

Dead Kennedys

"Saturday Night Holocaust"

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There's a prefab building and a funny smell
Around the hill, outside of town
Every now and then we wonder
But we shrug our shoulders
And get back to work

There's a railroad there and trains go by
And there's people locked in cattle cars
And have you noticed
The French fries at the A and W?
Taste a little strange?

Go, I drive down to the disco
Pompadour and pink lamme
I bow and blow the doorman
He parts the chain says, "Join the game"

A quick line in the girls room
To the bar for the electrodes
A coin into the right slits
Tape my temple watch me go

Blacks are banned, kept on the records
Oh life's a cabaret
Like Berlin, 1930
All I crave is my escape

Now I want your perfect Barbie doll lips
And I want your perfect Barbie doll eyes
Slip my fingers down your Barbie doll dress
Up and down your spandex ass

If I lit a match for you
You'd melt before my eyes
Come here my pretty glow worm
You look so fine to dance with me

The fly eye lights are throbbin'
I'm burnin' up the floor
Whirlin', twirlin', close my eyes
No faces judgin' me

Now I want your perfect Barbie doll lips
And I want your perfect Barbie doll eyes
Slip my fingers down your Barbie doll dress
Up and down your spandex ass

A Hitler youth in jogging suit
Smiling face banded 'round his arm
Says, "Line up, you've got work to do
We need dog food for the poor"

A scream bleats out, we're herded into lines
Customized vans wait outside
I'm getting scared of my new home
To Auschwitz condominiums we go
Oh, no

Now I want your perfect Barbie doll lips
And I want your perfect Barbie doll eyes
Let my fingers down your dress
One more time

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