

Sami Yusuf

"Television"

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Leaves his mind there at five.
He knows his work's all done tonight.
Doesn't care about love greed or hate:
He moves his lips but nothing comes out.
Just one time he came along.
A beer and T.V. will disguise his fate.
He clears his soul, but no one else could tell.
Set aside all the things he knew.
He found his thoughts and mind were sold.
When all the peoples faces turned to gold,
He moves his lips, but nothing comes out.
He clears his soul, but no one else could tell.

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