

## Dead Kennedys "Buzzbomb from Pasadena"

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Let her rip  
Here we go  
Oheey

Buzzbomb, buzzbomb macho mobile  
The road's my slave, that's how I feel  
I cruise alone, I cruise real far  
Shoo young punk, I love my car  
Oh, oh  
Oooh, ohh

Cross Nevada at a hundred and ten  
Highway fifty and there's nobody there  
The sign says, "Next sign thirty miles"

My pension comes each penny saved  
Buys more escape from home  
I'd rather carouse around all day  
Than move into a home

Plow through rest area san o' lets  
Splat goes the lonely salesman  
Still wanking in the men's room

The buzzbomb, buzzbomb tape up loud  
Lawrence Welk cranked up to ten  
Faster, faster in my car  
Oooh, yea

The buzzbomb is my pride and joy  
King of the trailer court  
Waiting for a nice young man  
Who'll love me for my car

Who tells me why I'm cool  
Tells me just what I like  
When I pretend he's here

Oooh

Shred through Palm Springs across the golf course  
Cops 'round here scratching their heads

Flashing sirens, State patrol  
Aa, oh

They're scuffing up the side of my car  
They're shooting out my tyres  
This ain't no way to go to heaven  
Buzzbomb cornered at the seven eleven

Shit  
Damn  
Let go of me motherfucker  
I wanna live by my rules

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