

The Mr. T Experience "Dumb Little Band"

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Let me introduce you to our dumb little band. You
might find it hard to
Understand--we've got a show even though we know no
one's gonna go.
We'll crank our second-hand Marshall Stacks dumb
little knobs. We're
Paying for them with our dumb little jobs. The guy at
the bar says he
Thinks we okay, we kind of remind him of green day.
But it's a dumb
Little band and tehre's not much to say maybe we'll see
you when we play
In some big empty room one day. We do a record every
year that no body's
Gonna year or understand, a dumb little band. Every
year we
Self-destruct a bit. We break up when teh drummer
quits. We talk him
Into doing one more show and then the bass player
quits and we break up
Again. We don't know how to be regular guys or what to
do with out dumb
Little lives. We don't' have anything to prove. We'll be in
trouble if we
Ever do. Cause it's a dumb little band but we travel
through the land.
We unpack all our stuff from our dumb little van. We
play some songs and
Then we pack it up again. Hand in hand, a dumb little
band. Not exactly
In demand. Our friends are all busy with their own
affairs, becoming
Punk rock millionaires. They're taping their live album
at the Hollywood
Bowl. We're taping our flyers to the telephone pole. It's
a dumb little
Band and nobody knows why we keep having shows
even though nobody goes.
We keep rolling along playing our dumb little songs.
Hand in hand, a
Dumb little band...

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