

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 their not gonna like it.
Watch it happen. Supernatural act.

Songwriters

DAN MAINES, NEIL FALLON, JEAN-PAUL GASTER, RICHARD TIMOTHY SULTPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>