Punk Preludes

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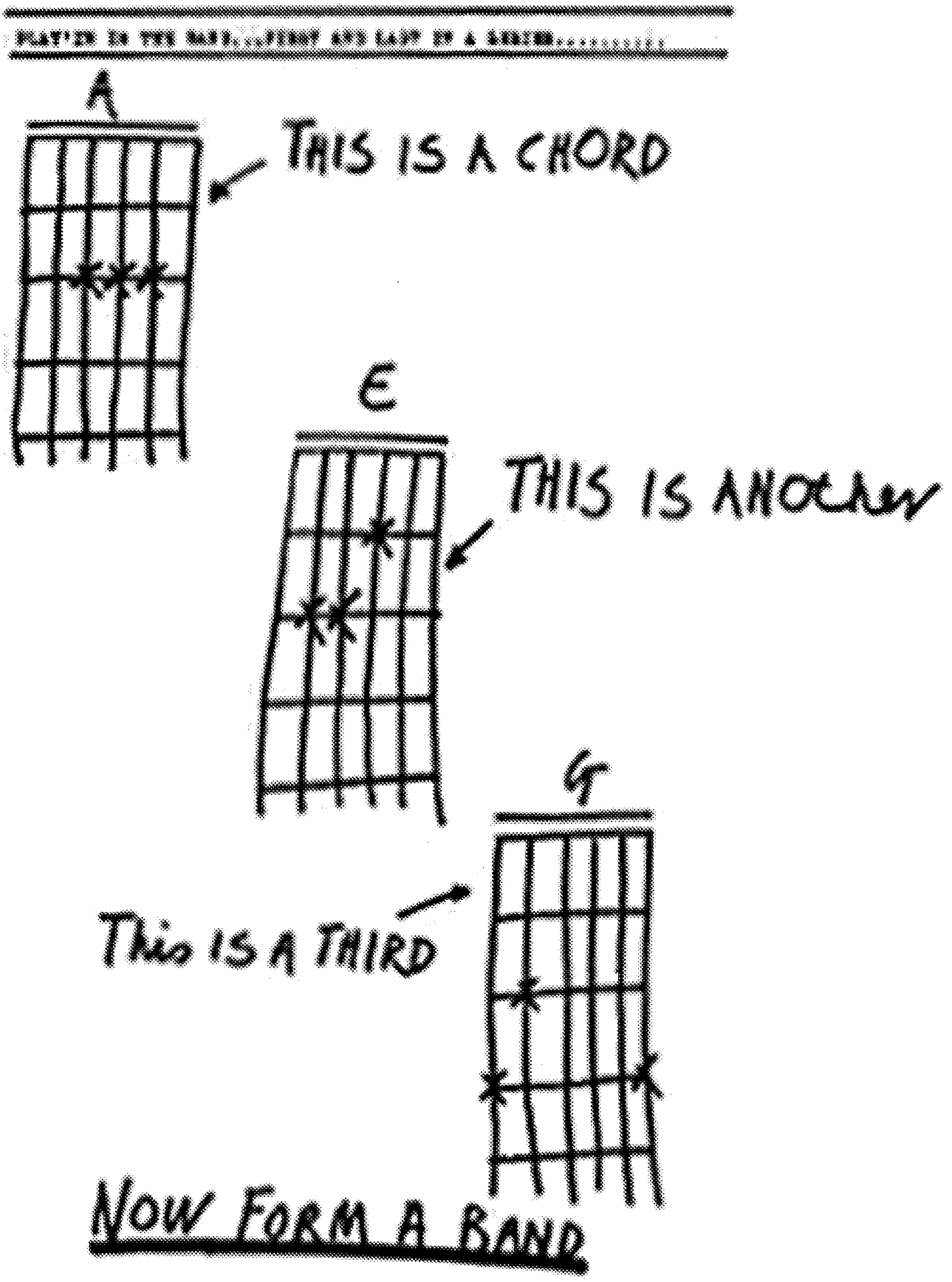
Abstract

This paper is an analysis of some of the lyrics of two early punk rock bands, The Sex Pistols and The Dead Kennedys. Focus is made on the background of the lyrics and the sub-text as well as text of the lyrics. There is also some analysis of punk's impact on mondern music

During the mid to late 1970's a new genre of music crept into the popular culture on both sides of the Atlantic; this genre became known as punk rock. Divorcing themselves from the mainstream of music and estranging many on their way, punk musicians challenged both musical and cultural conventions. The music, for the most part, was written by the performers and performed without worrying about what other people thought of it. It may not have had the technical refinement of mainstream popular songs, but punk focused on the pleasure of performance for musicians and fans rather than slick packaging and a "clean" sound.

Its widespread popularity was short-lived, mirroring the career of the Sex Pistols who first took the music world by storm in 1976 then abruptly collapsed under the weight of their own popularity at the end of 1977. But the genre didn't so much collapse as leave the uncomfortable media spotlight, and in the wake of the strong media attention, a large number of independent bands and labels sprang up. In some cases the bands started their own labels, and, additionally, many independent labels unaffiliated with a single band were formed to produce music that the large corporate labels would not. The ability to make music was not the privilege of some small group; it was universal, as was the ability to publish as evidenced by the many "fanzines" (garage-industry magazines). In *Sniffing Glue #5*, the publisher wrote "All you kids out there who read 'SG' don't be satisfied with what *we* write. Go out and start your own fanzines." Also, *Sideburns* , another fanzine, included the graphic [figure 1] which states well the do-it-yourself attitude of punk [Savage 279-81]. This attitude and a small fan base allowed punk music and its descendants to survive, mostly through "college" radio and small performances, until the music was able to resurge in popularity after Nirvana and their "grunge" as opposed to "clean" sound broke the pattern of popular music and to some degree reformed it in its own image.

