Jimmy Carter

Electric Six

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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