

T.V.

Polemic

When I looked through the window
I saw things I couldn't believe

People running over each other
No one cares about the other

And everyone's got a machine gun

I changed my mind Oh I couldn't watch this
I changed my mind and I changed the channel and I changed the channel on my TV

Hot sun, a desert caravan, grey camels move across yellow sand
with a few ghosts
Bedouins dressed in white, dressed in black, red stains, not happy, they're like very tired.

They're driven out of their home, starving, begging for salvation
Looking to the motionless heavens, but there's just a roaring bomber bringing more of the same

I changed my mind Oh I couldn't watch this
I changed my mind and I changed the channel and I changed the channel on my TV

Standing at my window,
Looking out at the little kids
Playing with their dogs,
Playing with their friends

Together, friendly and happy

Tell me Mr. World is it necessary
To teach our children to teach our children to fight, to hate
To carry a gun and to show them how to KILL

I took the remote control
Pushed down, pushed the red trigger
And I turned off the devil, the devil called the TV