Kennedys Dead "M T V Get Off The Air"

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words: Biafra, music: Biafra & Ray Fun Fun in the fluffy chair Flame up the herb Woof down the beer (click!) 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

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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!

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