Peter Bazooka

The Dead Milkmen

Tuesday, yes, it was Tuesday
When I saw my congressman coming out of the titty bar
He didn't look like my congressman but that's okay
Nobody really looks like themselves anymore

I think it's got something to do with that crap
They've been pouring into the water
I decided it might be wise to follow the congressman
Just to see what he was up to

After all, my tax dollars do pay his salary
The congressman got into a taxi, so I hailed a taxi
Despite the obvious dangers involved
And the colored voices in my head began to sing

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall
And I can hear it all, yes, I can hear it all
All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall
And I can even hear the little insects crawl

The congressman was in taxi number 23
And I was in cab 17
But numbers are meaningless
In this kind of cat and squid game

My driver was an Aries
And he laughed when I said, "Follow that cab"
And he kept laughing
Until he saw the cold blue steel of Little Elvis

"Keep your god-damn hands off that radio", I warned him
"I work for the government"
This is actually a half truth
I'm really a bike courier

But I make a lot of deliveries
To government offices
That's where I heard about the cheese
And the colored voices in my head kept singing

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall
And I can hear it all, yes, I can hear it all
All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall
And I can even hear the little insects crawl

There's this super secret government program called
"Operation the cheese stands alone"
It's the congressmen's pet project
They claim that they're giving surplus cheese to the needy

I, of course, have my suspicions
After 15 very quiet minutes
The congressman's cab pulled up outside a warehouse
I had the Aries circle around the building and drop me off

He seemed to be grasping the importance of my mission
Since he said I didn't have to pay him
As long as I promised to stay very far away from him and his taxi
I swear, some people just don't want to get involved

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall
And I can hear it all, yes, I can hear it all
All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall
And I can even hear the little insects crawl

So I walked into that cold dark place
Little Elvis drawn and ready for action
I too was ready, ready for the moment
When I would be a real American

All I gotta do is bang my head on the wall
And I can have it all, yes, I can have it all
All I gotta do is bang my head on the wall
And I can even make the little insects crawl

All I gotta do is bang my head on the wall
And I can have it all, yes, I can have it all
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