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 dumbed 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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