



Mondegreen and the Mandela Effect

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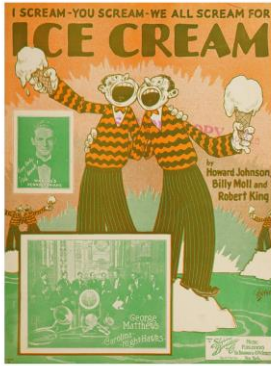
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[UPDATES](#)

IN fact, there have been so many lyrical changes to the most familiar of songs that I shan't be able to cover them all. But I will do what I can to make a difference even if it is only a drop in the bucket. They were after all the songs of our youth. The ones we sang unashamedly while driving to work in the car, despite everyone staring at us from the next lane over, because for whatever reason a rule of social behavior changes whenever people climb behind the wheel.

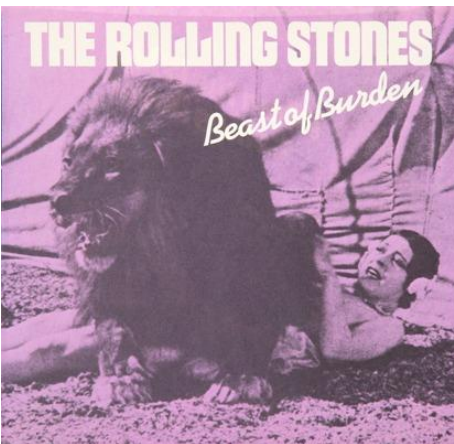
[**UPDATE** 8/7/24: I went ahead and gave this paper a complete name rewrite, mostly because of my research into the **Mondegreen** phenomenon, and also, because it is employed as another tool by the normies to go on living their mundane existence. What is a mondegreen, you ask? It is a word or phrase that results from mishearing or

misinterpreting a statement or song lyrics and is most certainly a real experience. Give me time and I will be sure to give examples.



Mondegreens are also known as **oronyms**. An oronym is a sequence of words, like “ice cream,” that sounds the same as a different sequence of words, “I scream.” That very play on words, “I Scream, You Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream” was a song first published in **1927** by **Howard Johnson**, **Billy Moll**, and **Robert King** as part of a commercial slogan for the I-Scream bar, which has now become known as the Eskimo Pie.

The official explanation as to why lyrics effected by the Mandela Effect are in reality a mondegreen phenomenon has to do with the sheer number of us who sung the song wrong in our car all those years ago with nobody to fact check us. Cute but wrong. I decided to look up some of the most common examples of lyrical oopsies and they include the following.



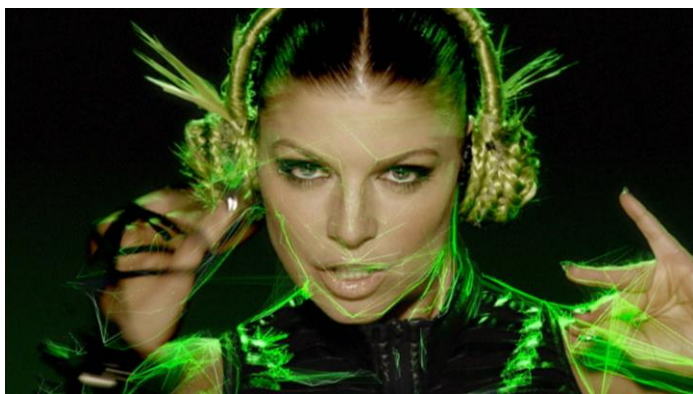
<p>“There’s a bathroom on the right...”</p> <p>Creedence Clearwater Revival</p>	<p>“There’s a bad moon on the rise...”</p> <p>Creedence Clearwater Revival</p>
<p>“I’ll never leave your pizza burning...”</p> <p>The Rolling Stones</p>	<p>“I’ll never be your beast of burden...”</p> <p>The Rolling Stones</p>

I could go on, but must I? I figure you already have an incoming appointment with the local dentist’s office, as do I, which is enough to bear. Yes, there are undoubtedly incidents of mondegreen among some ME adherents but in reality, the examples we are given are almost always ridiculous and nonsensical, having no connection with context. Why would **Mick Jagger** sing about burning a girl’s pizza? The song is quite literally titled “Beast of Burden,” not “Your Pizza Burning.” The single has a cover which involves a lion laying on a woman. I’m hardly sensing an Italian cooking phrase in it. The same goes for the lyrics to the **CCR** song. Its literal title is “Bad Moon Rising,” not “Bathroom Righting.” You’re going to have to give me better examples than that, official narrative.]

