

# Identity Theft

Nellie Mckay

Because I'm tired of maturity, airport insecurity  
Runnin' from the thought police, fightin' with the go-betweens  
Hold up, let me steal a breath  
'Cause we're dealin' with identity theft(You need an education)  
I don't see why I got to  
(You need a good degree)  
As to assimilateSo little time, so much to be bored by  
If no one trod along Harvard lawn, no one'd make a nuclear bomb  
They don't teach you how to care, empathisin' if you dare  
Euthanize your sense of fair play, better to obeyNo child is free, oh why, it's queasy to see  
Is that an elementary or a penitentiary?  
Huh, geez, get off my back, beat it, take it to town man  
Idiots go to college to get dumbled downOoh, it leaves you bereft  
Ooh, identity theft  
I may be wrong, I don't know why  
I may be wrong, but I'll tryBecause I'm sick of the insanity, watchin' horny manatee  
Feelin' like a libertine, dealin' with the death machine  
Hold 'em up, it's a street arrest  
And we're dealin' with identity theft(You need a publication)  
I don't see why I got to  
(You need a press release)  
As to assimilateJourno-fascist profiteers, pornotastic pioneers  
Bonbonbastic puppeteers, get away from me  
How can you write what we read, that ain't my reality  
You disabuse humanity, humility and fealtyOh, you guess you got an edge  
Hiding your hedge from the Feds  
Puttin' down the little veg  
(Ignorance is a right, not a privilege)I'm finished, done and had it  
And while you fucks are at it  
As far as I'm concerned  
Pluto's still a planetOoh, you die a quick death  
Ooh, identity theft  
I may be wrong, I don't know why  
I may be wrong but I'll tryBecause I'm sick of all the sabotage, where's my female entourage?  
Lookin' for some kind of closure, all I'm findin' is Ray Bolger  
Hold up, hell yeah, I'll confess  
'Cause we're dealin' with identity theft(You need an occupation)  
I don't see why I got to  
(You need a boss to please)

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, you're lateYakety yak, don't look whack, Nellie, you're a heart attack  
Murder, murder, on the wall, who's the butchest one of all?  
(Where'd you get that vegan dress, a flea market?)  
Oops, I forgot, you design for Target  
Shun violence and religion, don't ever play with nunsBut I punched a man on Broadway just to watch him cry  
Every guy I went to try said I fight him but I can't think why  
Bent unhinged and singed, I cringe to watch the main event  
But in the end there's no success like revengeOoh, it leaves you bereft  
Ooh, identity theft  
I may be wrong, I don't know why  
I may be wrong but I'll tryBecause I'm tired of hypocrisy, is it them or is it me?  
If Jesus Christ is left in ruin, Satan, buddy, how you doin'?'  
Hold 'em up, it's a street arrest  
And we're dealin' with identity theftBecause I'm tired of bein' sweet and nice  
Fuck you once and fuck you twice  
Show your passport, get that stamp funny like a Nazi camp  
Hold 'em up, hell yeah, I'll confess  
'Cause we're dealin' with identity theft

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