

Boingo Oingo

"Right To Know"

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On a cool dark night someone's coming down the
street

With a smoking gun and a smile on his face

For all to see, the rest is history

But no one knows what's on his mind

Except him and his monkey--come on . . .

When the big man fell with a secret on his lips

So close, so close

'Til the bullet gave his kiss

The world cried out loud, the rest is history

And no one knows what's on his mind

Except him and his monkey--come on . . .

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to believe that there's something
more to see

There's a man at the desk who is talking real soft

To a half dozen guys but not a word is lost

The men depart they all know what to do

With a rifle aiming through a clearing in a bush

So close, so close, but no one thinks to look

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to believe that there's something
more to see

Than a big bunch of flowers in a cemetery

So why hold out, come on and give your testimony

On a phone connection on the other side of town

Sits a man with a pencil who doesn't make a sound

He nods his head, the rest is history

But no one knows what's on his mind

Except him and his monkey--come on, come on

When the big man fell with a secret on his lips

So close, so close

'Til the bullet gave his kiss

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to know

You've got a right to believe that there's something
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So why hold out, come on and give your testimony

On a cool dark night someone's coming down the
street .

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