Dead Kennedys "M. T. V. get Off The Air"

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Fun fun fun in the fluffy chair Flame up the herb Woof down the beer Ã,°c(click!)Ã,°c

Ηi

I'm your video dj I always talk like I'm wigged out on quaaludes I wear a satin baseball jacket everywhere I go

My job is to help destroy What's left of your imagination By feeding you endless doses Of sugar-coated mindless garbage

So don't create
Be sedate
Be a vegetable at home
And thwack on that dial
If we have our way even you will believe
This is the future of rock and roll

How far will you go How low will you stoop To tranquilize our minds with your sugar-coated swill

You've turned rock and roll rebellion Into pat boone sedation Making sure nothing's left to the imagination

M.t.v. get off the M.t.v. get off the M.t.v. get off the air Get off the air

See the latest rejects from the muppet show Wag their tits and their dicks As they lip-synch on screen

There's something I don't like About a band who always smiles Another tax write-off

For some schmuck who doesn't care

M.t.v. get off the air

And so it was

Our beloved corporate gods

Claimed they created rock video

Allowing it to sink as low in one year

As commercial tv has in 25

"it's the new frontier," they say

It's wide open, anything can happen

But you've got a lot of nerve

To call yourself a pioneer

When you're too god-damn conservative

To take real chances.

Tin-eared
Graph-paper brained accountants
Instead of music fans
Call all the shots at giant record companies now

The lowest common denominator rules Forget honesty Forget creativity The dumbest buy the mostest That's the name of the game

But sales are slumping
And no one will say why
Could it be they put out one too many lousy records? !?

M.t.v. \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} ^oget off the air! Now

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