

I'm living on a land-mine
My body's ticking away, my cartoon eyelids
And my skin, a sickly grey
And if I waited by the 'phone line
I'd wait a couple of days so I'm here lying
On my bed, until I fade

I flick the channels one to one, I flick them through again
And all the time I'm dreaming better days

And now I see no sun, I see no life behind my one-track mind
Here I need no fun, I need no time to find a new design
Move along I'm working on my 3-D TV tan
Softso KO - I need another show
Softso KO - it's just a part of the plan
Softso KO - there's only me and my TV Tan

Some day maybe I'll call you
I'll see whenever I'm free.. maybe Tuesday, when there's nothing on T
V
20 Regal and a 4-pack
I guess I'm set for the night and anti-
social, to keep in shape, thin and white

I light a smoke, and in'tween tokes, consult the TV guide
The bible for the pig who stays inside

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Thinning, I'm thinning and insanelly grinning
And fools peering
Out of my TV try hard to be funny
Unfortunate for me
They start to entertain ye

I'm living on a land-mine, the kind that never ignites
And I'm here waiting, here for nothing...

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