

# Holiday in Cambodia (single version)

## Dead Kennedys

So, you've been to school  
For a year or two  
And you know you've seen it all  
In daddy's car  
Thinking you'll go far  
Back east your type don't crawl Playing ethnicky jazz  
To parade your snazz  
On your five-grand stereo  
Braggin' that you know  
How the niggers feel cold  
And the slum's got so much soul It's time to taste what you most fear  
Right Guard will not help you here  
Brace yourself, my dear  
Brace yourself, my dear It's a holiday in Cambodia  
It's tough, kid, but it's life  
It's a holiday in Cambodia  
Don't forget to pack a wife You're a star-belly snitch  
You suck like a leech  
You want everyone to act like you  
Kiss ass while you bitch  
So you can get rich  
While your boss gets richer off you Well, you'll work harder  
With a gun in your back  
For a bowl of rice a day  
Slave for soldiers  
Till you starve  
Then your head is skewered on a stake Now you can go where the people are one  
Now you can go where they get things done  
What you need, my son...  
What you need, my son... Is a holiday in Cambodia  
Where people are dressed in black  
A holiday in Cambodia  
Where you'll kiss ass or crack Pol Pot, Pol Pot, Pol Pot, Pol Pot It's a holiday in Cambodia  
Where you'll do what you're told  
It's a holiday in Cambodia  
Where the slums got so much soul  
Pol Pot

Songwriters

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