

Tin Foil Hat Crew at the Student House Party

Crywank

Google have been tracing my footsteps, mining my movement for data

They own my wealth of information

I let them I ticked a box so now I'm a Guy Fawkes mask on a soapbox feeling highly unorthodox

But see I see centrifugal politics, OC says he's a centrist

I can't resist, politics is a fart in the wind

Slap my thigh call me messy sweaty petty silly sausage

Psychedelic Bolsheviks gets brought up

And again we get caught up, forget the point

Roll another joint, "I'm sure it'll hit me when the weed does"

Was it Bernays, Bayer, how I think I'm a soothsayer

But simply lost in a forest of fine toothcombs

Come roaming-cum-rambling

Bumping into many others

Often on drugs, free hugs, roll dilated eyes and then discuss

When ideology feels like gambling I'm a mug

Can't commit to nothing really but I think that's what they'd want

We agree smoke weed and then we move on

We where only there for the parts we heard ourselves say anyway

Don't be evil

Ooglie-booglie-googlie-booglie...