

# Fancy Pants Manifesto

Lemon Demon

(Sausages are good.  
Sausages are good.  
We are all sausages.)

(One, two, three, four.  
One, two, three, four.)

Is this my chance, for goodness sake,  
To make the point I've tried to make  
For all my lifetime, give or take a year?  
And now it comes as no surprise:  
The world gets lost, the world gets wise.  
So dot your Ts, and cross your Is, my dear.

And it's a golden opportunity  
To take a stand and claim immunity  
Against the threat of more community service.  
And you would think that they'd catch on to us.  
The odds are stacked and vaguely nocuous.  
Together we will make the octopus nervous.

We don't have guns, we don't have knives,  
But we've been waiting all our lives.  
And wait until the day arrives, we will.  
We don't pretend we're fighting crime.  
We see the world in lemon lime.  
The only casualty's the time we kill.

But still, a lot of things are problematical.  
There is an urge to wax fanatical,  
But we will not fall prey to radicalism.  
Well never mind, 'cause here's another thing.  
You won't believe what we're discovering,  
And you can see it through the hovering prism.

This is the fancy pants manifesto.  
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This is the fancy pants manifesto,  
And now you know.

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