

Sunny Day Real Estate, Television

she's always around and under my skin
watching her move
how she tells a story
it's only a dream of lovers and lies
she's cruel and she's free like television

she's in my head, like television...

we fall into bed
our tongues are tied
her lips and her eyes are so disarming
and when we embrace, she pulls me inside
I wake up alone with television
crawl around the story
oh, how her waves wash over me
lost inside her story

she shows me the world
i see through her eyes the beauty of brave new understanding
it's only a dream of lovers and lies
i carry with me in all my vision
she's always around and under my skin
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how she tells a story
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like television