

# The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, 1-2-8

They made something  
They played something  
Brand new a baby blue machine  
Brass tacks, duct tape  
For the great escape  
Packed in there like sardines

Back and forth  
East, south, west, north  
Shred the atlas burn the map  
Often lost and paths criss-crossed  
Wake me up I need a nap

1, 2 what's in the stew  
3, 4 no one's really sure  
5, 6 what's in the mix  
7, 8 this stuff tastes

They did something  
Which meant something  
And that got them some attention  
Eyes wide  
A roller coaster ride  
Great pride in this invention

I think they're selling Snake oil  
At the dog and pony show  
And in the garden gee  
Would you pardon me  
And by the way how does it grow

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The explanation's unexplainable  
Holding onto something  
Once dreamt unattainable  
The course was never charted  
So don't look into the books

The secret's not the recipe  
It's got to be the cooks  
They made something  
They played something  
Blood, sweat, and elbow grease  
If you can't stand the heat in the kitchen  
Get out it will increase

Last train to where?  
Hey get out of here  
Nothing's measured and nothing's weighed  
A dash of honesty in the recipe  
That's the first mistake you've made  
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(Great)