

Dead Milkmen, Born To Love Volcanos

Born to love volcanos
Seen em on PBS
Born to love volcanos
My apartment is a mess
Somewhere under that pile of clothes
Lies a whole \$10 bill
Telephones are ringing
In a land called PBS
Fat lady is singing
In a land called PBS
Maybe she loves volcanos too
I'll just have to take a guess
She looks like a little volcano
With her red hair and brown dress

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Volcanos, volcanos, volcanos, volcanos

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This city is a mess
Somewhere on a steam vent
Sits a man without a home
Tribute to Carl Sagan
Tonight on PBS
Alistair Cooke is beggin'
Tonight on PBS
Maybe he needs my money more
Than a man without a home
He wants to make a documentary
On the footwear of ancient Rome

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This country is a mess
Every 2 minutes a girl gets pregnant
Cause no one gives them the facts
Intellectuals are phoning
To a land called PBS
Some old man is droning
In a land called PBS
Maybe he needs my money
More than a bunch of pregnant teens
A toll-free number to call in my money
Appears upon my screen

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