

Uncle Bernie's Farm

The Mothers of Invention

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(I'm dreaming...)There's a bomb to blow yo mommy up,
A bomb for yo daddy too! (Ouch!)
A baby doll that burps 'n pees;
A case of airplane glue!
There's a hungry plastic troll,
To scarf yo buddy's arm!
There's a box of ugly plastic things marked:
"UNCLE BERNIE'S FARM" There's a little plastic 'CONGRESS'
There's a 'NATION' you can buy!
There's a doll that looks like mommy
(She'll do anything but cry) (Yes, Sir)
There's a doll that looks like daddy
(He's a funny little man...
Push a button 'n ask fo money:
There's a dollar in his hand!) (Check his wallet) We gotta send Sanny claus back to de Rescue Mission!
Christmas don't make it no more!
Don'tcha know that murder an' destruction
Scream de toys in every store! (I think this is sold in New York) There's a man who runs the country
There's a man who tried to think
And they're all made out of plastic
(When they melt, they start to stink)
There's a book with smiling children,
Nearly dead with Christmas joys
And smiling in his office
is the creep who makes 'the toys'
(They got this car, when it hits the wall, you can see the guy dying
You got little plastic pools of blood
Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho (I'm dreaming...)
...intestines...you can see right into his stomach...
There's this other thing, I...
I got bombs, I got rockets, I got a, I got a stillson wrench
and comes with a tape recorder...

I got plastic brass knuckles
with sound effects
We got a '39 Chevy...

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