

The Dead Milkmen

"Song For Michael's Pipe"

Visit "[Song For Michael's Pipe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(The hidden decoder exercise in the booklet)

The hunter becomes the hunted
No man can only be free
Forty screaming monks see three
Silly lading gun sort of people

Love me nobody loves me
Love me somebody has something
Love me nobody hurts you
Love me somebody has nothing

A movie theater is a history lesson
My teacher can never seem mute
There stands in the clearing a prayer flute
Silly loading gun sort of lovers

Scream, sweat for my nighttime
Yell, naked the medication wears off
Help, help no one isn't a stranger
Bang gun shots recoil in my brain

Visit [The Dead Milkmen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.