

Freakonomics

Clutch

What kind of ugly are they talking about?
It's just straight up cold evil
What kind of nonsense are they going on about?
Do they suffer from the fever? Nothing's gonna satisfy them
Till it all goes Chernobyl
No, nothing's ever really gonna satisfy them
Until the virus goes mobile If you didn't then, well, now you know
Outside is an army of antlers
I hate to say it but I told you so
Only the freaks have all the answers Red threat Helicopters, Super-Mind-Control
Stockholm Syndrome, love your captors
Uranium Super-Mind-Control It's gonna rain, rain down in buckets
Watch it happen, a natural fact
They're gonna lose and they're not gonna like it
Watch it happen, supernatural act If you didn't then, well, now you know
Outside is an army of antlers
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