

Right to Know

Oingo Boingo

On a cool dark night someone's coming down the street
With a smoking gun and a smile on his face
For all to see, the rest is history
But no one knows what's on his mind
Except him and his monkey--come on . . .

When the big man fell with a secret on his lips
So close, so close
'Til the bullet gave his kiss
The world cried out loud, the rest is history
And no one knows what's on his mind
Except him and his monkey--come on . . .

You've got a right to know
You've got a right to know
You've got a right to know
You've got a right to believe that there's something more to see

There's a man at the desk who is talking real soft
To a half dozen guys but not a word is lost
The men depart they all know what to do
With a rifle aiming through a clearing in a bush
So close, so close, but no one thinks to look

You've got a right to know
You've got a right to know
You've got a right to know
You've got a right to believe that there's something more to see
Than a big bunch of flowers in a cemetery
So why hold out, come on and give your testimony

On a phone connection on the other side of town
Sits a man with a pencil who doesn't make a sound
He nods his head, the rest is history
But no one knows what's on his mind
Except him and his monkey--come on, come on

When the big man fell with a secret on his lips
So close, so close
'Til the bullet gave his kiss

You've got a right to know
You've got a right to know
You've got a right to know
You've got a right to believe that there's something more to see
Than a big bunch of flowers in a cemetery
So why hold out, come on and give your testimony

On a cool dark night someone's coming down the street . . .