

Name _____

Date _____



American Revolution

"This Ain't Working"

It was a late dark night in Boston Harbor,
Pitch black, while a fog hung around the water.
This was the winter, 1773,
And the British had a monopoly on selling tea,
Thanks to the Tea Acts, but we're going to react,
Send a message to show George just where we at.
All was quiet like Ben Franklin's library,
Then some people creepin' out of their houses quietly.
Dressed like Mohawk Indians, there were many men,
150 of them, all assemblin'.
A party gathered to check it, like rubberneckers,
"Let's Twist Again," uh-huh, like Chubby Checker.
Dressed up like Halloween, Trick or Treat!
We're about to trick you, George, we're going to dump your tea!
Sam Adams called out, "Y'all better follow me."
We dumped \$70,000 worth of tea.
England didn't take it lightly, uh-uh, they freaked,
'Cause you know how the British just love their tea.
Passed Intolerable Acts, but that don't phase me,
They're turkeys, we'll smother them like we're gravy.

Sometimes you know I feel
Like this thing we got ain't working.

Let me tell you the story of Paul Revere,
He saved John Hancock's career and Sam Adams's beer.

It was the year 1775,
The Brits wanted to steal some ammo and supplies.
At night Revere is like, "Yo don't even fear,
Just hang a lantern from the church when they're coming near.
One if by land, two if by sea,
Then I'll speed off, mad speedy through the country."
Midnight comes around, Paul's getting antsy,
Teeth chatter like whoa, and his hands are clammy.
Two lights ignite, Paul's like, "Oh yikes,"
Hops on his ride, he and Dawes ride through the night.
His voice in the darkness, his knock at the door,
And his words that shall echo forevermore:
"The British are coming, the British are coming!
Kiss your youngins! Grab your guns!"
The British marched down into Lexington,
And thanks to Paul Revere, we were expecting them.
Captain said, "Don't fire unless you're fired upon,
But if they mean to have a war, we're going to bring it on!"
A shot rang out through the morning,
The revolution was dawning, it's daunting.
They killed us in Lexington, moved on to Concord,
But we started putting metal on them like they're honored.
We were ducking out of trees like some chimpanzees,
Dressed in brown, bringing redcoats to their knees.
They were all lined up like in a soup line,
We polished them off like they were shoe shine.

Sometimes you know I feel
Like this thing we got ain't working.