

# Dead Milkmen, Epic Tales of Adventure

There's an old lady who washes her clothes  
In the same laundromat as me  
She told me of her son  
And some shoes that hurt his feet  
Mean little nails rose up in a bunch  
And plunged into his soles  
Filling his dirty socks with tiny bloody holes.  
There's an old man who says that he came  
>From the same town as my dad  
He told me of his house and why it smelled so bad  
Small furry creatures had crawled in the spaces  
In between the walls  
They died and they decayed  
And I guess that's really all  
Dead little creatures mean the end of the world  
There was a man who told me a story about a conspiracy  
He told me how it started  
And what it meant to me  
Doctors and lawyers and bankers and priests are  
Controlled by UFO's  
It's doctors and lawyers and the end of the world  
Small furry creatures mean the end of the world  
It's creatures and shoes and the end of the world  
There's an old lady who washes her clothes  
In the same laundromat as me  
She told me of her son and some shoes

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