

ONE DAY AT A TIME

TV POEM

TV SUCKS YOUR BRAIN CELLS OUT
IT LEAVES YOU LYING ON THE COUCH
YOUR MIND IN SOME KIND OF SEMI-DAZE
YOUR EYES IN SOME KIND OF SEMI-GLAZE
YOU CAN FIGHT IT BUT THERE AIN'T NO DOUBT
THAT TV SUCKS YOUR BRAIN CELLS OUT.

WHEN WE GO OUT FOR A WALK
A LITTLE EXERCISE, A LITTLE TALK
MAKING OUR WAY THROUGH THE NIGHT
FROM EVERY HOUSE COMES A BLUISH LIGHT
WHERE PEOPLE WITH NOTHING 2 TALK ABOUT
LET TV SUCK THEIR BRAIN CELLS OUT.

EVERY NIGHT WE SIT AND SIT
THROUGH REALITY SHOWS THAT R FAR FROM
IT, PHONY CRIME AND BAD SITCOMS THAT
WE DIDN'T LIKE THE FIRST TIME THEY WERE ON
BUT WE FEEL LIKE WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE—
THERE'S A VACUUM WHERE R BRAIN ONCE WAS.

THOSE CATHODE RAYS ARE MAGNETIZED, THEY SUCK OUR BRAIN
CELLS OUT OUR EYES AND SEND THEM OFF BACK THROUGH THE
AIR. THE NETWORKS KEEP THEM STORED SOMEWHERE WITH REJECTED
SCRIPTS AND OTHER JUNK IN 1 BIG OLD USELESS BRAIN CELL DUMP.