## Mp3 Felix Jones - Pop: Today's Top 40

Felix Jowes

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Felix Jones's brand-new self-produced album dropped in December '06. Their single Fired Up is currently playing on commercial radio in the Virgin Islands, KS, NM, MI, and will be featured on Voice of America broadcasting to an estimated worldwide aud 12 MP3 Songs POP: Today's Top 40, ROCK: Punk Details: It was Waco, Texas: 1978 or '79. I can't remember which. All I know is that there were a bunch of hippies out in the desert near my house. I kept on trying to shoo them off my damn property with my broom. Told them to go home and take a shower. But they were all staring at the sky and for all intents and purposes; completely ignoring me. But that's when I noticed it. That sound. That God-awful music that makes my poor Country-Music-rooted heart palpitate like a chihuahua in Moscow. At first I thought it was a tornado. The wind started blowing and howlin', and I swore it was a freight train at first. But then as it approached from the sky, and the twinkley lights got too bright to look directly into, and the sound became clear; we all were introduced for the first time on earth to Felix Jones. The alien spacecraft was souped up with some bad-ass sub-woofers and a pair of tweeters that musta been over 100dB. Definitely loud enough to induce permanent hearing-damage anyway. I was pretty jealous of their stereo actually, but the music was horrible! It had this terrible repetitive hook going. Something about being Fired Up. I didn't know what Felix Jones was yet then, nobody did. But whatever it was, this music made me wanna ask God for forgiveness and promptly blow my brains out with a double-barreled shotgun. However, the hippies loved it. They just started dancing and smoking pot. I hate hippies. Anyways, a couple aliens proceeded to walk down the ramp-thingy that came out the bottom of the craft, and dropped a couple newborn babies on their heads, gave each other a high-five, put some sunglasses on, got in their ship, and then zoomed off faster than a Patriot Missile can holler terrorist. And that's how the founding members of Felix Jones infiltrated our beautiful planet. I would a killed the little varmints with my broom, but the hippies protected

them from me, and raised them to become musicians that would change the world with their Acousta-hip-hop-tropic-funk-rock crap. It's all a conspiracy. Nobody believes me, but it is. Everything Felix Jones plays is nothing more than Alien-mind-control waves designed to make us eat foods that prevent us from ever evolving into beings that can take-over the universe. I know. I was there. As long as Felix Jones lives, we will never invent a gravity-amplifier that works. I frickin' hate hippies.

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