

Jimmy Carter

Electric Needle Room

Like Jimmy Carter like electric underwear
Like any idea that never had a chance of going anywhere
 This is who you are
Hey, celebrity, who drives off a bridge in a car
 Your beautiful body filling up with water
Like Harry Truman dropping bombs out of the air
 Like any self respecting multi billionaire
 This is who you are
 Five dancing teenage boys
 Who sing their way into our hearts
 'Backstreet's Back, Alright'
 And there's a toxic cloud hanging over her
 And there's white noise on the screen
And there's a man in a hotel room assaulting the maid
 Who just came to clean up the mess
 'Backstreet's Back, Alright'
Like Ronald Reagan falling asleep forever more
Dreaming of horses and dreaming of nuclear war
 This is where we are tonight
Everybody under surveillance from a satellite
 You can be the first one on your block to die
 And there's a plague of locusts upon us
 And there's a nightmare in the swarm
 And there's a lion out in the desert
Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born again
 'Backstreet's Back, Alright, Alright'

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