

Terminal Preppie

Dead Kennedys

I go to college
That makes me so cool
I live in a dorm
And show off by the pool I join the right clubs
Just to build an impression
I block out thinking
It won't get me ahead My ambition in life
Is to look good on paper
All I want is a slot
In some big corporation Belushi's my hero
I lampoon and I ape him
My news of the world
Comes from Sports Illustrated I'm proud of my trophies
Like my empty beer cans
Stacked in rows up the wall
To impress all my friends No, I'm not here to learn
I just want to get drunk
And major in business
And be taught how to fuck Win, win
I always play to win
Wanna fit in like a cog
In the faceless machine I'm a terminal, terminal, terminal preppie
Terminal, terminal, terminal, preppie
Terminal, terminal, terminal, terminal
Terminal, terminal, terminal, terminal I want a wife with tits
Who just smiles all the time
In my centerfold world
Filled with Springsteen and wine Some day, I'll have power
Some day, I'll have boats
A tract in some suburb
With Thanksgivings to host I'm a terminal, terminal, terminal preppie
Terminal, terminal, terminal preppie
Terminal, terminal, terminal preppie

Lyrics provided by

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