

The Radiators / Lyrics

TV Tube Heart



Television Screen

Prison Bars

Great Expectations

Roxy Girl

Contact

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Electric Shares

Enemies

Ripped and Torn

Not Too Late

Blitzin' At The Ritz

Party Line

Television Screen (Chevron)

There is a man in a shiny suit he's saying
"Get them off the streets and into the schools"
But he looks pretty dull he's got a middle aged spread
And he could never understand what's going on in my head
But I'll get him tonight, I'll teach him a lesson alright

*I'm Gonna smash my Telecaster
Through the television screen
'Because I don't like what's going down
I got the rights, I got the rights
I've got the ticket and the buck stops here*

Devaluation on the network news
Rock 'n' Roll heroes with the rich mans blues
It don't really matter if the future looks bleak
Cos I never see more than a tenner a week
Can't afford their records so I steal them when I can
Watch out for that guitar there
Wham bam bam

So her I am, just watch me now
I've got a new band
It's the victim and the weapon this guitar in my hand
Greta Garbage Trashcans playing hard and fast
Things are looking good at last
Don't call me blank generation
I'm doin' the best that I can

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Prison Bars (Chevron)

I keep living out my private war
But I've forgotten what I'm fighting for
I don't know who the good guys really are anymore
Cos the villains always end up with the highest score
It's a bit confusing but I don't really care
Just press the button and sit and stare
All my questions are answered there
The good guy gets the medal
And the crook gets the chair

*I see the world through my TV eye
And everybody looks 7" high
See the world through prison bars
625 prison bars*

I'm looking for love because I'm tired of hate
But it's so hard to communicate
Maybe what I need is a real fast car
A taste for martini, an exotic cigar
It's a bit confusing but I don't really care
Just press the button and sit and stare
I feel too numb to hate
And I've forgotten how to love
Every effort falls apart
I've got a TV Tube Heart

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Great Expectations
(Rapid/ Megaray/ Holidai)

You worked so hard to give me everything
To give me all the chances that you never had
I've got to succeed at school
And go to university
Become the model student
You always wanted me to be

Great expectations
Great expectations
You never asked me
Great expectations
You paid my fees

You wanna be so very proud
Of your eldest son
Showing all the neighbours
The success you've become
But all that you're breeding now
Is resent and despair
Try and listen to me sometime
Or do you really care

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Roxy Girl (Holidai)

Here comes Susie
Star of the show
With her caved in nostrils and a sulphate glow
War paint eyes "yes, lovely dear"
But one thing she makes crystal clear
She's high in IQ and my cue is the eye
"If I don't score tonight I think I'll die"
I hold the aces, you hold the key
"C'mon over baby and show it to me"

*Roxy Girl it's a crying shame
Your style, it bores me, now that I'm in the game
Roxy girl, you're no mother of pearl
Get out of here...STUFF YOUR CLIQUE!*

You've got high heels because they help you get high
Your jeans are skin tight so close to your thigh
You shimmy over and pose for a while
Smartie girls have sure got style
You move your body like a glass of champagne
Towards the backseat, I'm going insane
You pull me over, what a surprise
With your wrap around shades
And your wrap around thighs

You're all dressed up with nowhere to go
Music papers keep you in the know
Uppers downers give them a whirl
You're an alien in a TV world
I'll drop you a line when I move away
I hope you get the message
Because we've got something to say
Cinzano Jaeger...what a bore!
You've got the key...now open the door

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Contact
(Holidai/ Rapid/ Chevron)

Trouble on the news waves
Fear in the air
Love means nothing and you don't care
I feel so isolated
Feel my soul bleed
Love's a dirty word
But it's love that I need

Contact
I've gotta make contact
With someone I can love

Our movie's gone mad
We've got no direction
Violence and hate ain't no insurrection
Watch the pretty actors
Watch them bleed
Look at the producer laughing up his sleeve

Contact
I've gotta make contact
With kids that are gonna care
Contact
I've gotta make contact
With you out there

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Sunday World
(Rapid/ Chevron/ Holidai)

Sunday
Hear the church bells
Dressed to kill and on your way
To the church now, don't be late now
Johnny's in the park cause he's lost his way
Dads down the local and he don't come home 'til Monday
Mum sighs as she goes to prey
Because no one else believes in Sunday

It's ok, don't dismay
Look at all the pictures of the pretty girls
It's ok, don't dismay
Once you've got a copy of the Sunday World

Drive out to the country then you drive right back again
Shirley Temple movie matinee
Stay inside cause it's pouring rain
Granddads in the armchair
And he don't wake up till Monday
Mum sighs as she watches him
Snore-along-a Stars on Sunday

Sunday World sensation
Out to shock the Nation
Make a stand for what is right
Fight the good fight with all your might
Girlie pictures ain't she sweet
Shows them off but so discreet
Double standards clean and dirty
Viewing for the over thirties

Getting it are you getting it
Are you getting it every Sunday?

