

Sesame Street "Oscar's Junk Band"

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I know a lot of folks who are extremely loyal
To a banjo or a nice guitar
But I prefer a greasy can of olive oil
With a broken broom handle by far
Some people think the sound of a trombone's devine
But I think wet paper and a comb are fine
So blow the soda bottle, let the soup cans crash
'Cause one guy's treasure is another guy's trash

In Oscar's junk band, Oscar's junk band
Stamp your muddy feet and clap your dirty hands
We're gonna play the junkiest tune you can stand
Come on and hear Oscar's junk band

Some music fans appreciate the pedal steel
Or a clarinet or violin
But me I love the sound of dried up orange peel
When you shake it in a sardine tin
You keep your tuba give me paper tubes to play
Don't want a glockenspiel I want an ice-cube tray
We'd like it rusty, dusty, busted, bent or old
'Cause one gal's garbage is another gal's gold

In Oscar's junk band, Oscar's junk band
Stamp your muddy feet and clap your dirty hands
We're gonna play the junkiest tune you can stand
Come on and hear Oscar's junk band

We're Oscar's junk band, Oscar's junk band
Stamp your muddy feet and clap your dirty hands
We're gonna play the junkiest tune you can stand
Come on and hear Oscar's junk band
Come on and hear Oscar's junk band, oh yeah!
Come on and hear Oscar's junk band

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