

Bolshoi, TV Man

Wake up, switch on I eat my breakfast
and the picture goes wrong give it a slap,
give it a jog I better hurry
or I'll miss the epilogue ride high without
a saddle down the rapids on
a boat without a paddle

I am the scourge of the high seas just you watch'em running when they hear about me
chorus:

one two three... hail t.v. watching dirty harry made a man of me here

I stand, t.v.

man I've got all the angels
eating out of my hand...

I got the good, bad and ugly traits but even dirty harry was allowed to make mistakes...

knock, knock, there's someone at the door

I can't imagine, I can't imagine

I can't imagine what they come around here for...

could be the rent...

or h.p. whatever it is they gonna bleed me I've got no money...

nothing to borrow just you go away now, don't come back tomorrow

chorus:

it's so hot here under the sun just him and me and a couple of six guns I look at him he looks at me