to get medieval on your hiny
We been spending most our lives
Living in an Amish paradise
We're all crazy mentalities
Living in an Amish paradise
There's no cops and traffic lights
Living in an Amish paradise
But you probably think it bites
Living in an Amish paradise