

Biafra Jello

"Buy My Snake Oil"

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Jello Biafra)

I'm gettin' tired of being

Legendary and broke

And I'm too damn weird

To hold no straight job

My checkbook's feelin' unfulfilled

Being an old underground die-hard

Won't pay the kids' dental bills

My dad sez I

Gotta learn to compromise

So I figure now's about that time

Now that I've run out of things to say

That alone will make my music pay

Buy my snakeoil

I used to be so angry

I ain't gettin' any younger

Now I'm eager to please

C'mon and buy my snake oil

Til my well runs stinking dr7

I'll be your Rondo Hatton

I'll be your Dwight Frye

Get mighty jealous watchin'
My old roommates gettin' signed
The world owes me a living
I want my taste of the pie
Woh-oh oh-oh
Buy my snake oil
Meet my new band: Tis, Ass and Money
The most deliberately watered down
Meaningless music
I have ever made
Sing about myself 'stead of what's goin' on
Company tells me how my records should sound
Do what my manager tells me to
Every inch a rockin' dude
Random shuffling, same old cards
Bring on the night, she done me wrong
I love my weenie and I love my car
Man it's such hell being a star
I'll tour til you wish I'd go home
Moan about my life on the road
200 overdubs to sound sincere
>From now on every album sleeve's
Just a great big picture of me
Buy my snake oil
Critics cheer how I've matured

Got top management behind me, man

Phone rings like never before

"I grew up on your stuff, man

It means so much to me

I can hear it jinglin' now

In commercials sellin' beer

I got wiggle girl videos

In heavy rotation

If I dye my skin white enoguh

I'll buy me the elephant man"

Woh-oh oh-oh

Buy my snake oil

And remember

You got what you pay for

And if that doesn't work

I got another idea

Now that I've signed on the bottom line

I'll call my music "Alternative" (R)

Same word those lovely people used

To hype the Knack in 1980

Join the

College dollar emo-jangle

Spoiled white music for spoiled white people

Pat those slackers on the head

To stroke and profit off their fears

"Yeh, man, it's OK

Feel sorry for yourself all day
Life sucks 'cos it ain't easy
Happiness should be handed to me..."
Buy my snake oil
Cleansed of vision and sense
I'll bet your bottom dollar
You'll let me get away with this
I'll be your pregnant junkie
Help you sell cigarettes
Or a lonely tortured muscle hunk
That no one understands
Punk without rebellion
We'll call it Grunge (R) for you
I'll dress just like Don Henley
And sing just like him too
Boo hoo-oo hoo hoo-oo-hoo
Boo hoo-oo hoo hoo-oo-hoo
Boo hoo-oo hoo hoo-oo-hoo
Boo hoo-oo hoo hoo-oo-hoo
Down by the stream
Where my babe left me
I stand in my flannel shirt
Looking confused
A voice in the buses
Says, "You got that look..."

I'm from Geffen Records

How'd ou like a million bucks..?!?"

Oh woh woh poor pitiful me

Born white in the world's richest country

I can't have my way, life is so depressing

Nothing's as important as me

And "my" girl

And if that still doesn't work

I got another idea

Give in

Ride the punk nostalgia wave

For all it's worth

Recycle the name of my old band

For a big reunion tour

Sing all those "hits" from the good old days

'Bout how bad the good old days were

And the orthodox

Fudamentalism faction of the crowd

Will say, "Horrory!"

How politically correct

He's quit trying different ideas at last

Obeying the same kind of stodgy rules

Punk used to rebel against

Buy my snake oil

This is all I've got to say

Bought it once, now buy it twice

Repackaged on CD

Yeh, keep on buying my snakeoil

Til my well runs stinking dry

I'll be your institution

Until the day I die

Who cares if inspiration's gone

It's safe in this here stall

I'll give the fans just what they want

And nothing else at all

Woh-oh oh-oh oh

Buy my snake oil

Woh-oh oh-oh oh

Buy buy buy b-b-b-buy buy

My snake oil

And remember

I did it all for the scene

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