Buzzbomb From Pasadena

Dead Kennedys

Let her rip
Here we go
Oheey
Buzzbomb, buzzbomb macho mobile
The road's my slave, that's how I feel
I cruise alone, I cruise real far
Shoo young punk, I love my car
Oh, oh
Oooh, ohh
Cross Nevada at a hundred and ten
Highway fifty and there's nobody there
The sign says, "Next sign thirty miles"
My pension comes each penny saved
Buys more escape from home
I'd rather carouse around all day
Than move into a home
Plow through rest area san o' lets
Splat goes the lonely salesman
Still wanking in the men's room
The buzzbomb, buzzbomb tape up loud
Lawrence Welk cranked up to ten
Faster, faster in my car
Oooh, yea
The buzzbomb is my pride and joy
King of the trailer court
Waiting for a nice young man
Who'll love me for my car
Who tells me why I'm cool
Tells me just what I like
When I pretend he's here
Oooh
Shred through Palm Springs across the golf course
Cops 'round here scratching their heads
Flashing sirens, State patrol
Aa, oh
They're scuffing up the side of my car
They're shooting out my tyres
This ain't no way to go to heaven
Buzzbomb cornered at the seven eleven

Shit
Damn
Let go of me motherfucker
I wanna live by my rules

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