

The Drones, Oh My

People are a waste of food
You'll never hear the end
They're only ever happy
When they're burying their friends
And they take take take
But they never take a hint
The ice caps getting skinny
Still they're not concerned
They're very near extinct

People are a waste of food
The end is nearly nigh
They've always said the sky would fall
Now it is you have to wonder why
You want to shrink your stinky footprint?
Get your tubes tied
Or even better yet
Go commit suicide
They can't say you didn't try

And oh my,
Well i hear the sound of horses' hooves
Come the middle of the night
And oh my,
Its time to get your gun license
I see four horsemen riding through
A cold and endless night

If money is the root of evil
Fear of death is worse
This mortal coil is not a test
And you can't hide in a purse
So don't go casting no dispersions in the street
'Cause the half the world that starves
Will know the half you're in
Does not deserve to eat

And oh my,
Well i hear the sound of horses' hooves
Come the middle of the night
And oh my,
It's time to get your gun license
I see four horsemen riding through
A cold and endless night

People are a waste of food
Don't bother learning Chinese
Thou shalt find oneself perturbed
By less verbose calamities
Just get some Heinz baked beans,
A 12 gauge, bandolier and tinned dog food
We'll eat your dog, bury our dead
Or eat them instead
That's entirely up to you

And oh my,
I hear the sound of unshod hooves come the middle of the night
And oh why
Well, from now on 'til your grandkids finally get what you deserve
I'm going to be stuck here with you wookies
Eating fortune cookies
Until my guts churn