

# Pull My Strings

Dead Kennedys

I'm tired of self respect  
I can't afford a car  
I wanna be a prefab superstar

I wanna be a tool  
Don't need no soul  
Wanna make big money  
Playing rock and roll

I'll make my music boring  
I'll play my music slow  
I ain't no artist, I'm a business man  
No ideas of my own

I won't offend  
Or rock the boat  
Just sex and drugs  
And rock and roll

Drool, drool, drool, drool, drool, drool  
My Payola!  
Drool, drool, drool, drool, drool, drool  
My Payola!

You'll pay ten bucks to see me  
On a fifteen foot high stage  
Fatass bouncers kick the shit  
Out of kids who try to dance

If my friends say  
I've lost my guts  
I'll laugh and say  
That's rock and roll

But there's just one problem

Is my cock big enough  
Is my brain small enough  
For you to make me a star  
Give me a toot, I'll sell you my soul  
Pull my strings and I'll go far

And when I'm rich  
And meet Bob Hope  
We'll shoot some golf  
And shoot some dope

Is my cock big enough?  
Is my brain small enough?