

TV Casualty

Misfits

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

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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
Sonsy grazing at your grave

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