

# 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!