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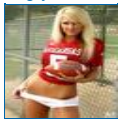
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 Friday, May 28, 2010 12:11 AM

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[Angry Samoans](#)

and now that the work is done, it is finally party time



and time to hang out with my favorite intellectual companion from the world of brilliant-minds-acting-dumb/clever ("i LOVE the beastie boys!")

you know who, duhhhhh

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Htiz_LnqOj0

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1o_7WBHn0K0&

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ILFmEK-VIWA&feature=related>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WZGL1-WtTkM&>

KE\$HA True Or False interview KIIS-FM 102.7 Los Angeles, w/Karli from the Block/DJ and with brief footage of the amazingly smiley worldwide producer/writer charttopper DR LUKE
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 Friday, May 28, 2010 1:27 AM

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[Angry Samoans](#) destroy all music! just can't use it!



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sTfeOfQkoEs>

TIK TOK / SNL live

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zdDjMOTL50w>

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YOUR LOVE IS MY DRUG / SNL live

millions were enraged by the "sixth grade talent show" stage presentations (and the glow-in-the-dark black/green costumes from the song's video, in the flesh), millions more were entertained

Ke\$hter herself said: all from the same interview --

On her SNL performance:

"If you don't like dancing astronauts, laser beams that play music, me talking about aliens, glow-in the dark things, vocoders and a hot chick, I don't know what to tell you. My new theory is—I don't really listen or look at anything. But I have heard through the grapevine that some people thought it sucked and some people thought it was great. Don't care. I had a fun time. I played laser beams."

"Just in general, fuck the cynics...who would you rather hang out with—that cynical dude or me with my laser beams?"

"I don't use Auto Tune."

"I've always been into bearded dudes. Hello?? I'm from Nashville. I just like hillbillys."

"The video for 'Your Love Is My Drug'—well, first of all, I wrote this song on an airplane in like ten minutes."

fuckity fuck fuck fuckity fuck!

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Friday, May 28, 2010 3:33 AM

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[Angry Samoans](#)

four BIG hits since last fall



(Tik Tok, Take It Off, Blah Blah Blah, Your Love Is My Drug)

with a shitload still cued up (Party At A Rich Dude's House, Dancing With Tears In My Eyes, Stephen, Backstabber, Take It Off which was Top 15 already but not an "official" single)

the logical next single (or whenever it's dropped/serviced)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ISfNkDCx49Y>

KISS N TELL (Kesha Sebert-Luke Gottweld-Max Martin-Shellback)

would be MONSTROUS

HUGE

GARGANTUAN

like the hateful make-it-stop Katy Perry's (very similar) "Hot N Cold" except awesome instead of tortuous

yeaahh Kiss N Tell was written by Ke\$ha/Dr Luke AND my hero Max Martin

lousy fidelity, but this below screen/youtube shows the lyrics on the screen

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qYQFgn5RK20>

KISS N TELL (Kesha Sebert-Luke Gottweld-Max Martin-Shellback)

Listen to yourself

You're a hot mess

St-t-stutter through your words

Breaking a sweat

What's it gonna take to confess?
What we both know
Yeah I was outta town last weekend
You were feeling like a pimp around your lame friends
Now your little party's gonna end
So here we go

BRIDGE:

Woohha-a-oh-oh
You got a secret
Woohha-a-oh-oh
You couldn't keep it
Woohha-a-oh-oh
Somebody leaked it,
And now some shit's about to go down

CHORUS:

Never thought that you would be the one
Acting like a slut when I was gone
Maybe you shouldn't
Kiss N tell
You really should've kept it in your pants
Hearing dirty stories from your friends
Maybe you shouldn't
Kiss N tell

2nd VERSE

You're looking like a tool not a baller
You're acting like a chick, why bother?
I can find someone way hotter
With a bigger...well
'Cause I'm done with the ways that you've messed up
You weren't smart enough to keep your stupid mouth shut
I'm so sick of it
I've had enough
I hope you cry

BRIDGE/CHORUS

BRIDGE (different)

