

## **Airborne Toxic Event**

# **"I Don't Want To Be On TV"**

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Beat by beat as Becky falls to sleep  
She sits in her electric chair and watches the TV.  
And its so quiet here in tonight, she looks skinny in the  
light,  
In her under wire her face so fair, she's higher than a  
kite.  
She says: "well, what about me; am I dying silently?  
Have you ever wanted anything so bad you couldn't  
see?"

(Chorus)  
No oh oh ;  
no oh oh not me;  
no oh oh...  
I don't wanna be on TV

And the man down at the TV station, cracks his  
knuckles bare.  
He's starin at a woman, she is starin back at him.  
You can cut the tension with a knife; we're expecting  
rain tonight.  
There's a weather system blowing in from Santa Ana all  
night.  
She thinks: "well what about me? So what, you're on  
TV?  
I don't care about your pompous ass, I care about this  
baby."

No oh oh ;  
no oh oh not me;  
no oh oh...  
I don't wanna be on TV

Everyone in this city seems to take it like a drug.  
Sit up all night, faces so white, they just can't get  
enough.  
And the shows are all the same, and there's something  
I can't name.  
The snickering on this flickering screen, the noise  
numbing my brain.  
So I think: "Well, what about me? Will I just die silently?  
With all these walls and bars and endless whores just

dying next to me?

No oh oh ;  
no oh oh not me;  
no oh oh...  
I don't wanna be on TV  
No oh oh ;  
no oh oh not me;  
no oh oh;  
no oh oh...

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