

Department of Corrections

Deerhoof

This supper tastes just like the last one
But it's the first day of your term
Oh, jailer, who's in charge around here?
And if not you, then is it I?

My jailer lives on waves of sunlight
From ninety million miles away
My jailer doesn't speak no English
My jailer's busy and he's small
My jailer solves for unknown functions
My jailer rehabilitates

My jailer hot-rodde my engines
Already rumbling the room
My jailer hot-rodde my engines
Already rumbling the room

Agenda unknown
Agenda unknown
Agenda unknown
Agenda unknown
Agenda unknown
Agenda unknown
Agenda unknown

You turn my letters to lines
You turn my water into wines
You turn my letters to lines
You turn my water into wine

Functions unknown
Functions unknown
Functions unknown
Functions unknown

Beep beep beep beep, beep beep beep
Be-beep, be-beep
Beep beep beep beep, beep beep beep
Be-beep, be-beep
Beep beep beep beep, beep beep beep
Be-beep, be-beep
Beep beep beep beep, beep beep beep
Be-beep, be-beep
Beep beep beep beep, beep beep beep
Be-beep, be-beep
Beep beep beep beep, beep beep beep
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Agenda unknown
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