The individuals I would like to hear from are the DJs. They are the ones in the trenches, laboriously dropping beats night after night while we sleep, putting their lives on the line simply so that the needle remains in the groove. Because the earth is motionless, and something needs to move. What I’m wanting to know is how many of them are affected by Mandela, being so close in proximity to the gravitational pull of the turntable.

Prepare yourself, because I am about to get nostalgic on you. The first on the list assaults my memories in a direct and personal way because my career as a wedding photographer really took off in **2007**. I still have unresolved issues and didn’t really sit down behind the keyboard this morning prepared to talk about it though I think a basic understanding of my day-to-day will help give context to some of these song lyric changes. I was based out of Long Beach, California at the time. When I said my career in wedding photography really took off in 2007, it’s because I was quite literally flying to gigs across America, commuting long distance to work nearly every weekend. Boston, New York, DC, Chicago, Puerto Rico, Alaska, Hawaii, and everywhere in-between. In several short years I

saw America several times over. We're talking a flight from the west to the east coast with two or three gigs crammed into an extended weekend. Sleazy motels were the norm, and more often than not gas station coffee is what kept me alive through the hundreds of driving miles necessary to reach each of the addresses. After a few hours' sleep on the floor of the airport, I would return home for two or three days only to start the process all over again. I was running on the fumes of my twenties and told everyone I'd sleep when I was dead.



Boom Boom Pow

Some people are claiming **The Black-Eyed Peas** released 'Boom Boom Pow' that very year, in **2007**. That I cannot confirm. Modern history insists it was released in **2009**, though that too may be questionable. Many are thinking it was **2008**, a number I can mutually sink into, and I'll tell you why. Once the DJ arrived at the venue, the dance floor would often remain lit until the early morning hours. In the very least by 2009 there was barely a night when 'Boom Boom Pow' wasn't played over the loudspeakers. Most hit songs contain at least one quotable line which nearly everybody in the room belts out, especially when there's alcohol involved, and it was undoubtedly delivered from **Fergie** this time around:

I'm so **two thousand and eight**,
you so two thousand and late.

The *two* is important because that's the number which everybody slurred from the dance floor. They would say: "I'm so two thousand and eight," indicating themselves, and then point at their dance partner or the couple next to them so as to jive: "You so two thousand and late." Nobody said

three thousand and eight. Two and three sound nothing alike. But those are the lyrics which we are expected to go with now.

I'm so **three thousand and eight**,
you so two thousand and late.

Yeah, sorry, no—just no. The reason why so many are debating the date of its release is because we all held a mutual thought; that the song would age poorly after 2008. I specifically recall people saying that. Fergie was saying she was ahead of the game and that everybody else is trying to keep up. Have the lyrics improved this time around? Sure. In saying she is three thousand and eight, Fergie is claiming to be an entire millennium ahead of the current beat, making her logic somewhat of a Retrocausality, because everybody else who inhabits the present is still late to the futurist party. At least now nobody will call the song outdated anytime soon, at least not lyrically. The Mandela Effect keeps a close lookout for the people of its cloth, it seems.



