

The Verve Pipe, Television

She's signing autographs for hours the line is longer when you deal with amateurs
I've got some autographs of others but a shirt that smells a little like her

Once the bane of my perversion
Now she's on the television

Turn it up, turn it down
Tune me in, tune me out

Bite my lip around the family they know her holiday and summer weekend face
She's got a lovely shitcom family adopted one of every single race

Put yourself in my position
My Ex is on the television

Turn it up, turn it down
Tune me in, tune me out

Turn it up, turn it down
Tune me in, tune me out

When you place your lips upon the screen, the spark of which you've never seen
A volume knob controls the scream

Turn it up, turn it down
Tune me in, tune me out

Turn it up, turn it down
Tune me in, tune me out

Turn it up, turn it down
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Turn it up, turn it down
Tune me in, tune me out