

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