

Spies for a Day

The Taxpayers

We are the ones
With the birthday candles and the plastic guns
That are hiding the kids
With the unwashed clothes under trash can lids

And down at the market:
There's a new age mother having heart attacks
And down at the market:
There is fresh fruit stolen, covered in backpacks.

And down at the bank:
There's a businessman always giving out handjobs
And down at the bank:
There are millions of dollars covered in teflon.

Raid on Mobile, Exxon,
Run up the cost of the fight with the rakes,
Cover up every trace of the kids with the tanks.
Raid on Mobile, Exxon,
Kiss every mouth of the dauntless elite,
Settle down with a man who is wise and discreet.

And yes!
Wielding a pie
Is un unfit worker in an unfit uniform.
And wielding a pie
Is an unfit, brokedown loser.