Chelsea Baby

Against All Authority

Chelsea baby, let's run away
To some third world country
Exploit the workers, rape the land
Get money for dope from your old manChelsea baby, what's with your pops
Each time I call, he sends the cops
Meet me at the Crumbs' show tonight
Pack your shit, we'll be alrightAuntie Tipper raided your underwear drawer
And burned your Riot Girl shirt
And called you whore and playing
The fascist P.M.R.C roleShe wiped her butt with M.R.R
Chelsea hates her mom and Chelsea hates her dad
Chelsea hates the state she finds it very sad
So grab your shit tonight and man
We'll flee and squat under a bridge in the Florida Keys

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