# Onomatopoeia

## OmdulÃ¶

Forty-five minutes, fifty-five cents
Sixty-five agents sitting on a fence
Saying, hey little brother look what we got for you
We're gonna rope off an area and put on a show
From the Canadian border down to Mexico
It might be the most potentially gross
Thing that we could possibly do
Yeah, little buddy gonna get your chance
Make them pubescent all wet their pants
We'll record it live and that's no jive
Hold it, stop it, no, no, no, no
Bang went the pistol, crash went the window
Ouch went the son of a gun
Onomatopoeia, I don't wanna see ya
Speaking in a foreign tongue
Knock, knock, hello, can I come in?
Gee, it was a wonderful show
Oh, you haven't gone on yet?
Well, how was I supposed to know?
Hey we got a great date, it's really downtown
We're gonna get the grand canyon to do the sound

It's a boxing ring, but it might be the thing
To really put you in the dough
Well listen little brother, don't you get us wrong
Why we even know one of the words to your song
Just say I do and we'll lay it on you
You, you, and me, me, me, me
Bang went the pistol, crash went the window
Ouch went the son of a gun
Onomatopoeia, I don't want to see ya
Speaking in a foreign tongue
Hey little buddy gonna get your chance
Make them pubescent all wet their pants
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