

Dead Kennedys, Dreadlocks Of The Suburbs

[Jello Biafra:] This is for all you people who like to get away with passing joints around in the front r

Why don't you come to my room
Had enough of being fucked by business
Ain't enough to fund my habits
Looks like alcohol so grab it

Had enough of being uncool
Loosen up like all the folks do
Like a lumberjack in my eyes
Have a bottle or two tonight

And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs
And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs

Some peyote and ferascas
And a new Havana philosophy
I don't know too much about him
He knows how to make it never-ending

With a stash that's supremo
He's got any colors going
I took out an ad in High Times
Got to keep up with the new world

Because oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs
And oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs
And oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs
Because oh, oh, I'm a Rastafarian

Forget your social status
Listen up misfit
We can be so high
Where you can't say a word
Because we're so cool, we're someone

Okay, there it is, listen up

Looking through all my pictures
Especially in the South
Got a stake in the promised land
Until my Daddy strikes the gold

And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs
And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs
And oh, oh, time for the dreadlocks of the suburbs
'Cause oh, oh, I want to hold you right now

The more things change, the more they stay the same [x4]