

“It’s Insane” by Matt McCabe

I think we’ve got a problem, boys

You see, I’ve got this land

The natives came to settle the land

They worked all day with blistered hands

They lived in shacks and little tents

Until they had a chance for a house and a fence.

All was fine until the fall of ‘72

Now they’re taking the land from me and you.

They raised all the taxes and blocked off some roads

If you try to build a house you gotta break some sort of code.

Is your land in the red, orange or blue?

No matter what you tell them, they’ll say it ain’t true

It’s insane, it’s insane, oh it’s insane

Somebody mention the APA, how much land did you steal today?

Somebody mention the APA, how much land did you steal today?

It’s insane, it’s insane, oh it’s insane

You’ve got twelve educated fools

Trying to tell the farmer how to use his tools

Now the Park ain’t a playground for the city to abuse

That goes for the Adirondack Council too

It’s insane, it’s insane, oh it’s insane

Somebody mention the APA, how much land did you steal today?

It’s insane, it’s insane, oh it’s insane

Harold Jerry's got all his logs cut down

He's got them peeled and laying on the ground

He's gonna stack them one on top of the other

There's gonna be a bedroom for his mother

Insane, it's insane, oh it's insane

Everybody knows,

Somebody mention the APA, how much land did you steal today?

Somebody mention the APA, how much land did you steal today?

It's insane

Another decade has gone by

We're still here in the same old crowd in front of the same old guys

It's insane, it's insane, oh it's insane

Everybody knows

Somebody mention the APA, how much land did you steal today?

Somebody mention the APA, how much land did you steal today?

It's insane, it's insane, oh it's insane