

A Growing Boy Needs His Lunch

Dead Kennedys

In lonely gas stations with mini-marts
You'll find rows of them for sale
Liquor-filled statues of Elvis Presley
Drink like a vampire
His disciples flock to such a fitting shrine
Sprawled across from his graceless mansion
A shopping mall
Filled with prayer rugs and Elvis dolls

And I wonder
Yeah I wonder
Will Elvis take the place of Jesus in a thousand years

Religious wars
Barbaric laws
Bloodshed worldwide
Over what's left of his myth

A growing boy needs his lunch

When pesticides get banned we're safe up north
We just sell them to those other countries
Soon there's lots of exotic deformed babies
Somehow that's not our fault

Just dip 'em in glaze paint 'em orange and green
For the Arizona roadside stands
To sell alongside plaster burros and birthbaths

And I wonder
Yeah I wonder
Why so many insects around us feed off the dead

Death squads
Starvation
Foreign aid?
Just leave it to the magic of the marketplace

A growing boy needs his lunch

Everyone should just love each other
Dip your toe into the fire
Drop your guns and lawsuits and love each other
Life begins beyond the bunker
And while you're busy hugging in the streets
Outgrowing your hatred for all to feel
Jiminy Cricket's found a game to play
Stick your neck out and trust-It'll be chopped away
Jimmy through your locked front doors
Rifle through your sacred drawers
Line my pockets
Deface your dreams
Til the cows come home to me

Nibbling like an earwig winding through your brain
Bound like Lawrence Harvey spreadeagle to a bed
The migraine gets worse when we find out we lay eggs

And no one in all of Borneo can hear you scream

Turn on

Tune in

Cop out

Drop kick Turn in Tune out