Punk was a music of emotion, typically anger and frustration with the current social conditions. The performers didn't mince words, and sometimes those words were not


A
THIS IS A CHORD
E
THIS IS ANOTHER
G
This IS A THIRD
NOW FORM A BAND

permitted on the radio. Additionally, even if the words were legally broadcastable, the meaning behind them was unfavorable toward existing power structures. The Dead Kennedys called Ronald Reagan a fascist, while the Sex Pistols pinned a similar label on the English government. In "Nazi Punks Fuck Off," the Dead Kennedys say, "The real nazis run your schools, they're coaches businessmen and cops," so even if the title and chorus weren't so emphatic, it still isn't a song suited for much radio play. It is on the messages and text of punk rock songs that this paper will focus, in particular, selected tracks from the Sex Pistols' *Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols* and the Dead Kennedys' *In God We Trust, Inc.* and their compilation *Give Me Convenience or Give Me Death* . The songs are treated here in context since the message and what the narrator (singer) is saying are not always the same. Just as it can be assumed that Browning didn't strangle someone named Porphyria with her hair, it can be assumed that Jello Biafra, lead singer of the Dead Kennedys, is not actually a policeman as implied in the song "Police Truck" and that song is, in fact, a dramatic monologue. The person (if any) to whom the song is directed is refered to as the subject which can be different from the listener when the song is not sung for the subject's benefit. It is the actual message, or the author's interpretation thereof, that is the focus of this paper rather than the denotation of the song lyrics.

The main threads that will be brought out in this analysis deal with the political and social messages of the music. The political message of The Sex Pistols deals mainly with the dissatisfaction on English working-class youth, in particular their economic condition. That of the Dead Kennedys, while still that of dissatisfied youth, is more about trying to change the social conditions and is American in focus. Both the bands try to carry across the point that it is bad to have others think for you and try to draw a contrast between their actions and the actions of (musical) society at large. However, the Kennedys carry these messages more strongly than the Sex Pistols which is probably why I prefer the former's music to the latter.

The first album treated is the Sex Pistols' *Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols* (1977) (referred to hereafter as *Never Mind the Bollocks*), considered by many one of the most influential punk albums of all time, mainly for its opening the door for all the acts that followed. There was some trouble with distribution for this album at first, since "Bollocks" is Cockney slang for "testicles." Many record stores were harassed and one brought up on obscenity charges for displaying the promotional poster. However, the meaning of "bollocks" that was argued to allow the posters to be displayed and the album sold was "rubbish" (to put it politely) which is what I assume was the actual meaning. I assume this because by the time the album had been released, the Sex Pistols were on their third record company and this was their first album; they had also been banned from many venues and had sworn on live British television, so there was a lot of "rubbish" to go around. *Never Mind the Bullshit Here's the Sex Pistols* is a fairly good translation of the title, with *Never Mind what you've heard about us, just listen because this is who we are and what we stand for* -- very much in the independent attitude of punk-- being a more verbose rendering of the seeming intention.

In "Holidays in the Sun," the first Sex Pistols track analyzed, the narrator, contrary to the usual Berlin Wall scenario, wants to cross over into East Germany. Johnny Rotten (John Lydon), lead singer of the Sex Pistols, says of this song in his autobiography that it was written following a visit to West Berlin, where he found the staged contrast between East and West interesting. Rotten describes West Berlin of the time as "geared up to annoy the Russians" [Rotten 234-235]. No doubt the "circus" atmosphere of West Berlin (again Lydon's words) was in stark contrast to the London slums in which Lydon had grown up. Since the other side, presumably East Germany, is written of as "A cheap holiday in other peoples' misery," it doesn't seem likely that the narrator's true desire is to defect. Since the narrator expresses the desire for the holiday only after having achieved "a reasonable economy" which is something the poor in the West seldom describe themselves as having, so it seems the narrator wants to flaunt his newfound wealth. But since a cheap holiday is

desired and the narrator must go someplace where people are miserable to draw a self-satisfying contrast, the speaker is probably not well to do, which leaves the speaker as working-class with the conservative values and attitudes that implies. The "Please don't be waiting for me" at the end of the song may be more Lydon's voice than that of the narrator, which makes it an early sign of his dissatisfaction with the Pistols' popularity.

In "Problems," also from *Never Mind the Bollocks*, the narrator and singer seem to be one and the same and the subject someone who could be part of a peer group but isn't. The narrator states, "You won't find me working nine to five; it's too much fun just being alive" which rejects the standard work pattern of society and establishes him in opposition of it. The phrase "you won't find me living for the screen" has two possible interpretations: either the narrator has no intention of crafting his image for the general public to be seen on television or he is distancing himself from people who only live to watch television. The second interpretation is supported by the shortly following line, "you got your brains dehydrated," which implies the withered intellectual capacity associated with "couch potatoes." The first interpretation, though, follows the archetypal punk disdain for popular acclaim. In the next verse, the narrator states, "you won't find me just staying static," which, although it could refer to television static, I believe refers to the narrator's desire for change and motion rather than the status quo. The lyric "They don't want you and they don't want me" implies that both the narrator and the subject are undesired by the mainstream . Throughout the song the refrain is that "the problem is you" not referring to the general public but to the listeners who are just sitting there and not out trying to change things even though society dislikes them. Essentially, the narrator is saying that the problem is the idle listener and that the solution lies with him.

