

# It's the End of Alternative Music

(And I Feel Fine)

That's right, it started with Nirvana - Kurt, Dave and the other guy.  
And Axl Rose was not afraid.  
Eye of the Third Blind, listen to yourself sing.  
Durst serves his own needs, watch him as my heart bleeds,  
Feeding off a Korn hit, limp, no strength, and  
Creed sounds like Pearl Jam with Fuel, Tool, U2,  
Tricky, Ricky Martin, Cardigans and Sugar Ray.  
A radio for hire and a hit single.  
Corporations coming in a hurry with the labels breathing down your neck.

Barenaked ladies, Rob Zombie, No Doubt, Smashmouth,  
Rage Against Machines, burn things,  
Rammstein, Screaming Trees,  
Lo-Fi All-Stars, Hanson can't get into bars.  
Bloodhound Gang, Fush Yu Mang.  
Liz Phair, Goo Goo Dolls, Brian Warner's got balls.  
Sprung Monkey and Pushmonkey and Spacemonkey, and Flea, funk.  
You Eagle-Eye, BuckCherryPoppinPuffDaddies,  
Feelin' pretty psyched.

It's the end of alternative music and I feel fine.  
It's time I learned more than four chords.

Sneaker Pimps, Fat Boy Slim,  
Soul Coughin', Jane's Addiction.  
Portishead, Kurt's dead, Temple of the Spacehog,  
Dave Matthews, Loll-A-Pa-Looz, Days of New, Big Voodoo.  
Hootie, Seven Mary Three, P.J. Harvey, Prodigy,  
Marvelous Three, Matchbox Twenty.  
Everlast, Fastball, Beastie Boys, K's Choice, Uh-oh,  
This means B-I-G, O-D-B, S-T-P, R-H-C-P.  
A Counting Crow, a Sheryl Crow, a Black Crow, Wilco.  
Offer me a video, offer me the radio, and I decline.

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The other night I dreamt of Live,  
Bush, Ben Folds Five, Blur, Cake, Lit, Sublime,  
Leonard Bernstein.  
Mike Stipe, Verve Pipe, Silverchair and Lillith Fair.  
Monster Magnet, Mike Ness, Morrisette, boom.  
You, Eddie Vedder, no one better than Ezra.  
Right? Right.

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