

The Ordinary Boys, Skull and Bones

Invent some stories that start to
Well how else are we going to fill our days?
Conspiracies that cut so close and skin
Lets start a club and don't let anyone in

The free masons
With the devil to pay
They'll get you one day
The skull and bones are breaking our homes
Well somehow I don't think so

I'm not suggesting the world is all fair
The back scratching and the greed is still there
I won't insinuate that it's not a crime
(The whacky feelings are a waste of time)?

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Well there's plenty more important things to fret about
Like how are we supposed to sort this whole mess out?
Ah you've got a lot of money and you're so well schooled
So why'd you want to waste it on this cock and bull?

The space invaders are hot on your heels
Busy producing pretty patterns and
Well they're still chasing the man on the moon
Well don't think cos you think too soon

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