Darkness falls across the land
The midnight hour is close at hand
Creatures crawl in search of blood
To terrorize y'all's neighborhood
And whosoever shall be found
Without the soul for getting down
Must stand and face the hounds of hell
And rot inside a corpse's shell

Thriller

THE lyrical change to **Michael Jackson's** 'Thriller' is a straight up hilarious one. In the very least you can't claim the ME doesn't have a sense of humor. Nearly everyone has seen the **John Landis** directed music video since its release in **1983**. They can quote the song and invoke the visual of choreographed zombies, dancing perfectly in sync. Recall what happens after Michael and his date leave the movie theater. They stroll past a conveniently placed cemetery. We then hear the familiar voice of **Vincent Price**, who has ultimately arrived to let everyone know how no mere mortal can resist the evil of the Thriller. AHAHAHAHAHAHA! This all happens before Michael's girlfriend runs into a conveniently placed haunted house. Still tracking with me? Great. Do me a favor then and read over the lyric sheet. Be sure to let me know if there's any funny business.

I will remind you those are Vincent Price's lines, not Jackson's. Taking out the red marker was a bit of a cheat but come on. To terrorize y'all's neighborhood? LOL. LOL. LOL. Don't even go there and tell me you were the one guy in the room playing the part of the 'y'all' police over the last forty years, whenever somebody decided to ramp up the party by breaking out the Thriller. No, no, no, no, no. Vincent Price always said: "To terrorize *your* neighborhood." You know it and I know it. Your and y'all, HUGE difference. Had Price gone with some southern slang then everybody would be quoting it. Y'all would arguably be the most repeated line in the entire song. If you even so much as try the 'shared false memories' claim this time around then I will put on my red leather jacket and sit here in a darkened theater eating popcorn, watching you try.



We Are the Champions

AND then one day everyone fumbled right over the ending to the **Queen** song, 'We Are the Champions,' and the way we'd so often sung it, as though it were a massive car pile-up resulting from one rear end collision, but not everyone was willing to acknowledge that fact. Originally released in **1972** as part of their 6th studio album, 'News of the World', how often do you suppose you sung along with it? I mean, considering the sheer number of radio stations willing to feed it to us like a donut addiction, resulting in fat bottomed girls. I'm guessing hundreds of renditions, easily. Do you remember how the song ends then? **Freddie Mercury** sings:

We are the champions.....

If you're waiting to hear what we're champions *of* then forget about it. There is nothing more to be said. We are simply the champions. The song drops off like that. That is all. Mercury apparently likes to start a sentence

without finishing it, much like the familiar tune. Listen to it for yourself if you don't believe me. The song was written as a studio anthem, telling us that he had everyone in mind to sing along. In fifty years, we'd notice something like that. The naysayers were quick to point out that Mercury did indeed finish as we all remember it during [Live Aid](#) in **1985**, a single concert performed nearly **40 years** ago, which is why we're remembering it incorrectly. Nope, never saw it. Wrong again. Seriously, I'm starting to ponder the possibility that half of these online agitators are paid trolls, working for the Berenstain Bear people. But then I am reminded of the Morpheus quote. Most people are not ready to be unplugged. And many of them are so inured and so hopelessly dependent on the system that they will fight to protect it. Well, let's look around and see what other songs have been messed with.



I see a red door
And I want it painted black
No colors anymore
I want them to turn black

Paint It, Black

WHAT happens when **Mick Jagger** sees a red door? He wants to paint it black, obviously. Not anymore though. Mick has grown lazy in his old age, perhaps even complacent. Technically, he outed himself as a Corporate shill and an L-7 Looser Weenie during the COVID-19 psychodrama, when playing the part of the rebel by wanting everyone to submit. We shall never forget, though that is another topic entirely. I mean, everyone so far mentioned is either a shade to the left of the MK-Ultra program or a pied piper leading the pretty little butterflies straight to the barracoon. I'm not trying to spoon feed nostalgia to you. My hope is that the present reader has already stepped foot off the plantation if not presently making a dash for it. Get out now while you can. Weep not that our Controllers are swapping out lyrics in the songs we used to sing. It is theirs to do so with. Weep for bastardization of the natural world through their use of alchemy.

