

## **Dead Jesus**

### **"Dreadlocks Of The Suburbs"**

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[Jello Biafra:] This is for all you people who like to get away with passing joints around in the front row of the Old Waldorf. What would Heavy Metal magazine think? This is called Dreadlocks of the Suburbs.

Why don't you come to my room  
Had enough of being fucked by business  
Ain't enough to fund my habits  
Looks like alcohol so grab it

Had enough of being uncool  
Loosen up like all the folks do  
Like a lumberjack in my eyes  
Have a bottle or two tonight

And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs  
And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs

Some peyote and ferascas  
And a new Havana philosophy  
I don't know too much about him  
He knows how to make it never-ending

With a stash that's supremo  
He's got any colors going  
I took out an ad in High Times  
Got to keep up with the new world

Because oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs  
And oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs  
And oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs  
Because oh, oh, I'm a Rastafarian

Forget your social status  
Listen up misfit  
We can be so high  
Where you can't say a word  
Because we're so cool, we're someone

Okay, there it is, listen up

Looking through all my pictures  
Especially in the South  
Got a stake in the promised land  
Until my Daddy strikes the gold

And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs  
And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs  
And oh, oh, time for the dreadlocks of the suburbs  
'Cause oh, oh, I want to hold you right now

The more things change, the more they stay the same  
[x4]

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