

# Dead Kennedys, Hop With The Jet Set

I say, come on!  
To pleasures unknown  
Where we fly to when we are all bored  
C'mon for the ride  
And hop with the jet set tonight

We'll sun ourselves red down in Montego Bay  
Hotel-hired guards keep the natives away

We wanna save the whales  
We'll go watch them feed,  
Buzz around them in boats  
'Til they won't breed  
Just here for the ride  
Then we hop with the jet set tonight

Check out them Indians' ancestral art  
Some of that would look cute up on our walls  
Yeah, suit it just fine  
When you hop with the jet set tonight

We'll hire out some poachers to go steel their dolls  
Who cares if they're sacred they look awful cute

National Geographic found a stone age tribe  
Let's feed them their first hot dogs on film  
Won't that be a prize  
To show the jet set tonight

"Aren't they cute, aren't they pure"  
Muse subscribers back home  
Next weekend the junta exterminates them

Back home by the sea at our outdoor cafe  
Our chameleon tongues catch the flies in the air