I hope you know
You gotta go
You, get up and go
I don't wanna know
Or why you're gross
You gotta go
You, get up and go
Cause i don't wanna know

3rd/final CHORUS

Never thought that you would be the one
Acting like a slut when I was gone
Maybe you shouldn't
Kiss N tell
You really should've kept it in your pants
Hearing dirty stories from your friends
Maybe you shouldn't
Kiss N tell

Maybe you shouldn't
Kiss N tell

duuude...fuckin brilliant by all pop music/Brill Building standards of the last 50 years since goffin-
king blew the girl group sound into its 3-year rock era with Will You Love Me Tomorrow at the
end of 1960

i repeat...fuckin brilliant (pop songwriting)

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 Friday, May 28, 2010 12:48 PM

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**<sing like a cripple, but chumped by the wheelchair sopranos
cant find a prostitute, u sing like a deaf mute >**

shut up all you hatas

i'm awesome

they even wrote a song about me

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 Friday, May 28, 2010 2:08 PM

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[Angry Samoans](#)



Angry Samoans:

shut up all you hatas

i'm awesome

they even wrote a song about me

see there i am rocking The Letter in the key of whatever

and nose-yodeling Little Black Egg as good as 523,647 other garage band singas

the CLASH BROTHERS 4/1/2010 924 Gilman St

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2A-2czqt4o>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RUIEuEq1zWY&feature=related>

i'm awesomme

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 Friday, May 28, 2010 2:43 PM

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[Angry Samoans](#) <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BURYEXOXeLs>



http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8gprFFWj_M0

GLEE episode 20 BAD ROMANCE wow wow whoa this is awesome

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Friday, May 28, 2010 3:42 PM

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Angry Samoans



WHY KESHA SINGS BETTER THAN METAL MIKE



i sing better than metal mike and i dont even try to sing in key

sometimes i even sing off pitch just to fuck with people's heads

i am the anti-ladygaga, pissing in the woods and throwing up in paris fuckwad hilton's closet
(Party At A Rich Dudes House)

if youre a "garage singer," why arent you singing in a garage? u make no sense, and u should
also quit sucking on ur ding dong between songs

just saying

"i am ur biggest fan" That Thing You Do hahahah youre stupid. wanna make out?

luuv, Ke\$sher as in heshher



Friday, May 28, 2010 4:11 PM

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(from from some messaging/journal post or convo elsewhere between me and the bandleader in the Clash Brothers, bob fagan since it sure ain't me. i just move my hips sexy like and sing The Letter just like tha record you dig)



"whatever happened to Doreen?"

she got hit by a car. the follow up "Doreen Is Dead" sold 327 copies in Bulgaria so it was never released in the rest of the Baltics or any other part of the world

i only played the first Doreen tune that one time ever, so i have no idea how the fuck it goes. like the other 999+ songs in the vaults it's on low-bias cassette and (like most if not all) has a lyric sheet or lyric/lead sheet in one of about 8 different chronological-by-period binders.

if i ever bump into dumpy-thighs italian girl at the thrift store



and have an immediate dance-off in the nearing living room/stereo, i'll remember to ask her (play her from the CD) "this Love's Memories song, can you make it sound nice with a piano?" (its in the key of G, nice keyboard key). otherwise the main order of business would be my cardboard 9x12 that has boldface lettering on white paper (taped onto the brown cardboard) --

DANCE-OFF! NOW!
YOU! ME!
PICK YOUR SONG!



i would get chumped on the disco (beats/songs), but if/when i whip out 45s of Pony Time (chubby checker) or Do The Bird and Ride! (dee dee sharp), it's on big time like an atomic bomb.



Friday, May 28,
Angry Samoans

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AND HE'S COMING TO YOUR TOWN NEXT!

ON THE SCENE in Nichols, NY:

This cultic monster raised its terrible head once again last night on a dreamy spring evening in the idyllic hollows of Upstate New York...

Screaming fans shouted their adulation in a call-and-response chorus:

OH NO!
THEY SAY HE'S GOT TO GO!
GO GO GODZILLA!

