

## **Pods**

# **"Ego Party"**

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We power keepers hold the key  
To turn your negativity  
Into sun... and light  
We'll do this trick tonight  
Wherever these four demons go  
In every city on the road  
The stage is a conduit  
To turn the other bands to shit  
We are the top up of the world  
Giving hints to boys and girls  
Telling them stupendous stories  
Yo, bro, we got glory  
Listen to that magic bass  
Gaze at my majestic face  
Our new block beat will knock you dead  
We need wheelbarrows for our heads!

CHORUS:

Right on!  
I am the master fact  
I'll tell you how to act  
I see everything  
Encompass all your dreams  
I'll say what's bad and good  
So, right on!  
Right on!  
Oh myself, myself, myself  
There are no words that could quite tell  
How deep I am to know for you  
What to speak and think and do  
So fall and praise the Pods' bright name  
Play our delicious little game  
God and Satan both agree  
Everything begins with me!

CHORUS

Big pay to puck pa ba daby  
Big pay to puck pa pa da  
Big ba to bick bo da beeper  
Big bay to bo ba ba da  
Pibbedi bop ba do bop ba beeper  
Pibbedi dot to bo ba ba da  
Bob bop bop to bo bop ba dita  
Ba ba ba ba bo da da da

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