

# Dead Milkmen, Here Comes Mr X

Here he comes, he's coming down the street  
With his drunken wife and the kids he beats  
He's gonna tell you that life is hard  
And then he'll dump his trash in your backyard  
You'll hear lots of jokes about the racially pure  
When Mr. X moves in next door

Just take a walk on the ignorant side  
And you'll get to see what goes on in his mind  
Just take a walk on the ignorant side  
And you'll get to see through his eyes

There he goes, now he's on the lawn  
With his Sans-a-Belt pants and his Hush Puppies on  
The sky is blue and the bees are buzzin'  
He must be the product of those two first cousins  
He's got a rifle and a low I.Q.  
He doesn't close his mouth when he chews his food

Oh, please, dear God, strike him dead  
Aim a lightning bolt straight through his head  
Oh, please, Reverend Sun Yung Moon  
Send someone to kill him soon  
Oh, Mohammed, Prophet of Allah  
Run him over in his own Impala  
Oh, please, kill him, Shirley MacLaine  
Take a pipe and bash in his brain

Here he comes, he's driving 'round the block  
Sticking pamphlets in your mailbox  
Inviting your kids to an Aryan Youth Camp  
Moving his ammo when the basement gets damp  
Training his dog to attack your cat  
Hitting your mower with a baseball bat

Just take a walk on the ignorant side (take a walk)  
And you'll get to see what goes on in his mind  
Just take a walk on the ignorant side  
And you'll get to see through his eyes

Here he comes into your life  
With about as much charm as a Bowie knife  
He'll swim in your pool when you're not home  
And steal your tools and your garden gnomes  
Here he comes, he's coming down the street  
With his drunken wife and the kids he beats