

# Television

Harpo

I see Lucy Ball Show  
Kojak's lollipop  
I see the rain is falling in South America  
And two men draw in a Texan town  
And one prizefighter knocks the other one down

Good news bad news  
Good news bad news  
No news at all

The weatherman smiles  
While a hungry child is kissing a king  
And The Osmonds sing on  
Someone's bending a spoon  
Someone's walking on the moon  
Someone's robbing a bank  
Someone's blowing a bomb on

Television Television Television  
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Through the silent universe all over the world  
Pictures in the sky  
Words are flying by  
The waves change our time  
Sail into our minds  
Still there's so many things  
That we'll never see on

Television  
Television  
Television

. . .

Good news bad news

. . .

She's had too much whisky  
You can see the traces in her middle-aged face  
And though she's only forty-two  
She thinks she's got nothing else to do  
Than to let her evenings pass away  
While her husband falls asleep  
In front of the late

Late late movies  
She's watching the late late late  
late midnight movies  
Watching the late late late movies  
The late late late midnight movies on

Television

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