

Per Automatic_Taglines' request, here are the complete lyrics for OK Inspector!

OK Inspector

1. Paperbag: (by Occam's Blazer)

In the internet world
There's a fan-art jugglenob
I will watch again

With just one guy
Voicing all the study group
I will watch again

I only wish there was more
Six episodes and a grocery store

In the deep, deep throes of my fandom
I will watch again

Some bags and camera
It's quality leaves me surprised
Those paperbags stopped my strife

I only wish there was more
Six episodes and a grocery store

I only wish there was more
Six episodes and a grocery store

2. Paranoid Deandroid: (by Occam's Blazer)

Please could you stop the filming, I'm trying to get some rest
From all the insecure voices in my head
What's that...? (I may be acting mean, but I'm not a bad dean)
What's that...? (I may be acting mean, but I'm not a bad dean)

One more bad take, and I'll segregate the school
Those who doubt my artistic vision are fools
What's that...? (I may be acting mean, but I'm not a bad dean)
What's that...? (I may be acting mean, but I'm not a bad dean)

Ambition makes Annie look a little crazy
Endless filming makes the crew a little lazy
Jeff can't remember
Jeff can't remember
Why can't he remember his name?
Off with the bald cap
Off with the bald cap
Why can't he remember his name?
I guess Chang does....

Rain down, rain down
Come on rain down on me
From a great height
From a great height... height...
Rain down, rain down
Come on rain down on me
From a great height
From a great height... height...
Rain down, rain down
Come on rain down on me

That's it, sir
We're leaving
More than good, it's good enough
With Abed's editing
The study group's forgiving
The crying, the ashes
The crying, the ashes
The Dean loves Greendale, The Dean loves Greendale, yeah!

3. **Subterranean Homesick Inspector:** (by Occam's Blazer)

After my studying
I keep forgetting
To watch the Inspector series on air

I go to a school
Where you don't learn a thing,
Watch the study table
For axe marks on the surface

Up above Blorgons hover

Eradicating humans
For the folks back home,

Of all these Earth creatures
Who lock up their weirdness,
Lose touch with themselves
Want to keep my fun a secret.

They're all uptight, uptight,
Uptight, uptight,
Uptight, uptight.

I wish he'd swoop down in my blanket fort,
At night when I'm imagining.
The Inspector would show me the world then,
Tell me the question isn't where but when.

I'd tell all my friends but they'd grow tired of me,
They'd want to stop being my friend completely.
I'd show them our fun in the Dreamatorium.
They'd shut me away.

But I'd be alright, alright,
I'll be alright,
I'm alright.
They're just uptight, uptight,
Uptight, uptight,
Uptight, uptight,
Uptight, uptight,
Uptight.

4. **Exit Music (For A Timeline):** (by Automatic_Taglines)

Wake from your sleep
Put on your felt goatee
Today we escape this timeline

Annie put on this dress
Before the nurses hear us
Before they know you broke loose

Britta, that's one blue streak
Jeff lost his arm

Britta, I can clearly see
That things got dark

Shirley don't you think
You've had enough Booze
For one afternoon, one afternoon

Troy, you can laugh a voiceless laugh
Your electronic voicebox'll help you

And now Pierce is gone
In everlasting Pierce,

The seal to the prime timeline will be broke
The seal to the prime timeline will be broke
The seal to the prime timeline will be broke

5. **Let Down (The Forts):** (By Automatic Taglines)

Blankets, Pillow Forts, battlelines
No one intent on stopping
Abed and I hurting
Each other's fragile feelings
Class-avoidant people, clinging onto pillows
And when war comes it's so, so, disappointing.

Struck down, laying on the ground
Feathers blanket you, your surround
Struck down, laying on the ground

Forts smashed, quilts billowing
Winger speech, words are flowing
Falsely sentimental
It's all Buhlerian drivel

One day, an Ubermensch will come
A push and cozy warrior
Terrifying but useless
Terrifying and

Struck down, laying on the ground
Feathers blanket him, his surround

Struck down, laying on the ground

Let down
The Forts
Let Down

You know, you know this is the end
Our friendship has to end
We are the only ones hitting back
And one day, my arm is gonna go slack
Was this an ov'rreaction? (We can't just be friends)
We are children and grown men (Hey, maybe we can, we're)
Troy and Abed (Imaginary hats)

I like the way that sounds
You are my favorite person around
Trobed, I like the way that sounds

7. **Ben Chang Police:** (by Evil Jeff)

Ben Chang police, arrest this man
He talks in films, He buzzes like a fridge
He's like a detuned television

Ben Chang police, arrest this girl
Her leather jackets, are making me feel ill
And she has crashed your party

