**Orange Ep Lyrics**

**Mr. Hanalei**Once there was a place down Hawaii way
Where ya wouldn’t set foot in the light of day
Mr. Hanalei told us all a story
‘bout the burial ground where they buried all the bodies

My grandfather said don’t go there
So I never go
But I’ll show you the way
If you promise to never, ever tell a soul

My grandfather said don’t go there
So I never go
But I’ll show you the way, kids
If you promise to never, ever tell a soul

So we go lookin’ for the road
The path that leads us to the Indian’s cove
Cave, I wonder if we’re safe
Wait, what was that I turn the other way
Zam, my hearts at a thousand BPM
There’s a rustle in the brush was it just the wind
Man, I think we should’ve listened back then
Mr. Hanalei, old medicine man

So we go, deep into the unknown
Damn, it’s dark
Glad I got the duracell man
What’s that, It’s the sound of some people
Howlin’ like the wolves I can’t go in deeper
It’s cold, but I can see somethin’ gleamin’
Gold! Fuck the ghosts screamin’
We each took a couple and ran the fuck away
I’m glad we didn’t listen to Hanalei

**Cherry Mountain (Herdin' The Sheep)**

I get up in the hills of Cherry Mountain
Pick up my staff then I start counting
Making sure everyone's still in the pen
Then I take a break and start counting again
I'm watching Peter, Jonas, Diana
Ronnie, Jr., and Leanna
Grazing around with smiles abound
Oh I'm so happy with the life I've found

Herdin' the sheep

All day herding the sheep
All day like just in the old days
I'm a Michael Landon protege
No epcot center
No nanuet mall
I've seen a million sheep and I've counted them all
I eat off the land wash it down with a drink
Of fresh spring water from the evian sink
Then take a mountain bath with my mountain girl
After all jerry it's a small world
It's a small world Walt
No need to pout
Cuz I'm coming to atlanta to thaw you out
So you can appear
Like the march of ides
And fix up the movies and all the rides
Cuz they’re not getting your point of view
Yo disney I look up to you
Whether up in the mountains
Or down in the street
See all good people gotta herd the sheep

Herdin' the sheep

All day just puttin it together
So there's meat for the gyros
And wool for the socks and sweaters
The fit in my Birkenstock sandals
And wood for the fire, fire for the candles
That I made some crayons
Yeah put em on a string and melted em
I can use em when they cool down

motherfucker
I'm so happy with the life I'm dealt

Keep it going on
Cuz it's going on
You gotta keep it going on like the king kong

Herdin the sheep
All day I'm freakin
The sheep are speaking
Planning on breaking through the fence and leaving
I've gotta keep my eyes on them
Though they're sleeping
If they leave me I will be weeping

Hey man, get yourself together
Let them all go

It’s for the better

Yeah you’re right, I should’ve listened to Sting
He said everyone you love you've gotta let them string
Everyone you love you've gotta let them sing
Everyone you love you've gotta let them sing
Everyone you love you've gotta let them sing
So put your head to my hand and kiss my ring

Heardin the sheep

Keep it going on
Cuz it's going on
You gotta keep it going on like the king kong

**Quiz Show Spy**

Aw Yeah
This one goes out to my main homies in The Sound of Urchin
My main homie Doo Doo Brown
My main homie Reverend B. Ill
My main homie Hollywood Scotty Choc on the cell phone and the Styx
My main homie me

And my man Chris Shaw on the mix
And my man Mickey, and my man Josh, and my man the punisher stick
And Bill poon and all that
And PBS style, quiz show style, and the rock and roll style
We do it like this, we do it like this
One two, one two three OW!

What's up what's up
I barbie smooth on the cut
I'm number one and no one’s stepping up
Too bad I’m fat, seem overweight and all that, see
Eating onion rings, biggie fries, big mac, see

Horse winnie
Cows moo
Dogs bark
Fuck you

I'm rappin’ and you
You're making doo doo
Doo doo Barbie Smooth, see

He’s cool and you, see
I'm a spy, I'm a spy
Spy I'm a spy
Telescope in my eye
Pistol in my thigh
Sour cream ham on rye

Grenade hand gun tie

Machine gun tie

Bomb gutton fly,
Spare eye stye
Don't ask me why

Cuz i'm on a mission like Bond, see
Got a secret treasure in the pond, see

I use a snorkel hose to breathe, see

To find tons of gold for me, me

Like Publisher’s Clearing House MacMahon

Dick Clark giving me a hundred grand, Urchin
Damn

Bring it down
Bring it on home
Bring it on home

And testify
And keep one eye on the spy
Chef boy ar dee, cold ravioli
Got a camera inside, now your face on the telly
In the back room of the smith street deli
Peanut, peanut butter, jelly
Put some gold in my throat and the diamons in my belly
Jam

