

Buy My Snake Oil

Jello Biafra

I'm getting tired of being legendary and broke
And I'm too damn weird to hold no straight job
My checkbooks feeling unfulfilled
Being an old underground die-hard
Won't pay the kid's dental bills

My Dad sez I got to learn to compromise
So I figure now's about that time
Now that I've run out of things to say
That alone will make my music Pay

Buy my snake oil
I used to be so angry
I ain't getting any younger
Now I'm eager to please

C'mon and buy my snake oil
Till my well runs stinking dry
I'll be your Rondo Hatton
I'll be your Dwight Frye
Get mighty jealous watching
My old roommates getting signed
The world owes me a living
I want my taste of the pie

Woh-oh-oh
Buy my snake oil

Meet my new band: Tits Ass and Money
The most meaningless deliberately watered down music I have ever made
Sing about my self instead of what's going on
Company tells me how my records should sound
Do what my manager tells me to
Every inch a rocking dude

Random shuffling same old cards
Bring on the night, she done me wrong
I love my weenie and I love my car
Man it's such hell being a rock -n- roll star
I'll tour 'till you wish I'd go home
Moan about my life on the road
200 overdubs to sound sincere
From now on every album sleeve's
Just a great big picture of me

Buy my snake oil
Critics cheer how I've matured
Got top management behind me, man
Phone rings like never before:

"I grew up on your stuff, man
It means so much to me.
I can hear it jinglin' now
In commercials selling beer..."
I got wiggle girl videos
In heavy rotation
If I dye my skin white enough

I'll buy me the elephant man

Woh-oh-oh
Buy my snake oil

And remember you got what you pay for

And if that doesn't work
I've got another idea
Now that I've signed on the dotted line
I'll call my music alternative
Same word those lovely people used
To hype the Knack in 1980

Join the
College dollar emo-jangle
Spoiled white music for spoiled white people
Pat those slackers on the head
To stroke and profit off of their fears:
"Yeah man, It's Okay
Feel sorry for yourself all day
Life sucks cause it ain't easy
Happiness should be handed to me..."

Buy my snake oil
Cleansed of vision and sense
I'll bet your bottom dollar
You'll let me get away with this

I'll be your pregnant junkie
Help you sell cigarettes
Or a lonely tortured muscle hunk
That no one understands
Punk without rebellion
We call it grunge for you
I'll dress just like Don Henley
And sing just like him too

Boohoo-hoo-hoo-hooo
Boohoo-hoo-hoo-hooo
Boohoo-hoo-hoo-hooo
Boohoo-hoo-hoo-hooo
(Repeat till Burger King espresso arrives)

Down by the stream where my baby left me
I stand in my flannel shirt looking confused
A voice in the bushes say, "You got that look,
I'm from Geffen records How'd you like a million bucks."

O woh ho Poor pitiful me
Born white in the worlds richest country
I can't have my way life is so depressing
Nothing's as important as me and my girl

And if that still doesn't work
I got another idea

Give in
Ride the punk nostalgia wave
For all it's worth
Recycle the name of my old band
For a big reunion tour
Sing all those hits from the "good ol' days"

'Bout how bad the good ol' days were

And the orthodox
Fundamentalist faction of the crowd
Will say "Hooray!"
How politically correct
He's quit trying different ideas at last
Obeying the same kind of stodgy rules
Punk used to rebel against

Buy my snake oil
This is all I've got to say
Unless this is your radio
Looks like you already have

Yeah, keep buying my snake oil
'Til my well runs stinking dry
I'll be your institution
Until the day I die
Who cares if inspirations gone
It's safe in this here stall
I'll give the fans just what they want
And nothing else at all

Woh-oh-oh
Buy my snake oil
Buy, Buy, Buy B-B-Buy-Buy
My snake oil

And remember
I did it all for the scene