

Kennedys Dead

"Hop With The Jet Set"

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I say, come on!

To pleasure unknown

Where we fly to when we are all bored

C'mon for the ride

And hop with the jet set tonight

We'll sun ourselves red down in Montego Bay

Hotel-hired guards keep the natives away

We wanna save the whales

We'll go watch them feed,

Buzz around them in boats

'Til they won't breed

Just here for the ride

Then we hop wit the jet set tonight

check out them Indians' ancestral art

Some of that would look cute up on our walls

Yeah, suit it just fine

When you hop with the jet set tonight

We'll hire out some poachers to go steel their dolls

Who cares if they're sacred-they look awful cute

National Geographic found a stone age tribe

Let's feed them their first hot dogs on film

Won't that be a prize

To show the jet set tonight

"Aren't they cute, aren't they pure..."

Muse subscribers back home

Next weekend the junta exterminates them

Back home by the sea at our outdoor cafe

Our chameleon tongues catch the flies in the air

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