

Power Is Boring

Jello Biafra

Believe me, if I were dictator
You know what I'd do! ?
Come to think of it,
There's a problem there
For aspiring tyrants like me and you...

Ever wonder what it'd really be like
To be your own dictator
Might be it's own kind of prison
Of total fear

Can't make love or go anywhere
Without bodyguards in your hair
Never know which trusted friend
Has plans to blow you away

3, 000 pairs of shoes
No one to talk to
'Nuff guns to kill everyone you own
The masses act so loyal
Yet you can't sleep in the same place twice
I wouldn't want to be a Noriega or Khadafi
Would you?

Power is boring
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And ya know, I wonder how
The downtown crowd can stand themselves
Look sharp
Play to win
Through intimidation

That person at the next desk
Ain't your friend
He's your competitor
The only way to get promoted first
Is to get HIM first
Or else

Hi ho whadya know
They all got the same plan for you
Where do these people go
Between their daily meals of work
Too burnt and stressed
To even think of how to spend the money
No one to show it to
But people just like me-AGH!

Hot damn, we're the headliners at last
Gonna show this scene a thing or two
Play games and help our friends
Now the phone rings all the time
It's all you fault
"You've been crowned king
Of what you used to warn us about"

Why play that game at all?
The ones who want the power THAT bad
Are missing something in their lives
Being scared of my friends
In ajunta, scene or business world
Is the most miserable existence
I could think of on earth