Either you see what's going on with the red door or you don't. Come on, admit it. At some point over the last half century, you pretended to stand in McFish-Lips hot pants and sing along, because nobody but the spirits were looking, and this is not how the lyrics went. The correct version should have Jagger wanting to paint it black, though now he simply wants somebody else to do it. Which makes its current iteration far more accurate, now that I think about it. "Her Majesty" as he was called by those in the know comes across as the sort of individual who wouldn't lift a finger, even if someone opened the can of paint for him. I suppose that means I have to give credit where credit is due. The Mandela Effect is improving upon more of these songs than not.



The Mr. Rogers' Theme Song

FINALLY, something wholesome for once. I'm talking about our old downtown friend, **Fred Rogers**. If only they hadn't messed with the neighborhood of make believe. Nothing is sacred anymore. Assuming you grew up at any time during the seventies, eighties, or nighties, then I will ask you to sing the lyrics to his opening song. How does it go again? Here, how about we play a little game. I will spell out the lyrics and then it is up to you to fill in the blank.

It's a beautiful day in _____ neighborhood.

Afraid to answer, aren't you? This Mandela thing has gotten the better of you and the PTSD has already begun to settle in. Also, I will be honest in that the blank space was intended to be tricky. I left room enough for four spaces when in fact there should only be three. The way the song is sung now is: "It's a beautiful day in **THIS** neighborhood," four letters, but that's all wrong. I'm guessing most if not all of us remember it differently. It should read: "It's a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood." What are

they trying to tell us, that only *his* neighborhood was tie and sweater worthy? The Mandela Effect is sending us all sorts of messages.



Tom Hanks is all over the Mandela Effect like white on rice, which leads me to believe he is either being targeted by hate crimes or he is truly a Master of Ceremonies, leading coordinated efforts to screw with our memories. In **2019** he released a Mr. Rogers movie called ‘A Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood’. Nope, not a typo. Its title plays out exactly as we remember the song. “It’s a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood.” But then in every single episode of Mr. Rogers, the song *now* goes like this: “It’s a beautiful day in **THIS** neighborhood.” No, no, no. That’s just wrong. Stop singing the song wrong, Mr. Rogers.

There’s residue on this one, you know. You can watch it for yourself on The Tonight Show *with* [Jimmy Fallon](#). Its context is even more astonishing when we figure the year is once again **2019** and Fallon has **Will Ferrell** taking up his whisper challenge. If you follow the link, then you’ll know what I’m talking about. The clips delves right into it. **Jimmy Fallon** pronounces “It’s a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood” for Ferrell, who can only read lips because of his earphones. They even print the words on the bottom of the screen to make it easy for the viewer. It’s a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood. And anyways, Ferrell repeats every word, verbatim.



Jump back several years and we again have Jimmy Fallon singing the words to the song as we all remember. “It’s a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood.” I couldn’t tell you when the lyrics changed exactly. but during the **2012** election season, he spoofed [Mitt Romney](#) as if the candidate were filling in for Mr. Rogers.

Having two sons and now a daughter of my own, I’m well acquainted with the opening theme for [Daniel Tiger’s Neighborhood](#). It’s a modern spin-off of Mr. Roger’s Neighborhood and goes down exactly as we would expect in our memory. Follow the link and you won’t miss it. Daniel sings *The Song* within the first couple of seconds, which invokes **THE** rather than *this*. The show premiered in 2012. I wouldn’t be in the least bit surprised if the Mandela Effect had done its work by then. It’s just one more example of what extremes the Intel community will go to when it comes to the gaslighting.



Another doctor's bill, a lawyer's bill
 Another cute, cheap thrill
 You know you love him
 If you put him in your will, but

Who will save your souls?
 When it comes to the flowers now
 Who will save your souls?
 After all those lies that you told, boy
 Now, who will save your souls?
 If you won't save your own?

Who Will Save Your Soul?

