

# Boombox

The Lonely Island

Imagine in your mind a posh country club  
The stuffy old money where the poor kid's snubbed  
The spread is bland sauerkraut and boiled goose  
There's no way these people will ever cut loose

But then I walk in the room, hold my boombox high  
And what happened next, will blow your mind

Everything got outta control  
The music was so entrancing  
Everyone got out on the floor  
It was a bunch of old white people dancing

Now picture if you will a bunch of business men  
Stuffed in the boardroom like pigs in a pen  
The ties around the necks are like a hangman's noose  
In the middle of the table theres a boiled goose

The old people smell makes you want to puke in the sink  
These dudes will never dance yeah that's what you think  
I stride in the room all young and hip  
Hold up my boombox and say listen to this

Then everyone started to move  
People rejoiced instead of financing  
Your preconcieved notions were shattered  
By the super old white people dancing

The big apple, where people never dance  
Spirits go down while profits expand  
The cops or the dealers, who's got the juice  
The street benders peddling their boiled goose

So many types of people will never get along  
Till I bust out my boombox and play this song

The music washed away all the hate  
And society started advancing  
Every demographic was represented  
It was a rainbow coalition of dancing  
Whoa!  
Everyone was wearing fingerless gloves  
Whoaaaaoaaaaaoh!  
I saw a spanish guy doing the Bartman

Transport now to an old folks home  
Where the elderly are tossed on their brittle bones  
The orderlies are stealing there's no excuse  
Everyday for lunch they eat boiled goose

So I grabbed my boombox and hit the turbo base  
And what happened next was a total disgrace

Everybody started having sex  
The music was way too powerful  
A bunch of old people fucking like rabbits  
It was disgusting to say the least

Oh!

A boombox can change the world

You gotta know your limits with a boombox

This was a cautionary tale

A boombox is not a toy