

William Shatner

"I Can"

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William Shatner/Henry Rollins

BILL: Let's go. Ready? From the top...

BILL: My favorite shows on TV have twelve minutes of advertising. I can't get behind that kind of time!

ROLLINS: Eat quickly. Drive faster. Make more money now! I can't get behind that.

BILL: My kids say: He said to me, and I'm like... and he's like... and she's like...

ROLLINS: It's all... He's all... She's all...

BILL: I can't get behind that kind of like, English!

BILL: That'll be six to eight weeks before delivery.

ROLLINS: The rising oceans, the warming temperatures!

BILL: The dying polar bears--no, tigers--in fifty years!

ROLLINS: Rising poison in the air and water!

BILL: I can't understand why the price of gas suddenly rises when oil goes up...

ROLLINS: ...but takes months to go down long after oil falls!

BILL: I can't get behind any of that!

BILL: I can't get behind the Gods, who are more vengeful, angry, and dangerous if you don't believe in them!

ROLLINS: Why can't all these Gods just get along? I mean, they're omnipotent and omnipresent, what's the problem?

BILL: What's the problem?

BILL: What about the men who say 'Do as I do. Believe in what I say, for your own good, or I'll kill you!' I can't get behind that!

ROLLINS: I can't get behind that! Everybody knows everything about all of us!

BILL: That's too much knowledge!

BOTH: I can't get behind that!

BILL: Yeah! And what about student drivers using my streets to learn? If you learn to play the drums you got to go to a studio! Go to a parking lot, for God's sake! Why are you jeopardizing my life? I can't get behind a student driver!

ROLLINS: I can't behind a driver who drives like a

student driver! If you're going to drive an urban assault vehicle then get off the phone and keep your eyes on the road!

ROLLINS: Lifetime guarantee?

BILL: Who's lifetime? Not mine! I haven't that much time left. Let's make it yours. Everybody's got a longer life than me!

BILL: The leaf blowers, is there anything more futile?

ROLLINS: Car alarms.

BILL: Clap off.

ROLLINS: Clap on.

BILL: Spam.

ROLLINS: Size matters.

BILL: No, it doesn't!

ROLLINS: Yes, it does!

BILL: No, it doesn't.

ROLLINS: Yes, it does!

BILL: No, it doesn't!

ROLLINS: Yes, it does!

BILL: No, it doesn't! No, it doesn't!

ROLLINS: Yes, it does! Yes, it does!

BILL: My phone rings!

ROLLINS: Make millions in minutes!

BILL: It's a computer!

ROLLINS: Lose inches in hours!

BILL: Leave me the Hell alone!

ROLLINS: Eat more! Spend less!

BILL: The Colonel is breakdancing! Give me a break!

ROLLINS: Credit terms raised!

BILL: I can't get behind any of that!

BILL: I can't get behind so-called singers that can't carry a tune, get paid for talking, how easy is that? Well, maybe I could get behind that!

ROLLINS: Well, I can't! If you have to fix it with a computer: quantized, pitch corrected, and overly inspected, then you can't do it, and I can't get behind that!

BILL: I--can't--get behind--a fat ass!

ROLLINS: Yeah, Bill, can you turn around and do one more?

BILL: Always can do one more.

ROLLINS: Let's hit it!

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