CALL it a hunch. A premonition maybe. I don’t know why but I felt the inclination to pull an online search for “Jewel with jewels”, thereby landing upon this picture, and now I’m totally amped. Yep, that’s **Jewel**, alright, all grown up and no longer a teenager. I’m not sure what’s going down though. Looks to me as though the Alaskan folksinger’s about to throw it down into the ring, right next to the jewelry case. How much you

want to bet she sang ‘Who Will Save Your Soul’ as part of the pre-game smack talk?

To be honest, I don’t think I’ve even heard that song since the last three or four hundred times I listened to it in the Nineties. Like some of you, I owned ‘Pieces of You’ on CD, and in 1996 it was a regular in the Discman. I’ve never been a folk singer, but you should have seen me strumming my air acoustic in the bedroom right below the O07: Goldeneye movie poster. Well, as soon as I heard ‘Who Will Save Your Soul’ was another victim to the Mandela Effect, you can be sure I gave it the first return visit in a great long while. This time around, Jewel insists it is “souls” needing saving, plural, rather than soul, singular. That’s a totally different and somewhat jarring listening experience.

I will remind you that the song is still ‘Who Will Save Your Soul.’ Singular. Not souls, plural. We are then expected to believe that she never once sings what is printed on the title, and furthermore, that it is a case of Mondegreen because, quite opposite of The Rolling Stones ‘Beast of Burden’, we were all staring at the title rather than the lyrics.

Jewel claims to have been a 16-year-old girl when she wrote it in Mexico, her first composition as well, if you can actually believe that. I’m skeptical but she can reportedly yodel and I’m willing to hear any yodeler out. The lyrics play off like a young girl’s disgust at a boy. It speaks of the love which that other boy receives. He is placed into a will but what good can that do him when it comes to the flowers, with all those lies that he told. This is coming from the mind of a young pubescent girl who’s sitting around imagining his funeral. How many souls does that boy have, exactly? I was under the impression that we are ever only given one. Is Jewel deriding one privileged jerkwad coming into the fortune that she covets or is she disillusioned at the aimlessness of humanity in general? Between the title and the chorus, seems like the girl can’t make up her mind.



[UPDATE 8/8/24: A week or two ago I had the perfect opportunity to test the Mondegreen phenomenon in real time. I know what I'm about to give is not an example involving music but hear me out on this. It was right after I turned out [The Shot Heard Around the World](#), my **Donald Trump** assassination attempt paper, that somebody shared a YouTube video in my TUC Community which had the content provider claiming Trump let it slip during a 2024 campaign speech that he wasn't a Christian. His actual words, supposedly, were "**P'm not Christian.**" You can see that video [here](#). I have taken a screen shot and the captions clearly read, "I'm not Christian."

You can be sure that the phrase was immediately contested. What the teleprompter should have stated is: "**I'm-a Christian**" It will be helpful to know that my community is politically divided. A great number believe that the left and right factions of the U.S. Government are two sides of one coin and that it's all scripted. The remainder agrees with them, the catch being that they either lean in the direction of or have embraced the **Anon** narrative, in which Trump may or may not have been in bed with the Establishment at one time, though he is a wild card which is throwing the Establishment for a loop, and they are doing everything in their power to stop him. Propaganda. Banana Republic. Assassination attempt. Coup. Nothing seems to be working but they're not done yet.

For my part, I closed my eyes when listening to the video clip, and distinctly heard: "I'm-a Christian." Contextually, it would indeed be strange if he told Christians to get out and vote only to add he's not a

Christian. To be clear, that doesn't mean he is a Christian in the true sense of the term. It simply means a politician claimed himself to be in one accord with his audience.

To quote **JohnQ**, an Anon and important member of our Community: "Remember, anything people tell you beforehand will influence how you interpret what you hear. This is a psychological phenomenon known as 'priming.'" He is absolutely correct. **Priming** is a technique in which the introduction of one stimulus influences how people respond to a subsequent stimulus. Priming works by activating an association or representation in memory just before another stimulus or task is introduced. Essentially, if you believe Trump is the other side of the coin and one of them, you're more prone to hear Trump say, "I'm not Christian." Contrarily, if you believe Trump is fighting against the Establishment, then he said something else.



