

# Dead Kennedys, Trust Your Mechanic

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 commin' back for more  
Again and again and again and again  
Gonna rip you off  
Rip you off

Doctor says you need surgery now  
Feelin' good 'til the side effects  
Fuck up something else

You're ensnared by the medicine man  
Paying up the ass  
Again and again  
Gonna rip you off

Trust your mechanic to mend your car  
Bring it into his garage  
He tightens and loosens a few spare parts  
One thing's fixed, another falls apart  
And the rich eat you

A 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 reach your neuroses' 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 seeing 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