

Broken TV

Bush

No longer sane
No longer human
You're everything that I need
And pray for rain just to make it sunny
It's better now we can see
Guilt

Who's power crazy
Who's hungry for honey
Who could hold and take unless I
I don't like wine and must love money
Wine is better when there's nobody else

Now that I'm holding I'm holding that
Seeking around and give right back
And my arm is gonna be this blind
And my arm is gonna be this

Reaching with you

These are the days of broken TV
She got mirror things and looks real nice well
Love over sex with me on her inside
We see the light and gather real tight

Now that I'm holding I'm holding that
Seeking around and give right back
And my arm is gonna be this blind
And my arm is gonna be
I feel funny
I shut up fine

These are the days of broken TV
She got mirror things and looks real nice well
Love over sex with me on her inside
We see the light and gather real tight

Now that I'm holding I'm holding that
Seeking around and give right back
And my arm is gonna be this blind
And my arm is gonna be this

This, this, hard to live
With what you miss
Hard to live
With what you miss
Hard to live
With what you miss
Hard to live with what you miss