

You cut your teeth on the cold war costumes  
But caught your eye on a Lilly-white lullaby of  
red and black collapse  
You mix it up in the church and state dives  
But cut it loose when it's time, it's time, it's time to let it  
go

Check your flag to see which way it blows  
No...  
Lick your finger then you'll really know  
You got a taste for the candy contracts and that's why  
You kiss your wife with a Saccharin sweet smile  
It's red and white polite  
To keep your cool in the hot seat spotlight  
You turn it up: the heat  
The heat is getting close

Check your flag to see which way it blows  
No...  
Lick your finger then you'll really know  
But you won't find out  
Which way the wind really blows  
Until your hand gets caught in the cookie jar