

# Gogogo!

## Count Zero

Come on down  
To the Bikini Machine  
Where the Teacher DJ  
Spins the hits so clean  
You can dance  
Or just make the scene  
And there's no live bands  
Punchin' fists through your screen  
It's a gas  
It's a package deal  
They're lining up at the bar  
Little racks of veal  
It's a blast  
Where all the world's a show  
Where the boys can't stop  
Watchin girls go go-go

Go! Go, go go-go, Go!

They've got no need to earn  
They've got money to burn  
They've got boobs on the brain  
Jesus Christ! They're insane!  
They get numb when they smile  
They get KUMM on your dial  
They get Karl on your marks  
Ready set go!  
They bitch behind your back  
They'd kill their family for crack  
(They'd kill their family for crack?  
Allright, crack! )  
They get chills through their toes  
When the blue light glows  
They put pills through their nose  
From the get-go.

Come on down  
To the Bikini Machine  
Where the Robo-DJ  
Spins for euro-teens  
Champagne spills  
On imperial jeans  
Daddy 's check get cashed  
Meet the Kitten Queens:  
Tina was 14  
When she married a prince  
She had twins in Spain  
She aint seen em since  
Danielle was 12  
When she got hooked on blow  
Now she wiggle when she walk  
But she giggle when she go go GO

Go! Go, go go-go, Go!

They've got no need to learn  
They've got money to burn

They've got tubes in the vein  
Jesus Christ! They're insane!  
They get numb when they smile  
They get come on your dial  
They get Karl on your marks  
Ready set go!  
They bitch behind your back  
They'd kill their family for crack  
They get the world on a plate  
But it's a dish they hate  
They hear my tongue like a gun  
Tell them how wise they are:  
"We're seven years from the sun  
I guess that makes you the star."