

## Bad English

### "The Secret Of Television"

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You and me - let's join the enemy  
Fly to paris, plan a bank robbery  
I've got the tickets, let's pick up some cigarettes  
Grab your jacket, the wind is blowing cold  
I've got this contact, he's ready for action  
We've got to cut while the knife is still sharp  
Crime does not pay, but this time it's different  
One week in france and count your money in the dark  
(chorus)  
Don't try to tell me you never dreamed about it  
Don't try to tell me you never wondered how it felt  
The world is full of dreamers... it's the secret of  
television  
I don't want your television I want real bullets

Just our luck -- we were born in suburbia  
Raised on sunshine and white bread sin  
I think it's time we got some dirt under our fingernails  
I think it's time we got some blood under our skin  
I got this cancer burning inside of me  
9 to 5, income tax, taking their toll  
Get you some heroin, get me a prostitute  
We'll sleep much easier with evil in our souls

Chorus

What if we die? that'd be a pity  
It's been years since I saw you this young  
Maybe we'll take our share, run to venezuela  
Buy a fleet of jaguars, race 'em in the sun

Chorus

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