

Turn On Tune In

Threshold

when i speak to you it's in the language of the 20th century people
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 moment
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 schizophrenia
the one where i am not the man i am
if i glimpse the real then i am scared into the rampant paranoia
a
the one where i am still a tv fan

turn on tune in strung out