

Too Much Paranoias

Devo

Think I got your dial tone
Think I got Billy Baxter's bone
Think I got a bubble-sac
I think I got a Big Mac attack

Hold the pickles, hold the lettuce
Special orders, don't upset us
All we ask is that you let us
Serve it your way

There's too much paranoias
There's too much paranoias
My momma's afraid to tell me
The things she's afraid of

I been dipped in double meaning
I been stuck with static cling
Think I got a rupto-pac
I think I got a Big Mac attack

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