

Dead Kennedys, Hyperactive Child

I'm tired of kissin' ass
I can't sit still all day
You know I know your school's a lie
That's why you dragged me here

You're a hyperactive child
You're disruptive, you're too wild
We're going to calm you down
Now this won't hurt a bit

Drag me to the floor
Pullin' down my pants
Ram a needle up my butt
Put my brain into a trance

No more hyperactive child
Got too much of a mind
Wouldn't you rather be happy?
Now this won't hurt a bit

Cameras in the halls
No windows, just brick walls
Pledge allegiance to a flag
Now you will obey