

Dead Milkmen, The Conspiracy Song

Please let me tell you
They own our homes, they own our banks
We take out loans to buy them tanks
They own our children, they own our pets
They own Elvis and Bernhard Goetz
They own our rugs and our flower pots
There ain't nothin' they haven't got
They own the papers and the TV's
The water works, record companies

Let me remind you
They own the talk shows
They make the rules
They own Geraldo and Donahue
They own the state, they own the church
They pick the winners on Star Search
They own the Christians, they own the Jews
They own the Moslems, Mormons, too
They put the holes in our socks
They put that snake in my mail box

From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli
We are all tools of the conspiracy
From the littlest baby to the biggest V.I.P.
We are all tools of the conspiracy

Run to the window, they're coming to get you
Hide in the basement, they're coming to get you
Flee to the rooftop, they're coming to get you
Don't go outside, no don't let them get you

Someone should tell you,
They own the CIA and the IRS
They tell us where to shop and how to dress
They own the workers, they own the boss
They know what's in the secret sauce
They own the drugs, they own the narcs
We all know they own Dick Clark
They own it all, they own everything
They write the songs that make the whole world sing