

## Television

Robyn Hitchcock

Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong  
Bing-bong  
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong  
Bing-bong  
Television, say you love me  
Television, say you care  
Loneliness is my profession  
Show me those who are not there  
Television, murmur to me  
Deep inside my room tonight  
You're the devil's fishbowl, honey  
I undress before your lies  
Your lies...  
Your lies...  
Television, open to me  
My remote is in my hand  
I can dim you to a red light  
Honey, try to understand  
I'm there...  
So there...  
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong  
Bing-bong  
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong  
Bing-bong  
Television, I'm so sorry  
If I turned you off back there  
I'm so small in your dimension  
My kid will look like you, I swear  
I swear...  
Oh, I swear...  
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong  
Bing-bong  
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong  
Bing-bong  
Bing-a-bong-a-bing-bong  
Bing-bong  
See through me  
See through me  
See through me  
See through me  
See through me  
See through me  
See through me  
See through me