The final song on the first side is "God Save the Queen," which calls the British Government fascist and calls into question the humanity of the Queen. Needless to say, this didn't go over very well with the public at large when the single was released during the Queen's Silver Jubilee, but among those who were dissatisfied with the celebration it

was an instant hit. Some of the band members were assaulted and, mysteriously, even though the distributors had the single outselling Rod Stewart's "I Don't Want To Talk About It" by a large amount, "God Save The Queen" was #2 on the weekly charts behind the Stewart single [Savage 364-366]. The subject is told that society has made him "a moron" and instructed "Don't be told what you want/Don't be told what you need," which roughly translates as "think for yourself". I choose the term "subject" here since this song seems designed to stir up people outside of the "punk" group rather than preach to the choir. "We're the flowers in the dust bin" suggests that either the narrator and subject are united together as such or that the "we" is referring to the band and its fans or youth in general. "Flowers in the dust bin" suggests either discarded things of value or things that were once beautiful but thrown away when that status left. A third interpretation is that of flowers growing in a dust bin, beauty coming from the discarded or struggling surrounded by adversity. In any case, it sums up the anger of disillusioned youth well, but the "we" as "punks etc." fits better than the "we" as narrator and subject united. Considering how often the welfare of the young seems to be sacrificed to bribe the voters of today, the phrase "flowers in the dust bin" remains resonant to me twenty years after it was written. "We're the poison in your human machine" suggests that the narrator is speaking for a collective not including the subject since one seldom poisons what one possesses. This line also suggests that the "flowers in the dustbin" are not going to submit to be regularized as part of a "human machine" and will in fact try to disrupt such a regularizing entity. Throughout the song the refrain is "no future," which ironically became a rallying cry for punk just as this song became a rallying cry for disaffected youth. If several hundred people are chanting "no future" along with the song, their unity shows that there can be a future, just not with the "you" to which the song is speaking. In their shared alienation they have found a solidarity which can allow a future if they continue to work together growing a flower from the trash they find dumped upon them.

The short song "Seventeen" also sums up the youth-irate manifesto of punk. According to Rotten in his autobiography, it is "about being young, having nothing to do, and going through the typical emotions that every seventeen-year-old goes through" [Rotten 227]. The lyric "We like our noise/it's our choice/It's what we wanna do" shows that the speaker, who could either be the singer or the teenager of the title, doesn't care if the music he plays/listens to is termed "noise" since it is the music *he* plays/likes and it is no one else's business that that is the case. The following couplet, "We don't care about long hair/I don't wear flares [British English for bell-bottoms]" shows the speaker doesn't particularly care about fashion and appearances, particularly that of the previous, hippie, generation. This last is, again, ironic since, like many youth movements, punks developed their own informal dress codes and if someone wasn't following the cutting edge of this dress code, they "weren't really 'punk'" but just someone trying to act like a punk and so was regarded unfavorably. To me (and a lot of the bands, see the later discussion of "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" by the Dead Kennedys) this seems to defeat the purpose by driving away people unnecessarily and falling victim to the same "we're-special-and-you-can't-be-like-us" attitude that the punks were disputing in the music industry. Being resistant to admitting new people and new ideas seems to be the same "staying static" that is discarded in "Problems."

"Anarchy in the U.K." is one of the Sex Pistols' most famous songs. The word "anarchy" has several meanings, among them "change" and "lack of rules," both of which seem desirable to the narrator. The narrator repeatedly states that he wants to *be* anarchy, which might be interpreted as wanting to be the center of or a catalyst for the desired change or as a desire to be totally disordered and unhindered by the conventions of others. Earlier, in the album in "Problems," Rotten sings, "To people like me there is no order," which implies that the narrator there has achieved the desired state of anarchy, but whether that narrator and the narrator of this song are one and the same is uncertain. The lyric "I wanna destroy the passerby" implies that the speaker desires to destroy the mundane

around the him, but "the passerby" could refer to those who see problems and just pass them by without trying to do anything about them as in the parable of the Good Samaritan. The government of the U.K. is taunted, comparing it to the I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army), a force that was and is fighting for Irish Independence by both nonviolent and violent means, the U.D.A. (Ulster Defense Alliance), a paramilitary Protestant group which was fighting the I.R.A., and the M.P.L.A. which was one of the factions fighting in the civil war in Angola at the time. In addition to comparing the English government to various violent groups, the song calls the U.K. "just another country," which runs counter to national pride, and "Another council tenancy," which I interpret as decrying "politicians-for-life". Additionally, since public housing in the U.K. is referred to as "council housing" this phrase could also be crying out against the living conditions of the poor and the social system that lets them remain so. The last two lines, "Get pissed/Destroy," could either mean "Get angry and destroy" or "Get drunk and destroy" but in either case there is the desired destruction of the social order.

