

Kennedys Dead

"Trust Your Mechanic"

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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 in to 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 creme 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

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