

Kennedys Dead

"Chemical Warfare"

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Words and Music by Biafra

Down at the arsenal they keep the nerve gasses

Guarded day and night by caged white rabbits

Been sitting there for years

I'm gonna have at it

I cut through the fence, run right in, and grab it

Go crazy crazy crazy crazy ...

Now I got my own mustard gas in my pocket

Climb on a tree on a branch

On a country club full of Saturday golfers

So I can watch them die chokin' shakin'in convulsions

Go crazy crazy crazy crazy

Crazy crazy crazy crazy ...

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Panic in the air

See the headless chickens runnin'

Golf carts head on crashin'

Crackin'heads wide open

Scratch the grass, mister, you can't breath

And roll and writhe in a sandtrap

Starting to heave

Claw those clubs, lemme see you seethe

Crazy Crazy Crazy Crazy

Chemical Warfare

Warfare Warfare

Yellow air

Yellow clouds

Blowin' down down down the fairway

Sensitive to the touch

Mowin' down the putting green

Heading straight for the big clubhouse

Where the stuffed country club ladies, so carefree

Relax, pose by the pool

Limber limp with a dry martini

Until

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