

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 were only there for the parts we heard ourselves say anyway

Don't be evil
Oogle-boogle-googie-boogle...