

Kennedys Dead

"Holiday In Cambodia"

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So you've been to school for a year or two

And you know you've seen it all

In daddy's car thinkin' you'll go far

Back east you type don't crawl

Play ethnicky jazz to parade your snazz

On you five grand stereo

Braggin' that you know how the niggers feel the cold

And the slum's got so much soul

It's time to taste what you most fear

Right Guard will not help you here

Brace yourself, my dear

Brace yourself, my dear

It's a holiday in Cambodia

It's tough kid, but it's life

It's a holiday in Cambodia

Don't foget to pack a wife

You're a star-belly sneech you suck like a leech

You want everyone to act like you

Kiss ass while you bitch so you can get rich

But your boss gets richer off you

Well you'll work harder with a gun in your back

For a bowl of rice a day
Slave for soldiers 'til you starve
Then you head is skewered on a stake
Now you can go where people are one
Now you can go where they get things done
What you need, my son...
What you need, my son...
Is a holiday in Cambodia
Where people dress in black
A holiday in Cambodia
Where you'll kiss ass or crack
Pol Pot,
Pol Pot,
Pol Pot,
Pol Pot etc.
And it's a holiday in Cambodia
Where you'll what you're told
A holiday in Cambodia
Where the slum's got so much soul

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