

Kennedys Dead

"A Growing Boy Needs His Lunch"

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words: Biafra, music: Biafra/Ray/Flouride/Peligro

In lonely gas stations with mini-marts

You'll find rows of them for sale

Liquor-filled statues of Elvis Presley

Drink like a vampire

His disciples flock to such a fitting shrine

Sprawled across from his graceless mansion

A shopping mall

Filled with prayer rugs and Elvis dolls

And I wonder

Yeah I wonder

Will Elvis take the place of Jesus in a thousand years

Religious wars

Barbaric laws

Bloodshed worldwide

Over what's left of his myth

A growing boy needs his lunch

When pesticides get banned we're safe up north

We just sell them to those other countries

Soon there's lots of exotic deformed babies

Somehow that's not our fault

Just dip 'em in glaze paint 'em orange and green
For the Arizona roadside stands
To sell alongside plaster burros and birthbaths
And I wonder
Yeah I wonder
Why so many insects around us feed off the dead
Death squads
Starvation
Foreign aid?
Just leave it to the magic of the marketplace
A growing boy needs his lunch
Everyone should just love each other
Dip your toe into the fire
Drop your guns and lawsuits and love each other
Life begins beyond the bunker
And while you're busy hugging in the streets
Outgrowing your hatred for all to feel
Jiminy Cricket's found a game to play
Stick your neck out and trust--It'll be chopped away
Jimmy through your locked front doors
Rifle through your sacred drawers
Line my pockets
Deface your dreams
Til the cows come home to me
Nibbling like an earwig winding through your brain

Bound like Lawrence Harvey spreadeagle to a bed

The migraine gets worse when we find out we lay eggs

And no one in all of Borneo can hear you scream

Turn on

Tune in

Cop out

Drop kick Turn in Tune out

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