# Bombs Not Food

## U.S. Bombs

Jumped of the staircase
When the barkeep threw me out
I had to pack my suitcase
When they said to leave townI looked up at the sign that said
Bombs are not allowed
I went and made my own sign too
Ya can't shove me aroundBombs not foodBaggage claim department's overloaded
Once again someone tried to hug me
For the soft spot in my back
And all the clubs are closing downUndercover and underground
All the pimps they're in pink
Economy is down generation
Kennedy, the mother ship is on the wayThe world is running
From the push of a button
Mass destruction of a world war weapon
The country is fat enoughBombs not food

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