

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!