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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