

Psychefunkapus "Liars"

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(J. Martines/Psychefunkapus)

Camouflaged crusaders of change and goodwill
Sophisticate the masses with their wordy overkill
Intellect and ignorance are walking hand in hand
Stomachs turnin', yearnin', burnin', barefoot in the
sand

Liars, liears, pants on fire now
What's with these, wires, wires?
I can't do nothin' anyhow, right?

Alligators, crocodiles and others from the swamp
Congregate in V formation eager for their chomp
"One of the little monkeys has jumped out of his pit."
The masses tie him down as he yells, "You're all so full
of shit!"

Liars, liars, pants on fire now
What's with these wires, wires?
I can't do nothin' anyhow, right?

CHORUS

Liars, liars, pants on fire now
What's with these wires, wires
I can't do nothin' anyhow, right?
Patriotic pushermen, they infiltrate the young minds

Knowing that confusion is exactly what they'll find
Uncle Sam don't give a dman about the rich or poor
He's fagging you and bagging you and dragging you
to war

Ain't it plain to see that what they say
To you and what they sat to me is just a play
On our reality, they tell you one thing
They mean another, they call you brother
But that's just another lie to get you high
Until your head's so far up in the sky
And you'll never have a solid alibi
Look out below, you've been swatted like a big
Fly...Ho!

Liars, liars, pants on fire now
Burn, burn, burn
What's with these wires, wires
I can't do nothin' anyhow
Right?

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