

Red Hot Chili Peppers, Poster Child

Melle Mel and Richard Hell were dancing at the Taco Bell
When someone heard a rebel yell, I think it was an infidel
Adam And and Robert Plant were center of a sycophant
Used to buy Ulysses Grant to record at the Record Plant
Islamabad is on the nod, Havana at the riot squad
And if you want to be a Mod, you'll have to meet me at the quad

You got the best of my loco
I'll take the rest of your showboat
You got the best of my Yoko
I'll take the rest of your low note

Parliament's Atomic Dog that hats were filling up a fog
We talk about the life and death of everything in analog
The seventies were such a win, singing the Led Zeppelin
Lizzy lookin' mighty thin, the Thompson's had another twin
I thought I won the lottery, the numbers never thought of me
Ramonés had a lobotomy, so spin me like a pottery

I will be your poster child
You know the world is ours for a little while
And then I will be your poster child tonight, ow
La-da-da-da, bum-bum-budum

A funky piece, the Sandinista, me and minor Mona Lisa
Judas Priest has whipped the beast, the mother love was named Theresa
Bubble gum, a cup of soup, dirty dandy nanda loop
A small banana in your hoop, and now I know the band is froup
Bernie Mac and Caddyshack were dusty as the bric-a-brac
And if you ask me for the time, I tell you that the preacher's back

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Steve Miller and Duran Duran, the Joker dancing in the sand
Van Morrison - the Astral man - the festival of hurricanes
Speak of Chico and the Man, the silence of a certain lamb
MC5 kick out the jam, a poncho full of contraband
Merry Queen was on the scene on every preteen magazine
The Motörhead and mystic queen, I must've needed Valvoline

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And then I will be your poster child tonight
La-da-da-da, bum-bum-budum

You got me on this
But then I can't get off
With no one else but you
You turn me on too
Well, then I can't get up, ooh
For no one else but you

Creem magazine, A Love Supreme, the ballad of a Billie Jean
And now we know the Status Quo, but God would never save the Queen
Hear me shakin', Copenhagen, cop a ghost of Ronald Reagan
All I say was Flavor Flav the cosmic rays were power saving
And my fist double kissed a listed number purple
Mr Chubby Checker do the twist, and everyone's a narcissist

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The waterbed was takin' meds, a beaver with the house of red
With a pocket full of Talking Heads
M.I.A.'s making paper planes, addiction to the ways of Janes
My stuff is made of purple rain, ten fingers in the lion's mane
Giant squid, Karate Kid, Sid Vicious and the we did
The planet that we must

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