

# Side Effects

Tom MacDonald

And we don't want drugs, why isn't healthcare free?  
When our therapists all need therapy  
Don't need mental health awareness  
Funded by the pharmaceutical terrorists  
How can you help us if you can't relate to our feelings  
That you label symptoms to quantify treatment?  
It's hopeless, your company profile is bogus  
You'll maximize profit by our diagnosis  
Doctors prescribing the pills are awarded a bonus, but don't treat the ailment  
Financial incentive has changed all our doctors to greedy commission-based salesmen  
Advertised on every single channel, commercializing what we cannot handle  
Marketing happened, it's targeting people with labels on bottles and logos like cattle, uh

Shit don't change, yeah  
I been feeling pain, yeah  
Doctor sign his name, yeah  
Pharmacy a game, yeah  
I'm not living more, I'm dying less  
And paying for it with side effects

All these side effects from dollar signs on their minds, yeah  
I'm a mess, and they're just tryna sell me lies  
With side effects; your drugs don't even get me high  
I thought dealing was a crime, y'all just playing with my life, yeah  
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Feeling numb and indifferent, but my therapist listens  
He makes notes in his book, and I'm sure if I look, I'd see names of prescriptions  
I just can't escape it, this Ativan, Seroquel, Xanax, solution to sicknesses  
Corporate agendas have mixed with the wellness of people, creating a culture of illnesses  
All the benefits of modern medicine, and still I feed it down inside my skeleton  
I might just let it win if I descend again and end depression with a rush of adrenaline  
I'm feeling electric, pathetic, lethargic, exhausted and nauseous, it's awful  
I can't tell the doctor 'cause I'll leave his office with bottles of pills that I struggle to swallow

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They don't want me better, they don't want me dead  
I got money to blow, there's a price on my head  
Take me to the pharmacy, I never get what they promise me  
'Cause I'm feeling nothing except all these

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