

Jello Biafra & Mojo Nixon With The Toadliquors, E

I'm gettin' tired of being
Legendary and broke
And I'm too damn weird
To hold no straight job
My checkbook's feelin' unfulfilled
Being an old underground die-hard
Won't pay the kids' dental bills

My dad sez I
Gotta learn to compromise
So I figure now's about that time
Now that I've run out of things to say
That alone will make my music pay

Buy my snakeoil
I used to be so angry
I ain't gettin' any younger
Now I'm eager to please

C'mon and buy my snake oil
Til my well runs stinking dr7
I'll be your Rondo Hatton
I'll be your Dwight Frye
Get mighty jealous watchin'
My old roommates gettin' signed
The world owes me a living
I want my taste of the pie

Woh-oh oh-oh
Buy my snake oil

Meet my new band: Tis, Ass and Money
The most deliberately watered down
Meaningless music
I have ever made
Sing about myself 'stead of what's goin' on
Company tells me how my records should sound
Do what my manager tells me to
Every inch a rockin' dude

Random shuffling, same old cards
Bring on the night, she done me wrong
I love my weenie and I love my car
Man it's such hell being a star
I'll tour til you wish I'd go home
Moan about my life on the road
200 overdubs to sound sincere
>From now on every album sleeve's
Just a great big picture of me

Buy my snake oil
Critics cheer how I've matured
Got top management behind me, man
Phone rings like never before

"I grew up on your stuff, man
It means so much to me
I can hear it jinglin' now
In commercials sellin' beer
I got wiggle girl videos
In heavy rotation
If I dye my skin white enoguh
I'll buy me the elephant man"

Woh-oh oh-oh
Buy my snake oil

And remember
You got what you pay for

And if that doesn't work
I got another idea
Now that I've signed on the bottom line
I'll call my music "Alternative" (R)
Same word those lovely people used
To hype the Knack in 1980

Join the
College dollar emo-jangle
Spoiled white music for spoiled white people
Pat those slackers on the head
To stroke and profit off their fears
"Yeh, man, it's OK
Feel sorry for yourself all day
Life sucks 'cos it ain't easy
Happiness should be handed to me..."

Buy my snake oil
Cleansed of vision and sense
I'll bet your bottom dollar
You'll let me get away with this

I'll be your pregnant junkie
Help you sell cigarettes
Or a lonely tortured muscle hunk
That no one understands
Punk without rebellion
We'll call it Grunge (R) for you
I'll dress just like Don Henley
And sing just like him too

Boo hoo-oo hoo hoo-oo-hoo
Boo hoo-oo hoo hoo-oo-hoo
Boo hoo-oo hoo hoo-oo-hoo
Boo hoo-oo hoo hoo-oo-hoo

Down by the stream
Where my babe left me
I stand in my flannel shirt
Looking confused
A voice in the buses
Says, "You got that look...
I'm from Geffen Records
How'd ou like a million bucks..?!?"

Oh woh woh poor pitiful me
Born white in the world's richest country
I can't have my way, life is so depressing
Nothing's as important as me
And "my" girl

And if that still doesn't work
I got another idea

Give in
Ride the punk nostalgia wave
For all it's worth
Recycle the name of my old band
For a big reunion tour

Sing all those 'hits' from the good old days
'Bout how bad the good old days were

And the orthodox
Fundamentalism faction of the crowd
Will say, 'Horrory!'
How politically correct
He's quit trying different ideas at last
Obeying the same kind of stodgy rules
Punk used to rebel against

Buy my snake oil
This is all I've got to say
Bought it once, now buy it twice
Repackaged on CD

Yeh, keep on buying my snakeoil
Til my well runs stinking dry
I'll be your institution
Until the day I die
Who cares if inspiration's gone
It's safe in this here stall
I'll give the fans just what they want
And nothing else at all

Woh-oh oh-oh oh
Buy my snake oil
Woh-oh oh-oh oh
Buy buy buy b-b-b-buy buy
My snake oil

And remember
I did it all for the scene