

# Hazel O'Connor, Monsters In Disguise

What kind of things are you who live on papers  
White papers that you say apply to me  
Reams of rules constructed for protection  
Protection for yourselves, but not for me  
You hide behind your walls of bureaucracy  
I find that you've nothing to do with me  
You're all aliens

I opened up my eyes and saw to my surprise  
Monsters in disguise wearing  
bowler hats and old school ties

Today you went out to inspect your servants  
I saw you wave and rave from my T.V.  
You promised soon that they would have a paper  
Give them the right to kill quite legally  
So you hide in your palace of bureaucracy  
I hope that you never contaminate me  
You're all aliens

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