

Chris Rea, You Must Be Evil

I come home from work
I see my little girl
She's crying on the floor
She's been watching that TV
This ain't late no, this ain't even dinner time
To show them things on that screen
What's wrong with you
You must be evil
Oh I know why you do it
You're just looking for sensation
You got a hold of something
You tell us that it's news
You don't have to show that stuff
Can't you show us some respect
You can tell us we don't need to see it
We don't need those cheap effects
You must be evil
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I wish you were here
You don't have to show that stuff
You ain't fooling no-one
You made my little girl cry
I wish you were here
We all know why you do it
Sometimes you even slow it down
You're giving out some bad ideas here
I can't believe that you don't realise
You must be evil