Title: Music Convention

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# Heading 1

I shoot my arrows in the air, some-times,

Sayin' ay-oh, creepers K-O'd,

Loot his remains and now his sulfur's, mine,

Sayin' ay-oh, not today-no,

And then I go to work,

Under the birch tree,

And I'll make myself,

Tons of TNT,

And I'll use these blocks, to build a big ci-ty,

And I'll mine it all, with my TNT,

I came to blow, blow, blow, blow,

Up everything you've ever known, known, known, known,

Expel you out of house and home, home, home, home,

Biome to biome, you shall roam, roam, roam, roam,

Yeah, yeah,

'Cause I'm a creeper, I will rob,

All of your items, that's my job, yeah,

