

# Power Is Boring

Jello Biafra

Believe me, if I were dictator  
You know what I'd do! ?  
Come to think of it,  
There's a problem there  
For aspiring tyrants like me and you...

Ever wonder what it'd really be like  
To be your own dictator  
Might be it's own kind of prison  
Of total fear

Can't make love or go anywhere  
Without bodyguards in your hair  
Never know which trusted friend  
Has plans to blow you away

3, 000 pairs of shoes  
No one to talk to  
'Nuff guns to kill everyone you own  
The masses act so loyal  
Yet you can't sleep in the same place twice  
I wouldn't want to be a Noriega or Khadafi  
Would you?

Power is boring  
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And ya know, I wonder how  
The downtown crowd can stand themselves  
Look sharp  
Play to win  
Through intimidation

That person at the next desk  
Ain't your friend  
He's your competitor  
The only way to get promoted first  
Is to get HIM first  
Or else

Hi ho whadya know  
They all got the same plan for you  
Where do these people go  
Between their daily meals of work  
Too burnt and stressed  
To even think of how to spend the money  
No one to show it to  
But people just like me-AGH!

Hot damn, we're the headliners at last  
Gonna show this scene a thing or two  
Play games and help our friends  
Now the phone rings all the time  
It's all you fault  
"You've been crowned king  
Of what you used to warn us about"

Why play that game at all?  
The ones who want the power THAT bad  
Are missing something in their lives  
Being scared of my friends  
In ajunta, scene or business world  
Is the most miserable existence  
I could think of on earth