

# Free The Music

Jerrold Niemann

Free the music, unleash the vibe  
Of a psychedelic relic from the trailer park tribe  
With a 12 pack of audio beer  
Designed to make you move like a puppeteer  
Twang town sound taking a trip  
Gonna shake this town like it's the Vegas strip  
It's one of those days you need one of those nights  
You throw your hands in the air and let your birdies fly

Free the music  
(C'mon blast your stereo)  
Free the music  
(Whoa)  
Free the music  
(Here we go)  
You gotta free your mind  
It's party time

Free the music, unbreak the chains  
Let my straightjacket racket run through your veins  
Don't care where you come from or what you wear  
It's what makes you tap your feet and shake your derriere  
Tell me who came here to get light as a neon light, right  
We're here to dehydrate the nation  
Grab your liquid creation and hold it high

Soundtrack dump it  
Bassman drummer boy pump it  
Brassoline Trumpets  
Hey, so I asked myself what could I get  
If I mixed a doney with some violins  
Well, tonight I solved that riddle  
When I found myself some cocky brass kickin' fiddles  
Playin'  
Free the music  
Free The Music  
Free the music  
You Gotta Free your mind  
It's party time

Free the music, wherever you go  
In the car, in the bar, in the studio  
If your'e sittin' alone with a bottle of jack  
Listenin' for tradition skip to the next track