

Simpsons, The

"Monorail"

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Well, sir, there's nothing on earth
Like a genuine,
Bona fide,
Electrified,
Six-car
Monorail! ...
What'd I say?
Monorail!
What's it called?
Monorail!
That's right! Monorail!
I hear those things are awfully loud...
It glides as softly as a cloud.
Is there a chance the track could bend?
Not on your life, my Hindu friend.
What about us brain-dead slobs?
You'll all be given cushy jobs.
Were you sent here by the devil?
No, good sir, I'm on the level.
The ring came off my pudding can.
Take my pen knife, my good man.
I swear it's Springfield's only choice...
Throw up your hands and raise your voice!
Monorail!
What's it called?
Monorail!
Once again...
Monorail!
But Main Street's still all cracked and broken...
Sorry, Mom, the mob has spoken!
Monorail!
Monorail!
Monorail!
Monorail!
Mono... D'oh!

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