

Hop With The Jet Set

Dead Kennedys

I say, come on to pleasures unknown
Where we fly to when we are all bored
C'mon for the ride and hop with the jet set tonight
We'll sun ourselves red down in Montego Bay
Hotel-hired guards keep the natives away
We wanna save the whales, we'll go watch them feed
Buzz around them in boats 'til they won't breed
Just here for the ride
Then we hop with the jet set tonight
Check out them Indians' ancestral art
Some of that would look cute up on our walls
Yeah, suit it just fine
When we hop with the jet set tonight
We'll hire out some poachers to go steal their dolls
Who cares if they're scared? They look awful cute
National Geographic found a Stone Age tribe
Let's feed them their first hot dogs on film
Won't that be a prize?
To show the jet set tonight
Aren't they cute? Aren't they pure?
Muse subscribers back home
Next weekend the Junta exterminates them
Back home by the sea at our outdoor caf

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