

Buzzbomb from Pasadena

Dead Kennedys

Buzzbomb buzzbomb macho-mobile
The road's my slave that's how I feel
I cruise alone I cruise real far
I don't love you I love my car

Oh, oh oh oh, Oh, oh oh oh

Cross Nevada at a 110
Highway 50 and there's nobody there
Sign says next sign thirty miles

I work all week, each penny saved
Buys more escape from home
I'd rather cruise around all day
Than save up for a move

Plow through rest area San-o-Lets,
Splat goes the lonely salesman
Wanking in the men's room

Buzzbomb buzzbomb tape up loud
Blue piss clinging to my windshield
Faster faster in my car

Buzzbomb is my pride and joy
King of the trailer court
Waiting for the perfect chick
Who'll love me for my car

I tell her why I'm cool
She coos back just what I like
When I pretend she's near

Zip through Ely where Pat Nixon was born
The cops round here sure looking bored
Flashing sirens state patrol

They're scratching up my gorgeous paint job
They're shooting out my tires
Ain't no way to go to heaven
Buzzbomb cornered at the 7-11