

1-2-8

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

They played something, they made something.
Brand new, a baby blue machine.
Brass tacks, duct tape, for the great escape.
Packed in here like sardines.
Back and forth,
East, south, west, north.
Shred the atlas, burn the map.
Often lost and path criss-crossed.
Wake me up, I need a nap.
They did something which meant something and that got them some
attention.
Eyes wide, a roller coaster ride.
Great pride in this invention.
I think they're selling snake oil,
At the dog and pony show in the garden.
Gee, would you pardon me and by the way how does it grow?
The explanation's unexplainable.
Holding onto something once dreamt attainable.
The course was never charted so don't look into the books.
The secret's not the recipe, it's got to be the cooks.
They made something, they played something.
Blood, sweat, and elbow grease.
If you can't stand the heat in the kitchen get out.
It will increase.
Last train to where?
Hey, get out of here.
Nothing's measured and nothing's weighed.
A dash of honesty in the recipe.
That's the first mistake you've made.
1,2 what's in the stew?
3,4 no one's really sure.
5,6 what's in the mix?