## 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 vampireHis disciples flock to such a fitting shrine Sprawled across from his ghastly mansion

A shopping mall filled with prayer rugs and Elvis dollsAnd 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 lunchWhen 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 faultJust dip 'em in glaze, paint 'em orange and green

For the Arizona roadside stands

To sell alongside plastic burros and bird bathsAnd 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 marketplaceA growing boy needs his lunch

A growing boy needs his lunchEveryone should just love each other

Dip your toe into the fire

Drop your guns and lawsuits and love each other

Life begins beyond the bunkerAnd 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 awayJimmy 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 meNibbling 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, screamA growing boy needs his lunch

A growing boy needs his lunch

A growing boy needs his lunchTurn on

Tune in

Cop out

Drop kick, turn in, tune out

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/