# William Shatner
# "I Can't Get Behind That"

Let's go, ready? From the top

My favorite shows on TV have twelve minutes of
advertising
I can't get behind that kind of time
Eat quickly, drive faster, make more money now
I can't get behind that

My kids say, "He said to me, and I'm like and he's like
and she's like"
It's all, he's all, she's all
I can't get behind that kind of like, English
That'll be six to eight weeks before delivery

The rising oceans, the warming temperatures
The dying polar bears no, tigers in fifty years
Rising poison in the air and water

I can't understand why the price of gas suddenly rises
When oil goes up
But takes months to go down long after oil falls
I can't get behind any of that

I can't get behind the Gods, who are more vengeful,
angry, and
Dangerous if you don't believe in them
Why can't all these Gods just get along?
I mean, they're omnipotent and omnipresent, what's
the problem?

What's the problem? 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

I can't get behind that
Everybody knows everything about all of us
That's too much knowledge
I can't get behind that

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

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

Lifetime guarantee? 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
The leaf blowers, is there anything more futile?
Car alarms, clap off, clap on, spam

Size matters, no, it doesn't
Yes, it does, no, it doesn't
Yes, it does, no, it doesn't
Yes, it does, no, it doesn't no, it doesn't
Yes, it does! Yes, it does

My phone rings, make millions in minutes
It's a computer, lose inches in hours
Leave me the Hell alone, eat more spend less

The Colonel is breakdancing, give me a break
Credit terms raised
I can't get behind any of that

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

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
I can't get behind a fat ass

Yeah, Bill, can you turn around and do one more?
Always can do one more
Let's hit it!