

What's Behind Your Coat?

The Bogmen

He says that he's an honest man
Taxes not included
He's pinstriped and naturally tan
Tan from all of the shine
He's running under your noses
He says that he's a moral man
It's easy when you've got the money
He claims that he's a law abiding man
What's so great about that
When you control the law? Let me see your hands
Your, your, your hands
Your, your, your, your hands
This particular feller says he's a religious man
And he sips his wine with reverence
His faith is locked in the can
And he drinks it down until it's almost empty
There's a rumor this one's a second class man
And pushed into the corner
It's all part of the suppression plan
This is after he ditched his wife and family
Let me see your hands
Your, your, your hands
Your, your, your, your hands
You say that you're a hard working man
And the rest of the world is lazy
You lead the world in production
All work, no play yet people are all fucking crazy
Tell me you're a proper man
Your manners overshadow your morals
You devised the suppression plan
I think you've got your soup spoon too far up your ass
Name that man, name that man
Name that man, name that man
Name that man, name that man
Name that man, name that man

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