

# Idiot Flesh, Idiot Song

The idiots are here and all they've brought is candy.

The idiots are here and all they need is love, love, love.

The idiots are here and no one can tell just what can be wrong.

But no one goes around like that no more.

The idiots have told us that our dress is fancy, and we can see that they are all as plain as day.

The idiots have told us that they could enjoy a dancing pig, but no one talks like that here any more.

We are the idiots so do not fear.

We've almost no intention of settling here.

With buckets of candy and teeth in a jar, we were hoping to catch you at home.

We are the idiots and we don't care if you are addicted to these and these figures of speech that ho

We know nothing of this, we're here to fetch the dancing pig.

The idiots are gone and we give a toothless answer.

When questioned on the rate of growth and who's in charge.

The idiots are gone and everyone here has cancer now, and no one locks their doors here anymore.

New things in old packages, old things in new.

A parcel returned at the source, IT'S FOR YOU.

Old things in new packages, new things in old.

A gift from an idiot thief can't be sold.