

Trust Your Mechanic

Dead Kennedys

TV invents a disease you think you have
So you buy our drugs and soon you depend on them
Pain is in your mind, gotcha comin' back for more
Again and again and again and again
Gonna rip you off, rip you off Doctor says, "You need surgery now"
You're feelin' good till the side effects fuck up something else
You're ensnared by the medicine man
Payin' up the ass again and again
Gonna rip you off Trust your mechanic to mend your car
Bring it in to his garage
He tightens and loosens a few spare parts
One thing's fixed, another falls apart
And the rich cheat you The magazine says your face don't look quite right
Unless you wear our brand new wonder cream tonight
Never look right again unless you grease your skin
Again and again and again and again
Gonna rip you off Told you're depressed so of course you see the psychiatrist
Right when you hit your Neurosis roots, he confuses you
He fucks your head up worse, gotcha feelin' helpless
You're comin' back for more again and again
Gonna rip you off, rip you off Trust your mechanic to make you well
You're seein' an awful lot of him now
The quicker he makes your life fall apart
The more money you put in his pockets Trust your mechanic to plug your holes
Trust him to make more somewhere else
Trust your mechanic, he'll always come through
And rip you off

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