God & The FBI

Janis Ian

Mama's making mimeos
Pete's on the stereo
Singing 'bout freedom
Bugs in the bedroom
Big investigation
Be patient
Bet you didn't know
You were a danger to the nation
Search and seizure
Buy yourself a lawyer
We know you're a member
Saw you under cover
Are you hiding evidence
None of this makes any sense
They called the FBI
I had to disappear
Called the g-men, t-men, see you at the scene men
Told 'em I was hiding here
They could fingerprint my heart
They'd tear my world apart
'Cause ain't no place for a face to hide
From god and the FBICommies, pinkos
Reds at the windows
Foreign agitators
Running elevators
J. Edgar hoover in a pink tutu
Investigating anyone who thinks like you
Welcome to the fifties
You look a little shifty
They called the FBI
I had to disappear
Called the g-men, t-men, see you at the scene men
Told 'em I was hiding here
They could fingerprint my heart
Tear my world apart
Ain't no hole for a soul to hide
From god and the FBIStay flat, don't rat
What's a proletariat
Stalin was a democrat

Washington is where it's at
Every politician
Is a sewer of ambition
Hide me, hide you
Better hide the baby too
We demand an interview
How long have you been a jew
We can make you testify
Freedom is no alibiThey called the FBI
I had to disappear
Called the g-men, t-men, see you at the scene men
Told 'em I was hiding here
Fingerprint my heart
Tear my world apart
'Cause ain't no place for a face to hide
From god and the FBI
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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