

Dead Milkmen, Epic Tales of Adventure

There's an old lady who washes her clothes
In the same laundromat as me
She told me of her son
And some shoes that hurt his feet
Mean little nails rose up in a bunch
And plunged into his soles
Filling his dirty socks with tiny bloody holes.
There's an old man who says that he came
>From the same town as my dad
He told me of his house and why it smelled so bad
Small furry creatures had crawled in the spaces
In between the walls
They died and they decayed
And I guess that's really all
Dead little creatures mean the end of the world
There was a man who told me a story about a conspiracy
He told me how it started
And what it meant to me
Doctors and lawyers and bankers and priests are
Controlled by UFO's
It's doctors and lawyers and the end of the world
Small furry creatures mean the end of the world
It's creatures and shoes and the end of the world
There's an old lady who washes her clothes
In the same laundromat as me
She told me of her son and some shoes
