

Simpsons

"The Monorail Song"

Visit "[The Monorail Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, sir, there's nothing on earth
Like a genuine, bona fide
Electrified, six-car monorail
What'd I say?

Monorail
What's it called?
Monorail
That's right! Monorail

Monorail
Monorail
Monorail

I hear those things are awfully loud
It glides as softly as a cloud
Is there a chance the track could bend?
Not on your life, my Hindu friend

What about us brain-dead slobs?
You'll be given cushy jobs
Were you sent here by the Devil?
No, good sir, I'm on the level

The ring came off my pudding can
Take my pen knife, my good man
I swear it's Springfield's only choice
Throw up your hands and raise your voice

Monorail
What's it called?
Monorail
Once again
Monorail

But Main Street's still all cracked and broken
Sorry, Mom, the mob has spoken

Monorail!
Monorail!
Monorail!
Monorail!

Mono, d'oh!

Visit [Simpsons](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.