A Growing Boy Needs His Lunch

Dead Kennedys

In lonely gas stations with mini-marts
You'll find rows of them for sale
Liquor-filled statues of Elvis Presley
Screw his head off and drink like a vampire
His disciples flock to such a fitting shrine
Sprawled across from his ghastly mansion
A shopping mall filled with prayer rugs and Elvis dolls
And I wonder, yeah I wonder
Will ever Elvis take the place of Jesus in a thousand years?
Religious wars, barbaric laws
Bloodshed worldwide over, what's left of his myth?
A growing boy needs his lunch
A growing boy needs his lunch
When pesticides get banned we're safe up north
We just sell them to those other countries
Soon there's lots of exotic deformed babies
Somehow that's not our fault
Just dip 'em in glaze, paint 'em orange and green
For the Arizona roadside stands
To sell alongside plastic burros and bird baths
And I wonder, yeah I wonder
Why so many insects around us feed off the dead
The death squads, starvation
Foreign aid, just leave it to the magic of the marketplace
A growing boy needs his lunch
A growing boy needs his lunch
Everyone should just love each other
Dip your toe into the fire
Drop your guns and lawsuits and love each other
Life begins beyond the bunker
And while you're busy hugging in the streets
Outgrowing your hatred for all to feel
Jiminy Cricket's found a game to play
Stick your neck out and trust, it'll be chopped away
Jimmy through your locked front doors
Rifle through your sacred drawers
Line my pockets, deface your dreams
'Til the cows come home to me, to me, all for me
Nibbling like an earwig winding through your brain

Bound like Lawrence Harvey spreadeagle to a bed
The migraine gets worse when we find out we lay eggs
And no one in all of Borneo can hear you scream, scream
A growing boy needs his lunch
A growing boy needs his lunch
A growing boy needs his lunch
Turn on
Tune in
Cop out
Drop kick, turn in, tune out

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