

# Samiam, Television

leaves his mind there at five.  
He knows his work's all done tonight.  
Doesn't care about love greed or hate:  
a beer and T.V. will disguise his fate.  
He moves his lips but nothing comes out.  
He clears his soul, but no one else could tell.  
Just one time he came along.  
Set aside all the things he knew.  
When all the peoples faces turned to gold,  
he found his thoughts and mind were sold.  
He moves his lips, but nothing comes out.  
He clears his soul, but no one else could tell.