

Boombox (feat. Julian Casablancas)

The Lonely Island

Imagine in your mind a posh country club,
The stuffy old money, where the poor get 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 boom box high,
And what happened next will blow your mind...Everything got out of 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 businessmen,
Stuffed in the boardroom like pigs in a pen.
The ties around their necks are like a hangman's noose,
In the middle of the table there's a boiled goose.
The old people smell makes you wanna puke in the sink,
These dudes'll never dance, yeah, that's what you think!
I stride in the room, all young and hip,
Hold up my boom box, and say "Listen to this:"Then everyone started to move,
People rejoiced, instead of financing.
Their preconceived 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 saw the dealers, who's got the juice?
The street vendors peddling their boiled goose.
So many types of people, they'll never get along,
The music washed away all their hate,
And society started advancing,
Every demographic was represented,
It was a Rainbow Coalition of dancing.Everyone was wearing fingerless gloves,
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!
Every day for lunch they eat boiled goose.
So I grab my boom box and hit the turbo bass,
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.A boom box can change the world,
But you gotta know your limits with a boom box.
And this was a cautionary tale,
A BOOM BOX IS NOT A TOY!

