

# Pineapple Face

Lard

Red alert from the Dairy Queen  
to Vatican from Panama city.  
Yeh... yeh...

Calling Pope John Paul, ole buddy, ole pal.  
Hey - lemme crash at your place for a while.  
Yeh... yeh...

I know I've shot your priest all full of holes,  
but you forgave the guy who shot you.

I'm being persecuted, man,  
let me it, let me in.  
Yeh... yeh...

Voodoo priestesses and interplanetary crack.  
I shall be released, thanks to my red underwear.  
Dignity Battalions terrify and rule the streets,  
pictures of the Smurfs tattooed on the sides of their jeeps.

When the mouse that roared  
bites the elephant that feeds.  
Ringmaster cracks  
20000 whips.  
Yeh... yeh...

All I did was double-cross the CIA  
G.E. and Lockheed do that every day.  
Yeh... 'aw yeh...

The Gringoes siezed all my pottery frogs  
and teddy bears dressed in cammo fatigues.  
The Hitler poster by the Christmas tree,  
save me, tipper.  
They're blasting Bon Jovi at me,  
at me.

Voodoo priestesses and interplanetary crack.  
I shall be released, thanks to my red underwear.  
Sex with boy and girls in my chooper high in the sky  
when kinder gentler bombs  
explode in thousand points of light.

Cara de Pina - Muere! Muere!  
Cara de Pina - Muere! Muere!  
Corrupto! Asesino!  
Asesino!

The place is surrounded  
I can't get away.  
Even sent the Stealth bomber  
just to prove it'll fly  
for Yankee teen anguish.  
Use pineapple face  
as American as where Coca-Cola got it's name.  
Yeh... oh yeh...

I promise, monsignor, you can trust me,  
I'll even goon tour with David Crosby.  
Yeh... yeh...  
"Forgive me, kids, drugs ruined my life."  
I'll even tell 'em condoms make you go blind.  
Yeh... yeh...

Bloodthirsty cries of the people outside.  
Can't show my face, can't show my face,  
can't show my face, or they'll tear it away.

Cara de pina - Muere! Muere!  
Cara de pina - Muere! Muere!  
Corrupto! Asesino!  
Asesino!

Voodoo priestesses and interplanetary crack.  
Hafta wonder if this guy really exist.  
Who in their right mind would pose for Time magazine,  
frosted thumb in mouth, slicing his birthday cake with a machete.

Cara de pina - Muere! Muere!  
Cara de pina - Muere! Muere!

Ding dong the witch is dead,  
more warm up in Uncle Sam's bullpen.  
Cartoon boogeyman to keep people scared.  
I believe every word 'cos the truth is too weird.  
Who framed Roger Rabbit,  
who framed Khaddafi then blew up his kid.

Nothing to do now but spill the beans,  
Florida here I come.  
Yeh...