In My Backyard

Dead Celebrity Status

I'm like a Bat Out of Hell, being pulled by Black Stallions.
Waiting for Metallica to make another Black Album.
Created a stone age cage, I'm fenced in.
Watching doves cry in this purple rain that I'm drenched in.
I'm having a clean day, when I clash with the sounds.
Now I'm a basketcase, until you come around.
This world's like a vortex trying to suck me in,
I'm lucky to play the role of a drowning Jeff Buckley.
I'm an OutKast in the state of Atliens,
Now throw your hands in the air and do the hokey dance.
Jane's Addiction got me seeing deep purple.
Need to find the perfect tool to make A Perfect Circle.
Riding a white pony? That explains my Deftones.
I'm Illmatic like a storm on this microphone.
Walking across Abbey Road with Ringo Starr.
But Yoko Ono was dead, so we had to split apart!
There's a million zombies in my backyard, backyard.
And they all wanna be rapstars, rapstars.
They need to wake, wake up, wake up, wake up.
You need to wake, wake up, wake up, wake up.
There's a million zombies in my backyard, backyard.
And they all wanna be rockstars, rockstars.
They need to wake, wake up, wake up, wake up.
But you need to wake, wake up, wake up, wake up.
I'm a Stone Temple Pilot, riding this Crazy Train.
I need a Black Sabbath to break Alice from her chains.
Rode into Iowa with a Slip and a Knot,
"cause i got a Liscence to Ill, so whatcha, whatcha want?
On a Black Sunday, I walked up Cypress Hill,
until I crashed into a dashboard and walked into a confessional.
I'm just an Audioslave on the run,
in a SoundGarden waiting for this Blackhole Sun to come.
My crew is my feelings, sprayed Led like Zeppelin.
Trying to find my way up the Stairway To Heaven.
I'll trick you with this massive attack of Back In Black.
Raging Against the Machine just like Zack.
I used to have the common sense to walk or die.
Used to hold Guns And Roses, now I hold double revolvers.

Met this girl named Charlotte, she looked Good in my bed,
'til my Bizket went Limp "cause she wouldn't give me Portishead.
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But you need to wake, wake up, wake up, wake up.
I found a Message in a Bottle so I called the Police.
I met a Material Girl who said Poppa Don't Preach.
They say love bites like an angry Def Lepperd,
like a Nine Inch Nail being pushed in by Trent Rezner.
I got a Sex Pistol and a Gang of Bloodhounds,
who walked up to a House of Pain and made Lethal Jump Around.
I ate Chop Suey while watching System of a Down,
fell asleep in Linkin's Park and woke up in Marcy's Playground.
Sniffing White Stripes with a Seven Nation Army,
waiting for Marilyn Manson to egg it on me.
Public Police got me lost in mix tapes.
Oops, I did it again, and I made Britney Spears my slave.
I made it to Brooklyn and I still can't sleep.
I got a Radiohead, now they call me a creep.
I parachute on a cold day, when I Coldplay the streets.
I'm dieing to be famous, like both of J-lo's ass cheeks.
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