

Pods, Ego Party

We power keepers hold the key
To turn your negativity
Into sun... and light
We'll do this trick tonight
Wherever these four demons go
In every city on the road
The stage is a conduit
To turn the other bands to shit
We are the top up of the world
Giving hints to boys and girls
Telling them stupendous stories
Yo, bro, we got glory
Listen to that magic bass
Gaze at my majestic face
Our new block beat will knock you dead
We need wheelbarrows for our heads!

CHORUS:

Right on!

I am the master fact

I'll tell you how to act

I see everything

Encompass all your dreams

I'll say what's bad and good

So, right on!

Right on!

Oh myself, myself, myself

There are no words that could quite tell

How deep I am to know for you

What to speak and think and do

So fall and praise the Pods' bright name

Play our delicious little game

God and Satan both agree

Everything begins with me!

CHORUS

Big pay to puck pa ba dabby

Big pay to puck pa pa da

Big ba to bick bo da beeper

Big bay to bo ba ba da

Pibbedi bop ba do bop ba beeper

Pibbedi dot to bo ba ba da

Bob bop bop to bo bop ba dita

Ba ba ba bo da da da