

Dead Milkmen, I Against Osbourne

I know the CIA is watching me
I'm a target of the FBI and PMRC

I do not sleep I spend my nights worrying of satellites
They put an eye into the sky and did not tell the people why
I do not sleep I spend my nights worrying about satellites

My neighbors are not the folks they appear to be
They've been replaced by the agency
I try to get to sleep but it's no good
My coffee does not taste the way it should

I know there's no way to make them stop
My house is surrounded by the cops
They love to plant hidden microphones
I find them when I clean up around my home

I am sorry, yes I am
I do not talk to strangers ma'am
You're part of this giant plot
Please don't tell me that you're not
I am sorry, yes I am
I do not talk to strangers ma'am

My kids must be part of the conspiracy
Mr. Rogers works hand in hand with the KGB