

Exhibit O – Yankovic

I regularly used the word ‘infer’ rather than ‘imply’ at my website: AFAFA.ORG. In fact, I caught the mistake after reading the following lyrics. My sister’s name is Julie. My mother’s name is Janet. Charlize Theron starred in another example of media ‘mockingbird’ that I have noted elsewhere (as, apparently, has Mr. Yankovic). Show me the least shred of evidence, even from the long term surveillance of my thoughts themselves (or of those family members for that matter), that there is any truth to the provocative implications that Mr. ‘Yankovic’ appears to be implying. The simple fact of the matter is that these clowns will say anything at all, as long as they are protected by a self-protecting veil of ambiguity. If that is ‘government work’, then the U.S. needs a new government. At best, it is silly, cruel mind gaming. At worst it is sheer slander. The picture below is from the music video. The cat with dual colored eyes is evidently a ‘sign’ accompanying the induced double vision (diplopia) that I was later subjected to by means still unknown (yes, the sign can precede the effect). The only way that Mr. Yankovic could have known my mother’s name is via surveillance or other ‘government work’. In my opinion, the “big, fat pig” in the room is Mr. Yankovic himself.



"Close But No Cigar" - WEIRD AL YANKOVIC

Jillian was her name
She was sweeter than aspartame
Her kisses reconfigured my DNA
And after that I never was the same

And I loved her even more
Than Marlon Brando loved souffle
She was gorgeous, she was charming
Yeah, she was perfect in every way

Except she was always using the word "infer"
When she obviously meant "imply"
And I know some guys would put up with that kind of thing
But frankly, I can't imagine why

And I told her, I said

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"Hey! Are we playing horseshoes, honey?
No, I don't think we are!
You're close! (Close!)
But no cigar!"

Then I met sweet young **Janet**
Prettiest thing on the planet
Had a body hotter than a habanjero
She had lips like a ripe pomegranate

And I was crazy like Manson about her
She got me all choked up like **Momma** Cass
She had a smile so incredibly radiant
You had to watch it through a piece of smoked glass

I thought after all these years of searching around
I'd found my soulmate finally
But one day I found OUT she actually owned a copy
Of Joe Dirt on DVD

Oh, no! I said
"Hey! Are we lobbing hand grenades, kiddo?
No I don't think we are!
You're close! (Close!)
Oh, so very close! (Close!)
Yeah, baby, you're close! (Close!)
So close!
But no cigar!"

Julie played water polo
She wore a ribbon on her left manolo
She had me sweating like Nixon every time she was near
My heart was beating like a Buddy Rif solo

And she was everything I've dreamed of
She moved right up to #1 on my list
And did I mention she's a world famous billionare
Bikini supermodel astrophysicist

Yeah, she was so pretty she made Charlize Theron
Look like a big fat slobbering pig
The only caveat is one of her earlobes
Was just a little tiny bit too big

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I said, "Hey! Are we doing **government work** here?
No I don't think we are! You're close! (Close!)
So very, very close! (Close!)
Aaw, baby, you're close! (Close!)
So close!
But no cigar!"