

Boombox

The Lonely Island

Imagine in your mind a posh country club
The stuffy old money where the poor kid's snubbed
The spread is bland sauerkraut and boiled goose
There's no way these people will ever cut loose

But then I walk in the room, hold my boombox high
And what happened next, will blow your mind

Everything got outta control
The music was so entrancing
Everyone got out on the floor
It was a bunch of old white people dancing

Now picture if you will a bunch of business men
Stuffed in the boardroom like pigs in a pen
The ties around the necks are like a hangman's noose
In the middle of the table theres a boiled goose

The old people smell makes you want to puke in the sink
These dudes will never dance yeah that's what you think
I stride in the room all young and hip
Hold up my boombox and say listen to this

Then everyone started to move
People rejoiced instead of financing
Your preconcieved notions were shattered
By the super old white people dancing

The big apple, where people never dance
Spirits go down while profits expand
The cops or the dealers, who's got the juice
The street benders peddling their boiled goose

So many types of people will never get along
Till I bust out my boombox and play this song

The music washed away all the hate
And society started advancing
Every demographic was represented
It was a rainbow coalition of dancing
Whoa!
Everyone was wearing fingerless gloves
Whoaaaaoaaaaaoh!
I saw a spanish guy doing the Bartman

Transport now to an old folks home
Where the elderly are tossed on their brittle bones
The orderlies are stealing there's no excuse
Everyday for lunch they eat boiled goose

So I grabbed my boombox and hit the turbo base
And what happened next was a total disgrace

Everybody started having sex
The music was way too powerful
A bunch of old people fucking like rabbits
It was disgusting to say the least

Oh!

A boombox can change the world

You gotta know your limits with a boombox

This was a cautionary tale

A boombox is not a toy