

Barenaked Ladies, Sell Sell Sell

The credits roll, the camera pans
And in the mist our hero stands
He starts to speak, then folds his hands in prayer
An awkward pause, then what's my line?
There's nothing left to say this time
And what would you say to a bad guy who's not there?
In terms of Roman numerals,
He's IV league with Roman Polanski
He'd win an Oscar every time if he was only given the chance

He started on the Broadway stage
A product of another age,
An offer and a pilot drew him west
The series bombed, commercials came
And though nobody knew his name
They all recognized the potential he possessed
Deodorants and dental floss
And how much does that new car cost
His acting was methodical in You Don't Need A Medical
He's branded like a racing car,
He's like a movie star with movies
The week of Independence Day,
The casting agent called to say
Your smile could save our movie and the world

Buy buy buy buy
Sell sell sell
How well you learn
To not discern
Who's foe and who is friend
We'll own them all in the end

It goes like this, we have no choice; the minarets,
The wailing voice
And vaguely Celtic music fills the air
We choose a foreigner to hate,
The new Iraq gets more irate
We really know nothing about them, and no one cares
Aladdin and the forty thieves
Enhanced by brand new special effects
Saddam and his cow disease spiced up
With some gratuitous sex
A movie's made, a war is won
A low-speed chase, a smoking gun
Distracts us while the actor takes the stand

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