

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

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
1, 2 what's in the stew
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(Great)