

Throw Television "No Introductions"

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We are the writers
of our own imagination
We are the actors
on our own life set

Break character and we'll break your neck
Break character and we'll break your neck
Try to run away and we'll fake your death
Try to run away and we'll fake your death

Burning up the air
Fire on the stairs
We gotta get out!
Burning up the air
Fire on the stairs
We gotta get out, gotta get out!

We are waiting
for our standing ovation
but you put a curse on us all
as you whispered Macbeth
a curse on us all
as you whispered Macbeth

Break character and we'll break your neck
Break character and we'll break your neck
Try to run away and we'll fake your death
Try to run away and we'll fake your death

Burning up the air
Fire on the stairs
We gotta get out!
Burning up the air
Fire on the stairs
We gotta get out, gotta get out!

(Don't worry, there's nothing wrong with your television
set
this is a pixie bell,
The sound it's much too high for human ear)

Eight!

Seven!

Six!

Five!

Four!

Three!

Two!

One!

Holden was right!

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