

## 10 Petits Indiens "Basic Cable"

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television, all hail grand pixelated god of  
fantasy, murder scape and perspective  
fuck a sore channel changed digit  
I sit with a nasty network intervenes plan  
with a stable diet of my cable pirate  
yo, the doctor is in, the doctor is on  
born the bastard son of static radiance cloned to  
welcome in every home  
lead a blue screen, bruised dream canope  
victim of the cursed nursed Technicolor drunk support  
team  
ooh, I love all advertisements  
though accused by robot news casters who capture  
and pollute  
spoon fed hazardous fog to joy luck catholic squad  
please take me, please calm me, please make me a  
zombie  
please I want to donate my brain to the monstrous  
Panasonic profit  
now, twenty first century plagued  
dispersed to wide eyed glamour addict patients  
telecast patrons  
blue be the propaganda banners, well, sure I'll be a  
Marine  
with a clean sword and blue uniform, it only takes a  
dollar and a dream  
and I abide great idiot box power supply, fuzz vapor,  
black out of New York, hey honey, get the generator  
I'm in a doom, doom generation, pacin', ancient  
electric secret  
never sleepin' to miss the AM oasis  
my name is a wired heart, sloppy obligation  
turn my stilt into my guilt and have a chatter box blame  
frame adjacent station  
make reality scrambled and suck the life out of a  
hidden vandal  
and loving every minute of the gimmick, change the  
channel  
  
plug it in, turn it on, prop me up against the couch  
lights out, I ain't ever gonna have to leave my house  
satellite dish, get up on my wish list, turn me to a tyrant

let my clean spirit dissolve through the appliance

plug it in, turn it on, be my mother when she's gone,  
great  
wipe the spittle off my chinny-chin during the breaks  
if I gotta go blind I'mma do it for the love of all  
television kind  
and that's fine, and that's fine...

make me a star, I wanna touch gold  
hold me suspended in a dream, nearly inches from  
the screen  
deleted passions sacrificed to one electron monster  
crucify my little future to the monitor  
damn it feels good, turn on, tune in  
zoom in to hug the bug up in your family function  
but the children seem to love it  
yes mother, me and wild discovery  
and heard the static flock to where I sleep  
by the glow of that magic box big speaker  
stereo mastered often kill the freak seekers, eyes  
spiraling  
tangled in the star spangled wiring  
I can turn from toxicated visuals  
and all the kings horses abort the loyalty to royalty  
fuck the fortress  
riddle me with glee, hoist the end all teleprompter above  
my sleeping head  
I'll be dead by morning anyway  
color my values with mundane humor in thirty minute  
tickets  
to feel the magnetic seal picket censorship  
I want commercials twenty four-seven  
I wanna shop from my bed and set an  
example for all my overworked, underpaid brethren  
I bond with a six string(?) correspondence  
and lurking circuitry circus  
with allegiance pledged beyond the glass surface  
adamant students within the fine school of possessed  
graduate catalysts  
channel zero addict, immaculate  
it goes- big screen, little screen, any screen'll do  
just let me hold the controller and I won't have to  
murder you

plug it in, turn it on, let my little eyes glaze  
twenty screens lined up along the borders of the maze  
I wanna see the five day forecast, fourteen days in  
advance  
so I can get my two weeks notice every time the sun  
dance

plug it in, turn it on, silent fix better than nothing  
let a once divine soul feel the functions of the hypnotist  
the viciousness, ridiculous, peaking a dummy's  
interest  
touch the power button meet your maker, ain't that  
something?

plug it in, turn it on, say goodbye to Sunday afternoon  
fix the antenna, sit back and let disaster bloom  
it's a beautiful sight, with a most ugly intention  
but I taste it everyday and bathe inside the  
consequences

plug it in, turn it on, never once have you talked back to  
me  
your majesty, I love you, I despise you  
my everyday is sitcom, soaps, news, bad  
dramatization  
come along with me, my friend for the most glorious  
sensation

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