

Voltaire, Bomb New Jersey

There's a magical land I know
A place where I grew up
And I'd make a deal with the devil himself
To see that place blown up

There in that interesting land I know
Where no one has a brain
They all wear jeans that are acid washed
And yet they think im insane

I would get down on my knees and service the Japanese
Till i reek of old sushi, but please
Bomb New Jersey
I would happily kowtow to my new leader Chairman Mao
I would even learn Chinese, just please Bomb New Jersey

I would go tell Jong Il Kim that they're making fun of him
In a kimchi-hating town that's known as New Jersey Better yet I've got a plan, I will convince Pakistan
That India can be found somewhere in new Jersey

New Jersey is the place where i grew up
They pelted me with rocks and garbage
I guess it's tough to be a fruit in the Garden State
And if you have a sexy girlfriend then they're doubly irate

I would climb a rocky crag and plant a Russian flag
On a smoldering hole once known
As New Jersey
Oh, it would be a tragic loss if both Bon Jovi and The Boss
Are somewhere out of state when the Danes nuke New Jersey

It's a place named after a sweatshirt
So what more can you expect sir?
And if you try to express your individuality
They will throw you to the ground
And they'll kick you in the teeth
Like they did to me

The bombs come down on Morris Town
And Trenton's up in flames
Newark we drowned, then burnt it down
But Elizabeth still smells the same
Many butts will breach on Marmanth beach
We'll erase Orange from site

But before I leave this land I loathe
I bid New Jersey Goodnight