

# Dead Kennedys, I Spy

You look at me from the back of the room  
All I see is a bumbling buffoon  
Head down like you don't see much  
Until you move in to make your bust

I spy for you and me  
I spy for you and me

Disguised like you're one of the scene  
Just stand alone with no real friends  
Scared people will find out who you are  
Alone in the world without your telephone beeper

I spy for you and me  
I spy for you and me

Curious folks ask questions of life  
But you can't answer 'cause your heart's like a knife  
Still you feel you sing the last song sung  
You're just a heartless piece of scum with a gun

I spy for you and me  
I spy for you and me  
I spy I spy  
I spy