

Lyrics: Bill and Gretchen Roper
TTTO: "P.F. Sloan" by Jimmy Webb
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Kathleen Sloan

Na na na na na na na na na na.
Please sing this song.
Please sing this song.

I have been hearing Kathleen Sloan
At every filkcon I have known.
You've probably heard the songs
Our fannish doctor's singing.

Now you might laugh at what you've seen
And you might moan at our Discipline Queen.
You just smiled and let the cameras roll
At what she's wearing.
Yeah, look at what she's wearing.

(Chorus)

Na na na na na na na na na na.
Please sing this song.
Yes, people, won't you sing this song?
Na na na na na na na na na na.
Please sing this song.
We wrote it for Kathleen Sloan.
Oh, come on, sing along.

I want a cure for all my ills
That's of the kind that Walgreen's fills.
Progenitorivox
Kathleen's prescribing,
But I can't read her writing.

A new race for us to greet,
But from their heads down to their feet
They're entirely made of meat.
Meat that's singing.
Oh, listen to meat singing.

(Chorus)

The last time I saw Kathleen Sloan
Was at the bead store all alone.
She said, "Take it back!"
But what was she returning?
Oh, what was she returning?

(Chorus twice)

Na na na na na na na na na na.
Please sing this song.
We wrote it for Kathleen Sloan.