

WAKE UP AMERICA!

I'm a journeyman technician
In an automotive shop,
I'm supposed to know the answers
From the bottom to the top.

I should diagnose the problem
With just a single look,
And if I fail to fix it,
You think that I'm a crook.

When I charge you for my labor
You bitch and scream and moan,
And even call and threaten me
Upon the telephone.

But technology in the auto
Is advancing every year,
And for the systems I must know
I simply have no peer.

I must be more electrician than
The man who wires your home,
For the wiring system in your car
Outdoes the Astrodome.

Then refrigeration systems
That I'm supposed to know
Have far more gadgets than your
Home's unit to make them go.

Electronics now have made the
Scene and more are coming yet,
Some models now will far exceed
Your television set.

In hydraulics I have more to learn,
Than a specialist in pumps,
There's breaks and shock absorbers
To help absorb the bumps.

Torque converters & transmissions
With servos, valves and gears,
Models by the hundreds
Introduced in recent years.

Fuel systems of many kinds,
I must adjust and meter,
Each far more complicated
Than your furnace or water heater.

The principles of combustion
I must know from A to Z,
And gear trains that far exceed
Hi-tech machinery.

I'm in welding, I'm in plumbing
For water, vacuum, oil and fuel,
Compared to me, a plumber
Is a kid in grammar school.

There's alignment and there's
Balancing & God alone knows what
If I fix it, that's expected
If not, I don't make the cut.

There's models, makes and systems
Some seven hundred strong,
With new ones coming up each year,
To help the scheme along.

Now compare me to the Doctor
Whose prices make mine meager,
Yet folks revere his expertise
Ever more impressed and eager.

The human body hasn't changed
In twenty thousand years,
And every model works the same
From the ankles to the ears.

There's years of school to learn
His field and almost none in mine,
I've learned by practicing my trade
And read what I can find.

There's new equipment and
Techniques and medicines for sure,
But this is true in my field too,
But usually no quick cure.

There's lots of books he has to read,
His procedures to define,
But for every page in his field,
There's twenty-five in mine.

There's no comebacks and no
warranty,
You pay for what you get,
And then come back and pay again,
If he hasn't fixed it yet.

His mistakes are often buried
While mine come back for free,
He plays golf on Wednesday
While my customers hassle me.

We spend millions of tax dollars
Sending kids to medical school,
But if you ask for some in my field,
You're treated like a fool.

Everybody has one body
Nobody has more,
But when it comes to autos,
You may have three or four.

But you'll go right on complaining
Of the way I run my show,
With no appreciation
For the things I have to know.

And you'll take your high school
Dropouts
And you'll shove them off to us,
And expect them to be experts
While you rant and rave and fuss.

And when your car cannot be
Serviced,
I'll not hang my head in shame,
So you'd best wake up America
And find out who's to blame.

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