

# Foil

## "Weird Al" Yankovic

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I never seem to finish all my food  
So I always gets doggy bag from the waiter  
So I just keep what's still unchewed  
And I take it home, save it for laterBut then I deal with fungal rot, bacterial formation  
Microbes, enzymes, mould and oxidation  
I don't care, I've got a secret trick up my sleeve  
I never bother with baggies, glass jars, tupperware containers  
Plastic cling wrap, really a no-brainer  
I just like to keep all my flavours sealed in tightWith aluminum foil (foil)  
Never settle for less  
That kind of wrap is just the best  
To keep your sandwich nice and fresh  
Stick it in your cooler (cooler)  
Eat it when you're ready  
But maybe you'll choose (you'll choose, you'll choose, you'll choose)  
A refreshing herbal teaMmm, lovely!Oh, by the way, I've cracked the code  
I've figured out these shadow organizations  
And the Illuminati know  
That they're finally primed for world dominationAnd soon you've got black helicopters comin' cross the border  
Puppet masters for the New World Order  
Be aware: there's always someone that's watching you  
And still the government won't admit they faked the whole moon landing  
Thought control rays, psychotronic scanning  
Don't mind that, I'm protected cause I made this hatFrom aluminum foil (foil)  
Wear a hat that's foil lined  
In case an alien's inclined  
To probe your butt or read your mind  
Looks a bit peculiar ('culiar)  
Seems a little crazy  
But someday I'll prove (I'll prove, I'll prove, I'll prove)  
There's a big conspiracy

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