

# Busdriver, Kill Your Employer (Recreational Paranoia)

With long armpit hair  
Sticking out like a sore thumb, smelling like dinosaur dung  
These hippies are holier than thou at poorly attended peace marches holding cold veggie dogs  
I'm not your homie or pen pal though I unload ink cartridges as Red State demigods  
Cause smearing a salad on a SUV cant  
Save the black faces at the refugee camp  
There is your sterling Sputnik  
To compliment your unfurling drug fix  
Youve been hoodwinked the secret brotherhood winks as your heroes push it with a  
Branded buttocks  
Now he's an action-pose doll  
Clad in the latest fashion faux-pas  
Just another rapping know-it-all trying to de-politicize those big business ties  
Let me guess, youre a macrobiotic cuisine prep-cook  
With a text book liberal outlook in an oppressed nook  
Couch surfing, but your dads got employment history at Halliburton  
While you dress like wild mermen

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Is the sport of now, so  
Kill your employer  
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Riddled with neo-expressionism omitted words and arty erasure  
You pass out your Green Party favor  
Smoking on cush-hash algae at the Bush-bash rally  
Mocking army brigade verve  
Bar-b-qing sorts of meat substitutes  
Arguing at your bleak study group  
Shunning pop art in your turtle-neck  
Shopping carts with turbo jets  
Write Red Cross personal checks  
Yet no relief monies are en route  
You exchange wistful ki-bi-bos while they prep the missile silos  
And Ill fortify the Lefts patron saint  
With anti-war cries and face paint  
When the GOP appoints a man in tights to read protestors their Miranda rights  
This is an anger pact, a teen scratch post  
That boast a paperback zine pathos  
Unsheathe the saber says thee blasphemers acting coach  
And torment the Scientologist at the Cineplex  
They are bonafide clansmen in dinner dress  
Giving your art loft undertows the thumb and nose

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I don't join the ranks of ordinary men, uh-huh  
I burn flags not oil reserves, uh-huh  
I'm no ex-football player Iraqi combatant, uh-huh  
Who the fuck do you think youre talking to, uh-huh  
I don't join the ranks of ordinary men, uh-huh  
I burn flags not oil reserves, uh-huh  
I'm no ex-football player Iraqi combatant, uh-huh  
Who the fuck do you think youre talking to, uh-huh  
It's me fucker, uh-huh  
It's me