

Electric Six, Jimmy Carter

Like Jimmy Carter, like electric underwear
Like any idea that never had a chance to go anywhere
This is who you are
Hey, celebrity who drives off a bridge in a car
Your beautiful body filling up with water

Like Harry Truman dropping bombs out of the air
Like any self-respecting multi-billionaire
This is who you are
Five dancing teenage boys who sing their way into our hearts
Backstreet's back, alright

And there's a toxic cloud hanging over her
And there's white noise on the screen
And there's a man in a hotel room assaulting a maid who just came to clean
Up the mess
Backstreet's back, alright

Like Ronald Reagan falling asleep for ever more
Dreaming of horses and dreaming of nuclear war
This is where we are tonight
Everybody under surveillance from a satellite
You could be the first one on your block to die

And there's a plague of locusts upon us
And there's a nightmare in the swarm
And there's a lion out in the desert slouching towards Bethelhem to be born..again
Backstreets back alright.....alright.