

Kennedys Dead

"Stealing People's Mail"

Visit "[Stealing People's Mail](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Words and Music by Biafra

We ain't going to the party
We ain't going to the game
We ain't going to the disco
Ain't gonna cruise down main
We're stealing people's mail
stealing people's mail
stealing people's mail
On a friday night
Drivin' in the mountains
Winding round and round
Rummage thru your mailboxes
Take your mail back to town
And we got license plates, wedding gifts, tax returns
Checks to politicians from real estate firms,
Money, bills and cancelled checks,
Pretty funny pictures of your kids
We're stealing peopl's mail
On a Friday night
We're stealing people's mail
By the pale moonlight
We got grocery sackful after grocery sackful
Grocery sackful after grocery sackful
Grocery sackful after grocery sackful
Of the private lives of you
Ha Ha
People say we're crazy
We're sick and all alone
But when we read your letters
We're rolling on the floor
We got more license plates, wedding gifts, tax returns
Checks to politicians from real estate firms,
Money, bills and cancelled checks
We cut relationships with your friends
We're gonna steal your mail
By the pale moonlight
We better not get caught
We'll be drugged and shocked
'Til we come out born-again christians

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.