

Black and White Television

Ian Anderson

I looked in the mirror then
saw my face in a dream.
With eyes sharp as diamonds
blessed with clear vision.
Things were not as they seemed.
Black and white television
stared back from the wall.
Is that my life?
Am I here at all?

Down in the High Road, see
motor cavalcades glide
past shopwindow dressers
desperately covering
all the parts they can hide.
Black and white television
stares at me again.
Is that their lives?
Even dummies pretend.

The truth is so hard to deny.
The answer is here.
The screen never lies.

Black and white television.
It's the right television.
Show me it's all a dream tonight.

The boys on the corner sulk
in their Suzuki haze.
In primary colours
(each year more startling)
but they still fade to grey
on black and white television.
It's sweeping the land.
Is that your life?
Do you understand?

The truth is so hard to deny.
The answer is here.
The screen never lies.

Black and white television.
Back the right television.
Black and white television.
Hard to fight television.
Show me it's all a dream tonight.