The song "New York" is a tract ridiculing some member of a band from New York. The narrator claims that they are a cheap imitation made of "cheese and chalk," but what precisely they are an imitation of is uncertain, but is has been strongly implied that the target is the New York Dolls. The New York Dolls are the band which Malcolm McLaren had managed before The Sex Pistols. If this, as I suspect, is the case, then the song is trying to refute any allegations that the Pistols are just a rip-off or re-hash of The New York Dolls or the New York music scene. To this end, the song puts down what Lydon regarded as what the New York Dolls stood for and clearly demonstrates the tension that existed between the band and its manager. With respect to the suibject band, the narrator claims they "put on a bad show" and are "hippie tarts' hero" which, besides criticizing the band, implies that they are behind the times and catering to what used to be popular and are stagnating artistically. The stagnation is further implied by the lyric "You four years on/You still look the same/I think about time/You changed your brain." As earlier

mentioned, stagnation is regarded as a bad thing in the Pistols philosophy. The fact that the subject has been playing for four years means that the band is not one of the bands that sprung up in the wake of the Pistols' popularity, but rather an established band that has either adopted the "punk" style to cash in or, as the rest of the quote suggests, has stagnated and should move aside and let more vibrant groups have the spotlight. Since the New York Dolls predate the Pistols, this solidifies the assumption of them as the targer band. About trying to stay popular, possibly by imitating punk, the narrator says, "You're just a pile of shit/You're coming to this," which is hardly complimentary and shows scorn. Punk was hardly pretentious, and most musicians seemed more inclined to shock the public than to amuse them. Performing without emotion ("You're looking bored and you're acting flash") is also criticized. According to the narrator, the subject is "condemned to eternal bullshit," which implies that they will never have artistic merit and won't stand the test of time. Punk has stood the test of time as evidenced by the continuing popularity of both the original artists and the fact that the genre name of its successor, "alternative", is now ironic due to its popularity.

The final Sex Pistols song to be analyzed is "E.M.I.," which is the label which first signed the Pistols and then dropped them after the earlier mentioned live television appearance in which they swore. In that appearance, they took up the host's challenge to "say something outrageous" after they'd called him a "dirty old man" for flirting with one of the fans they'd brought, and called him a "dirty fucker" among other things while the host egged them on. Needless to say this resulted in a lot of free publicity. The song proclaims the band's victory over E.M.I., one of the biggest music corporations in England; the band won because "Too many people had the suss/Too many people support us." The people at E.M.I. are called "useless fools" whom the narrator "can't stand." The Pistols' (and punk's) message of "think for yourself" is brought forward in the lyric "and blind acceptance is the sign/of stupid fools who stand in line." E.M.I. is portrayed as such fools because they caved in to public pressure and dropped the Sex Pistols' contract and

ceased production of the singles being distributed. Ironically, the same uproar that caused the pressure made the band that much more popular because parents hated them that much more. The last line, "Hallo E.M.I. Good-bye A&M" mentions the other record company that signed, then dropped, the Pistols all in the space of a week. Had the band released something like this as written word rather than song, it would probably have been sued for libel, which would, of course, have resulted in even more publicity and thus popularity.

The Sex Pistols opened the door for the large number of groups that followed some within weeks of the first media blitz. Although other bands such as The Clash carried the political message better and actually had albums out before the Pistols (due to all the trouble that the Pistols had had keeping a record company), the Pistols showed that there was a market for the message. Regardless of which side of the Atlantic the "think for yourself" and "substance and style over popularity and fashion" messages of punk rock started, the Sex Pistols brought it into the spotlight. Even though the band broke up at the end of its first American tour, which heralded the end of punk as far as the U.S. popular media was concerned, they had made their mark. One of the bands that took advantage of the new-formed audience was the Dead Kennedys who played their first show in July of 1978. Rather than trying to sell themselves to some corporation, they formed their own independent label, Alternative Tentacles, with money made from their performances and released their first single, "California Uber Alles," in 1979. The single was surprisingly successful considering its biting message and the media-announced death of punk. Alternative Tentacles, however, not only produced the Dead Kennedys, but also served as an outlet for other bands who didn't want to deal with the demands of a large corporation. It still exists today, its logo a parody of the United States Seal with a bat clutching a broken missile in one claw and a broken cross in the other. Since they had to answer only to themselves, the Dead Kennedys were free to be more political than the Sex Pistols as evidenced by their logo. Also, with the seeming death of punk in the United States with the Pistols' breakup in 1978, they didn't have to deal with media scrutiny until the end of

the band's history in 1986. In this case, too, the media attention brought down the band in the form of a trial stemming from artwork included in their *Frankenchrist* album. Even though the case resulted in an acquittal in favor of the band, the burden of having to split time to deal with the trial was too much to keep the band going.

The first Dead Kennedys' song examined is "Police Truck," from their compilation *Give Me Convenience or Give me Death* , which was released in 1987. In it, the narrator is a policeman talking to another policeman, and they are planning what they will do later than night when they are on duty. The narrator proposes "goin' downtown" and "beat[ing] up drunks" and that he'll "bring the beer". So far, hardly a sparkling portrayal of policemen; they are "Playin' cops for real/Playing cops for pay". The narrator knows "where the good whores meet," which implies both that he knows where the meet and that he has some judge of quality, which definitely shows some questionable ethics for a policeman. Further entertainment is forcing someone, perhaps one of the "good whores" mentioned in the earlier verse, to perform oral sex under threat of violence. Knowing this, "the guys at the station they don't give a shit," which, in my opinion, makes them guilty as well as the narrator. This song is definitely a dramatic monologue; the narrator is morally reprehensible and unsympathetic. The song shows how the police can abuse power and attempts to galvanize the audience against those who abuse power regardless of the social status of the abuser.

