

## Flight 409

### "Feel Inside And Stuff Like That"

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There are children who are so unwell,  
They have to live their lives in hospitals,  
They're feeling lospital,  
Mospital.

Children getting sicker,  
Drinking too much bubble mixture,  
They all just wanna be bubbles,  
They all just wanna be bubbles.

There must be something we can do,  
To stop these kids from doing spews.

Feel inside,  
And stuff like that,  
Open up the lids,  
Help help help the kids,  
Feel inside,  
And stuff like that,  
Open up the lids,  
Help help help the kids.

Kids need us to come together,  
We can make them better,  
We can get them some feta.

Can raffle scooters cars and movie vouchers,  
John stop blowing all the money on couches.

We need a million and a hundred,  
Ten and twenty-one dollars.

We need to build a trap so we can catch all the robbers,  
We'll take their money,  
We'll rob the robbers,  
So we can fill a house,  
Fill a house full of dollars.

We'll go to peoples and ask to borrow some money,  
They'll probably all just give us some money,  
We give them back less money and cause a confusion,

That's the solution,  
Yeah that's the collusion.

Feel inside,  
And stuff like that,  
Open up the lids,  
Help help help the kids,  
Feel inside,  
Feel inside,  
Open up the lids,  
Help help help the kids.

The banks got the money the money,  
They get it from the prime minister,  
The prime minister gets it from the queen,  
The queen gets the money from the bank,  
Who gets it from the prime minister,  
The craziest financial system I've ever seen.

The kids that are sick can't do hip-hop anymore,  
Their tummies their tummies could be very sore,  
We've gotta dig for some oil and some cystals and  
gold,  
Collect teeth for the tooth fairy and put 'em in a bowl,  
In a bowl,  
In a bowl,  
In a bowl,  
In a bowl,  
In a bowl,  
In a bowl,  
A giant bowl,  
In a giant bowl.

Stop writing lyrics about yourself,  
Get your magic wallet up off the shelf,  
Oh no that wallet's not there anymore,  
I know late night come knock at my door.

We sneak in the room,  
Where my parents snore,  
My dad leaves his jeans lying on the floor,  
In his back packet there's a wallet we can score,  
Get about 50 dollars,  
Or maybe more.

Your dad catches you with wallet in hand,  
Say it's for the kids,  
He'll understand,  
Don't need to worry,  
Don't need to hide,  
I just tell my dad to feel inside.

Feel inside,  
And stuff like that,  
Open up the lids,  
Help help help the kids,  
Feel inside,  
And stuff like that,  
Open up the lids,  
Help help help the kids.

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