Everything You Know Is Wrong

Chumbawamba

Taking scissors to play cut up with the black vote down in Florida
Colored pens and glitter glue for sexing up the dossier
I'm the someone who knew something they're not telling pre-September
I lean on people in the loop to help them unremember

I was flying on UA 93
That shadow in the footage? It was probably me
I'm the rumor, I'm the doubt, I'm the lie
But you wouldn't stand near me if you didn't want to die

Everything you know is wrong
There's a verse missing out of this song
Everything you know is wrong
Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong

I was there when they landed on the moon
In a studio in Kentucky in June
I've got Kennedy's brain in a jar
If you knew what I knew you wouldn't laugh so hard

Everything you know is wrong
There's a verse missing out of this song
Everything you know is wrong
Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong

In the canteen down at Columbine with the bags they never found
Striking matches up at Waco when they burnt it to the ground, that true
Without me, Oklahoma wasn't possible at all
See my silhouette in the Super 8 around the grassy knoll, true

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I was in Paris in the underpass, I'm the FO-sponsored super grass I'm Charlie Thrush in Minnesota and I smuggled half across the border Stole Danny Casolaro's memoirs, put the acid in the reservoirs I'm Ron Brown's body on a T-43 and I hid those missing WMDs

What did the president know? When did he know it?
Everything you know is, everything you know

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written by Abbott, Judith / Bruce, Duncan / Ferguson, Neil / Hamer, Darren / Hunter, Nigel / Nutter, Alice /
Watts, Louise / Whalley, Allan
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