

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 want to 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 you hop with the jet set tonight We'll hire out some poachers to go steel their dolls
Who cares if they're sacred-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 cafe
Our chameleon tongues catch the flies in the air

Songwriters

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