The next song analyzed is "California Uber Alles" and, in it, the identity of the narrator is fairly clear in the first line "I am Governor Jerry Brown". It is interesting that when Jerry Brown was campaigning to be the Democratic presidential candidate in 1992, he was portrayed as being quite leftist, but here he is associated with various trappings of Nazism which are combined with things associated with "mellow" California, e.g. "jog for the master race" and death camps where people are killed with "organic poison gas." People will be forced to "jog for the master race and always wear the happy face". The third verse opens "Now it is 1984," which may simply refer to the next election year or

may have Orwellian implications. The niece who is taken away by the secret police in this verse is "uncool." Rather than being a direct criticism of Jerry Brown, I suspect this song is a denouncement of the "feel good"-ness of "New Age" ideals and of trendiness in general. It seems to be that Jello Biafra is saying that the "peace, love, happiness" and passive resistance of the 1960's had its chance to change things and didn't solve everything, so now a more active approach must be taken. Happiness and contentment don't get things done; desire to change things gets things done. That seems to be the subtext of this song.

The song "Holiday in Cambodia" is a scathing attack on the shallow materialism of the 1980's. Although the identity of the narrator is uncertain (probably not on the Cambodia Bureau of Tourism, though) the subject of the song is some scion of a fairly well-to-do family on a professional career track. The subject has a "five grand stereo", but drives or rides in "daddy's car." He is described as "a star-belly sneech," which is a reference to the Dr. Seuss story against racism where at first the Sneeches (some bipedal beach-dwelling creature) who had star markings on their bellies were an overclass and looked condescendingly down on Sneeches with "no stars on thars [their bellies]". The subject talks about "'how the niggers feel cold and the slums got so much soul'," showing condescension toward lower classes by the epithet. The subject's career track is questioned; he has only "been to school for a year or two," which is almost assuredly not long enough to get much of an education, and although the subject "kiss[es] ass" to "get rich" his boss gets even more money in addition to a sycophant. The narrator has decided that the subject needs a humbling experience, since "want[ing] everyone to act like you" is counter to wanting everyone to make their own decisions, which tends to be a punk ideal and is particularly prevalent in the Dead Kennedys' songs. "Right Guard will not help you here" implies that conspicuous consumption, represented by a name brand deodorant will be of no use to the subject during the humbling experience the narrator suggests, working as a slave for soldiers of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. Of course, the narrator doesn't

expect the subject to *survive* this experience, since having one's head "skewered on a stake" tends to be post mortem, but "it's tough kid, but it's life." This song draws attention both to the situation in Cambodia and to the seeming moral decay of the wealthy and powerful in the United States. This is one of my favorite Dead Kennedys songs since the idea of something dire happening to some shallow, materialistic syncopant oddly appealing.

"Pull My Strings" is a manifesto of the punk musical style by negation. Biafra says at the opening, "We gotta prove we're adults now; we aren't a punk rock band, we're a New Wave band" and then proceeds to define what that means stylistically. "I'm tired of self respect" he starts, implying both that punk musicians have self respect and that popular musicians don't. "I wanna be a tool/don't need no soul" suggests popular musicians are soulless and are tools of the popular culture. Similar to this is the title, "Pull My Strings," which implies being a puppet. The next verse, "I'll make my music boring/I'll play my music slow/I ain't no artist, I'm a businessman/No ideas of my own," implies that popular music is boring and slow, and the performers are unimaginative and concerned more with sales than art. The bridge, "Drool...drool...drool...drool...drool...drool...my payola" suggests both stupidity and a concern with things financial. The chorus asks if he has enough of the surface appeal ("Is my cock big enough") needed to be a star and insinuates that stars are also stupid by asking if his brain is "small enough." In saying what he must become, the narrator is indirectly saying what he is currently. Punk is not about surface appearances and is more about making imaginative artistic songs than about pleasing one's accountants. It is about answering to oneself and not having strings in the hands of others. Also, by portraying pop stars and their values in a bad light, the song both boosts the self-confidence of those who are willing to go against the flow of society and its values and helps justify the act of refuting mainstream culture, both of which are important for ensuring the continued willingness to act independently.

