

Kennedys Dead

"Saturday Night Holocaust"

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There's a prefab building and a funny smell

Around the hill outside of town

Every now and then we wonder

But we shrug our shoulders

And get back to work...

There's a railroad there and trains go by

And there's people locked in cattle cars

And have you noticed

The french fries at the A&W

Taste a little strange?

I drive down to the disco

Pompadour and pink lamme

I bow and blow the doorman

He parts the chain, says join the game

A quick line in the girls' room

To the bar for the electrodes

A coin into the right slit

Tape my temple, watch me go

Blacks are banned, 'cept on the records

O' life's a cabaret

Like Berlin, 1930

All I crave is my escape
Now I want your perfect Barbie-doll lips
And I want your perfect Barbie-doll eyes
Slip my fingers down your Barbie-doll dress
Up and down your Spandex ass
If I lit a match to you
You'd melt before my eyes
C'mere my pretty glow-worm
You look so fine to dance with me
The fly-eye lights a-throbbin'
I'm burning up the floor
Whirling twirling
Close my eyes
No faces judging me
But I want your perfect Barbie-doll lips
And I want your perfect Barbie-doll eyes
Slip my fingers down your Barbie-doll dress
Up and down your Spandex ass
A Hitler youth in jogging suit
Smiling face banded 'round his arm
Says 'Line up, you've got work to do
We need dog food for the poor'
A scream bleats out, we're herded into lines
Customized vans wait outside
I'm getting scared of my new home

To Auschwitz Condominiums we go

Oh no

But I want your perfect Barbie-doll lips

And I want your perfect Barbie-doll eyes

Let my fingers down your dress

One more time

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