## Dead Kennedys, Chemical Warfare

Down at the arsenal they keep the nerve gases Guarded day and night by caged white rabbits Been sitting there for years, now I'm gonna have at it I cut through the fence, run right in, and grab it Go crazy

Now I got my own mustard gas in my pocket Climb on a tree on a branch and drop it On a country club full of Saturday golfers So I can watch them die Chokin', shakin' in convulsions Go crazy

Chemical warfare
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Chemical warfare warfare warfare

Panic in the air, see the headless chickens runnin' Golf carts head on crashin', crackin' heads wide open Scratch the grass, mister, you can't breathe And roll and writhe in a sandtrap, starting to heave Claw those clubs, lemme see you seethe Go crazy

Yellow air Yellow clouds Blowin' down down down the fairway Sensitive to the touch Mowin' down down the putting green Heading straight for the big clubhouse

Where the stuffed country club ladies, so carefree Relax, pose by the pool Limber limp with a dry martini Until...

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