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## 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 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 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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