

## **Biafra Jello**

### **"Burgers Of Wrath"**

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Jello Biafra)

Crossin' the land

On vacation

Saw lots of families

So much like ours

All they got left

Piled in their cars

Can't get those desperate faces

off our minds

Mm-hm hm-hm hmmmm

But now we're stuck

On that same road

Company shipped our jobs

To Mexico

Soup is good food

You made a good meal

But do't blame us

Blame the Japanese

Hee-hee hee-hee hee-hee

Seasons of rust

Age of decline

Make cars that fall apart  
People get wise  
More sour greaps that never  
Turn into wine  
Just burgers of wrath  
Reached the Northwest  
Ther's nothin' left  
Forest strip-mined away  
The fish are dead  
Executives  
Twist things around  
Got people they wiped out  
All blaming owls  
Hoo-hoo hoo-hoo hoo-hoo  
The ranger says she hates to  
As she kicks us out  
Our 30 days are up  
At this campground  
Tourist yell, "Get a job!"  
There's none around  
Just burgers of wrath  
Par for the curse  
We're on the streets  
Whole family beggin' change  
In Fog City

New job don't mean  
Roof o'er our heads  
Can't save nough  
For first and last month's rent  
Heh-heh heh-heh heh-heh  
Try not to snap  
Don't hit the kids  
It's bad enough  
Growin' up like this  
A stronger space  
Guard shines a light  
We huddle in our locker  
Quiet as mice  
Just like mice  
We've even got  
Tuberculosis on the rise  
Thousand more banks fail  
Yet the crisis is denied  
President says, "Sacrifice..."  
There's no new deal this time  
Just burgers of wrath  
More burgers of wrath

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