

Chisel Cold "Ita"

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Every night when I get home
I settle down to prime time limbo
When all the boys are gathered around
Shouting Ita'a on TV
And though the roaches are thick on the ground
Somebody goes to close my window
Keep the noise of the city down
Get a dose of integrity

Every week, in every home
She got wholesome news for the family
I believe, I believe, in what she says
Yes I do
I believe, I believe, at the end of the day
Her magazine'll get me through

Ita's tongue never touches her lips
She could always be my godmother
And though the desk-top hides her hips
My imagination's strong
She's the sweetest thing I've ever seen
I'd like to take her out to dinner
But when I think about the places I've been
I'd probably hold my fork all wrong

Every day and every night
She's the only one we can depend upon
I believe, I believe, in what she says
Yes I do
I believe, I believe, at the end of the day
Her magazine'll get me through

To every housewife through the land
There is no-one else they can depend upon
How could I not believe, when Ita tells me too

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