

Television Screens

Fontaines D.C.

Saw the ice face fail
For the first time in years
And the water levels rise
'Round the television screens
All your tough man looks
For which you had reserved
For a room full of mirrors

On the television screen
On the television screen
On the television screen
On the television screen

They fell as a child
On the beatdown grass
No cutting, no bruising
Not a mark to be seen
And so some become lost
As their passions will see
Illustrated well
By the television screen
Shall we tangle our thinking?
Shall we give it a name?
Let it sit at the table
Bring it in from the rain
I could lay you right down
On these lively living streets
And still you'd not know
How the city heart beats

On the television screen
On the television screen
On the television screen
On the television screen

You're a cluster of nothing
You are a beauty for the sake
How dare you go about living
As a relic from a dream
As the sky shutters down
On the antiquated scene
On the room full of mirrors

On the television screen
On the television screen
On the television screen
On the television screen
On the television screen