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Happy Pagans

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Happy Pagans

Sally's name got changed to "Sunflower" late last week.
She went to the girl known as "Starpower" 'cause she was feeling weak.
Starpower said, "Meet me by the lockers today after school."
There she crushed a crystal, pronounced Sunflower as cool.
Now Becky doesn't like the way Starpower acts at lunch;
Says Sally doesn't come around church now much.

Happy Pagans everywhere,
Floating up and down academia's marble stairs,
Surviving on red beans and rice,
Never thinking twice about Jesus Christ.

Bob works at Motorola, designing those newfangled microchips.
Says his job is to make telecommunications just a bit more hip.
He's out of the rain, not quite out of the muck; but he's got a stereo, and with some luck
He'll have a happy home, get a happy wife
Who will make her hubby happy, and they'll live a yuppie life.
Every fourth weekend they'll tide-fully, pridefully pay eleven percent.
After the bills, the car payment and mortgages are sent

Happy Pagans every place,
Keeping up with the Joneses' church-race.
They've got themselves a new building plan (only need another ten grand),
Never mind about the man named Jesus Christ.

Every weekend in spring we all drive downtown and try to park it
at this bizarre little bazaar we call "Portland Saturday Market."
Where funky-looking people sell things of beauty, crap and art.
Hazy, crazy incense, guaranteed to cure your broken heart

Happy Pagans everywhere,
They're white, they're young, wearing dreads in their hair,
Selling hemp and dancing like banshees,
Going for groceries at the Pakistani Pantry,
Never really fancied Jesus Christ.

Kjel Alkire

Thanks to Bill Bright for the phrase, Sara Vickery for the motivation, and Heidi Norton for the "banshees."