

# We've Got a Bigger Problem Now

Dead Kennedys

Last call for alcohol.  
Last call for your freedom of speech.  
Drink up. Happy hour is now enforced by law.  
Don't forget our house special, it's called a Trickeye Dickie Screwdriver.  
It's got one part Jack Daniels, two parts purple Kool-Aid,  
and a jigger of formaldehyde  
from the jar with Hitler's brain in it we got in the back storeroom.  
Happy trails to you. Happy trails to you.

I am Emperor Ronald Reagan  
Born again with fascist cravings  
Still, you made me president

Human rights will soon go 'way  
I am now your Shah today  
Now I command all of you  
Now you're going to pray in school  
I'll make sure they're Christian too

California Uber alles  
Uber alles California

Ku Klux Klan will control you  
Still you think it's natural  
Nigger knockin' for the master race  
Still you wear the happy face

You closed your eyes, can't happen here  
Alexander Haig is near  
Vietnam won't come back you say  
Join the army or you will pay

California Uber alles  
Uber alles California

Yeah, that's it. Just relax.  
Have another drink, few more pretzels, little more MSG.  
Turn on those Dallas Cowboys on your TV.  
Lock your doors. Close your mind.  
It's time for the two-minute warning.

Welcome to 1984  
Are you ready for the third world war?!?  
You too will meet the secret police  
They'll draft you and they'll jail your niece

You'll go quietly to boot camp  
They'll shoot you dead, make you a man  
Don't you worry, it's for a cause  
Feeding global corporations' claws

Die on our brand new poison gas  
El Salvador or Afghanistan  
Making money for President Reagan  
And all the friends of President Reagan

California Uber alles

Über alles California