

Dead Kennedys, Stealing People's Mail

We ain't going to the party
We ain't going to the game
We ain't going to the disco
Ain't gonna cruise down Main
We're stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
On a Friday night

Drivin' in the mountains
Winding 'round and 'round
Rummage through your mailboxes
Take your mail back to town

And we got license plates, wedding gifts, tax returns
Checks to politicians from real estate firms
Money, bills and cancelled checks
Pretty funny pictures of your kids

We're stealing people's mail
On a Friday night
We're stealing people's mail
By the pale moonlight
We got grocery sackful after grocery sackful
Grocery sackful after grocery sackful
Grocery sackful after grocery sackful
Of the private lives of you

People say we're crazy
We're sick and all alone
But when we read your letters
We're rolling on the floor

We got more license plates, wedding gifts, tax returns
Checks to politicians from real estate firms
Money, bills and cancelled checks
We cut relationships with your friends

We're gonna steal your mail
On a Friday night
By the pale moonlight
We better not get caught
We'll be drugged and shocked
'Till we come out born-again Christians