

Onomatopoeia (Horace's Schoolhouse Rock)

A bee goes buzz, a snake goes hiss, pig oink oink, and cow moo moo
But when it comes to humans what's the tongue supposed to do?
Is it Aum? Salam aleikum? Hare Hare Krishna? Amen?
Maybe, but seems like those words so easily make some folks enemies and others friends
If I knew my own true noise to make you can be sure I'd be letting it through
But for now it's just this rat-a-tat mish-mash mumble jumble of words I got coming at you
I hope it's pure:

Ono Ono Ono Ono Ono Ono Onomatopoeia
See ya see ya see ya see ya see ya
I wouldn't wanta be ya
Uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh
If you ain't speaking that pure Onomatopoeia

Sometimes the phone's ring-a-ling and bell's ding-a-ling, alarm's beep beep,
clock's tick tock and planes going zoom zoom varoom
Have me plodding up the stairs, skidding 'cross the floor, flip-flopping across my bed
and hiding in the corner of my room
So I went out to the wilderness to find some peace, leaves crunch beneath my feet,
wind goes whoosh, skipping stones splish-splash
But always in my head that voice everlasting speaking that rat-a-tat mish-mash
I hope that it's pure:

Ono Ono Ono Ono Ono Ono Onomatopoeia
See ya see ya see ya see ya see ya
I wouldn't wanta be ya
Uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh
If you ain't speaking that pure Onomatopoeia Ono ono ono...

The bomb goes boom, gun bang bang and bullets zip zip zip
Meanwhile the home front crowd roars as the
player dribbles the ball up court then jump, shoot, swish
Sometimes no feels like no and yes feels like yes
But other times what the correct answer is I can only guess
So clang the kettle, pop the corn, slurp the noodles, sip the coffee and chuck all the
waste into great big heaps
As we sigh and moan and groan and giggle and wail and weep and speak that:

Ono Ono Ono Ono Ono Ono Onomatopoeia
See ya see ya see ya see ya see ya
I wouldn't wanta be ya
Uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh uh-uh
If you ain't speaking that pure Onomatopoeia Ono...