

All Song Lyrics for Glorious Rabbits 2.0



Descending the Stairwell

Written by Tweed Banister

She's not lost or lonely, She's incredibly wealthy
And she worships herself and loves her reflection
She's totally primetime, the people they love her
Now raise your glass cause there is no one above her.

Descending the stairwell
Descending the stairwell
Descending the stairwell to Hades....

Well she'll twist your words and make you into a monster
When your true intention is to cure cancer
She thinks God and the Devil ain't quite her equal
But if you wanna know more,... you must buy her sequel.

Descending the stairwell
Descending the stairwell
Descending the stairwell to Hades....

And when she gets there she knows
She's got money to buy back her soul...

Pretty young men service her Maserati
And they wait for their queen in a Champagne Jacuzzi
Everything she does makes the ratings go crazy
And she does it all in the name of love.

Descending the stairwell
Descending the stairwell
Descending the stairwell to Hades....

We Need More People

Written by Sally Cooper

What we need whatwha whatwha what we need
What we need what we need what what we really need is more people
To feed the machines
We need more people
we need worker bees
We need more people
Of every kind
We need more people
Little ones would be nice
We need more people
That we could trust
We need more people
That maybe look like us

One thing that's worrying me
Social insecurity
Just who is going to pay for me?

What we need what we need whatwha what we really need
Whatwa what what what what what what we really need is more people
If I need to wipe my butt
We need more people
What if my nose has snot
We need more people
To avoid collapse
We need more people
if civilization is going to last
We need more people
To make the chain of life
We need more people
Baby mamas or just a lot of wives

One thing that's worrying me
Bathroom availability
What if at the same time everyone has to pee

What we need what we need whatwa what we really need
What we need whatwa what what what what we really need is more people

Every city's dying, all the people crying
Shouting out I'm bored, I'm bored I'm really really bored
Air condition TV in my feeding tube RV
Walmart coupon, app of Costco, always texting me
Its free, it's free, it's free, free, free, free, free, free free
Everything is free except me

What we need what we need whatwa what we really need
What we need what we need what what we really need is more people
I want to know that you agree
We need more people
That's what I'm thinking maybe that's just me
We need more people
Little kids flying kites
We need more people
Every shape and every size
We need more people
Anyone can be alone
We need more people
That's where freedom has a home

One thing that's worrying me
What if everyone orders take out Chinese
How long is that line going to be?

What we need what we need whatwa what we really need
What we need what we need what what we really need
Is more people

No Smoke No Fire

Written by David N. Straight

Where in history would I want to be
If I could go back in Swiss time
I'd pick December 12, 1971
On the Geneva shoreline
I'd hit the Montreux casino and concert hall
The best place around
To catch that stupid with his flare gun
Before he burned it to the grounda

No Smoke No Fire No Smoke No Fire No Fire No Fire

I'd get to see Frank Zappa
And the Mothers of Invention
With no fire, they'd get to play their whole gig
Yeah, that would be my intention
I'd hear Dynamo Hum and Dirty Love
Not to sound Pollyanna
And thanks to my gallantry
They'd get to finish Montana

No Smoke No Fire No Smoke No Fire

But there'd never be that riff
We all know what it meant
The one we can't play without
Copyright infringement, whooooo!

With no Smoke on the Water would it be the end
Of Deep Purple lifelong
While it wasn't their best tune
It damn-well put them on the map
Somehow this just feels wronga
So, I've diverted my time travel
And I'll tell you why
I would much rather say bye-bye
To Miss American Pie

No Smoke No Fire No Smoke No Fire
No Smoke No Fire No Smoke No Fire

I say goodbye
To Miss American Pie
I say bye bye bye bye bye bye
To Miss American Pie
No Smoke No Pie
No Smoke No Pie

Fremont Street Lyrics

Written by Tweed Banister

Into the Adult Playground of Dreams
I grabbed my guitar gonna make that scene.
Past the entrance where the 400 pounders eat for free
There's a bunch of heads like you and me.
 It doesn't matter what you think
 We're just a bunch of freaks on Fremont Street

