

Wake up, this is not a dream...

Mr. President wake up, this is not a dream...

Mr. President wake up...

Dr. Woofenstein dreams of incredible things in the window  
Hatching shadowy schemes, overthrowing us beings, as he can do

Down in his hole he waits  
and plans with patience  
nobody knows what he sees  
or devises in silence  
it's not a ploy he enjoys  
to retreat to the shadows  
his satellites have gone blind  
but his demons breathe

Dr. Woofenstein dreams of incredible things in the window  
Hatching shadowy schemes, overthrowing us beings, as he can do

His promises are empty  
but full is his mind  
and as the end burneth nigh  
back home he made plenty  
warmed by the fires of his hate  
and the ice in his veins  
and when the earth stops to breathe  
will he rest in peace?

Dr. Woofenstein dreams of incredible things in the window  
Hatching shadowy schemes, overthrowing us beings, as he can do

And will nobody take him for real?  
pull the curtains away to reveal?

La, la, la...

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Hatching shadowy schemes, overthrowing us beings, as he can do  
Dr. Woofenstein dreams of incredible things in the window

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