

Monster Magnet, Powertrip

Who's gonna teach you how to dance?
Who's gonna show you how to fly?
Who's gonna call you on the lame-dope-smoking,
Slackin' little sucker you are?

Who's gonna get you from behind?
Who's gonna ring your little bell?
Who's gonna con you into buying a television set revolution they sell?

When are you gonna blow the game?
When are you gonna blow the screen?
When will you tell them that the crap doesn't last
And you found a way to make your own dreams

The crap doesn't last and you found a way to make yourself scream

Well I died a million times
And I picked my culture well
And I built myself a gate
They can all now go to hell

I'm never gonna work another day in my life
The gods told me to relax
They said I'm gonna be fixed up right
I'm never gonna work another day in my life
I'm way too busy powertripping
But I'm gonna shed you some light

Get down!

Who's gonna teach you how to dance?
Who's gonna show you how to fly?
When you get tired of the crap baby move over here and maybe buy some of
mine

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