

# Bran Van 3000, Une Chanson

Yeah yeah, microphone check, 1, 2, 3...  
In the place to be,  
It is I, the R-K-A-D-E,  
Dropping poems on your telephone.  
And it goes a little like this:

The tears of a clown make the whole world laugh; hee hee.

And on that note, man, just give me a call, alright?  
Peace.

End of message.

People fly...