

Labor Day

The Dead Milkmen

On my TV screen
Every Labor Day
Fuckin' Jerry Lewis
Make him go away

Make him go away
Make him go away
He's fucked up my Labor Day
Make him go away
One, two, three, four

Jerry Lewis, I'm comin' to get ya
You're gonna run, you're gonna hide
Jerry Lewis, this squad's gonna get ya
And make you commit TV suicide

Give him 24 hours
He'll do what he please
He'd be on welfare
If it weren't for this disease

Make him go away
Make him go away
He's fucked up my Labor Day
Make him go away
One, two, earth, shoe

Jerry Lewis, I'm comin' to get ya
You're gonna run, you're gonna hide
Jerry Lewis, this squad's gonna get ya
And make you commit TV suicide

His eyes get red
And his voice gets mean
I guess it's what you get
When you take amphetamine

Make him go away
Make him go away
He's fucked up my Labor Day
Make him go away
One, two, three, four

Jerry Lewis, I'm comin' to get ya
You're gonna run, you're gonna hide
Jerry Lewis, this squad's gonna get ya
And make you commit TV suicide

In France they appreciate me
In France they know I'm a genius