

Dead Kennedys, Saturday Night Holocaust

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 lamm
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 slits
Tape my temple watch me go

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 for 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 are 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

Now I want your perfect Barbie-doll lips
And I want your perfect Barbie-doll eyes
Let my fingers down your dress
One more time