June 23rd 1991 Let loose, I knew you were born to run Six zones, one boss, it was all I needed Dashing, ring collecting, unimpeded

But now you're everything from half a werewolf to a race car driver You've lost some weight and your eyes are greener than I recall And as I understand there was a game where you became King Arthur Bring back the days when playing Sonic was still cool

Keep your princesses cos
Sonic doesn't need a story
He runs fast and gets rings and loop-deloops his way into your heart
Sega, learn from your mistakes
Now it's time to sit down and leave out the cutscenes
Cos we don't care anymore

We accepted Tails and Knuckles too Flickies took some time but they were cute Chaotix started to push my patience Amy Rose was an abomination

His name could be Robotnik, but it could be Eggman, what's it matter As long as he still has that flying egg machine
Don't let me play as him or tell me more about his dead grandfather
Just swing his marble ball and chain across the screen

Keep your Olympic games cos
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Don't want Silver
Don't want Dark Gaia
Don't want Rouge the bat
Don't want Blaze the cat
Don't want Shadow

Hover skates are not the same as running at the speed of sound Hover skates are not the same as running at the speed of sound