California Dreamin'

IS there anyone who is dreaming of California anymore? I was born and grew up there. The way it's been run into the gutter, but let's not get distracted. Another thing which you won't want to get me started on if we want to get through this is the **Mamas and the Papas** being spooks. They had clear connections with the [Manson Murder Hoax](#). For starters, their songs and lyrics likely weren't written by them, certainly not Papa **John Phillips** the Pimp. And of course, Mama **Michelle** was pimped out to nearly everyone involved in the Sixties PSYOP, see what I've started? The Mamas and the Papas also happen to be one of the most fascinating and earliest discussed Mandela Effects, doubling as a Grade-A Mondegreen.



r/MandelaEffect • 8 yr. ago
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California Dreamin' Mandela effect?

Okay so I remember hearing/reading about how the lyrics of the song had changed from "I began to pray" to "I pretend to pray". I listened to the song as soon as I heard this (which was about a month ago.) And I had noticed right off the bat, that it sounded like "began" but then I would hear it again and it was very clearly "pretend". It kind of reminded me of the photo that was circulating a while ago, I'm sure you guys remember ... The blue and black dress that looked white and gold to other people? And I myself could change the color (I'm not even sure how). I kind of thought it to be similar in a way. And I read online that one of the singers sang "pretend" and the rest sang "began" or something like that. So I figured maybe that's why it sounds like both? But now when I listened to the song just now. It's 100% "pretend", no doubt about it. And I can't even hear "began" anymore if I try.

Upon learning that the lyrics of California Dreamin' had changed from "I **began** to pray" to "I **pretend** to pray," one [Reddit user](#) immediately turned to the song and heard "began to pray," only to listen to it again and hear, very clearly, "pretend to pray," and I happen to agree with him. I too lent an ear back in 2016, repeatedly. The listening experience is very different now, but back then, the lyrics ping-ponged between "began" and "pretend," depending upon what I was explicitly listening for. Is this a clear-cut example of mondegreen or, as some were suggesting, was the song playing tug-of-war with two competing dimensions?



The Reddit user even likened his experience to the **2015** online viral phenomenon which centered on a photograph of a striped dress. Viewers disagreed on whether the dress was **blue and black**, or **white and gold**, and here's the trippy part. Today's update is as you know 8/8/24. I distinctly recall this dress experiment back in 2015. When I pulled it back up 15 minutes ago all I could see was a white and gold dress. I looked long and hard upon it, thinking, 'How can anyone see blue and black in a dress which is clearly white and gold?' Well, now all I can see is a blue and black dress. The white and gold is nowhere to be found. Is that what is happening with the Mamas and the Papas?

A longtime rumor suggests one of the singers, probably Mama **Cass Elliot**, sang one lyric while the other Mommy and Daddy members sang another, thereby creating decades worth of confusion. According to a **2023 recording** with her daughter **Chynna Phillips**, Mama Michelle, who also claims to have written the lyrics, sang “pretend to pray” on the recording, whereas Mama Cass Elliot simultaneously sang “began to pray.” They apparently didn’t learn of Elliot’s mistake until they were out on tour. If this is so, then “began” should play into our subconscious rather than the forefront of the speaker. And yet, there are decades worth of references to “began to pray.”



Actually, confusion abounds. **The Beach Boys 1986 rendition** of the song has Carl singing “I **pretend** to pray.” But then, there is a **Motion Picture Soundtrack** to California Dreaming and the title song, **California Dreamin’**, which is sung by **America**, clearly says: “I **began** to pray.” Then again, it depends upon which version you listen to. America sang the **California Dreamin’ Live** and this time the lyrics have changed to “I **pretend** to pray.” Which is it?

