

# 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