

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