

There are paint smears on everything I own
The vapor rub is lying on a table of filth
Christmas cards to which I never reply
My eyeballs absorb only blue filtered light

TV casualty, TV casualty
We're all right
TV casualty, TV casualty

I wish they'd put Prince Namor on the tube
Hold on, I think I have to puke
There's a spot in the corner where I always go
I like to feed the flies that I know

But please don't feed my television screen
Please don't feed my television screen
Please don't feed my television screen
Please don't feed my television screen

TV casualty, TV casualty
We're all right
TV casualty, TV casualty

Babies in prison, they call it a womb
Nine month sentence, no parole
Slivers of steel stuck in your lungs
Breathe deep, we need a donor for blood

Jaguars at the cemetery
Cadillacs grazing at your grave
Zeniths grazing at your grave
Sonys grazing at your grave

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