Another of the Dead Kennedys' punk manifesto songs is "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" from their 1981 release *In God We Trust, Inc.* The first stanza starts, "Punk ain't no religious cult, punk means thinking for yourself." The first half I interpret as that there is nothing mystical about punk and no codified way to be punk; the second half is straightforward. "Hardcore" means being a serious punk fan, not just a dilettante, so the lyric, "You ain't hardcore when you spike your hair when a jock still lives inside your head" is another call to ignore external appearances and focus on internal attitudes and show just how much a punk "dress code" is valued by the Kennedys. "Jock" I interpret as the stereotypical high-school football player putting popularity and physical prowess over other concerns. Conflict among punks is discouraged, both in "If you've come to fight, get outta here" and "You fight each other, the police state wins." Swastikas were worn by some early English punks for their value as a symbol of fear and loathing and for the anger effect that wearing it generated in older generations. Interestingly enough, many of the wearers were unaware of the Nazi connotations of the symbol which couldn't be divorced from it; they just knew it as a symbol which angered people. Unfortunately, the irony of young people wearing swastikas and singing against fascism was lost by many, so the fashion died out, but not before it had taken root in some people who saw the disdain for popular rock and roll as a disdain for its blues roots and so embraced Nazism, much to the chagrin of most punk bands. This is the background behind the "You still think swastikas look cool" line. The closing, directed to the so-called "Nazi punks", "You'll be the first to go unless you think," is a warning for them to change their ways and re-examine their values since they seem skewed to the narrator. The threat, interestingly enough, is not from the narrator and those who agree with him, but from the "real Nazis" who are entrenched in mainstream society.

Unlike the original version of "California Uber Alles", the version on *In God We Trust, Inc.* , entitled "We've Got a Bigger Problem Here," is an attack on the narrator, the then newly elected president Ronald Reagan. The narrator, after identifying himself,

describes himself as "born again with fascist cravings." The "born again" I suspect is in the religious meaning which carries strong connotations of conservatism. He promises "human rights will soon go 'way" and that people are going to be forced to pray in school, neither of which seem very desirable. The subject is promised "Klu [sic] Klux Klan will control you," and the phrase "nigger knocking for the master race" shows exactly how much status the subject will have once this happens. In this version, the ultimatum, rather than being "mellow out" is "join the army" and the phrase instead of "Now it is 1984" is "Welcome to 1984" which suggests the Orwellian interpretation much more strongly than the original. The subject will be drafted and will die "for a cause: feeding global corporations' claws" which is a lyric unfavorable to corporations and is a common sentiment of Dead Kennedys songs. While "California Uber Alles" gave a general order to act, "We've Got a Bigger Problem Here" gives a specific target to rally against, and the overwhelming support Reagan enjoyed made the social distance punks had established just that much more defined.

Punk didn't so much die as fall back to wage a guerrila campaign against the prevailing musical standard. The popularity of the early bands and their messages provided a secure, if small, fanbase, and the spawning of many idependant labels meant that the bands who followed in the footsteps of the punk pioneers didn't have to deal with the E.M.I.'s of the world. Musicians could express and share their emotions with needing to worry so much about censorship or how the album was doing in the charts. It is this raw emotion that forms forms the core of punk and what followed it, be it socio-political frustration or the sheer enjoyment/catharsis of performance. Additionally, the freedom from corperate entanglements allowed rock to become more of an art form than simply a "pop" cash cow. All told, this set the stage for the "alternative" music of today. Of course, now the "alternative" to vapid pop (as the name originally meant) has itself become popular, but, with the infrastructure of the 80's behind it and the fact the record companies have discovered that it sells, it seems unlikely that this genre will disappear soon.

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Appendix 1

The Lyrics

Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*
"Holidays in the Sun"

A cheap holiday in other people's misery

I don't wanna holiday in the sun
I wanna go to the new Belsen
I wanna see some history
'Cause now I got a reasonable economy

Now I got a reason now I got a reason
Now I got a reason and I'm still waiting
Now I got a reason now I got a reason to be waiting
The Berlin Wall

Sensurround sound in a two inch wall
Well I was waiting for the communist call
I didn't ask for sunshine and I got World War Three
I'm looking over the wall
And they're looking at me
Now I got a reason now I got a reason
Now I got a reason and I'm still waiting
Now I got a reason now I got a reason to be waiting
The Berlin Wall

Well they're staring all night and
They're staring all day
I had no reason to be here at all
But now I got a reason it's no real reason
And I'm waiting at the Berlin Wall.

I Gotta go over the Berlin Wall
I don't understand this bit at all
I'm gonna go over the Berlin Wall (x3)

Claustrophobia there's too much paranoia
There's too many closets I went in before and
Now I got a reason it's no real reason to be waiting
The Berlin Wall

I'm gonna go over the wall
I don't understand this bit at all
It seems like a B-movie shot;
Cheap dialogue, cheap essential scenery
I'm gonna go over the wall
I wanna go over the Berlin Wall
Before they come over the Berlin Wall
I don't understand this bit at all
I'm gonna go over the wall
I wanna go over the Berlin Wall
Before they come over the Berlin Wall
I don't understand this bit at all

Please don't be waiting for me

"Problems"

Too many problems
Oh why am I here?
I need to be me
'Cos you're all to clear
And I can see
There's something wrong with you
But what do you expect me to do?
At least I gotta know what I wanna be
Don't come to me if you need pity
Are you lonely? You got no one
You got your body in suspension that's no

Problem Problem
Problem the problem is you

Eat your heart out on a plastic tray
You don't do what you want and you'll fade away
You find me working nine to five
It's too much fun being alive
I'm using my feet for my human machine
You won't find me living for the screen
Are you lonely; all needs catered
You got your brains dehydrated

Problem Problem
Problem the problem is you
What you gonna do?
Problem Problem

Problem Problem
Problem the problem is you
What you gonna do with your problem?
The problem is you

In a death trip I ain't automatic
You won't find me just staying static
Don't you give me any orders
To people like me, there is no order
Bet you thought you had it all worked out
Bet you thought you knew what I was about
Bet you thought you solved all your problems
But you are the problem

Problem Problem
Problem the problem is you
What you gonna do with your problem?
I'll leave it to you
Problem their problem is you
You got a problem

Oh what you gonna do?

