

Pull My Strings

Dead Kennedys

{Alright we gonna prove we are adults now
We are a punk rock band who are a new wave band} I'm tired of self-respect, I can't afford a car
I wanna be a prefab', superstar
I wanna be a tool, don't need no soul
Wanna make big money, playing Rock 'n' Roll I'll make my music boring, I'll play my music slow
I ain't no artist, I'm a business man, no ideas of my own
I won't offend, or rock the boat
Just sex and drugs, and Rock 'n' Roll And here we go with drool, drool, drool
My payola
Drool, drool, drool
My payola You'll pay ten bucks to see me, on a fifteen foot high stage
Fat ass bouncers kick the shit, out of kids who try to dance
If my friends say, I've lost my guts
I'll laugh and say, that's Rock 'n' Roll {But there's just one problem} Is my cock big enough, is my brain small
enough?
For you to make me a star, give me a toot
I'll sell you my soul, pull my strings and I'll go far
Give me a toot, I'll sell you my soul
Pull my strings and I'll go far And when I'm rich, and meet Bob Hope
We'll shoot some golf, and shoot some dope
Is my cock big enough, is my brain small enough?
For you to make me a star, give me a toot
I'll sell you my soul, pull my strings and I'll go far
Guitar {Everybody put your hands together} Is my cock big enough, is my brain small enough?
For you to make me a star
{Everybody sing at one time}
Is my cock big enough, is my brain small enough?
For you to make me a star
{Shut up and dance everybody} Is my cock big enough, is my brain small enough?
For you to make me a star, give me a toot
I'll sell you my soul, pull my strings and I'll go far
{One more time} Give me a toot, I'll sell you my soul
Pull my strings and I'll go far
And drool, drool, drool, drool, drool, drool
My payola
Drool, drool, drool, drool, drool, drool
My payola {Thank you very much Ladies and Gentlemen
We sure did love you, we'll see you the next time we had such a good time playing gettin' out
Rock 'n' Roll}

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