

# Chad Mitchell Trio, Your Friendly Liberal Neighbor

Is there a klavern in your town? (In your town)  
If not, then why not have us down? (Have us down)

You'll never recognize us, there's a smile upon our face  
We're changin' all our dirty sheets and a cleanin' up the place  
Yep, since we got a lawyer and a public relations man  
We're your friendly, liberal, neighborhood Ku Klux Klan

Yes, we're your friendly, liberal, neighborhood Ku Klux Klan  
Ever since we got that lawyer and that public relations man  
'Cause we did shoot one reporter, but he was just obscene  
And you can't call us no filthy names - What does Anglo-Saxon mean?

Allemande left, allemande right, the Ladies' Auxiliary is meetin' tonight  
'Cause the Klan's collected so much cash that now, by gum, we're rich white trash!

Now, we've heard it said our leadership's not qualified to lead  
Well I'm tellin' you that just ain't true - Why three of them can read  
Take our Grand Exalted Dragon, now some folks think he's bad  
Well, you should meet his sweet old mother, and her brother, who's his dad

Yes, they're your friendly, liberal, neighborhood Ku Klux Klan  
And he's gonna run for governor soon as he's out of the can  
We're all from fine old families, the pride of all these hills  
Yes, seven generations at the same old illegal stills

Had a little rally the other night, shot up town in a fury  
Luke's arrested, Pa's on trial, and the rest of us are on the jury

Now, we've heard them call us deadbeats, and we'd like to say we're not  
We'll all stand on our record, and that's one thing we've all got  
And we only have that arsenal so that you won't raise no fuss  
And if you don't like that, then call the cops, 'cause the chances are, they're us

Yes we're your friendly, liberal, neighborhood Ku Klux Klan  
But somehow we went from the fire to the fryin' pan  
We never learned to hold a job, and we never learned to write  
But boy, we sure have learned the ropes, 'cause we use them every night

Now, when Congress calls you, don't get stuck, just start confessin' and pass the buck  
The Kludd blames the Klaxon, the Klaxon blames the Kleagle, the Kleagle blames the Grand Imper  
The Eagle blames the Wizard, the Wizard blames the Dragon, the Dragon takes the blame, but he'

Now, we're out to show the Congress that we're all so nice and meek  
Why we never even take the Fifth, 'cause we drank that all last week  
And you'll never hear us shootin' or hangin' people high  
'Cause we're learnin' to respect the law and to have an alibi

Oh, come, come, come, come  
Come to the church in the wildwood  
Come to the church in the vale

And, those dirty, lyin' witnesses, Lord, forgive them what they speak  
We would go to church and pray for them... 'cept we blew it up last week

Yes, we're your friendly, liberal, neighborhood Ku Klux Klan  
And we sure do thank that lawyer and that public relations man  
So we're sorry that we hung them, but they did have quite a tan  
And it sure confused your friendly, liberal, misunderstood

Your friendly neighborhood Klan who says,  
"What's wrong with a hood?"  
Your friendly, liberal, neighborhood Ku Klux  
Grab your Cadillac and head for the hills

