

The Kids Are Obese

Everything Everything

A little foetal fumble now the kids are obese
So you put out your windows and I'll call the police
Tell me, which Iraqi warlord gets a slap on the wrist?
Ah jailbait, you so cynical you barely exist, eh

Don't leave your inside out

It's hard living under a blanket of ice
Start the engine running and leave on the lights
And go ahead with your retina scanning
That won't tell you what's somebody's planning

I think I found an atom under all this debris
And the Rottweiler's effort is a method to me
Hey, let's violate the curfew with a missile tonight
Yeah, you lube up that Nerf gun, Sergeant, let's travel light,
and

Don't leave your outside in

It's hard living under a blanket of ice
Start the engine running and leave on the lights
And go ahead with your retina scanning
That won't tell you what somebody's planning
Nothing has a consequence while I'm ahead with
Telescopic vision and some infra red
You know as long as you carry a code I have
No worries you're gonna explode so
Go ahead with your retina scanning
That won't tell you what's somebody's planning
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That won't tell you what's somebody's planning
Go ahead with your retina scanning
That won't tell you what's somebody's planning!

She dresses like a documentary made about Earth
Pray one day she'll find out what a barbarian's worth, eh

Don't leave it inside out