They know a doctor
Gonna take you away
They take you away
And throw away the key
They don't want you
And they don't want me
You got a problem
The problem is you

Problem Problem
Problem the problem is you
What you gonna do
Problem (x 12)

"God Save the Queen"

God save the Queen
The fascist regime
They made you a moron
Potential H-bomb

God save the Queen
She ain't no human being
There is no future
In England's dreaming

Don't be told what you want
And don't be told what you need
There's no future no future
No future for you

God save the Queen
We mean it, man
We love our Queen
God saves

God save the Queen
'Cos tourists are money
And our figurehead
Is not what she seems

Oh God save history
God save your mad parade
Oh Lord God have mercy
All crimes are paid

When there's no future
How can there be sin?
We're the flowers in the dustbin
We're the poison in your human machine
We're the future your future

God save the Queen
We mean it, man
We love our Queen
God saves

God save the Queen
We mean it, man
And there is no future
In England's dreaming

No future no future
No future for you
No future no future no future for me

No future no future
No future for you
No future no future for you

"Seventeen"

You're only twenty-nine
Gotta lot to learn
But when your mummy dies
She will not return

We like our noise
It's our choice
It's what we wanna do
We don't care about long hair
I don't wear flares

See my face not a trace
No reality; I don't work
I just speed; that's all I need

I'm a lazy sod I'm a lazy sod
I'm a lazy sod I'm so lazy. Yawn.
I'm a lazy sod I'm a lazy sid [sic]
I'm a lazy sod I'm so lazy
I can even be bothered.
Lazy lazy.

"Anarchy in the U.K."

Right! now (laugh)

I am an antichrist
I am an anarchist
Don't know what I want
But I know how to get it
I wanna destroy the passerby

'Cause
I wanna be anarchy
No dog's body

Anarchy for the U.K.
Is coming sometime and maybe
I give a wrong time stop a traffic line
Your future dream is a shopping scheme

'Cause I
I wanna be anarchy
In the city

How many ways to get what you want
I use the best
I use the rest
I use the enemy
I use anarchy

'Cause
I wanna be anarchy
It's the only way to be

Is this the M.P.L.A. or
Is this the U.D.A. or
Is this the I.R.A.
I thought it was the U.K.
Or just another country
Another council tenancy

I wanna be anarchy
I wanna be anarchy
Oh what a name
And I wanna be an anarchist
Get pissed
Destroy

"New York"

An imitation from New York
You're made in Japan
From cheese and chalk
You're hippie tarts' hero
'Cos you put on a bad show
You put on a bad show
Oh don't it show

Still oh out on those pills
Oh do you remember?

Think it's well playing Max's Kansas

You're looking bored
And you're acting flash
With nothing in your gut
You better keep your mouth shut
You better keep your mouth shut
in a rut

Still of out on those pills
Do the sambo

You four years on
You still look the same
I think about time
You changed your brain
You're just a pile of shit
You're coming to this
Ya poor little faggot
You're sealed with a kiss
Kiss me

Think it's swell playing in Japan
When everybody knows Japan is a dishpan
You're just a pile of shit
You're coming to this
You poor little faggot
You're sealed with a kiss

Still oh out on those pills
Cheap thrills
Anadins Aspros anything
you're condemned
to eternal bullshit
You're sealed with a kiss
Kiss me (etc.)

"E.M.I."

It's an unlimited supply
and there is no reason why
I tell you it was all a frame
They only did it cos of fame
Who?
E.M.I. E.M.I. E.M.I.

Too many people had the suss
Too many people support us
An unlimited amount
Too many outlets in and out.
E.M.I. E.M.I. E.M.I.

And sir and friends are crucified
A day they wished that we had died

We are an addition; we are ruled by none
Never ever never

And you thought that we were faking
That we were all just money making
You do not believe that we're for real
Or you would just lose your cheap appeal?

Don't you judge a book just by the cover
Unless you cover just another
And blind acceptance is a sign
Of stupid fools who stand in line
like
E.M.I. E.M.I. E.M.I.

Unlimited edition
With an unlimited supply
That was the only reason
We all had to say good-bye

Unlimited supply E.M.I.
There is no reason why E.M.I.
I tell you it was all a frame E.M.I.
They only did it cos of fame E.M.I.
I do not need the pressure E.M.I.
I can't stand those useless fools E.M.I.
Unlimited supply E.M.I.

