

## 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  
c(click!)c

Hi  
I'm your video dj  
I always talk like i'm wiggged 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.get off the air! Now

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