

Dylan Bob "T.V. Talkin' Song"

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by Bob Dylan

One time in London I'd gone out for a walk, Past a place called Hyde park where people talk 'Bout all kinds of different gods, they have their point of view

To anyone passing by, that's who they're talking to.

There was someone on a platform talking to the folks About the T.V. god and all the pain that it invokes. "It's too bright a light", he said, "For anybody's eyes, If you've never seen one it's a blessing in disguise."

I moved in closer, got up on my toes,
Two men in front of me were coming to blows
The man was saying something 'bout children when
they're young
Being sacrificed to it while lullabies are being sung.

"The news of the day is on all the time, All the latest gossip, all the latest rhyme, Your mind is your temple, keep it beautiful and free, Don't let an egg get laid in it by something you can't see."

"Pray for peace!". he said, you could feel it in the crowd.

My thoughts began to wander. His voice was ringing loud.

"It will destroy your family, your happy home is gone No one can protect you fro it once you turn it on."

"It will led you into some strange pursuits, Lead you to the land of forbidden fruits. It will scramble up your head and drag your brain about,

Sometimes you gotta do like Elvis did and shoot the damn thing out."

"It's all been designed", he said, "To make you lose your mind,

And when you go back to find it, there's nothing there to find."

"Everytime you look at it, your situation's worse, If you feel it grabbing out for you, send for the nurse."

The crowd began to riot and they grabbed hold of the man,

There was pushing, there was shoving and everybody ran.

The T.V. crew was there to film it, they jumped right over me,

Later on that evening, I watched it on T.V..

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