OH NO!
THERE GOES TOKYO!
GO GO GODZILLA!

A provoking thought: to what extent was the Samoans' appreciation for the power of ironic ambiguity inspired by BÖC's mastery of this dramatic posture?

Time passes, meanings accrete... YOU ARE THE SIGNIFICATOR.

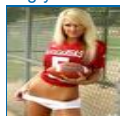
One threat and mundane here at last
Expect the cross one more
Lecherous invisible
Beware the limping cat

Whose black teeth grip between loose jaws
Still ripe and fully bloomed
A rose that's not from anywhere
That you would know or I would care

Saturday, May 29, 2010 5:07 PM

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Anne Rose Blayk:

Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk:

Brandon Jak: what the hell is he thinking? they have so many inflammatory gay bashing songs, it's ridiculous. leave it to a egotistical little tweaker in a suck ass band to even

NB: The live version is MUCH heavier than this video would lead you to believe!

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OK, OK, so I admit: it is legitimate to complain about all the gay-baiting. (And note the MetalMan is trying to make amends: he now sings the lyrics to Homo-Sexual "KILL DAN WHITE! KILL DAN WHITE! KILL DAN WHITE!"

uhhhh...jesus is the whole world deaf? the lyric/vocal line --

"KILL DAN WHITE!"

on the second chorus of Homo-Sexual, written in 1981, re-written (the entire lyric) and recorded in 1981 (the music) (and 1982, the vocal track) on the album Back From Samoa

is CLEAR as holy fuck

i wrote that line (a Bay Area resident shortly after the Dan White/Moscone murder and infamous "Twinkie defense) in spring 1982 when gregg turner, me, and steve besser (the orig buddy/manager of the samoans during 1978-79) all sat down at big round table to "re-write the whole lyric" the night before i went in and cut the vocals (along with the other Pihrana Studio tracks the band had cut in fall 1981 w/o any vocals post-jeff dahl's departure/firing/quitting/all-of-the-above), i.e. Pictures of Matchstick Men, My Old Man's A Fatso, Haizman's Brain Is Calling, and Permanent Damage

and dammn proud of it

the other all-time great line (that i ever wrote, again in that song)

"screw your wife in the behind
tell your kids you're doing fine"

ka-ching! pre-AIDS, dude! lightweight pre-cog at the turnstile!

anyway if you never noticed the

KILL DAN WHITE!

line mr whoever with the idiot brain and shit-mouth w/lies every other nanosecond,

you are a TOTAAL eediot

hahahahah join the club

and now i must play the KE\$HA Animal debut CD again for the 5,000th time this week

the song's lyrics intentionally "offended everyone"

but the only "race"/lifestyle being threatened with quick and painful death

are hetero gay-murdering twinkies-defense assholes like dan white

oh, and anyone who refers to anyone who has NEVER taken drugs of any kind, lifetime (meeee, it's just the way i roll. though i do enjoy an occasional 1/2 bottle of orange MD 20/20 mixed 50/50 with Coke Zero, once or twice monthly),

as a "tweaker" is just cruising to get their big-mouth ignorant-idiot ass locked in a latrine/outhouse/rock festival port-a-potty for 24 hours just to flush alla the shit in their head out

go call your daddy a crackhead, he'll be real amused u eediot ignoramous

who probably can't dance ur way out of a paper bag

u should listen to more gay disco and dance tunes at the biggest local club and get a fuckin clue

punk rock = the providence of idiots since about, dunno, two days after the 1st Suicidal Tendencies album dropped (racked) (and their goon fans were everywhere around southern calif kicking off the "skinhead"/thug era of wretched violent punk gigs for the rest of the 80's in Calif until 924 Gilman dug in and bit by bit year by year rolled that macho jock thug shit -- Calif skins were UNBEIVABLE, they even fucked with/beat up Tim Yohannan once cause he looked at them wrong -- yea forgettaboutit, useless, don't name it you don't wanna claim it.

