

Working Undercover For The Man

They Might Be Giants

I've been working hard, trying to sing and play guitar.
Growing out my hair, and practicing my stare.

Paid to fake it in a traveling band,
And I'm working undercover for the man.
Sha-la-la-la-la Sha-la-la-la-la

Planing midnight raids on our unsuspecting fans,
While roadies rig the video surveillance van.

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