

Walk Like An Egyptian

Words & Music:
The Bangles

A G A
All the old paintings on the tombs, they do the sand dance, don't you know.
A G A
If they move too quick, -- Oh-way-oh! -- they're falling down like a domino.

All the bazaar men by the Nile, they got the money on a bet.
Gold crocodiles -- Oh-way-oh! -- they snap their teeth on your cigarette.

D
Foreign types with the hookah pipes say: "Ay-oh! Way-oh! Ay-oh! Way-oh!"
A
Walk like an Egyptian.

The blonde waitresses take their trays,
They spin around and they cross the floor.
They've got the moves -- Oh-way-oh! --
You drop your drink then they bring you more.

All the school kids so sick of books they like the punk and the metal band.
When the buzzer rings -- Oh-way-oh! -- they're walking like an Egyptian.

All the kids in the marketplace say: "Ay-oh! Way-oh! Ay-oh! Way-oh!"
Walk like an Egyptian.

Slide your feet up the street, bend your back,
Shift your arm then you pull it back.
Life is hard -- Oh-way-oh! --
So, strike a pose on a Cadillac.

If you want to find all the cops, they're hanging out in the donut shop.
They sing and dance -- Oh-way-oh! -- spin their clubs, cruise down the block.

All the Japanese with their yen; the party boys call the Kremlin.
And the Chinese know -- Oh-way-oh! -- they walk the line like Egyptian.

All the cops in the doughnut shop say: "Ay-oh! Way-oh! Ay-oh! Way-oh!"
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