

Little Feat "Silver Screen"

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Bill Payne, Paul Barrere, Fred Tackett
Every night she sits there TV blasting in her face
People runnin' runnin' to and fro, it's such a frantic
pace
But in her hand she's got control, remote as that may
seem
A certifiable obsession a broadcast malady
When all is said and done she's in love with the silver
screen
With the silver screen

Video tape movies where she cashes in her dreams
Ghostly illuminations how they brighten up her scene
Her perception of reception is her lone reality
What to eat and what to wear she edits out without a
care
The rest falls through the cracks, an unconscious
stream
When all is said and done she's in love with the silver
screen
With the silver screen

In a city full of wishes that she shut out long ago
If wishes were a penny we all know which way she'd go
Gvien choice 'tween perfect health and peace
throughout the world
Apocalypse utopia or space not explored
When all is said and done she's in love with the silver
screen

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