Red Cross had the right idea (socially if not musically) when they dropped out of the LA/OC "punk scene" in 1981. our band was always kind a tiny bit jealous of them because of that, because we not long after (by the fall of 1984) that came to the same conclusion. why make music that idiots (in the 80's) would show up to hear? so we sat it out and sure enough, post-Gilman the proper audiences (half girls out in Calif) discovered the music and the goons went away...either all killed each other or joined the military or started going to Slayer/Metallica late 80's speedmetal shows instead, whateva.

the next person who ever calls me a "tweaker" is getting a aluminum baseball bat (i have ones everywhere, three around the house in strategic places, another one in the car...this is Hayward, people) in the nuts. just lightly. to make a point. and it's a little 28-incher (my favorite size in little league) so i can whip that sucker arouund crazy.

go call Bobby Bonds a "juicehead," at least that would be in the correct category of truth-or-slander/insults.

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 Saturday, May 29, 2010 6:40 PM

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Angry Samoans but now we return to our regular programming



and the "coolest song of the fuckin whole month" (heard it for the first time around 4am driving past Bakersfield on Hwy-99 hearing north, on the town's Top 40 CHR/Rhythmic FM station) (it cracked Top 20 digital download sales, dunno about radio...maybe it's a slow breaker because it was/is the fuckin bombola for sureski)

Spouse - I'm Awesome

CHORUS

i'm awesome!!!

no you're not dude don't lie

i'm awesome!!!

i'm drivin around in my mom's ride

i'm awesome!!!

a quarter of my life gone by and

i met all my friends online

i'm awesome!!!
i will run away from a brawl
i'm awesome!!!
there's no voice mail nobody called
i'm awesome!!!
i can't afford to buy eight ball

and i talk to myself
on my facebook wall

you know my pants sag low (low)
even though (though) that went out of style
like ten years ago (go)
spose, i got the swagger of a cripple
i got little biceps,
getting fatter in the middle

and lyrically i'm not the best
physically the opposite of randy
moss and yet so preposterous
feel the awesomeness the most obnoxious
guest up at the sausage fest
oh yes!

the girls are repulsed so i hide
in my hood like i'm joining a cult
uh uhh
i'm as nervous as my cattle dirty curtis
all my writtens are bitten and
all my verses are purchased
me? i'ii never date an actress
got to many back zits
plus my whole home aroma is cat piss
every show i do is poorly
promoted and if you like this
it's cuz my little sister wrote it

CHORUS

swagger of a cripple
check it out

i'm from maine and i don't hunt, nope
and i can't ski
smoke weed but i can't roll blunts
might be with my wifey
my necjs not icy
eatin' at mcdonalds because subway is pricey

uh and my unibrow is plucked
just ask my mom if i could borrow ten bucks
shes like "for what?
blunt wraps and some heinekens?
you skinny prick, go get a gym membership and vitamins"
i'm like mom please don't blame it on me
i got my bad habits from
you, dad, and aunt steve
my attitudes sour but my futon's sweet
and the hair on my ass it is jumanji

suit untailed, ringtone taylor swift
can't tweet up on my twitter
cuz i haven't done shit

blank account red, body ungroomed
the good thing about me is i'm off stage soon


CHORUS

further more i'm cornier than ethynol
cheesier than provolone
i spent years eight to ten living in a motor homr
with a ego the size of tim duncan
even though i got shit for brains like a blumpkin
i'm twenty four serving lobster rolls
bacaue i spent a decade filling
optimuos and i'm not even the bomb in maine
on my game and only about as sexy as john mccain

CHORUS

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OYws8biwOYc>

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 Saturday, May 29, 2010 6:54 PM

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Angry Samoans



 Anne Rose Blayk:

if i may interrupt the 24/7 KESHA unpaid fanboy promo-work for 5 seconds

this 1970 Seger regional hit 45

was one of the awesomest greatest soundingg 45s EVER

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mMQmSvKQpUs>

whatever CCR's greatest chartalmost-topper (they had many no.2's, never a no.1 single)

this motherfucker is JUST AS GOOD OR BETTER i mean holy fuckiing whoa WHAT A LEAD VOCAL

and killer guitar riff

1966-1970 bob seger we salute you!

