

# Dead Kennedys, The Man With The Dogs

I am no one  
But I'm well known  
For I am the Man with the Dogs

I stare at you shopping  
Watch while you're walking  
Two dogs run around your toes

You turn around  
Two eyes break you down  
"Now, who does that guy think he's starin' at?"

Stop in your tracks  
You're being laughed at  
You armored ego is nude

And I do and I do  
Crack up 'cos I'm getting to you  
I see you I see you  
And you're pretty self-conscious too

Down to your church  
I'm looking for victims  
Spell of the Man with the Dogs

I'll haunt you  
And follow you to work  
That ghost is back again

Creep into you  
I won't go away  
You're taking yourself too seriously

I smile as you frown  
And turn to walk away  
Your habits for all to see

I see a shrew  
I see you  
And the rodent things you do  
You see you I see you  
And you're pretty self-conscious too

And I'm gonna crack your mask  
Yeah and I'm gonna laugh  
Open wide.

Saw you again  
You'll see me tomorrow  
Curse of the Man with the Dogs

You may not like me  
You won't forget me  
Not safe even in Walgreen's

They've seen me  
Ask your friends  
'Oh I know him'  
Seen but I'm never heard  
By your lot

A stare  
Is worth a thousand biting phrases  
See how stupid you are?

I dare you I dare you  
To erase my laser tattoo  
You see you you see you  
And you're pretty self-conscious too

And I'm gonna crack your mask  
Yeah, and I'm gonna laugh  
What's inside?  
Is it pubic hair  
Is it cobweb air  
I bet you just don't care