

## Simpsons

### "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 slob?  
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 Spiringfeild'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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