

Incubus, Idiot Box

You keep your riches and I'll sew my stitches,
you can't make me think like you, mundane.
I've got a message for all those who think that
they can etch his words inside my brain
T.V., what do I need?
Tell me who to believe!
What's the use of autonomy
when a button does it all?
So listen up,
glisten up closely all,
who've seen the fuckin eye ache too.
It's time to step away from cable train
And when we finally see the subtle light,
this quirk in evolution will begin
to let us live and recreate
T.V., what do I need?
Tell me who to believe!
Whats the use of autonomy
when a button does it all?
T.V., what should I see?
Tell me who should I be?
Lets do our mom a favor and drop
a new god off a wall.
Let me see past the fatuous knocks.
I've gotta rid myself of this idiot box!
Let you see past the feathers and flocks,
and help me plant a bomb in this idiot box!
From the depths of the sea
to the tops of the trees
to the seat of a lazy boy...
staring at a silver screen!!