

Volcano

Edie Brickell & New Bohemians

Under the island, middle of a mountain
There is a big bad, boomin' system
Blowin' speakers, woofers and tweeters
Amplifiers, melted wires
The parties exploded, the core is corroded
Under ground, the Puget Sound
'Cause a shiftin', and a drifin'
Big black boom box, stuck in the hot rock
It's in there flowin', it's in there growin'
You don't believe me, that this scenery
Could be a cold blooded killer

It's gonna blow... Volcano
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Now the island is shiftin', the plates are liftin'
The core is creamy, docile and dreamy
Stopped up and steamy
Happy campers, poop in there pampers
When the mountain, becomes a fountain
Of white hot lava, molten magna
Super sonic, plate techtonics
Stereo phonic, lava and tonic
The boom is bionic
Sony shut down, magnavox meltdown
Ballistic breakdown
Hi-fi heatwave, lo-fi lava cave
That sulfur smells, Mt. St. Helens
Pompeii was yellin',

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