

Kennedys Dead

"Stars And Stripes Of Corruption"

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words: Biafra, music: Biafra/Ray/Flouride/Peligro

Finally got to Washington in the middle of the night

I couldn't wait

I headed straight for the Capitol Mall

My heart began to pound

Yahoo! It really exists

The American International Pictures logo

I looked up at the Capitol Building

Couldn't help but wonder why

I felt like saying "Hello, old friend"

Walked up the hill to touch it

Then I unzipped my pants

And pissed on it when nobody was looking

Like a great eternal Klansman

With his two flashing red eyes

Turn around he's always watching

The Washington monument pricks the sky

With flags like pubic hair ringed 'round the bottom

The symbols of our heritage

Lit up proudly in the night

Somehow fits to see the homeless people

Passed out on the lawn
So this is where it happens
The power games and bribes
All lobbying for a piece of ass
Of the stars and stripes of corruption
Makes me feel so ashamed
To be an American
When we're too stuck up to learn from our mistakes
Trying to start another Viet Nam
Like fiddling while Rome burns at home
The Boss says, "You're laid off. Blame the Japanese"
"America's back," alright
At the game it plays the worst
Strip mining the world like a slave plantation
No wonder others hate us
And the Hitlers we handpick
To bleed their people dry
For our evil empire
The drug we're fed
To make us like it
Is God and country with a band
People we know who should know better
Howl, "America riles. Let's go to war!"
Business scams are what's worth dying for
Are the Soviets our worst enemy?

We're destroying ourselves instead
Who cares about our civil rights
As long as I get paid?
The blind Me-Generation
Doesn't care if life's a lie
so easily used, so proud to enforce
The stars and stripes of corruption
Let's bring it all down!
Tell me who's the real patriots
The Archie Bunker slobs waving flags?
Or the people with the guts to work
For some real change
Rednecks and bombs don't make us strong
We loot the world, yet we can't even feed ourselves
Our real test of strength is caring
Not the toys of war we sell the world
Just carry on, thankful to be farmed like worms
Old glory for a blanket
As you suck on your thumbs
Real freedom scares you
'Cos it means responsibility
So you chicken out and threaten me
Saying, "Love it or leave it"
I'll get beat up if I criticize it
You say you'll fight to the death
To save your worthless flag

If you want a banana republic that bad
Why don't you go move to one
But what can just one of us do?
Against all that money and power
Trying to crush us into roaches?
We don't destroy society in a day
Until we change ourselves first
From the inside out
We can start by not lying so much
And treating other people like dirt
It's easy not to base our lives
On how much we can scam
And you know
It feels good to lift that monkey off our backs
I'm thankful I live in a place
Where I can say the things I do
Without being taken out and shot
So I'm guard against the goons
Trying to take my rights away
We've got to rise above the need for cops and laws
Let kids learn communication
Instead of schools pushing competition
How about more art and theater instead of sports?
People will always do drugs
Let's legalize them

Crime drops when the mob can't price them

Budget's in the red?

Let's tax religion

No one will do it for us

We'll just have to fix ourselves

Honesty ain't all that hard

Just put Rambo back inside your pants

Causing trouble for the system is much more fun

Thank you for the toilet paper

But your flag is meaningless to me

Look around, we're all people

Who needs countries anyway?

Our land I love it too

I think I love it more than you

I care enough to fight

The stars and stripes of corruption

Let's bring it all down!

If we don't try

If we just lie

If we can't find

A way to do it better than this

Who will?

DEADKENNEDYS

JELLO BIAFRA D. H. PELIGRO

Vocals Drums & Vocals

KLAUS FLOURIDE EAST BAY RAY

Bass & Vocals Guitar, Synthesizer,

and 12-string Electric Bellzouki

Produced by Jello Biafra

Engineered by John Cuniberti

Mixed by Cuniberti and Biafra

Recorded at Hyde St. Studios, San Francisco

Please send: Letters, Information requests (SASE
please),

recordings, artwork, or weird newsphotos and
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