The argument put forward from the “pretend to pray” crowd is that Papa John and company are only trying to be religious so that they can stay inside where it’s warm because, like the preacher, they don’t like the cold. And of course, Mama didn’t get the memo. The counter argument insists the singer would begin to pray and keep praying so that they could put off the cold weather. Not only that, ‘California Dreamin’ is a spiritual anthem for an entire generation, in which many young people fled to the west coast seeking asylum. If one was only pretending to pray, then he is an actor and a hypocrite, like the hippie movement he hopes to be a

spokesperson for. Come to think of it, the “pretend” element expresses much of the hippie PSYOP well. On the flip, the “pretend” crowd might say the lyric plays into the religious vacuum which many had experienced in western Christianity.

All I can give is my personal experience. In 2016, ‘California Dreamin’ was all over the sound meter. Depending upon one listen or the next, the Mamas and the Papas either said “I pretend to pray” or “I began to pray,” and now all I can hear is the former. Like many others, I cannot hear “began” no matter how hard I try to listen in. In 2016, was this a case of Mondegreen on steroids or was the ME playing ping-pong with its bipolar self? I can’t even recall anymore which of the two phrases, “pretend” or “began” or the both of them together, pertained to my former reality. It seems evident however that, despite decades of confusion and residue, the dust has settled, and our current reality has decided that the Mamas and the Papas are only pretenders.



Tomorrow

PLL tell you what ain’t Mondegreen, it’s Little Orphan Annie. I know everyone is an expert on everything nowadays, especially the Mandela Effect investigators, but don’t you worry your fragile little mind, Annie and I go way back, I’ve got this one. The musical had its premiere in 1976. I wasn’t born yet and haven’t seen that one. The movie, however, was released in 1982. That one, I can attest to, including the soundtrack on vinyl. I still own the vinyl as well as the songbook. As a Gen-X preschooler, I may not have known what a hard knock life was, but I was rocking my head to it repeatedly on the carpeted floor of my parents’ living room.

The signature song is titled ‘Tomorrow’. It was sung to President Roosevelt in the Oval office and everyone, including Eleanor, was

invited to sing along. The problem is this is the Mandela Effect. We've got two separate set of lyrics, which one do we sing?

The sun'll come out Tomorrow So ya gotta hang on Til tomorrow come what may Tomorrow, tomorrow I love ya tomorrow You're always a day away	The sun'll come out Tomorrow So ya gotta hang on Til tomorrow come what may Tomorrow, tomorrow I love ya tomorrow You're only a day away
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The antagonists always go with the official version, which happened to be 'always' the last time I looked. No, it's 'only', as in, "Tomorrow, you're only a day away." Annie was an orphan, taken under the care of **Daddy Warbucks** during the Great Depression, telling us it was a depressing time to be alive. To be "always a day away" is to never reach your goal for a brighter tomorrow, whereas "only" is achievable. **[EDIT: Aww, man, too slow. I checked. Little Orphan Annie is presently engaged in a ping-pong match. Looks like the ME switched her song back to "Tomorrow, you're only a day away." We'll have to see if it sticks.]**

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GETTING back to Thriller for the moment, I cannot find anyone who remembers the "y'all" with a southern drawl. Even the antagonists are biting their tongue on this one. That's not the reason for this update though. The reason is my change of perspective. I won't tell you what it is *here*, you'll have to read yesterday's update to the [Berenstein Bears](#). If the Mandela Effect is a colliding of parallel dimensions working towards a Singularity Event, as is my working thesis, then alterations to songs seem not only plausible, but they're also more than likely necessary. Think about the hundreds of decisions you make in any given day, and then combine that with all the little tweaks and changes in the creative process. Why would it be any different in a cutting room floor?

Thriller was written by **Rod Temperton**. I can totally see a scenario where either he or Michael thought up the 'y'all' for laughs and then scribbled it onto the pad, a second where they crossed it out thinking it too much, and yet a third where their thoughts were so preoccupied sprucing up another line that they didn't even get around to it. The same goes for the other song lyrics which have so far been covered. Whether we are dealing with an abrupt end to Queen's 'We Are the Champions', Papa John's

indecision between exposing himself as a spiritual fraud and going the actor route, or Mr. Rogers impromptu decision to make the song about his neighborhood rather than yours, those are all creative decisions which are easily altered on a whim.]