

## **Bif Naked "T.v. Baby"**

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I am a t.v. baby it's weird when you stop and think about it. "Donna Martin graduates! Donna Martin graduates!" Totally different head...nanoo nanoo. REEAAAAAAR!! 911! I remember watching Harvey Corman the Carol Brunett show from behind the couch where my parent sat. I was supposed to be in bed. Once we were old enough to complain and whine about hind????????? every Sunday night, we had popcorn and watched the Muppet Show in the living room. You know, my t.v. is worth a million dollars. Why I call it my "Million dollar t.v."? This is because When I was 20 years old I had a day job, a skateboard and a band. But no savings account. I couldn't ask my parents for money it wasn't an emergency. My roommate told me to go to this certain rent to own company. It's like 20 bucks a month for a t.v.! Unreal! So I went and picked out a cute 12 inch colour t.v. and walked home with it that day. I got a remote control unit, and I ordered cable. Life was amazing! Before work in the morning I could watch the To

Day Show I remember when Bryant announced to the viewing audience that Katie got caps on her teeth! He busted her right on t.v.! Can you believe that? After I came home from work, I'd leave the t.v. off until I got into the kitchen, made a cup of coffee or tea with like 4 sugars, got my cigarettes; 100s matches; wooden and took a seat in front of the television and turned on some talk shows! This is the life! I used to think. I didn't even own a bicycle or any transportation. I got my skateboard deck out of the garbage and got trucks and Risers for free! Why one of the wheels was practically square! I had tofu hot-dogs in the fridge, and milk and diet soda and that was it. No new clothes just ratty t-shirts and jeans and stuff. I had minimal shoes--no makeup but soap, and, uh, no furniture. But FUCK! Did I have a beautiful t.v.! I'd watch it while I ate supper and then 'till I left for band rehearsal. After that, I get home late and go to sleep cause I'd wake up at 7 to go to work. This was my routine It was the greatest. I was truly blessed with my little t.v. and adored it. I put hello kitty stickers all over it and the remote. It was beautiful. I would get a bill in the mail every month. I mostly paid

them on time cause I could go downtown to the rent to own store and hand them my payment. How convenient! As the last 6 years went by, my t.v. saw me through 7 apartments, 4 boyfriends, 2 bands, 1 job-- my same job for 5 years and 10 tours--and 1 fuckin' asshole at the credit bureau. Here's what happened: because even though I

was often getting late on my payments. This Rent to Own stuff was you know, giving me, a credit Rating. I started getting all these credit card applications in the mail. "What luck!" I got a visa card pronto. I bought Dickie's engineering overalls--the first thing I bought. The second thing, of course, was some shoes. The third, of course, was dinner for a boyfriend. This is the life! Then I got a Bay card, Then I got a Holt Renfrew card. I got a fuschia Perry Ellis, hockey sized duffel bag for touring. I got Elizabeth Arden products for touring, I got M.A.C makeup and lots of clothes for touring.

Then I went on tour! Life on the road got good! That van never smelled better! Then, while we were on tour in a strange city at soundcheck, we get a phone call from the chick whose place we crashed at that she got broken into. We went back there. All that got stolen was my pink duffel bag with all my new clothes and girly panties and shower gels and you name it! Everyone else had their punk rock bags and t-shirts and stuff left alone. Just me..the girl..the girl with the shiny pink bag. The policeman at precinct 51 were awesome. They made a report and I even got a real police shirt they felt sorry for me cause all I was left with was the dress on my back. The other band we played with on the bill last night, the singer, Leslie and the Mary-Anne lady who ran the bar donated some dresses and panties and makeup and stuff. I was glad it was me that was robbed and not one of my band guys I mean I still have my day-job and I still had credit cards I'm glad the van wasn't stolen. I mean, it was just me. I

was bawling when I phoned my manager long-distance, don't get me wrong! But I had to get over it quickly. Because I was my own tour manager so I couldn't be a baby. I mean, I still had to get a meal Buy-out out of the club-owner that night. You know, the show must go on! But my point is, everything i mean, EVERYTHING in that duffel bag and the bag itself was a credit card purchase. I figured I was shown lessons. It gave me a lot to think about. By the time I got off the tour and luckily

Went back to my day-job, my bills were all piling up. I couldn't keep up! My credit cards were all maxed. and I had no cash. I couldn't even eat. I was fucked. The

credit guy called at my work and asked if I was stupid. He said that him and his cronies were going to wait for me at my house. I was crying and freaked out. He was a legit bill collector too! Phone to freak me out..and he did! So I phoned home and I figured out I had to get my dad to co-sign a loan so I could consolidate my debts. bag itself was a credit card purchase. I figured I was shown lessons. It gave me a lot to think about. By the time I got off the tour and luckily went back to my day-job, my bills were all piling up. I couldn't keep up! My credit cards were all maxed. and I had no cash. I couldn't even eat. I was fucked. The credit guy called at my work and asked if I was stupid. He said that him and his cronies were going to wait for me at my house. I was crying and freaked out. He was a legit bill collector too! Phone to freak me out..and he did! So I phoned home and I figured out I had to Get my dad to co-sign a loan so I could consolidate my debts. Which brings me to my million dollar t.v. So my t.v., my beautiful t.v. was about 20 bucks a month. I think it was about a 400 dollar t.v. remember it was a 12 inch. So, you'd think it would be paid off in about in less than 2 years. Here's the snag. Out of my 20 dollar month payment like a buck 50 would go to my actual purchase! Can you believe that? So even though over three years, I paid like 700 bucks...It wasn't paid off. FUCK ME! Needless to say, my t.v. was included in my bill consolidation. That's when I dubbed it My million dollar t.v. I got rid of all those credit cards, well, except for one for emergencies and got rid of my bill collectors. I have my own apartment now, lost my day job to touring. I have a stereo and a GT BMX and I go to the gym. But more important than anything. I have my t.v.--my Million dollar t.v. with the hello kitty stickers all over it..still have it! I watch Rosie, The X-files, Baywatch, sometimes I turn the telephone off so I can watch The Nanny! I don't have a routine except hmm..Sunday night when I watch the Community Cable Channel for the Italia t.v. and soccer report. Or hockey night in Canada or CBC on Saturday morning for "Fashion File". T.v. is still really fun. I'm addicted, I guess. Life is still amazing. and I still love my million dollar t.v. and I truly, truly am a T.V. baby.

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