Oh rock and roll Urchin
Rock and roll town
Rock and roll time
Bring it down, bring it down
Testify
Testify
Testify
Testify
 **Fearless Vampire Killers**Well it’s 5 AM, I gotta find myself a cab
I’m way past the point of needin’ it bad
I’ve done my job tonight
I’ve cleaned the streets
I’m gone, I’m safe
I got the relay from the radio on
I got the sun, thank God
And the people who care
And I’ll leave this city when I’ve had it up to here
But there are good things to come
And I remember when
I saw ya last baby
When will I see you again

Well, I remember the time
You know, like it was yesterday
When I was combin’ through the mass of lower Broadway
I had the focus on
And the fire in my eyes
As I was getting closer to the searchlight
Then within a couple seconds the rockets blew off
It was the biggest explosion that I ever saw
When the smoke had settled
I let out a sigh
And sat to catch my breath down by the riverside, yeah

And then the lights came through
And I didn’t move
You were coming through
And I felt the pulse move through my right hand
Cause what I got from you it came from them

Well now I’m here and I can see the sun
And I’m livin’ my life like anyone
And it’s hard to believe in the things you can’t see
But can feel and remember to be totally
And I think this is the future and that was the past
But a part of me doesn’t fully believe that
Cause I know your somewhere
Caught in between
The space behind the sky that hangs above me

**Space Station On The 4, 5 & 6**

Space station on the 4,5 & 6
Everyone’s a time traveler
Oh shit, everyone’s a movie

Space station on the 4, 5 & 6
Got fleas and ticks
Like a dog without a white collar
A good knish still costs a dollar
Potato wrapped in a soft gold coating
Hot dogs in the water that they’re floating
I need one fifty to buy a token
I’m feelin’ mean just like Dwight Yokam in Sling Blade
He got hit in the head
I need a little round token really bad
So I ask this man for some change to spare
He started smoking and he burst into thin air
I thought it was an alien invasion
But Broadway/Nassau was always a space station, boy
Space station on the 4,5 & 6
Aerosmith
These guys on a permanent vacation
Aerosmith on a permanent vacation
I can’t believe they on a permanent vacation
I don’t think they’re on a permanent vacation
Cause one day I was at an office at work
And noticed something funny about the front desk clerk
I asked him who he was and he said “walk this way”
What else would Steven Tyler have to say?
He was really embarrassed that I’d known
That when he’s not singing he was answering phones
I said “don’t worry, I still respect you very”
He said, “that guy making copies over there is Joe Perry, boy!”

Space station on the 4, 5 & 6
Wicks and Sticks
You go there to smell the candles
Pretty crazy that you smell those candles
They got lemon and peach and vanilla
They got white ones, pink ones, yella
One day I got a little wild
In the mall when I was a little child
The candle smell was wafting in the air
So I took a bite out of one that was there
It was my favorite flavor coconut
Store manager come kick my butt
Store manager come kick my butt
I swallowed wax and I nearly threw up
I swallowed wax and I nearly threw up
He hit me in the head and he punched me in the gut
So I picked myself up and wiped myself off
Felt a little tickle in my throat and started to cough
Would you believe it, I tossed up a candle
And spit it in his face like Oscar to Tony Randal, man
That’s how I handled it

Lots of stops on the 4,5 & 6
Take us to the places that you live

Space station on the 4,5 & 6

Todd Weeks is Bix

When he acts he’s known as Bryant

Since young he’s been defiant

Like the time his parents out the house

Threw a party fucked up the couch

Shop teacher came over and fixed it right

His parents came home that very same night

Space station on the 4,5 & 6
Erra Chris Shaw on the mix

We live in the Boerum Hill hood

July 4th went to Wildwood

Barbie thought he was cool and mature

Him and his woman got this caricature

Don’t get me wrong they make a cute pair

But the artists made him look like Teen Wolf in there

Space station on the 4,5 & 6
Everyone’s a time traveler
Oh shit, everyone’s a movie

Space station on the 4,5 & 6
Halls and Vicks
Soothes your throat and makes your breath fresh
But not as fresh as my music gets

Space station on the 4,5 & 60

All it takes is a buck fifty

Space station on the 4,5 & 60

All it takes is a buck fifty

Lots of stops on the 4,5 & 6
Take us to the places that you live

Lots of stops on the 4,5 & 6
Take us to the places that you live

Alright

Go man go

This for the people of the time

Rock out!