

# One Hit Wonder

As you listen to our tape,  
You may find that your mouth's agape.  
Drooling as you listen to  
Music that you think is cool.  
You may think, "what musicianship."  
It rocks, it's cool, it's fresh, it's hip.  
I bet they're artsy-fartsy types  
Who don't need cash or girls or hype.  
But there, my friend, is where you're wrong.  
See, we don't simply write our songs  
To help the world or ease our souls.  
Why bother with such petty goals?  
Cuz all we really want is money.  
Oh yes, and you, my little honey.  
Tommy Gunn, yeah that's my name,  
And corporate rock, yeah that's my game.

We're one-hit wonders, yes we are.  
Who cares if we don't get too far?  
After we've made our first million,  
We'll still have cash and girls and fun.  
Kip Winger? Sure, he knows me.  
I also hang with Biz Markie.  
One-hit wonders stick together  
Cuz our songs aint gonna last forever.  
But I don't let it get me down.  
For three weeks I was number one.  
Hustler did my interview -  
Spin, Rolling Stone and GQ, too.  
Don't worry, cuz I'll never go poor.  
If I do, I'll have a comeback tour.  
Play my one good song to death,  
And watch the girlies lose their breath.

It rocks.  
It's new.  
It's fresh.  
It's hip.