

Cathode Ray Clinic

Wolfsbane

I sit in front of this TV,
And I can feel it swallow me,
Dull my brain and steal my soul,
Seduce me til my heart is cold,
You can watch a student die,
Or a plane fall from the sky,
In a thousand dollar dress,
Are glamour girls with plastic breasts,
See our cripples, blind and deaf,
With your money make them blessed,
Let us show them that you care,
You only see them once a year.

God is here, He talks to me,
And through the man whose tears preach,
Show me something I can buy,
So God will keep me high and dry.

Is it real, I don't know,
Turn it off, where do they go?,
Is it real, can you tell,
Apparitions hot from hell.

Black Rock me girls on video,
Dance sex with me on tipi toe,
Beauty without tenderness,
And they ridicule in a tiny dress,
Only seven miles away,
Lie victims of that black brigade,
Three boys are shot and one is dead,
As I stretch out on my bed.
God is here, He talks to me,
And through the man whose tears preach,
Show me something I can buy,
So God will keep me high and dry.

Is it real, I don't know,
Turn it off, where do they go?,
Is it real, can you tell,
Apparitions hot from hell.

They're dying, dying in my room,
They're laughing and they're dancing too,
Crying, lost everything they own,
And smiling on big Bob's game show,
I'll go for the car, Bob, I'll go for the car,
I want the car, Bob, I want the car.

Behind the glass, inside the light,
What is on the box tonight?.

Is it real, I don't know,
Turn it off, where do they go?,
Is it real, can you tell,
Apparitions hot from hell.

I'm attending every day,

The clinic of the cathode ray