

Cage f/ Jello Biafra "Grand Ol' Party Crash"

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(That music makes you feel downright patriotic,
doesn't it?)

[Jello Biafra as the Dubya]

Our nation must come together to unite
I know that human beings and fish can coexist
peacefully
Nobody needs to tell me what I believe
But I do need somebody to tell me where Kosovo is
The illiteracy level of our children are appalling

(Beware, I live)

[Cage]

I wake up to a caffeine, cigarette vaccine
Then bathe in water I wouldn't drink before gasoline
Feel like a loser 'cause I'm not in Fallujah
Painting a land cruiser with an iraqi then taking his
ruger
No M-16 to give me a callus
Inhuman super malice for GOB uber alles
Baby suicide bombers hurdle suitcases in a nursery
I'm in a deli eating tuna, tasting the mercury
Then try to wash it down with a two dollar bottle of
water
Get on the train and think of terrorists with box cutters
Gun concealer 'cause I see a realer reality
And what I breathe through my nasal cavities, killing
my batteries
Bombs in the metropolis, out all eye sockets
Esophagus melted out some shite group will get their
props for this
Look, I need petro for my Mercedes
But I'm not trying to kneel or die for emperor Cheney
Maybe I'm crazy but I will not just follow the herd
Unless, of course, it's en route to lynch Mike
Bloomberg
Being pimped by a gas pump and all its Saudi
members
Are like "fuck you!" with New York's two middle fingers
If the opposite of pro is a con then look beyond this

The opposite of congress must be progress
What if the second coming's aborted and put in the dirt
I still don't know what to wear with this orange alert

(Run, coward)

[Jello Biafra as the Dubya]

I was proud the other day when both republicans and
democrats
Stood with me in the Rose Garden to announce their
support
for a clearer statement of purpose: you disarm, or we
will

[Cage]

American flags fly, moral's high
A unit of twenty or so repelling apaches in the sky
Into a village of killers, little Jimmy from Jackson
Mississippi, just graduated and seeing action
M-16 locked, loaded and spitting properly
Whoever's in that line of fire - chest full of democracy!
Turn the corner, team leader, neck up, the nose gone
Blown off, this is not PS2's Soccom
Jimmy stays so calm, shoots, count nothing
Riddled in his back answers come flying out his
stomach
Face down, then it's face up in a bed, almost dead
Eyes slowly open, IV bags and no legs
A couple sandwiches and some bloody bandages
In a room full of amputee GI amateurs
He gets the word that his unit didn't make it
Got a free ticket home but flat lined before he got to
take it

[Jello Biafra as the Dubya]

We're certain there are people that can't stand what
America stands for
We're certain there are madmen in this world
And there's terror, and there's missiles
And I'm certain of this too

(I hunger)

[Cage]

Cops tape the scene up, gunner downs 9
They're chasing away kids playing hop-scotch in this
chalk outline
Two F-16's, screech an iridescent sky
Look down, we're not in Iraq, we're in N.Y.
Rats in the streets, we move underground like
earthworms

Two coasts couldn't abort Satan in his first term
The army in the subway, walking with toolies
I'm on the train with the back of the dollar bill still
talking to me
Drive with my left, I know what's right - my weapon
hand
Like the map of DC streets still shows a pentagram
License on the car window when I pass through
You've seen the news, no joke, New York pig
department will blast you
My Weathermen party is invite only, soldier
'Cause with one wave of King G. Dub's scepter it's over
The right to assemble puts the bearous team on you
Look into my file and nod to this while Jello screams on
you

[Jello Biafra as the Dubya]

By our efforts we have lit a fire in the minds of men
It warms those who feel its power, it burns those who
fight its progress
And one day this untamed fire of freedom will reach
the darkest corners of our world
It is the policy of the United States to seek and support
the growth
Of democratic movements and institutions in every
nature and culture
With the ultimate goal of ending tyranny in our world
Except right here at home! Hee-hee-hee-hee!
Yee-Haw!
Don't mess with Texas! (x4)
Connie...Connie, give me some pretzels
Mommy, mommy, give me that bible
Give me that bible with the pages cut out and it got that
cocaine in it
C'mon, c'mon, don't mess with Texas!
snorting sounds
I'll fuck anything that moves!

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