

# The Return Of The Boyband

## The Midnight Beast

It's the return of the boyband  
Dressed up with a brand new look  
It's the return of the lip-pout  
Ripped straight out a boyband book

It's the return of the boyband  
Right here in the USA  
Say hi to your new favourite boyband  
And we're doing A-OK

We never Wanted to ever sell our soul to the devil  
But we're gonna have to N-Sync down to your level  
Ticket to the states, sold a band for ransom  
But we couldn't get a show cause we're not that Hanson...  
I mean handsome... ALL-4-1, Boys 2 Men, Take That  
It's One Direction ...to Hollywood Hills, girls shake your thing  
But we've touched less tits than a purity ring

...First day, couldn't cope with the heat  
Mindless Behaviour trying' to stand up on my feet  
Had a Big Time Rush to the toilet seat  
Puked a big time mush as I recorded a beat  
Timberland mixed my beat, with one of his farts  
...Drake did some spitting on a few of the bars  
...Now I'm rolling in expensive cars  
Before I knew it, my vomit reached the top of the charts

It's the return of the boyband  
Make way for the vocal trills  
It's the return of the harmony  
Please stop, 'cause you make me ill

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50 percent of the new Boybands, are Brits  
And we got the crooked teeth to show it  
Bundled back home on a plane for free  
'Cuz we lippy like Angelina Jolie  
Fame's a mirage, unlike Entourage  
...Our future's got more bumps than Nicki Minaj  
...Our future's had more humps than the Jersey Shore cast  
We did it all for the Snooki

So you could take that cookie, and stick it up your rectum  
If you're miming guitar, than you should use a plectrum  
Wanna be something, wanna be someone  
But the only plaque you'll be getting's on your teeth son  
I'm not that fond of the A-list clubs  
'Cuz they got more dicks than chat-roulette does  
Fames a strange thing, you're down and homeless  
...Then playing Strip-Twister with Selena Gomez

It's the return of the boyband  
Don't eat 'cuz you can't get fat

It's the return of the dancemove  
Say hi to a baseball bat

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I had a vision when I got off the plane  
There'd be a driver holding my name (Ash)  
Have a limousine, packed full of beauty queens  
A boob pillow with my head in-between

In a hybrid, with an A-List  
And I could kiss her on the lips if she insist  
And I could play a bass solo on the Hollywood sign  
And Obama would be there with an Ashley shrine

I think I better do something high with my voice in this part of the song  
'cause it'll sound fucking awesome

It's the return of the boyband

It's the return of the dancemove  
Hold up, I'm not finished yet

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And we're doing A-OK

This is the part just like every other song ever written  
where we say something that means absolutely nothing  
But we've got nothing to say...