

# 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