

TAMBOURINE! TAMBOURINE! TAMBOURINE! TAMBOURINE!

Do you ever stay up way too late eating candy and you're suddenly awake and at work and you somehow had four whole cups of coffee that never got cold and the phone rings? Hilarious!

BIRDS!

Sometimes I drink too much coffee and eat too-too little foodstuffs and I laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh!
Life can be so funny! People do boring things and don't know they are hysterical!

TAMBOURINE! TAMBOURINE! TAMBOURINE! TAMBOURINE!

They should make children's songs but for adults!
Why isn't cake for breakfast!
With frosting!
I want to jog right now!

FLAVOR CRYSTALS!

This should be a yell song I think!

MONKEYBRAIN! TAMBOURINE! TAMBOURINE!

The Great Chicken Limo of Indianapolis

It's a bird!
It's a car!
It's a birdcar!

CHIIIIIIIIICKEN LIIIIIIIMO!

Say you already rode in a limousine?
When your big sissie got married to Rick?
Everyone drank Miller Lite in it?
You got a sip—AND LIKED IT?
You fell in love with someone at the reception
but are RELATED TO THEM NOW?

THIS! IS! BETTER! THAN! THAT!

Did that limo have a BIRD HEAD ON IT? (no.)
Did that limo be completely YELLOW otherwise? (doubtful.)
Did that limo be THE CHICKEN LIMO OF INDIANAPOLIS?

It's a bird! (parts!)
It's a plane! (it's not!)
It's a CHIIIIICKEN LIMO,
and it's gonna show you ALL OF INDIANAPOLIS!

This sweet little chicken world is filled with chickenular vehicles:
The Chicken Car of Los Angeles.
The Kreckle's Chicken Car of Decatur, IL.
Uncle Herb's Wacky Chicken Stunt Car of I Made It Up, MA.

But there is only one Chicken Limo. Don't you let them
make you feel insignificant, Indianapolis,
even if you can't spell your name without "Indiana."

Don't you let anyone tell you
you don't have everything, Indianapolis.
You have everything.