

Dead Kennedys, Chicken Farm

Another rainy morning mingling at the market
Bartering for food for another day
Rifle shots ring out behind the crumbling buildings
Executions have begun

Sprawled in the square are today's broken bodies
Lots to pick clean if you're first and quick
Rift through their pockets, peel off their clothes
To wear or sell when you wash out the blood

Run my little brother
Run to the chicken farm
Opportunity is calling
You might even find a watch

We're going down
To the chicken farm

Napalm rains no more
But the war goes on
Little brother died playing at the dump today
He found a new toy and held it up proud
Then it blew him to bits

How many more children
Will be killed or die at birth
Deformed by Agent Orange
In our food chain forever more
We're going down
To the chicken farm

This time we'll buy our way out
I've got a plan; you wait and see
I smuggled you this map

In the gash I sliced in my thigh
I hope I'm there to join you, love
We're blown to bits one by one in this camp
We crawl shaking through the fields at gunpoint all day
To defuse leftover landmines by hand

We shiver on the deck and stiffen for the worst
If the pirates come around we might as well be dead
We'll be thrown in the sea
Or butchered if we're women

All in the name of gold
One foot in a land we can barely understand
Can't speak the tongue of Yankee hospitality
Our kids at school get beat up
To the tune of "Boat people, go home"

Sliced with a machete
From the breast of our homeland
Our new world tries to spit us out
But it sure beats the chicken farm