

Dreadlocks Of The Suburbs (Remastered) - Live

Dead Kennedys

[Jello Biafra:] This is for all you people who like to get away with passing joints around in the front row of the Old Waldorf. What would Heavy Metal magazine think? This is called Dreadlocks of the Suburbs. Why don't you come to my room

Had enough of being fucked by business

Ain't enough to fund my habits

Looks like alcohol so grab it Had enough of being uncool

Loosen up like all the folks do

Like a lumberjack in my eyes

Have a bottle or two tonight And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs

And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs Some peyote and ferascas

And a new Havana philosophy

I don't know too much about him

He knows how to make it never-ending With a stash that's supremo

He's got any colors going

I took out an ad in High Times

Got to keep up with the new world Because oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs

And oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs

And oh, oh, I'm a dreadlock of the suburbs

Because oh, oh, I'm a Rastafarian Forget your social status

Listen up misfit

We can be so high

Where you can't say a word

Because we're so cool, we're someone Okay, there it is, listen up Looking through all my pictures

Especially in the South

Got a stake in the promised land

Until my Daddy strikes the gold And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs

And oh, oh, be a dreadlock of the suburbs

And oh, oh, time for the dreadlocks of the suburbs

'Cause oh, oh, I want to hold you right now The more things change, the more they stay the same [x4]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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