

Rats Behind

Lyrics by: David Drake and Ben Masters

Mother Mary's secretary doesn't trust the government
She says that they'll be climbing up the wall
Brother said that Mother's dead
Its in your head
Its all been spent
He doesn't give a rats behind at all

If you fall into her phone
No, you won't be alone no more
Just call her and you're home
No, you won't be alone like you were before

Father's got a lot of nerve
He says he likes the resident of 1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Uncle Jerry's lost his berries
He won't be drinking any sherry
Some kind of rats behind we have

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