

Atom And His Package, Lord, It's Hard To Be Happy

Twelve inches per foot
Two pints in a quart
Why don't we make it easy?
The English system of measurement must be linked to history
We can use units of ten and convert with ease
Like all the other countries
I am in command
Yes, I am taking a stand
From this disease we must be free
Good God
You're drunk with your tradition
That has no validity
Well, I'm intoxicated in support of metrics
Come drink a decaliter with me
We want metrics
We want it now
We know we can win
I weigh 170 pounds
That's 90 kilograms
So metrics can even make you thin
Yardsticks are pathetic
All the cool things are in metrics
For example, here's just one
I've got my nine
Well, that's nine millimeters
Sounds cooler than my point two something inches gun
The powerful if nonexistant they will call me communist
Or commie scum
But it's worth it
Canadians will think we're smart
At least they'll think we are not as dumb
You're drunk with your tradition
That has no validity
Well, I'm intoxicated in support of metrics
Come drink a decaliter with me
We want metrics
We want it now
We know we can win
I weigh 170 pounds
That's 90 kilograms
So metrics can even make you thin
The revolution's here
We must overcome at last
As we symbolically stick their fucking foot up their fucking ass
Guitar!
You are drunk with your tradition
That has no validity
Well, I'm intoxicated in support of metrics
Come drink a decaliter with me
We want metrics
We want it now
We know we can win
I weigh 170 pounds
That's 90 kilograms
So metrics can even make you thin