

# Dead Kennedys, A Growing Boy Needs His Lunch

In lonely gas stations with mini-marts  
You'll find rows of them for sale  
Liquor-filled statues of Elvis Presley  
Drink like a vampire

His disciples flock to such a fitting shrine  
Sprawled across from his graceless mansion  
A shopping mall  
Filled with prayer rugs and Elvis dolls

And I wonder  
Yeah I wonder  
Will Elvis take the place of Jesus in a thousand years

Religious wars  
Barbaric laws  
Bloodshed worldwide  
Over what's left of his myth

A growing boy needs his lunch

When pesticides get banned we're safe up north  
We just sell them to those other countries  
Soon there's lots of exotic deformed babies  
Somehow that's not our fault

Just dip 'em in glaze paint 'em orange and green  
For the Arizona roadside stands  
To sell alongside plaster burros and birthbaths

And I wonder  
Yeah I wonder  
Why so many insects around us feed off the dead

Death squads  
Starvation  
Foreign aid?  
Just leave it to the magic of the marketplace

A growing boy needs his lunch

Everyone should just love each other  
Dip your toe into the fire  
Drop your guns and lawsuits and love each other  
Life begins beyond the bunker

And while you're busy hugging in the streets  
Outgrowing your hatred for all to feel  
Jiminy Cricket's found a game to play  
Stick your neck out and trust it'll be chopped away

Jimmy through your locked front doors  
Rifle through your sacred drawers  
Line my pockets  
Deface your dreams  
Til the cows come home to me

Nibbling like an earwig winding through your brain  
Bound like Lawrence Harvey spreadeagle to a bed  
The migraine gets worse when we find out we lay eggs  
And no one in all of Borneo can hear you scream

Turn on  
Tune in

Cop out

Drop kick Turn in Tune out