

Shael Riley, Bit Pop

At the Time-piece mall there was a stone man,
standing at the juice bar, washing his hands.
With the power-lunch, timeshares to shoot,
he was an Incan god in a power suit.

He can't stop with the world eating out of his hand.
He can't sleep with the memories of the grunge band.
And he starts to recites his mantra:
If there's one thing I know, son, it's how to play Contra..

<chorus>
Gimme bit pop. Gimme bit pop. Gimme bit pop.
Gimme bit. Gimme shimmy soft-synth rock
When you make a lyric I hear it and make the whole thing drop.
Now gimme meta-lyrics, lyrics about the lyrics.

They don't bring me down.

Things around side of my head they don't bring me down.
Things around side of my head they never bring me down.
</chorus>

There was a girl named Cork who met a guildless Ork,
and they were gone 'til four in the morning.

Keep-- swinging your arms
Keep-crossing your thighs
keep rolling on the ground when passer-bys roll their eyes
Keep setting those boxes up by your amp,
then soon you'll be the breakdancing champ.

If you're Caucasian, black or Asian,
don't cost a dime just to feel amazin'.
Just steady yourself on a piece of wood
and stand by the radiator 'til it gets good.

(Chorus)

Dance dance! Cause everybody love Japan.
I'm drinking strawberry milk with my hands in my pants pants!
I play H-games all night.
In the morning I enslave little monsters and I make 'em fight.

(Howcanyou) Get down without the night gown
it seems like a waste of time with big sound.
Get nearer the mirror you make a shouju frown
and never watch Sailor Moon when your roommate's around.
(let's) Get puka; drinkin' sambuka...
Break out your raisonette's hooka.
Stairin' at your homework pulling your hair,
there's an old fatty dying in an office chair.

If I see your Livejournal, you know I'm bound to attack it
My shit is so clever, I gots to put it in brackets.
Just like a Botox injection, I keep a stiff upper lip.
My mother's a spaniel, cause I'm a son of a bitch.

(Chorus)