

Night of the Living Rednecks

Dead Kennedys

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ray's guitar broke, no, we won't play 'Rawhide', won't play anything
We'll play the theme from the Dinah Shore show
Who wants to be Dinah Shore? Who's alter-ego is Dinah Shore?
Oh, his fists didn't go up so quickly this time
Yawn, yawn, yawn, put them headphones on, it's be-bop time I wanna tell you a story about the last time I was
in Portland
The night before we played at the long goodbye
I was walking on the street about 10:30 at night
A lot of people go to bed around here at 10:30 at night
And well, I was walking along When suddenly these jocks in this bright blue pickup drove up
It had KC lights, tractor tires, everything but the CB
It was a life-size hot wheels car for some dumb rich kid, right
Well, they drove up to me and they yelled
What dumb rich kids usually yell, "Hey, fagot"
And showered me with some water So, I stood there thinking, what a bunch of fuck heads
And picked up a rock
Now, I waited, walked down about a block
To where the Kentucky Fried Chicken is, on Burnside
And sure enough they drove around again
They said, "Hey, fagot, where's the nearest McDonald's?"
I said, "I don't know" and they squirted me again
So I threw the rock and put a nice-size dent in their giant hot wheels car They screeched to a halt in the parking
lot of some department store
Who's name I don't remember, it's up the street from Fred Meyer
And they got out their clubs and they ran after me, yelling
"We're gonna kill you, you god damn fagot
We're gonna kill you, you motherfucker" So I got in a phone booth by the Kentucky Fried Chicken on Burnside
Held my legs straight out like this
They couldn't open the door to the phone booth
So they began charging the phone booth, beating on it with their club
Yelling, we're gonna kill you, you motherfucker
We're gonna kill you, you god damn fagot, I just looked at them So, there was a crowd gathering by this time

And these kids were standing nearby and they said
"Oh, look at him, hes insane, I thought, ah-shah, heres my way out
I yelled at them, "Take me to a mental hospital right away
I wanna be be put away, please put me away
Cmon, call the cops and put me away, please put me away now"
They said, "Alright, fagot, were calling the police" So they called the police, the cop comes out and I go
"Ah, my savior, Im away from these jocks
He opens up the door, get out of there, you
Throws me up against the car, frisks me
Shoves me in the back, then he goes over to the jocks "Now what happened here?
It looks like were going have to take him to jail but
We got to have the full story first"
So the jocks, who had an ace in the hole, ace in the hole
Take down on the bass, a little bit down on the bass, yeah
Ace in the hole, they go "Well, goddammit this motherfucker put a dent in my truck
A 20,000 dollar truck, right, so I got my club
I went out and I wanted to kill him"
I want to kill him, let me kill him, goddammit, let me kill him
So the cop made them go home, and he drove me home
And he confiscated their club and my rock as further evidence
And I that, so this is Oregon, huh? Tolerant Oregon? Ray, are you done with your guitar yet?
He isn't done yet, so what else do you want to hear
Im out of stories Thats a true story, too, just ask Bruce Loose

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>