

# Everything You Know Is Wrong

## "Weird Al" Yankovic

I was driving on the freeway in the fast lane  
With a rabid wolverine in my underwear  
When suddenly a guy behind me in the back seat  
Popped right up and cupped his hands across my eyes  
I guessed, "Is it Uncle Frank or Cousin Louie?  
Is it Bob or Joe or Walter?  
Could it be Bill or Jim or Ed or Bernie or Steve?"  
I probably would have kept on guessing  
But about that time we crashed into the truck  
And as I'm laying bleeding there on the asphalt  
Finally I recognize the face of my hibachi dealer  
Who takes off his prosthetic lips and tells me Everything you know is wrong  
Black is white, up is down and short is long  
And everything you thought was just so important doesn't matter  
Everything you know is wrong  
Just forget the words and sing along  
All you need to understand is  
Everything you know is wrong I was walkin' to the kitchen for some Golden Grahams  
When I accidentally stepped into a alternate dimension  
And soon I was abducted by some aliens from space  
Who kinda looked like Jamie Farr  
They sucked out my internal organs  
And they took some polaroids and said I was a darn good sport  
And as a way of saying thank you  
They offered to transport me back to any point in history that I would care to go  
And so I had them send me back to last Thursday night  
So I could pay my phone bill on time  
Just then the floating disembodied head of Colonel Sanders started yelling Everything you know is wrong  
Black is white, up is down and short is long  
And everything you thought was just so important doesn't matter  
Everything you know is wrong  
Just forget the words and sing along  
All you need to understand is  
Everything you know is wrong I was just about to mail a letter to my evil twin  
When I got a nasty paper cut  
And, well, to make a long story short  
It got infected and I died  
So now I'm up in heaven with St. Peter by the pearly gates  
And it's obvious he doesn't like the Nehru jacket that I'm wearing

He tells me that they've got a dress code  
Well, he lets me into heaven anyway  
But I get the room next to the noisy ice machine for all eternity  
And every day he runs by screaming Everything you know is wrong  
Black is white, up is down and short is long  
And everything you used to think was so important doesn't really matter anymore because the simple fact  
remains that  
Everything you know is wrong  
Just forget the words and sing along  
All you need to understand is  
Everything you know is wrong

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