

# I Can't Get Behind That

William Shatner

Let's go, ready? From the top  
My favorite shows on TV have twelve minutes of advertising  
I can't get behind that kind of time  
Eat quickly, drive faster, make more money now  
I can't get behind that  
My kids say, "He said to me, and I'm like and he's like and she's like"  
It's all, he's all, she's all  
I can't get behind that kind of like, English  
That'll be six to eight weeks before delivery  
The rising oceans, the warming temperatures  
The dying polar bears no, tigers in fifty years  
Rising poison in the air and water  
I can't understand why the price of gas suddenly rises  
When oil goes up  
But takes months to go down long after oil falls  
I can't get behind any of that  
I can't get behind the Gods, who are more vengeful, angry, and  
Dangerous if you don't believe in them  
Why can't all these Gods just get along?  
I mean, they're omnipotent and omnipresent, what's the problem?  
What's the problem? What about the men  
who say  
"Do as I do, believe in what I say, for your own good  
Or I'll kill you", I can't get behind that  
I can't get behind that  
Everybody knows everything about all of us  
That's too much knowledge  
I can't get behind that  
Yeah, and what about student drivers using my streets to learn?  
If you learn to play the drums you got to go to a studio  
Go to a parking lot, for God's sake, why are you jeopardizing my life?  
I can't get behind a student driver  
I can't behind a driver who drives like a student driver  
If you're going to drive an urban assault vehicle then get off the phone  
And keep your eyes on the road  
Lifetime guarantee? Who's lifetime? Not mine  
I haven't that much time left, let's make it yours  
Everybody's got a longer life than me  
The leaf blowers, is there anything more futile?  
Car alarms, clap off, clap on, spam  
Size matters, no, it doesn't  
Yes, it does, no, it doesn't  
Yes, it does, no, it doesn't  
Yes, it does, no, it doesn't no, it doesn't  
Yes, it does! Yes, it does  
My phone rings, make millions in minutes  
It's a computer, lose inches in hours  
Leave me the Hell alone, eat more spend less  
The Colonel is breakdancing, give me a break  
Credit terms raised  
I can't get behind any of that  
I can't get behind so-called singers that can't carry a tune  
Get paid for talking, how easy is that?

Well, maybe I could get behind that Well, I can't, if you have to fix it with a computer  
Quantized, pitch corrected, and overly inspected  
Then you can't do it, and I can't get behind that  
I can't get behind a fat ass Yeah, Bill, can you turn around and do one more?  
Always can do one more  
Let's hit it!

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