

Overture

Rob Cantor

You're all gonna die
The world's gonna end
You'll be pleading for mercy
You'll be bleeding and burning up

You're all gonna die
And your grandma will die in her bed
Everything living
Will cease to be living instead

But first it's a musical
It's astronomical
We've all been practicing
We're so prepared
You're in for a musical
For it just began
It's like armageddon
Had a child by the music man

Your wife and your kids
They're not feeling well
Because they're melted puddles
On the ground
Burnt bits of baby strewn around

The world's gonna end
Definitely you will die
Watch as your life
Flashes before your eyes

We'll still be singing and dancing
And having a ball
We've got drama and tension
And asteroids
Emotion, adventure
We've got it all
And you can watch it every single night

Because it's a musical
On your computer screen
Time to begin
Let's cut to the titular scene

Mr. President, there's an asteroid
Headed directly for the earth!