

Swollen Members, Rockapella

As ten thousand maniacs emerge from an oasis
Its everclear my soundgarden was invented
To blind melons and smash pumpkins.
How could a whole nation of crash test dummies
Hope to release the grapes of wrath on the day of Sabbath
Knowing it would be black
Especially when they might be giants
And they take to the air with stone temple pilots
Oh man my parachute club with the motley Crue,
My B-52 fires nine inch nails radiohead,
I cause phonetic quiet riots.
And tragically hip fight with the spirit of the west,
Society's no fucking use
Do white zombies have no effects?
Now cowboys are turning into junkies
Hanging themselves with lassos
Singing blues about rodeos that once stood true.
Have no time to fight with those fools.
Alice's in chains and cold hearted iron maidens
Claim that the ministries have the cure for U2.
While everyone's raging against the machine
They're watching us on satellites from Georgia.
But there's more to my set than Alanis
And it won't crash into Vegas
Cause my man smith has got the arrow.
The moral to this story is hades hath no fury,
And mc scorn,
And i would continue this verse
But nothing rhymes with orange.