Sepultura, Holiday In Cambodia [Dead Kennedys

So you been to school
For a year or two
And you know you`ve seen it all
In daddy`s car
Thinkin` you`ll go far
Back east your type don`t crawl
Play ethnicky jazz
To parade your snazz
On your five grand stereo
Bragging that you know
How the niggers feel the 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

Holiday In Cambodia
Don`t forget to pack a wife
You`re a star-belly sneech

You suck like a leach

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

Slave for soldier `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

Holiday in Cambodia

Where you'll kiss ass or crack Pol Pot Pol Pot Pol Pot Pol Pot Pol Pot

Pol Pot Pol Po

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

Pol Pot