

The Aquabats, Powdered Milk Man! (See)

The wind blows, and I see dust. A cloud of white upon the horizon. My pallet knows, this is a bust, breakfast is wrecked for the children of the nation. These cheerios, soggy and tainted have gone to waste in this MILK of devastation.

Taste is based from the bones of zombies, the dust is ground it's not safe to eat or drink when POWDERED MILK's around.

Call in the troops cause here's a scoop for you and your group. There's a drink around town and it tastes like foo.

The man in the tin suit bearing bitter fruit, breakfast cereal turns to soup, tastes like puke.

Oh no! It's the POWDERED MILK MAN. Oh no! Holding the POWDERED MILK can. The super villain comes

a creepin' when you're sleepin' and must be stopped anyway we can.

<chorus> You stand before me, I will defeat you. You will not break me,

I will not take you. You're just another,

unealthy poison. Someone will stop you, you and your kind, step back!

Whoa ho ho ho, POWDERED MILK MAN. Whoa ho ho, you must die! Whoa ho ho ho, POWDERED MILK

MAN. Whoa ho ho ho whoa!

<chorus>

Whoa ho ho ho, POWDERED MILK MAN. Whoa ho ho, you must die! Whoa ho ho ho, POWDERED MILK

MAN. Whoa ho ho ho, you must die!