

Dumb Little Band

The Mr. T Experience

Let me introduce you to our dumb little band. You might find it
hard to
Understand--we've got a show even though we know no one's gonna
go.
We'll crank our second-
hand Marshall Stacks dumb little knobs. We're
Paying for them with our dumb little jobs. The guy at the bar s
ays he
Thinks we okay, we kind of remind him of green day. But it's a
dumb
Little band and tehre's not much to say maybe we'll see you whe
n we play
In some big empty room one day. We do a record every year that
no body's
Gonna year or understand, a dumb little band. Every year we
Self-destruct a bit. We break up when teh drummer quits. We tal
k him
Into doing one more show and then the bass player quits and we
break up
Again. We don't know how to be regular guys or what to do with
out dumb
Little lives. We don't' have anything to prove. We'll be in tro
uble if we
Ever do. Cause it's a dumb little band but we travel through th
e land.
We unpack all our stuff from our dumb little van. We play some
songs and
Then we pack it up again. Hand in hand, a dumb little band. Not
exactly
In demand. Our friends are all busy with their own affairs, bec
oming
Punk rock millionaires. They're taping their live album at the
Hollywood
Bowl. We're taping our flyers to the telephone pole. It's a dum
b little
Band and nobody knows why we keep having shows even though nobo
dy goes.
We keep rolling along playing our dumb little songs. Hand in ha
nd, a
Dumb little band...