

Identity Theft

Nellie McKay

Because I'm tired of maturity, airport insecurity
Runnin' from the Thought Police, fightin' with the go-betweens
Hold up, let me steal a breath
'Cause we're dealin' with identity theft

(You need an education)
I don't see why I got to
(You need a good degree)
As to assimilate

So little time, so much to be bored by
If no one trod along Harvard lawn, no one'd make a nuclear bomb
They don't teach you how to care, empathisin' if you dare
Euthanize your sense of fair play, better to obey

No child is free, oh, why, it's queasy to see
Is that an elementary or a penitentiary

Huh, geez, get off my back
Beat it, take it to town, man
Idiots go to college to get dumbed down

Ooh, it leaves you bereft
Ooh, identity theft
I may be wrong, I don't know why
I may be wrong, but I'll try

Because I'm sick of the insanity, watchin' horny manatee
Feelin' like a libertine, dealin' with the death machine
Hold 'em up, it's a street arrest
And we're dealin' with identity theft

(You need a publication)
I don't see why I got to
(You need a press release)
As to assimilate

Journo-fascist profiteers, pornotastic pioneers
Bonbonbastic puppeteers, get away from me
How can you write what we read, that ain't my reality
You disabuse humanity, humility and fealty

Oh, you guess you got an edge
Hiding your hedge from the feds
Puttin' down the little veg
(Ignorance is a right, not a privilege)

I'm finished, done, and had it
And while you fucks are at it
As far as I'm concerned, Pluto's still a planet

Ooh, you die a quick death
Ooh, identity theft
I may be wrong, I don't know why
I may be wrong, but I'll try

Because I'm sick of all the sabotage, where's my female entourage

Lookin' for some kind of closure, all I'm findin' is Ray Bolger
Hold up, hell yeah, I'll confess
'Cause we're dealin' with identity theft

(You need an occupation)
I don't see why I got to
(You need a boss to please)
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, you're late

Yakety yak, don't look whack, Nellie, you're a heart attack
Murder, murder, on the wall, who's the butchest one of all
(Where'd you get that vegan dress, a flea market)
Oops, I forgot, you design for Target
Shun violence and religion, don't ever play with nuns

But I punched a man on Broadway just to watch him cry
Every guy I went to try said I fight him but I can't think why

Bent unhinged and singed
I cringe to watch the main event
But in the end, there's no success like revenge

Ooh, it leaves you bereft
Ooh, identity theft
I may be wrong, I don't know why
I may be wrong, but I'll try

Because I'm tired of hypocrisy, is it them or is it me
If Jesus Christ is left in ruin, Satan, buddy, how you doin'
Hold 'em up, it's a street arrest
And we're dealin' with identity theft

Because I'm tired of being sweet and nice
Fuck you once and f**k you twice
Show your passport, get that stamp
Funny like a nazi camp
Hold 'em up, hell yeah, I'll confess
'Cause we're dealin with identity theft