

## God & The FBI

Janis Ian

Mama's making mimeos  
Pete's on the stereo  
Singing 'bout freedom  
Bugs in the bedroom  
Big investigation  
Be patient  
Bet you didn't know  
You were a danger to the nation  
Search and seizure  
Buy yourself a lawyer  
We know you're a member  
Saw you under cover  
Are you hiding evidence  
None of this makes any sense

They called the FBI  
I had to disappear  
Called the g-men, t-men, see you at the scene men  
Told 'em I was hiding here  
They could fingerprint my heart  
They'd tear my world apart  
'Cause ain't no place for a face to hide  
From god and the FBI

Commies, pinkos  
Reds at the windows  
Foreign agitators  
Running elevators  
J. Edgar hoover in a pink tutu  
Investigating anyone who thinks like you  
Welcome to the fifties  
You look a little shifty

They called the FBI  
I had to disappear  
Called the g-men, t-men, see you at the scene men  
Told 'em I was hiding here  
They could fingerprint my heart  
Tear my world apart  
Ain't no hole for a soul to hide  
From god and the FBI

Stay flat, don't rat  
What's a proletariat  
Stalin was a democrat  
Washington is where it's at  
Every politician  
Is a sewer of ambition  
Hide me, hide you  
Better hide the baby too  
We demand an interview  
How long have you been a jew  
We can make you testify  
Freedom is no alibi

They called the FBI  
I had to disappear

Called the g-men, t-men, see you at the scene men  
Told 'em I was hiding here  
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