

Dumb Little Band

The Mr. T Experience

Let me introduce you to our dumb little band. You might find it hard to understand--we've got a show even though we know no one's gonna go. We'll crank our second-hand Marshall Stacks dumb little knobs. We're paying for them with our dumb little jobs. The guy at the bar says he thinks we okay, we kind of remind him of green day. But it's a dumb little band and there's not much to say maybe we'll see you when we play in some big empty room one day. We do a record every year that no body's gonna year or understand, a dumb little band. Every year we self-destruct a bit. We break up when the drummer quits. We talk him into doing one more show and then the bass player quits and we break up again. We don't know how to be regular guys or what to do without dumb little lives. We don't have anything to prove. We'll be in trouble if we ever do. Cause it's a dumb little band but we travel through the land. We unpack all our stuff from our dumb little van. We play some songs and then we pack it up again. Hand in hand, a dumb little band. Not exactly in demand. Our friends are all busy with their own affairs, becoming punk rock millionaires. They're taping their live album at the Hollywood Bowl. We're taping our flyers to the telephone pole. It's a dumb little band and nobody knows why we keep having shows even though nobody goes. We keep rolling along playing our dumb little songs. Hand in hand, a dumb little band...