

Bozo Skeleton

Lard

(Lyrics: Jeff Ward & Biafra)
Here today, gone tomorrow
Don't need my self remembered
But what I help create and leave behind
Is important to me
To dent the comfortably numb
With constructive satire
Make my life one big prank
On a society I hate
All that we are when we're on a stage
Is vaudeville jester for a day
As an old proverb says
"If every fool wore a crown, we should all be king"
My license to make fun of everyone
Comes from knowing I'm the biggest joke of all
Read a headline the other day
Clown dies from a pie in the face
Can't be on stage all the time
The public image could swallow my life
Living up to your own myth's no fun
Drives our best talents nuts
Bozo skeleton
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Where can I go to be me?
Washington Stepford wives
Think we'd be Stepford children
If they could do away
With the music we love the most
Lyrics warp your children's minds
- Just a minute now, that's our job -
Your worst enemy's your own kids
Don't talk with them, buy our lies instead
Don't wanna hear Lee Atwater sing the blues
Got a right to sing my way too
Gagging those who tell it like it is
Won't make the problems go away
C'mon get the skeletons out of the closet
We're all clowns in one form or another

If we weren't hung up minding peoples' private lives
We might not be so afraid of ourselves
All kinds of drugs get fed into our heads
Who are you to legislate what's best
Never heard my music or read all the words
Is it my heart they want to ban
Bozo skeleton
Bozo skeleton
Bozo skeleton
Where can I go to be me?

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