

Hanging tree parody

The Key of Awesome

All you, all you
Gullible pre-teens
You'll buy any crap
If it involves me
This song is on the charts
And I can barely sing
I won an Oscar
Give me a Grammy
Are you, are you
Looking at the screen
They made four movies
You just needed three
They Peter Jackson-ed it
And stretched it out cha-ching
Cus young adults
Run the economy
We ripped you off
We work behind the scenes
You wanted more Katniss
We want your money
Just like the capitol
Now that's some irony
Now let's repackage
This track with a beat
Do you, do you
Have a lozenge for me?
My voice is so hoarse
I'm really struggling
Could someone tag me out
Or bring me some hot tea
Cus I never sung professionally
I'm Lorde, I'm bored
And I also can't sing
But my producer
Fixes it for me
I am a role model
Because I'm not trashy
I may sound drunk
But I have dignity
We are the last
Hope for humanity
We both are talented marginally
Compared to Kardishians
Miley and Nikki
We the closest things
That you could call classy
Yes, you and you
Are family friendly
You don't show your ass
Not intentionally
I curse and fart a lot
And sometimes on TV
But we're J-Lorde
The hero Gotham needs
I'm Un, I ruined
Your stoner comedy
Now I'll do the same

To Hunger Games part 3 (and ½)
And did you know
President Snow is my homie
We're going to kill
Your movie industry