

# Cold Chisel, Ita

Every night when I go home  
I settle down to prime-time limbo  
When all the boys are gathered around  
Shoutin' "Ita's on TV"  
And though the roaches are thick on the ground  
Somebody goes to close our window  
Keep the noise of the city down  
Get a dose of integrity

Every week, in every home  
She's got wholesome news for the family  
I believe, I believe, in what she says  
Yes I do  
I believe, I believe, at the end of the day  
Her magazine'll get me through

Ita's tongue never touches her lips  
She could always be my godmother  
And though the desktop hides her hips  
My imagination's strong  
She's the sweetest thing I've ever seen  
I'd like to take her out to dinner  
But when I think about the places I've been  
I'd probably hold my fork all wrong

Every day and every night  
She's the only one we can depend upon  
I believe, I believe, in what she says  
Yes I do  
I believe, I believe, at the end of the day  
Her magazine'll get me through

To every housewife through the land  
There is no-one else they can depend upon  
How could I not believe what Ita tells me to

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Yes it's true, what Ita tells me to