and it's not even his greatest 45....

that would be (for my money, since it's a match for the orig Animals w/Eric Burdon's very greatest singles)

EAST SIDE STORY by Bob Seger and the Last Heard

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7JL_N-Dly-Q

wow wow holy fuckin whoa awesome

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 Tuesday, June 01, 2010 4:21 AM

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[Angry Samoans](#) but let us not forget the HOF act that was awesomer than awesome



Poptimist #5

The History Book on the Shelf

by Tom Ewing,

posted June 19, 2007

n ABBA's "On And

On And On" the singer's at a party and gets into a conversation with someone who's worried about the world. He turns out to be a Swedish government minister and shouldn't really be saying that stuff (so they sing a stomping Beach Boys pastiche instead). Like a lot of ABBA's more rocking songs it doesn't quite work but fails in an endearing way-- but beyond that it struck me as an odd thing to be singing about.

I'm sure that in 1980 the band were something like royalty in Sweden and almost certainly were really going to dinner parties and meeting ministers. It's the matter-of-fact way they mention it that surprised me. I can only think of one other song about meeting a politician at a party-- Pulp's "Cocaine Socialism". The Pulp song takes the meeting as a springboard for a savage attack on Tony Blair's Labour Party, as well as Cool Britannia and cocaine and corruption. "Cocaine Socialism" is a fine record but it never struck me as odd-- biting outsider opposition was the tone I expected a record about politicians at parties to take. As opposed to ABBA's convivial reasonableness.

Of course I go to dinner parties sometimes myself, and though there aren't any politicians involved convivial reasonableness seems a fine aim. Maybe that's a reason I find myself enjoying ABBA more the older I get. Actually I can't remember not enjoying them: They were my favorite band at seven; they're one of my favorite bands at 34. What I want to explore in this column, though, is how ABBA often seem a very adult band, writing songs squarely set in the adult (as opposed to adolescent or teenage or college-age) world, coping with adult emotions, and particularly adult compromises and disappointments.

I'll admit I'm talking here mostly about the later ABBA, roughly from 1976's *Arrival* onwards. The earlier, goofier ABBA is also terrific-- and was the version that launched Europop as we knew it (try Holland's Luv' for a marvelous band that uses the ABBA of "King Kong Song" and "Ring Ring" as a springboard). I don't find myself feeling the songs as much as their later records, though, possibly because I think Bjorn Ulvaeus and Benny Andersson are excellent lyricists and on the earlier albums their confidence in their English wasn't up to showing that.

Critical wisdom has it that ABBA material darkened in the late 1970s because the two couples who formed the band both split up. There's surely a lot of truth in this-- their later albums are studded with fantastic, rueful break-up songs-- but I don't necessarily want to confuse "adult" and "dark" here. ABBA songs aren't "dark" just because of the intra-band divorces, they're more universal than that: the sorrow in them is often a sense that the best of times, the most lived parts of life, have already, irretrievably happened. "Having the time of your life"-- the chorus of "Dancing Queen" is literally and painfully felt: this is as good as it gets. In so many ABBA songs the important stuff has all happened in the past-- when Chiquita was sure of herself, when Fernando crossed the Rio Grande, when the narrators of "One Of Us" or "Thank You For The Music" made the decisions they're looking back on in the songs.

And what happens afterward? "Now you're working in a bank, a family man, a football fan, and your name is Harry."-- this from "Our Last Summer", a relatively jolly song about lost first love that still fits in "a fear of getting old, a fear of slowly dying". Fears come true: dreams don't. But one of the things that makes ABBA adult rather than adolescent is that they're usually sympathetic to their fading everymen protagonists. Harry may just be a bank clerk but his life isn't horrible or wrong or a betrayal, it's just a bit more boring than it once was. "Should I Laugh Or Cry", a portrait by his tired, frustrated wife of an absurd domestic Napoleon, is probably the saddest record ABBA ever made but even this pathetic individual, shouting in too-short trousers, is no monster.