Underneath the Big Vista Trinitron
I Stand in my circle playing my song.
Girls wearing pasties, Gene Simmons and The Wolverine
Say give us a twenty we don't work for free.
 It doesn't matter what you think (doesn't matter what you think)
 We are just a bunch of Freaks on Fremont Street

The Beautiful Losers are here to help us thru the night
They make the world of wrong feel right.
So I took a hit, cause I did not give a shit
I slipped thru a crack and never came back.
 It doesn't matter what you think (doesn't matter what you think)
 We are just a bunch of Creeps down on Fremont Street

Are You Afraid?

Written by Sally Cooper

I share a brain with a million human beings
I know even more than Google
It's kinda cool having superhuman tools
It's a never ending process
Excited or afraid?

I am awake, receptor up, the power's on
GPS deployed, the signal's strong
Everything I do can be viewed by you
You sure you want to watch?
You have a need desire you wonder what it's like
Once you're all set up it's kinda nice
No need to be shy I can read your mind
You sure it's what you want?

I share a brain with a million human beings
I know even more than Google
It's kinda cool having superhuman tools
It's a never ending process
Excuse me? Excited or afraid?

I share a brain with a million human beings
I know even more than Google
It's kinda cool having superhuman tools
It's a never ending process
Excuse me? Excited or afraid?

I am alive, robust, total in control
I am the latest version six-point double o
I can put you in the sky
So happy you can cry
It's your lucky day

I share a brain with a million human beings
I know even more than Google
It's kinda cool having superhuman tools
It's a never ending process
Excuse me? Are you afraid?

My Brother

Written by Tweed Banister

I went home early going home to see my wife
So I stopped at the Florist and I bought her a dozen of red roses.
Parked the car down at the end of the street, slipped through the triplex gate
To make her smile was my purpose in life.
I put the key in the apartment door, and I quietly went inside
When I heard two voices in the bedroom
I said "Oh God."
I opened the door, I went inside, I gazed right into their eyes
My worst Nightmare had just arrived.

You see My Brother he was a hell of a guy
Got everything with those baby blue eyes
All the girls they wanted him...
I want to be him.
He went to college, I went to work
He's the football hero
Me? I'm just a jerk
The Girls fell around him, I wanted to be him
 And the teachers said I was a waste of skin
 I'd never amount to nothing, NO! I never be like him
 Every single day, I got down on my knees and I would pray
 God I want to be him.

I tossed the roses and I went away
There's nothing left not a single word to say
God, Why did it have to be him?
I went to the bar and I had a few drinks
To ease my mind and find some way to think
My worse nightmare had just arrived
In the Mens Room I splashed water on my face
Look at the mirror of the man in disgrace
Pointed my finger at the reflection and said
There's one thing for certain,
There's one thing for certain
There's one thing for certain
I am glad I am not him.

This Is Not a Drill

Written by David N. Straight

Living large on a Hawaiian vacation
Paradise to be sure
Eat like kings, drink like fish
The perfect rat race cure

Spectacular sunset, wonderful view
Sound of waves at twilight
Sip on a Mai Tai, then off to the room
Come on baby let's call it a night

Then the phones went off, eight a.m.
Along with sirens blaring shrill
A ballistic missile is heading our way
This is not a drill

Where to run? Where to hide?
Mind racing so fast
And the realization, there is no escape
From a nuclear blast
This is not a drill
This is not a drill
This is not a drill
This is not a drill

This is not a drill
This is not a drill
This is not a drill
This is not a drill

We walked calmly down the hotel stairs
Toward the ocean and cabana bar
No bartenders there so I made us a drink
Then lit up a big old cigar

No regrets, no misgivings
Ready to meet my fate
I looked to the sky and asked for forgiveness
My heart began to palpitate
Then the sirens went silent...

One nuclear warhead can ruin your whole day
Yes, one little nuclear warhead can ruin your whole day
This is not a drill