Hallo E.M.I. good-bye A&M

Dead Kennedys, *Give Me Convenience or Give me Death*
"Police Truck"

Tonight's the night that we got the truck
We're goin downtown gonna beat up drunks
Your turn to drive I'll bring the beer
It's the late late shift no one to fear

And ride, ride how we ride
We ride, lowride

It's roundup time where the good whores meet
Gonna drag one screaming off the street
And ride, ride how we ride

Got a black uniform and a silver badge
Playin' cops for real/Playin' cops for pay
Let's ride, lowride

Pull down your dress here's a kick in the ass
Let's beat you blue 'til you shit in your pants
Don't move, child, got a big black stick

There's six of us, babe, so suck my dick

And ride, ride how we ride
Let's ride, lowride

The left newspapers might whine a bit
But the guys at the station they don't give a shit
Dispatch calls, 'are you doin' something wicked?'
No siree, Jack, we're just givin' tickets

As we ride, ride how we ride (x3)
Let's ride, lowride

"California Uber alles"

I am Governor Jerry Brown
My aura smiles and never frowns
Soon I will be President
Carter power will soon go away
I will be Fuhrer one day
I will command all of you
Your kids will meditate in school
Your kids will meditate in school
California Uber alles (x2)
Uber alles California (x2)

Zen fascists will control you
100% natural
You will jog for the master race
And always wear the happy face
Close your eyes, can't happen here
Big bro' on white horse is near
The hippies won't come back you say
Mellow out or you will pay
Mellow out or you will pay
California Uber alles (x2)
Uber alles California (x2)

Now it is 1984
Knock knock at your front door
It's the swede/denim secret police
They have come for your uncool niece
Come quietly to the camp
You'll look nice as a drawstring lamp
Don't you worry it's only a shower
For your clothes; here's a pretty flower
Die on organic poison gas
Serpent's egg's already hatched
You will croak you little clown
When you mess with President Brown
When you mess with President Brown
California Uber alles (x2)
Uber alles California (x2)

"Holiday in Cambodia"

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
Braggin' that you know 'how the niggers feel 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 (x2)

It's a holiday in Cambodia
It's tough, kid, but it's life
It's a holiday in Cambodia
Don't forget to pack a wife

You're a star-belly sneech you suck like a leech
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 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... (x2)

Is a holiday in Cambodia
Where people dress in black
You need a holiday in Cambodia
Where you'll kiss ass or crack
(Chant) Pol Pot/Pol Pot/ Pol Pot/(etc.)

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

"Pull My Strings"

(from live concert) spoken: We gotta prove we're adults now; we aren't a punk rock band, we're a New Wave Band

sung:
I'm tired of self respect
I can't afford a car

I wanna be a pre-fab superstar
I wanna be a tool
Don't need no soul
Wanna make big money
Playing rock and roll

I'll make my music boring
I'll play my music slow
I ain't no artist, I'm a businessman
No ideas of my own

I won't offend
Or rock the boat
Just sex and drugs
And rock and roll

BRIDGE (to tune of "My Sherona" by The Kinks)
Drool...drool...drool...drool...drool...drool...my payola
Drool...drool...drool...drool...drool...drool...my payola

You'll pay ten bucks to see me
On a fifteen foot high stage
Fatass 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 and roll'
But there's just one problem:

CHORUS
Is my cock big enough
Is my brain small enough
For you to make me a star?
Give me a toot
And 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

(Repeat CHORUS and BRIDGE etc.)

Dead Kennedys, *In God We Trust, Inc.*

"Nazi Punks Fuck Off"

Punk ain't no religious cult
Punk means thinking for yourself

You ain't hardcore when you spike your hair
When a jock still lives inside your head.

CHORUS
Nazi Punks
Nazi Punks
Nazi Punks--Fuck Off!

Nazi Punks
Nazi Punks
Nazi Punks--Fuck Off!

If you've come to fight, get outta here
You ain't no better than the bouncers
We ain't trying to be police
When you ape the cops it ain't anarchy

CHORUS

Ten guys jump one, what a man
You fight each other, the police state wins
Stab your backs when you trash our halls
Trash a bank if you got real balls.

You still think swastikas look cool
The real nazis run your schools
They're coaches, businessmen, and cops
In a real fourth reich you'll be the first to go

CHORUS

You'll be the first to go
You'll be the first to go
You'll be the first to go
Unless you think...

"We've Got a Bigger Problem Now"

(spoken to background of lounge music)
Last for alcohol. Last call for your freedom of speech. Drink up; Happy Hour is now enforced by law. Don't forget our house special; it's called the Tricky Dicky Screwdriver, it's got one part Jack Daniels, two parts purple Kool-ade, and a jigger of formaldehyde from the jar with Hitler's brain in it we got in the back storeroom.

(sung, female voice)
Happy Trails to you
Happy Trails to you

(sung, Biafra, lounge lizard style, to rhythm of California Uber alles)

I am Emperor Ronald Reagan
Born again with fascist cravings

Still, you made me president

Human rights will soon go 'way
I am now your Shah today
Now I command all of you
Now you're gonna pray in school
I'll make sure they're christian, too

California Uber alles
California Uber alles
Uber alles California
Uber alles California

(breaks into normal mode)
Klu Klux Klan will control you
Still you think it's natural
Nigger knockin' for the master race
Still you wear the happy face

You closed your eyes, can't happen here
Alexander Haig is near
Vietnam won't come back you say
Join the army or you will pay
Join the army or you will pay

California Uber alles
California Uber alles
Uber alles California
Uber alles California

Welcome to 1984
Are you ready for the Third World War?
You, too, will meet the secret police
They'll draft you and they'll jail your niece

You'll go quietly too boot camp
They'll shoot you dead make you a man
Don't you worry, it's for a cause
Feeding global corporations' claws

Die on our brand new poison gas
El Salvador or Afghanistan
Making money for President Reagan
And all the friends of President Reagan

California Uber alles
California Uber alles
Uber alles California
Uber alles California