

The Mechanic

I went to the mechanic
Because my car was startin' to wheeze and whine
I couldn't understand it
For eight years it seemed to be runnin' fine
He said, "Don't worry about a thing, Brother;
I'll treat your car just like it was mine."

First he took it for a joyride
He ground the gears and floored it in reverse
Took out some innocent passersby
A nice old lady reaching for her purse
He said, "Steering's a little wobbly—
Thank God, it could've been a whole lot worse..."

Then he siphoned off my gasoline
Billed me a billion bucks to fill the tank
Sheered off the tail lights and the rear view mirror
Rammin' through the back door of the bank
I looked a little non-plussed; he said:
"It ain't me, it's Jesus you must thank..."

He stripped off all the fenders
He even stole the brakepads off my brakes
He said: "Real men don't have accidents
Or if they do, they don't admit mistakes..."
As he sledge-hammered that U-joint, saying:
"Good for all models and all makes."

Though my car was on the wheelrims
He managed to roll it out of the bay somehow
When I said I wasn't happy,
Concern was written on his furrowed brow
"Son, this car's in bad, bad condition—
Can you afford to change mechanics now?"

A mechanic's like a President
He has to do the job for which he's hired
If he makes a total mess of things
Then hopes your registration has expired
You've got two choices what to say:
"Here's my car again," or, "Friend, you're fired!"