

## TV Queen

## Wild Nothing

TV Queen  
Putting clothes on  
Her felt-strip dress and her stockings  
And when you walk out of that box  
And out of that screen, you're real to me

No, that's not right  
I got so lost trying to know you  
Trying to touch you, trying to  
No, that's not right  
I got so lost trying to know you  
Trying to touch you, trying to

In a bright room  
Is this your face?  
Is this your body that I'm seeing?  
Those dead eyes

The closest I can ever get to you, the real you

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