

# Dead Milkmen, Peter Bazooka

Tuesday - yes, it was Tuesday

When I saw my congressman coming out of the titty bar

He didn't look like my congressman, but that's okay

Nobody really looks like themselves anymore

I think its got something to do with that crap

They've been pouring into the water

I decided it might be wise to follow the congressman

Just to see what he was up to.

After all, my tax dollars do pay his salary.

The congressman got into a taxi, so I hailed a taxi

Despite the obvious dangers involved

And the coloured voices in my head began to sing:

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall

And I can hear it all, yes I can hear it all

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall

And I can even hear the little insects crawl

The congressman was in taxi number 23

And I was in cab 17

But numbers are meaningless in this kind of cat and squid game

My driver was an Aries

And he laughed when I said "Follow that cab!"

And he kept laughing until he saw the cold blue steel of Little Elvis

"Keep your god-damn hands off that radio!" I warned him

"I work for the government!"

This is actually a half truth

I'm really a bike courier

But I make a lot of deliveries to government offices.

That's where I heard about the cheese.

And the coloured voices in my head kept singing:

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall

And I can hear it all, yes I can hear it all

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall

And I can even hear the little insects crawl

There's this super secret government program called

"Operation the cheese stands alone"

It's the congressmen's pet project

They claim that they're giving surplus cheese to the needy

I, of course, have my suspicions

After 15 very quiet minutes

The congressman's cab pulled up outside a warehouse

I had the Aries circle around the building and drop me off.

He seemed to be grasping the importance of my mission

Since he said I didn't have to pay him.

As long as I promised to stay very far away from him and his taxi.

I swear, some people just don't want to get involved.

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall

And I can hear it all, yes I can hear it all

All I gotta do is put my ear to the wall

And I can even hear the little insects crawl

So I walked into that cold dark place

Little Elvis drawn and ready for action

I too was ready -

Ready for the moment when I would be a real American

All I gotta do is bang my head on the wall

And I can have it all, yes I can have it all

All I gotta do is bang my head on the wall

And I can even make the little insects crawl

(x3)