

Monsters Of Rock

MC Lars

Hey, MC Lars!
What's that, Schaffer?
We're making the band!
Yeah!
Literally
That's-that's a good pun

In an attempt to assemble the ultimate quintet
The rock world or any world has seen yet, we met
And schemed a way that we could get the best of the best
But in the end we had to settle for the bits that were left
We got nauseous. The stench of rotten flesh inside the coffins
Of Keith Moon, Buddy Rich, Mitch Mitchell, John Bohnam
We got 'em up, chopped 'em up and sewed them together
Creating what would surely become the greatest drummer ever
But wait this drummer needs a bassist, this is
When we dug up Dee Dee, Cliff Burton, and Sid Vicious
Rick James, Dave Blood, pieced them all into one
Two abominations built, but we'd barely begun
We needed more of this for a keyboardist, so we got the bodies
Of John Lennon, Ray Charles, even Liberace
Before completion of the resurrection, we reckon
We need some leads for this rhythm section, we got

A couple shovels
A cart for haulin'
We going robbin'
For rock stars coffins
A little thread
An electric shock and
They're alive!
Our monsters are rockin'

Moving on, Schaffer, this part's the hardest
The parts that we harvest now form our guitarist
Hendrix, Robert Johnson, that guy from Hawthorne Heights
A bit of Randy Rhoads from his final crazy flight
Ty Longley from Great White? His hands are too crispy
Let's open that FedEx sent from Corpus Christi
It's Selena, our singer, we've been dreaming of you
Pass me that hacksaw, we've got work to do
Yo Schaffer! Yes Lars? Hand me Eazy-E's tongue
You don't want HIV, wash your hands when you're done
Check out GG Allin's torso but try not to laugh
At the tattoos that he copied from his first grade art class
We're dusting skull fragments from Kurt Cobain's garage
Picking up the teeth from Dimebag Darrell's shattered jaw
It's not easy going out with a bullet to the face
When your last is a gun-shot, then all it takes is

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Must have forgotten that monsters rarely answer to masters
Our band's first slash last gig turned into disaster fast
Joey and Johnny Ramone's bones weren't compatible
And Johnny Thunder's leg kicked Johnny Cash's ass and all

Then we mixed 2Pac's neck with Biggie's hands
He choked himself out, now he can barely stand
Our band's still infamous and they're hunger starved
Let's try again with some younger stars

Maybe Amy Winehouse, the late British soul diva
But she isn't dead yet! That gives me an idea...
DJ AM survived some turbulence
How about Pete Wentz? Who? Haven't you heard of them?
The kid's use a lot of auto-tune, but not a lot of heart
I guess Wal-Mart culture discourages art
Dead-eyed lifeless stars are rising the charts
Next time we restart with more talented parts

We'll get a couple shovels
A cart for haulin'
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For rock stars coffins
A little thread
An electric shock and
They're alive!
Our monsters are rockin'
Punk rock's dead
No pogo hoppin'
Death to false metal
Do the monster mosh and
Hip-hop's gone
Stop all the bottle poppin'
But we're alive!
Our monsters are rocking!

(My creation
Is it real?
You're my creation
I do not know
No hesitation
No heart of gold
Just flesh and blood
I do not know)