

## **Dead Milkmen "The Conspiracy Song"**

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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  
The owned 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

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