

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
Chemical warfare
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...

Chemical warfare
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