

# The Lighter Side of Global Terrorism

Jello Biafra

Can I touch you here?  
May I search your bags?  
You have randomly been selected  
Got a funny name and you look the part  
Plus, I like the way  
You bulge in your clothes

Yehhhh I love my job  
Rock bottom pay never felt so hot  
Big man, uniform and badge  
Pedophile Santas ain't got nothin' on me

I love to feel sexy things  
Other people's sexy things  
I love to peek at people's things  
Other people's private things

When I was young and someone's guest  
I'd find a way to sneak upstairs  
Peek in the closet, paw through the drawers  
And feel a tingle up from below

Oh, how I love to find  
New playthings for my mind  
I file these thoughts away  
Until I go on break  
When I can finally touch myself

See your shiny jewels  
On your neck and wrists  
They could be weapons  
We must play safe

So fork 'em over,  
Or you're under arrest  
Maybe you should have checked them  
In your suitcase

Meanwhile, down below  
What have we here?  
Let's open this one up  
Pills! Cash! Electronics to fence  
Let's see you prove they were there  
In the first place

Who is that behind  
The one way mirror blind  
Just little ol' me  
And my non-dairy creme  
Gotta wipe it up and go select  
Someone new  
Wooo!