

## Kennedys Dead

### "Pull My Strings"

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I'm tired of self-respect

I can't afford a car

I wanna be a prefab superstar

I wanna be a tool

Don't need no soul

Wanna make big money

Playing rock and roll

I'll make my music boring

I'll play my music slow

I ain't no artist I'm a businessman

No ideas of my own

I won't offend

Or rock the boat

Just sex and drugs

And rock and roll

Drool, drool, drool, drool, drool (etc.)

My payola!

Drool, drool, drool, drool, drool (etc.)

My payola!

You'll pay ten bucks to see me

On a fifteen foot high stage

Fatass bouncers kick the shit  
Out of kids who try to dance  
If my friends say  
I've lost my guts  
I'll laugh and say  
That's rock and roll  
But there's just one problem...  
Is my cock big enough  
Is my brain small enough  
For you to make me a star  
Give me a toot,  
I'll sell you my soul  
Pull my strings and I'll go far  
And when I'm rich  
And meet Bob Hope  
We'll shoot some golf  
And shoot some dope  
Is my cock big enough  
Is my brain small enough  
For you to make me a star  
Give me a toot,  
I'll sell you my soul  
Pull my strings and I'll go far

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