

The Simpsons

"The Monorail Song"

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I heard those things are awfully loud
They ride as softly as a cloud
Is there a chance the track may bend??
Not on your life, my Hindu friend
What about us brain dead slobs?
You'll be given cushy jobs
Where you sent here by the devil?
No good man I'm on the level
The ring broke off my pudding can
Take my pen knife my good man
I say it's Springfield's only choice
Throw up your hands and raise your voice
MONORAIL!! MONORAIL!! MONORAIL!
But Mainstreet's still all cracked and broken!
Sorry, mom, the mob has spoken!
MONORAIL! MONORAIL! MONORAIL!
Mono- DOH

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