

# 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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