

# Dead Kennedys, Holiday In Cambodia

So you been to school  
For a year or two  
And you know you've seen it all  
In daddy's car  
Thinkin' you'll go far  
Back east your type don't crawl

Play ethnicky jazz  
To parade your snazz  
On your five grand stereo  
Braggin' that you know  
How the niggers feel cold  
And the slums got so much soul

It's time to taste what you most fear  
Right Guard will not help you here  
Brace yourself, my dear  
Brace yourself, my dear

It's a holiday in Cambodia  
It's tough, kid, but it's life  
It's a holiday in Cambodia  
Don't forget to pack a wife

You're a star-belly sneech  
You suck like a leach  
You want everyone to act like you  
Kiss ass while you bitch  
So you can get rich  
But your boss gets richer off you

Well you'll work harder  
With a GUN in your back  
For a bowl of rice a day  
Slave for soldiers  
Till you starve  
Then your head is skewered on a stake

Now you can go where people are one  
Now you can go where they get things done  
What you need, my son  
What you need, my son

It's a holiday in Cambodia  
Where people dress in black  
A holiday in Cambodia  
Where you'll kiss ass or crack

Pol Pot, Pol Pot, Pol Pot, Pol Pot,  
Pol Pot, Pol Pot, Pol Pot, Pol Pot...

And it's a holiday in Cambodia  
Where you'll do what you're told  
A holiday in Cambodia  
Where the slums got so much soul

Pol Pot!