

## Bombs Not Food

U.S. Bombs

Jumped of the staircase  
When the barkeep threw me out  
I had to pack my suitcase  
When they said to leave town

I looked up at the sign that said  
Bombs are not allowed  
I went and made my own sign too  
Ya can't shove me around

Bombs not food

Baggage claim department's overloaded  
Once again someone tried to hug me  
For the soft spot in my back  
And all the clubs are closing down

Undercover and underground  
All the pimps they're in pink  
Economy is down generation  
Kennedy, the mother ship is on the way

The world is running  
From the push of a button  
Mass destruction of a world war weapon  
The country is fat enough

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