

TV Man

The Bolshoi

Wake up, switch on
I eat my breakfast and the picture goes wrong

Give it a slap,
Give it a jog
I better hurry or
I'll miss the epilogue
Ride high without a saddle
Down the rapids on a boat without a paddle

I am the scourge of the
High seas
Just you watch'em running when
They hear about me

Chorus:
One two three...
Hail t.v.
Watching dirty harry
Made a man of me
Here I stand, t.v. man
I've got all the angels

Eating out of my hand...
I got the good,
Bad and ugly traits
But even dirty harry was allowed to make mistakes...

Knock, knock,

There's someone at the door
I can't imagine, I

Can't imagine
I can't imagine
What they come around here for...
Could be the rent...
Or h.p.

Whatever it is they gonna bleed me
I've got no money...