

Television

Robyn Hitchcock

Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong
Bing-bong
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong
Bing-bong
Television, say you love me
Television, say you care
Loneliness is my profession
Show me those who are not there
Television, murmur to me
Deep inside my room tonight
You're the devil's fishbowl, honey
I undress before your lies
Your lies...
Your lies...
Television, open to me
My remote is in my hand
I can dim you to a red light
Honey, try to understand
I'm there...
So there...
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong
Bing-bong
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong
Bing-bong
Television, I'm so sorry
If I turned you off back there
I'm so small in your dimension
My kid will look like you, I swear
I swear...
Oh, I swear...
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong
Bing-bong
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong
Bing-bong
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong
Bing-bong
See through me
See through me
See through me
See through me
See through me
See through me
See through me
See through me