

T.v. Baby

Bif Naked

I am a TV babee, its weird when ya stop and think about it.
Donna Martin graduates,.
Donna Martin graduates, totally different head..
nannooo nannooo. Rampart, 911,
I remember watching Harvey Coreman
on the Carroll Brunet show,
from behind the couch from where my parents sat.

I was suppose to be in bed.
Once we were old enough to complain
and whine about Hindu-Stani Canna every Sunday night,
we had popcorn and watched
the Muppet Show in the living room.
Ya know my TV is worth a million dollars,
why I call it my million dollar TV.

This is because, when I was 20 yrs old,
I had a day job, a skateboard and a band.
but no savings account.
I couldn't ask my parents for moneyit wasn't an emergency.
My roommate told me to go
to this certain rent-to-own company.

Its like 20 bucks a month for a tv..UNREAL!
So I went, and picked out a cute 12 inch color TV,
and walked home with it that day. I got a remote control unit,
and I ordered cablelife was amazing.
Before work in the morning, I could watch the today show,
I remember the episode where Brain
denounced to the audience that Katie got caps on her teeth.

He busted her right on TV.. can you believe that?
After I came home from work, id leave the TV off,
until I got in the kitchen made a cup of coffee or tea,
with like 4 sugars, got my cigarettes ..100's,
and my matches..wooden, and took a seat
infront of the television and turn on some talk shows.

This is the life I use to think,
I didn't even own a bicycle or any transportation,
I got my skateboard deck out of the garbage,
and got trucks and risers for free.
Why one of the wheels was practically square.
I had tofu hotdogs in the fridge, milk and diet soda, and that was it!

I had no new clothes just ratty T-shirts,
and jeans and stuff. I had minimal shoes,
no make-up but soapand no furniture.
But FUCK did I have a beautiful TV.
I'd watch it while I ate some supper,
and then till I left for band rehearsal.

After that id get home late and go
to sleep cause I'd get up at seven to go to work.
This was my routine, it was the greatest.
I was truly blessed!, with my little TV,
I adored it. I put hello kitty stickers all over

and the remote. It was beautiful
I would get a bill in the mail every month,
I mostly paid them on time,
cause I could go downtown to the rent-to-own store,
and hand them my payment.

How convenient. As the last 6 yrs went
buy my TV saw me through 7 apartments,
4 boyfriends, 2 bands, one job, my same job for 5 yrs,
and 10 tours. And..one fucking asshole at the credit bureau
here's what happened. Because even though
I was often becoming late on my payments,
this rent to own stuff was giving me a credit rating.

I started getting all these credit card
applications in the mail..what luck!
I got a visa card pronto,
I bought dickies engineering overalls
(the first thing I bought),
the second thing ofcourse was some shoes,
the third ofcourse was dinner for a boy friend.
This is the lifethen I got a bay card,
then I got a holt renferew card,
I got a fusha parriallis hockey sized duffel bag, for touring,
I got Elizabeth Arden products for touring
I got MAC make-up and lots of clothesfor touring ,
then I went on tourlife on the road got good
that van never smelt better!

Then while we were on tour in a strange city on soundcheck,
we get a phone call from the chick's place we crashed at,
that shed got broken into.
We went back there, and all that got stolen,
was my pink duffel bag with all my new clothes,
and girlie panties, and shower gels and you name it.
Every one else had their punk rock bags
and T-shirts and stuff left alone.

Just me, the gurl, the gurl with the shiny pink bag.
The police man at pre-sent 51 were awesome,
they made a report, I even got a real police uniform shirt,
they felt sorry for me cause all
I was left with was the dress on my back.
The other band we played with on the bill that night,
the singer Leslie, and the Marian lady
who ran the bar donated some panties
and dresses and make-up and stuff,
I was glad it was me that was robbed not one of my band guys,
I mean I still had my day job and I still had credit cards,
I'm glad the van wasn't stolen.

I mean it was just me.
I was balling when I phoned my manager long
distance don't get me wrong
but I had t get over it quickly
cause I was my own tour manager.
So I couldn't be a babee
I mean I still had to try to get a meal buy out
out of the club owner that night.
Ya know the show must go on. But my point is everything
I mean everything in that duffel bag
and the bag itself was a credit card purchase.

I figured I was being shown lessons.
It gave me a lot to think about.
By the time I got off that tour and luckily went back
to my day job, my bills were all pilling up!
I couldn't keep up my credit cards were all maxed!
And I had no cash, I couldn't even eat I was FUCKED!
The credit guy called at my work and asked if I was stupid?
He said him and his cronies were gunna wait for me at my house.

I was crying and freaked out, he was a legit bill collector too.
Phoned to freak me out and he did.
So I phoned home and I figured out
I had to get my dad to cosign a loan so
I could consolidate my debts.
Which brings me to my million dollar TV.
So my TV, my beautiful TV,
was about 20 bucks a month right,
I think it was like a 400 dollar TV,
remember it was a twelve inch.

So you'd think it would be paid off
in less than two years here's the Snag!!!!
out of my 20 dollar a month payment,
like a buck fifty, would go towards my actual purchase.
Can u believe that?
So even though like over 3 years
I paid something like 700 bucks it wasn't paid off..FUCK ME!!

Needless to say my TV was included in my bill consolidation.
That's when I dubbed it my million dollar TV.
I got rid of all those credit cards,
well except for one for emergencies,
and got rid of my bill collector.
I have my own apartment now
and lost my day job to touring,
I have a stereo and a GTBMX ,
and I go to the gym.

But more important than anything I have my tv..
my million dollar TV with the hello kitty stickers
all over it still have it .
I watch Rosie and the X-Files, and BayWatch.
Sometimes I turn my telephone off,
so I can watch the nanny.
I don't have a routine except that Sunday night
watching the community channel,
for the italia TV, and soccer report.
Or hockey night in Canada.
Or CBC on Saturday morning for fashion file,
TV is still really fun, I'm addicted I guess.
Life is still amazing,
and I still love my million dollar TV,
and I truly, truly am a TV babeee!