

# Saturday Night Holocaust

Dead Kennedys

There's a prefab building and a funny smell  
Around the hill outside of town  
Every now and then we wonder  
But we shrug our shoulders  
And get back to work

There's a railroad there and trains go by  
And there's people locked in cattle cars  
And have you noticed  
The french fries at the A&W  
Taste a little strange?

I drive down to the disco  
Pompadour and pink lamme  
I bow and blow the doorman  
He parts the chain, says join the game

A quick line in the girls room  
To the bar for the electrodes  
A coin into the right slits  
Tape my temple watch me go

Now I want your perfect Barbie-doll lips  
And I want your perfect Barbie-doll eyes  
Slip my fingers down your Barbie-doll dress  
Up and down your spandex ass

If I lit a match for you  
You'd melt before my eyes  
C'mere my pretty glow-worm  
You look so fine to dance with me

The fly-eye lights are throbbin'  
I'm burning up the floor  
Whirling twirling  
Close my eyes  
No faces judging me

But I want your perfect Barbie-doll lips  
And I want your perfect Barbie-doll eyes  
Slip my fingers down your Barbie-doll dress  
Up and down your spandex ass

A Hitler youth in jogging suit  
Smiling face banded 'round his arm  
Says, 'Line up, you've got work to do  
We need dog food for the poor'

A scream bleats out, we're herded into lines  
Customized vans wait outside  
I'm getting scared of my new home  
To Auschwitz condominiums we go  
Oh no

Now I want your perfect Barbie-doll lips  
And I want your perfect Barbie-doll eyes  
Let my fingers down your dress

One more time