Mp3 The Fabulous Miss Wendy - Ooh My God!

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The Fabulous Miss Wendy is the new goddess of punk rock. Courtney Love and Gwen Steffani had better start running immediately. 5 MP3 Songs ROCK: Hard Rock, ROCK: Punk Details: I hope you like hard rock and punk... and are not easily offended... This is no mellow, soulful, acoustic act. Although Wendy does write all of her own songs, and play the guitar, this power trio is anything but relaxing. If you like great songs, great hooks, clever lyrics, crazy stage shows, ass kicking rock and roll, and sex, you will love The Fabulous Miss Wendy... If you are old, tired, bored, jaded, bitter, jealous, lame, or pathetic, please turn back now before it is too late. Thank you.... Hi my name is Wendy and I'm in a band called "The Fabulous Miss Wendy." Now you may be wondering "How can someone with a vagina rock so hard?" (and play the guitar so well) I get this question a lot; let me begin by assuring you that my vagina is in fact, in tact, and Fabulous. But my vagina, has surprisingly little to do with the history of this band, so stop thinking about it... I was living in a cave in the Himalayas. Once every 16 days or so, I would go into town to gather supplies. One day while on my usual supply-gathering excursion, I came across a bad-ass-drummer named Dylan Howard, playing on the side of the road. He was extremely good looking, the kind of guy who constantly scrapes girls off his jock with a spatula. I wanted to have sex with him immediately, but instead I recruited him as a band member. We climbed into my Pinto and made a run for it, headed straight for the most logical place for a couple of tatted up, pierced out, marijuana smoking musicians...Utah. We ran out of money on the way and had to act immediately. After a very heated game of rock-paper-scissors to see who would prostitute themselves first, I chickened out... so off to the sperm-bank we went. Dylan, being the only member of the band at the time with a functioning penis at the time, went first. An hour later he was still in the booth, he must have fallen in. I introduced myself to the guy working at the front desk, our future bass player, Steve Riley. He was wearing glasses and doing his homework. I asked him to join us on our quest to conquer the thriving Utah rock scene, he agreed. A few minutes later, Dylan emerged from the booth, bearing sperm. We skipped triumphantly out of the sperm bank, hand in hand. We had \$10 and a new bass player. Later that night Dylan and I gave Steve a rock and roll makeover in a cheap motel room. Since that fateful day we have rocked Utah, Idaho, and

Wisconsin with our sophisticated, deep, intellectual, emotional, melodic, catchy, radio-friendly, and extremely marketable blend of hard and punk rock. Our stage shows are high energy blends of music, dancing (we are all great dancers) and story telling. (Everyone loves a sperm-bank tale). We are extremely intense, exciting, and dynamic. We also taste like chicken for some reason.... We have become local heroes! Teenage girls fling their panties carelessly through the air. I can't even step outside of the Pinto without being mobbed! Since touring the Midwest. I am also an activist in my community, encouraging teenagers to write hate mail to such fine artists as Brittany Spears and N'Sync. Last week, we held a mayonnaise eating contest for a date with the three of us. Thousands of angst-ridden youth lined up for the chance meeting. "I had never seen anyone eat that much mayonnaise in my entire life!" Wendy

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