

Stealing Peoples' Mail

Dead Kennedys

We ain't going to the party
We ain't going to the game
We ain't going to the disco
Ain't gonna cruise down Main We're stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
On a Friday night Drivin' in the mountains
Winding 'round and 'round
Rummage through your mailboxes
Take your mail back to town And we got license plates, wedding gifts, tax returns
Checks to politicians from real estate firms
Money, bills and cancelled checks
Pretty funny pictures of your kids We're gonna steal your mail
On a Friday night
We're gonna steal your mail
By the pale moonlight We got grocery sackful after grocery sackful
After grocery sackful after grocery sackful
After grocery sackful after grocery sackful
Of the private lives of you People say that we're crazy
We're sick and all alone
But when we read your letters
We're rolling on the floor And we got license plates, wedding gifts, tax returns
Checks to politicians from real estate firms
Money, bills and cancelled checks
We cut relationships with your friends We're gonna steal your mail
On a Friday night
We're gonna steal your mail
By the pale moonlight We better not get caught
We'll be dumped in institutions
Where we'll be drugged and shocked
Till we come out born-again Christians Stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
Stealing people's mail
On a Friday night, n-n-n-night

Songwriters

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