Compare, if you like, the ridiculous paroxysms of agony and disgust a band like Radiohead go through contemplating the simplest of socializations on "Fitter, Happier" or "Paranoid Android". ABBA understand and will not condemn compromise, and contentment, and dull satisfaction, and the flipside to the songs where they lament past excitement are the songs in which something immense does disrupt the adult world and its settlements. "Lay All Your Love On Me"-- not by accident the most irresistibly physical of any ABBA track-- spells it out: "a grown up woman should never fall so easily". On "The Visitors", set in a Soviet-occupied country, the European bourgeois world the band generally document becomes a terrified but precious pretense, one that can be shattered by a strangers' hand rattling the doorknob.

Strangest and maybe best of all is "The Day Before You Came", a simple portrait of an ordinary adult life on the day before it is changed forever: By what, we never learn. As the UK journalist Taylor Parkes notes in his fantastic 1995 essay on ABBA, the spectral choirs of backing vocals suggest a murderer as much as a lover. Here is the central ABBA theme: life is trivial and nothing happens, but the somethings that might happen are worse.

"The Day Before You Came" is full of awkward conversational lyrics: "I must have gone to lunch, at half past 12 or so, the usual place, the usual bunch". Their slight stiltedness is what makes ABBA great lyricists-- as non-native speakers they rarely risked too many metaphors or much poetic imagery, preferring a matter-of-fact reportage of feeling. Combined with Agnetha and Frida's occasionally halting pronunciation this could make them sound devastatingly direct and vulnerable.

Sometimes ABBA could be high-falutin', though: "Happy New Year" has a death's head lyric which pins down the essential horrid sameness of January 1st and concludes that "man is a fool and he thinks he'll be OK, dragging on feet of clay, never knowing he's astray". Of course "Happy New Year" also has a chorus that goes "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" and ABBA were a band that didn't know how not to write a catchy song, so it has a use-value that fights against its bleakness-- thank goodness, or it would just be a moan. Because of the sheer sticking power of ABBA's melodies their lyrics can often be safely ignored-- in a pub quiz once I asked teams to identify a verse from "Knowing Me, Knowing You"-- "In these old familiar rooms, children once played. Now there's only emptiness, nothing to say". The song is one of the band's most famous in Britain, but nobody got it right.

In other words, ABBA's adulthood, or darkness, is mostly strictly optional. In the same way as their characters lead well-ordered lives while suffering the occasional regret and pang of anxiety, ABBA never let their existential worries get in the way of their day job: writing immediately fabulous pop music. "The Visitors" may be about political paranoia but it's also got a blazing synthpop chorus. "The Day Before You Came" makes the rare move of putting its music where its mentality is and was one of the band's first flops.

Sometimes ABBA's musical instincts seem to sabotage the band's emotional impulses. "Our Last Summer" sticks to your head as doggedly as any of the band's hits until its bittersweet mood is jarred by a really downright vulgar guitar solo. Even this fits the mood, though. Then we were Summer heroes, it seems to be saying, now we're grown-up and awkward and the kind of basically not very cool people who think this song could use a bit of ill-placed axe work. Which is fine-- when the band did try and be fashionable (their recording jaunt to Miami at the mainstream height of disco, for instance) the results were even more inelegant than usual.

As a fan, I indulge ABBA's sometime musical inelegance as much as I enjoy their terrific songcraft, but what I keep coming back for is the sadness and richness in their songs. I've concentrated here on the lyrics because I think they're undervalued, but in the end the hooks are always going to be what sells ABBA, and this is probably as it should be. If you're fond of their hits at all though, keep their

records around, sniff about their back catalog a little more, and don't dismiss them: You may find that your life ends up more like an ABBA song than you imagine.

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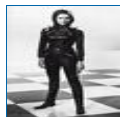
Poptimist #1: Sing This All Together (See What Happens) *February 20, 2007*

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Tuesday, June 01, 2010 1:56 PM

Reply

Anne Rose Blayk



Angry Samoans:
The History Book on the Shelf
by Tom Ewing,

So, if I read this correctly, Mr. Ewing is intimating that ABBA are... Swedes?

I should never have guessed!

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