Black Ops Alt

They Might Be Giants

Black ops Black ops A holiday for secret cops Black ops Black ops Dropping presents from the helicopter It's been a long year We've been so far from home Too many people here Here come the drones We take the best of it And make a mess of it Ripping up some lawn And then we're gone Black sites Black sites A thousand miles from day or night Black sites Black sites The story will remain unwritten Before we make you gone You'd best be running on Stick to the music, child Don't get us riled Hey, there's a spot we missed I see a Communist And there's another one And his dumb son Black ops Black ops Little vials filled with knock-out drops Black ops Black ops Maybe leave you in your old gym locker A thousand miles from day or night A story told before rewriting There's a passport here But it could disappear Tarmac to landing pad Don't look so sad We fly to Amsterdam And in a little bit We'll sing our special song And this is it You'll be standing when the music stops We're not worrying about the optics