

Dead Kennedys

"Night of The Living Rednecks"

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Ray's guitar broke, no, we won't play 'Rawhide', won't
play anything
We'll play the theme from the Dinah Shore show
Who wants to be Dinah Shore? Who's alter-ego is Dinah
Shore?
Oh, his fists didn't go up so quickly this time
Yawn, yawn, yawn, put them headphones on, it's be-
bop time

I wanna tell you a story about the last time I was in
Portland
The night before we played at the long goodbye
I was walking on the street about 10:30 at night
A lot of people go to bed around here at 10:30 at night
And well, I was walking along

When suddenly these jocks in this bright blue pickup
drove up
It had KC lights, tractor tires, everything but the CB
It was a life-size hot wheels car for some dumb rich kid,
right
Well, they drove up to me and they yelled
What dumb rich kids usually yell, "Hey, fagot"
And showered me with some water

So, I stood there thinking, what a bunch of fuck heads
And picked up a rock
Now, I waited, walked down about a block
To where the Kentucky Fried Chicken is, on Burnside
And sure enough they drove around again
They said, "Hey, fagot, where's the nearest
McDonald's?"
I said, "I don't know" and they squirted me again
So I threw the rock and put a nice-size dent in their
giant hot wheels car

They screeched to a halt in the parking lot of some
department store
Who's name I don't remember, it's up the street from
Fred Meyer
And they got out their clubs and they ran after me,
yelling

"We're gonna kill you, you god damn fagot
We're gonna kill you, you motherfucker"

So I got in a phone booth by the Kentucky Fried Chicken
on Burnside
Held my legs straight out like this
They couldn't open the door to the phone booth
So they began charging the phone booth, beating on it
with their club
Yelling, we're gonna kill you, you motherfucker
We're gonna kill you, you god damn fagot, I just looked
at them

So, there was a crowd gathering by this time
And these kids were standing nearby and they said
"Oh, look at him, he's insane, I thought, ah-shah, here's
my way out
I yelled at them, "Take me to a mental hospital right
away
I wanna be be put away, please put me away
C'mon, call the cops and put me away, please put me
away now"
They said, "Alright, fagot, we're calling the police"

So they called the police, the cop comes out and I go
"Ah, my savior, I'm away from these jocks
He opens up the door, get out of there, you
Throws me up against the car, frisks me
Shoves me in the back, then he goes over to the jocks

"Now what happened here?
It looks like we're going have to take him to jail but
We got to have the full story first"
So the jocks, who had an ace in the hole, ace in the
hole
Take down on the bass, a little bit down on the bass,
yeah
Ace in the hole, they go

"Well, goddammit this motherfucker put a dent in my
truck
A 20,000 dollar truck, right, so I got my club
I went out and I wanted to kill him"
I want to kill him, let me kill him, goddammit, let me kill
him
So the cop made them go home, and he drove me
home
And he confiscated their club and my rock as further
evidence
And I that, so this is Oregon, huh? Tolerant Oregon?

Ray, are you done with your guitar yet?
He isn't done yet, so what else do you want to hear
I'm out of stories That's a true story, too, just ask Bruce
Loose

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