

I Don't Want To Be On T.V.

The Airborne Toxic Event

Beat by beat as Becky falls to sleep
She sits in her electric chair and watches the TV.
And its so quiet here in tonight, she looks skinny in the light
,
In her under wire her face so fair, she's higher than a kite.
She says: "well, what about me; am I dying silently?
Have you ever wanted anything so bad you couldn't see?"

No oh oh;
no oh oh not me;
no oh oh...
I don't wanna be on TV

And the man down at the TV station, cracks his knuckles bare.
He's starin at a woman, she is starin back at him.
You can cut the tension with a knife; we're expecting rain tonight.
There's a weather system blowing in from Santa Ana all night.
She thinks: "well what about me? So what, you're on TV?
I don't care about your pompous ass, I care about this baby."

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Everyone in this city seems to take it like a drug.
Sit up all night, faces so white, they just can't get enough.
And the shows are all the same, and there's something I can't name.
The snickering on this flickering screen, the noise numbing my brain.
So I think: "Well, what about me? Will I just die silently?
With all these walls and bars and endless whores just dying next to me?

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