

## **They Might Be Giants**

### **"Black Ops"**

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Black ops  
Black ops  
A holiday for secret cops  
Black ops  
Black ops  
Dropping presents from the helicopter

It's been a long year  
We've been so far from home  
Too many people here  
Here come the drones  
We take the best of it  
And make a mess of it  
Ripping up some lawn  
And then we're gone

Black sites  
Black sites  
A thousand miles from day or night  
Black sites  
Black sites  
The story will remain unwritten

Before we make you gone  
You'd best be running on  
Stick to the music, child  
Don't get us riled  
Hey, there's a spot we missed  
I see a Communist  
And there's another one  
And his dumb son

Black ops  
Black ops  
Little vials filled with knock-out drops  
Black ops  
Black ops  
Maybe leave you in your old gym locker

A thousand miles from day or night

A story told before rewriting  
There's a passport here  
But it could disappear  
Tarmac to landing pad  
Don't look so sad  
We fly to Amsterdam  
And in a little bit  
We'll sing our special song  
And this is it

You'll be standing when the music stops

We're not worrying about the optics

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