

# Lard, Bozo Skeleton

(Lyrics: Jeff Ward & Biafra)

Here today, gone tomorrow

Don't need my self remembered

But what I help create and leave behind

Is important to me

To dent the comfortably numb

With constructive satire

Make my life one big prank

On a society I hate

All that we are when we're on a stage

Is vaudeville jester for a day

As an old proverb says

"If every fool wore a crown, we should all be king"

My license to make fun of everyone

Comes from knowing I'm the biggest joke of all

Read a headline the other day

Clown dies from a pie in the face

Can't be on stage all the time

The public image could swallow my life

Living up to your own myth's no fun

Drives our best talents nuts

Bozo skeleton

Bozo skeleton

Bozo skeleton

Where can I go to be me?

Washington Stepford wives

Think we'd be Stepford children

If they could do away

With the music we love the most

Lyrics warp your children's minds

- Just a minute now, that's our job -

Your worst enemy's your own kids

Don't talk with them, buy our lies instead

Don't wanna hear Lee Atwater sing the blues

Got a right to sing my way too

Gagging those who tell it like it is

Won't make the problems go away

C'mon get the skeletons out of the closet

We're all clowns in one form or another

If we weren't hung up minding peoples' private lives

We might not be so afraid of ourselves

All kinds of drugs get fed into our heads

Who are you to legislate what's best

Never heard my music or read all the words

Is it my heart they want to ban

Bozo skeleton

Bozo skeleton

Bozo skeleton

Where can I go to be me?