

Biafra Jello

"Falling Space Junk"

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WORDS: BIAFRA. MUSIC: NOMEANSNO)

Nuclear satellites

Thrown up in space

Will all burn out some day

Guess where they'll crash

We've been lucky so far

Every toy up there

Is another Chernobyl

Waiting to happen

Why?

Space shuttle blew up again

People drop dead

News says "DON'T WORRY"

Then the truth comes out

Since 1988

Every shuttle in space

Has carried 46

Pounds of plutonium

Why?

I don't know

I'm scared to care

Enough plutonium
That if it blows
The fallout cancer
Could kill 5 billion people
So now it's over
It's really over
Space junk in the street
Irradiated atmosphere
Fallout covers the earth
Greenhouse so hot we fry
Six months, maybe years
We all know we'll die
So - what matters now?
NOTHING matters now
Imagine what would happen
If everyone on earth
Realized this at once
Gonna go loot stores!
Piss anywhere!
Break into peoples houses
Play with their underwear
Strew all my prizes in the street
You can't take it with you
Nothing left to do
But go home

And bolt the doors

Why?

Let's curl up real close

And tell each other

All the things we still don't know

About our lives

Why?

Falling space junk in the streets

Radiation in the air

Nothing left that's safe to eat

The sky is melting

And I want my mommy.

JESUS WAS A TERRORIST

WORDS & MUSIC: BIAFRA

Jesus was a terrorist

Enemy of the state

That's what the Romans labeled him

So he was put to death

He died for his beliefs

What's changed today?

Today bible-thumping cannibals

Reap money from his name

Buy cable networks & power

With old ladies' checks

If Jesus saw Pat Robertson

What do you think he'd say?

Tax-free they re-write our laws
And sick 'em on you
Women don't control their bodies
TV preachers do
Censor everything from bathing suits
To science books
From the schoolroom to the bedroom
They want our thoughts - or else
They treat us like the Romans
Used to treat the Christians
Even some churchgoing folks are scared
Modern catacombs of fear
Built with money, power and threats
Rock'n'roll is labeled porn
Sell a record, you're under arrest
Instead of fighting AIDS
They try to stop us having sex
They brag that they won't quit
Til they take dominion over our lives
Is freedom of speech such a terrorist act
Is spiritual peace such a satanic threat
Believe what you want
But we'll fight to keep
Our heads from being cemented in your sand