This is what you get x3
when you mess with Chang

Ben Chang police, I've given you my bottle caps,
It's not enough I've given you my kids
But we're still on the payroll

This is what you get x3
when you mess with Chang

And for a minute there,
I was the worst, I was the worst
Phew, for a minute
there, I was the worst, I was the worst

For for a minute there,
I was the worst, I was the worst
Phew, for a minute
there, I was the worst, I was the worst

7. **Fitter Happier Winger:** (by Evil Jeff)

Fitter. happier. Jeffrey Winger.
comfortable.
drinking just enough.
regular exercise at the gym (6 days a week).
getting on better with your associate study group peers.
at ease.
eating well (no more microwave dinners and saturated fats).
a patient, better potter.
a safer car (brandy sitting in the back seat).
sleeping well (no worries man).
no anxiety.
careful to all animals (never setting fire to turtles).
keep in contact with old friends (remember to join the hat club).
will frequently check credit at (college) bank (Dean's glory hole).
favours for favours,
fond but not in love,
charity standing orders.
on sundays booze and billiards,
(no hurting Troy or putting BNL down)
muscle toning, (also on sundays)
no longer having paintball wars,
or dungeons and dragons.
nothing so ridiculously teenage and lazy,
nothing so childish.
at a better pace,
slower and more calculated.
no chance of escape.
now self-educated,
unconcerned (and neutral).
an empowered and informed member of a community (biology not spanish).
will not cry in public,
less chance of illness.
tires that grip in the wet (shot of Annie strapped in the front seat).
a good memory.
still cries at The Cape,

still pats on the head,
no longer crafty and lying.
like a one-eyed cat,
tied to a stick,
that's driven into
frozen winter baggels (the ability to laugh at weakness).
calm,
fitter, healthier and more productive.
a one-eyed cat.
in a cage.
on anti-anxieties.

8. **Greendale Electioneering:** (by Occam's Blazer)

I'll say "Pop Pop!"
Say "Pop Pop!" at everything
Say the right things
Greendale electioneering
Trust I can rely on your vote

When I talk forwards you talk backwards in the debate of the century

Audition tapes
For the Real World
It's none your business
Black mold and the notches
Trust I can rely on your vote

9. **Dreaming Up the Walls:** (by Automatic_Taglines)

Dreamatorium's just room in the house
Friends aren't toys for your amusement
And you can't know another's ride
Running empty simulations

It would be better if we switched boxes
Filter this through Other People
Do not cry out; I meant no harm
You know we're friends til we die

And any way I turn you're still here
Just let me talk to you
I'm getting scared

Dreaming up the walls

Don't think it would be better if you were gone
You're not looking in from the outside
That loneliness you feel in your head
Is the feeling you share with mankind

So, don't lock yourself up tonight
Put those fears in the closet
I found you by turning into you
Abed, I mean, how cool is that?

And any way you turn I'll be there
Just get it through your skull
That we all care
You're not just
Dreaming up the walls
Dreaming up the walls
Dreaming up the walls.

10. **No Dances:** (by Occam's Blazer)

A study group full up with tension
A school that slowly kills you
Bruises that won't heal

The Dean is tired and unhappy
Tries to bring up school spirit
With events that don't speak for us
I'll take a quiet night
A time without mishaps

No dance contests or contest dances
No dance contests or contest dances
No dance contests or contest dances
Silent, silent

This is the Dean's dalmatian, Britta's causing a situation

No dance contests or contest dances
No dance contests or contest dances
No dance contests or contest dances, please

Such a strange night, such a strange college

No dance contests or contest dances (let me out of here)

No dance contests or contest dances (let me out of here)

No dance contests or contest dances please (let me out of here)

11. **Lucky Abed:** (by Occam's Blazer)

Playing a role,

Playing a role,

This time, I feel my luck could Chang

Show us Britta, the squirrel costume we love

It's gonna be a great party

Pull me out of the chair fort

Pull me out before it breaks

He's your superhero

Abed's standing on the ledge

The study group has called for Jeff by name

And he will make time for them

It's gonna be a great party

I feel my luck could Chang

Pull me out of the chair fort

Pull me out before it breaks

He's your superhero

Abed's standing on the ledge

12. **The Communist:** (by Occam's Blazer)

We talk like no one else at the AVC

After a new episode

Todd's reviews gets the comments a-flowing

No other TV show would know

Hey man slow down, slow down

Commenters, slow down, slow down

Sometimes we get overzealous

And you'll see fishsticks and .gifs

They ask what the hell we are saying

At a thousand comments per hour

Hey man slow down, slow down
Commenters slow down, slow down

Hey man slow down, slow down
Commenters slow down, slow down