

Master Race Rock

The Dictators

Hippies are squares with long hair
And they don't wear no underwear
Country Rock is on the wane
I don't want music, I want pain!

Dictators can swing
Make you dance and sing
Cause an oil spill
You don't know us, but you will!

We're the members of the master race
Got no style, and we got no grace
Sleep all night, sleep all day
Nothing good on t.v. anyway

Gasoline shortage won't stop me now, Oh no!

We've reached a higher spiritual plane
That is so high, I can't explain
We tell jokes to make you laugh
We play sports so we don't get fat

We can sweat and stink
We can eat and drink
Don't do what we're told
And we're scared of growing old!

We're the members of the master race
We don't judge you by your face
First we check to see what you eat
Then we bend down and smell your feet

Hope you don't pick your nose!

My favorite part of growing up
Is when I'm sick and throwing up
It's the dues you've got to pay
For eating burgers every day

Take my vitamin C
No one's good for me
Life can take it's toll
When you're living
ROCK N' ROLL!!!

We're the members of the master race
Got no tact, and we got no taste
First you put your sneakers on
Going outside to have some fun

Dont forget to wipe your ass!

C'mon guys!

LETS GO! 13x