

Kennedys Dead

"This Could Be Everywhere"

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words: Biafra

music: Ray/Biafra/Flouride/Peligro

Cold concrete apartments

Rise up from wet black asphalt

Below them a few carcasses

Of the long gone age of privacy

It takes a scary kind of illness

To design a place like this for pay

Downtown's an endless generic mall

Of video games and fast food chains

One by one

The little houses are bricked up and condemned

A subtle hint to move

Before the rats move in

This could be anywhere

This could be everywhere

Those new kids at school seem cool

But dad says not to talk to them

Stick to your old friends

They're not our kind

So now there's lots of fights

So many people I know
Come of age tense and bitter-eyed
Can't create so they just destroy
C'mon!
Let's set someone's dog on fire
Empty plastic
Culture slum suburbia
Is a war zone now
Sprouting the kinds of gangs
We thought we'd left behind
This could be anywhere
This could be everywhere
Kids at school are taking sides
Along color and uniform lines
My dad's gone and bought a gun
He says he's fed up
With crime in this town
This could be anywhere
This could be everywhere
This could be anywhere
This could be everywhere
Anywhere
Everywhere
I hope I'm gone before it explodes
I linger late at night

Waiting for the bus
No amount of neon jazz
Could hide the oozing vibes of death
My dad's a vigilante now
He's bringing home these weird-ass friends
Like the guy who fires blanks at his TV
When Kojak's on
Or the guy who shows off his submachine gun
To his sixteen-year-old daughter's friends
Whose sense of pride and hope
Is being in the police reserve
This could be anywhere
This could be everywhere--Everywhere

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