Rockapella

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As ten thousand maniacs emerge form 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 the have the ministry
Of sound for u2
While everyone's raging against the machines
Their watching us on satellites form 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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