

# Rockapella

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As ten thousand maniacs emerge from an oasis that's 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'll be black  
Especially when they might be giants and they take to the air with stone  
Temple pilots  
I'm in a parachute club with the motley crew  
My b-52, fires nine inch nails  
Radiohead, I cause phonetic quiet riots  
My tragically hip fight with the spirit of the west  
Society's no fucking use to where white zombies have nofx  
  
Now cowboys are turning into junkies  
Hanging themselves with lasso's, singing blues about rodeo's that once  
Stood true  
Have no time to fight with those fools  
Alice's in chains and cold hearted iron maidens claim they have the ministry  
Of sound for u2  
While everyone's raging against the machines  
Their watching us on satellites from georgia  
But there's more in my set than atlantis and it won't crash into vegas  
Cause my man smith has the arrow  
The moral to this peril is hades have no fury and mc's scorn  
And I would continue this verse but nothing rhymes with orange!!

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