when i speak to you it's in the language of the 20th century pe ople

the ones who are the stars of stage and screen everything i say has been taught to me by my favourite tv programme

the one that i watch each and every week

turn on tune in drop out

if i concentrate i can break through the wash but only for a mo ment

my lucid thoughts are lost and out of reach i would rather fall back into my familiar comfortable persona the one that my tv was bought to teach

turn on tune in drop out

- i can be the hero who can fly around the sun
- i can scare you shitless i saw how on channel one
- i think that i'm impressing you with funny anecdotes
- i got them from my kid's tv and he's too young to vote

we're living in a fantasy but that's ok with me you believe the whole thing too we're all on mtv buy into the merchandise and then it becomes real palpable and plastic packaged neatly on the reel

don't even go outside you will be destroyed best to stay inside take the networked ride

when i sing to you it's through the haze of mild and modern sch izophrenia

the one where i am not the man i am

if i glimpse the real then i am scared into the rampant paranoi a

the one where i am still a tv fan

turn on tune in strung out