

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 slums 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

But 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 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 dress in black

Need a holiday in Cambodia

Where you'll kiss ass or crack

Pol Pot, Pol Pot
Pol Pot, Pol Pot
Pol Pot, Pol Pot
Pol Pot, Pol Pot

And it's a holiday in Cambodia
Where you'll do what you're told
A holiday in Cambodia
Where the slums got so much soul

Pol Pot

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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