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**Electric Shares
(Chevron/ Holiday)**

They wanna get a part of the electric shares
Cause there's a lot of money in electric shares
They wanna do a movie of the book of the life
Of the kid who's gonna die because he murdered his wife
"Mom this is your son and I want you to know,
At last they're gonna put me on a television show
I sold my life story for a million or so
Now I'm gonna be as famous as Sylvester Stallone"

Warden

I wanna pull the switch, fry the sonofabitch
But if I do that, It's gonna make him rich

"Oh, I hope you see me and I hope you feel proud
As you eat your TV dinner with the rest of the crowd
I don't mind a little shock to launch my career
They wanna see me burn because it's them next year"

"Next year, Ma I'm on the silver screen
Hollywood actors seem to be quite keen
They've seen me in the papers
And they think it would be nice
They say that I'm a juicy part an Oscar on ice

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Enemies (Chevron)

Desolation angels in a junkyard of lies
Secret thinkers spitting in their eyes
Don't lock frustrations deep inside
Shout out the truth they'd like to hide

Tryin' to get across but it's hard to make sense
They've robbed us of something
And we've got no defence
If they took away your weekend
You'd feel the pain alright
I bet you'd stand up and fight

*Sometimes you just don't know
Who your enemies are
You gotta understand were on the same side
Oh no, you just don't know
Who your enemies are
Cos when the heat is on
They run and hide and let us fight it out alone*

Don't wanna be a martyr to anybody's cause
I just wanna break free from the savage jaw
I don't want to change the world
Just my own
But sometimes I feel so alone

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Ripped and Torn
(Rapid/ Holidai/ Megaray/ Chevron/Crash)

I gotta hide 'cause if I don't
I'll go inside for what I've done
I gotta gun but it ain't a real one
Ain't a real one but it sure looks good
Tried to get money didn't work out right
Can't seem to move I'm fixed with fright

Confused and alone, tired and hot
The radio said I'd soon be caught
Ripped and torn twisted and shot
I don't have to worry
I ain't got what you got

They're after me, gotta stay free
Inside a prison, such an ugly vision
Seen it on TV but it didn't work for me
Don't work for me but I gotta stay free
Body so alive with the will to survive
Nerves stretched taut don't wanna get caught

Dead end street, dead on my feet
Walls of concrete all around me
No way to escape, nothing is clear
Nothing is clear and I'm riddled with fear
"C'mon out son you've had your fun"

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Not Too Late
(Rapid/ Holidai/ Chevron)

Fear is no stranger on the city streets
Look behind your shoulder listen for the feet
Feelin' kinda jumpy running down the street
Don't trust no one but don't admit defeat

They tried to change the world ten years before
It's only 7 years till 1984
But it's not too late
Not too late

No love and peace, not anymore
The dreams are over better lock the door
It's gonna get worse before it gets better
Don't listen to your "betters"

Terminal situation
Never go out alone
Don't trust no one that you don't know
Where's it gonna end
Where's it gonna stop
All depends on you
You better pull out all the stops

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**Blitzin' At The Ritz
(Chevron/ Crash)**

Look back in danger don't turn out the light
Cos this town smells like blood tonight
Stranger you'd better get off my back
Everything I do you try to paint it black
Ain't it time we cleaned up this place
It's getting so a guy can't even join the race
Schooldays just messed up my brain
Now I can't get a job and I'm bored and I'm going insane

They don't care for me
They just wanna be living it up in Brussels with the EEC
Tax free salary just to play Monopoly
Now they better listen to what we've got to say
Now they better look what's going on today

*Genetic generation blitzin' at the Ritz
Tomorrow belong to the new order kids
The night is our friend
The Glimmerman's dead
Genetic generation
Never gonna call it quits*

Don't believe in the military
Don't believe in TNT
No guns or armoured cars
Shoot them down with our terrorist guitars
White noise on RTE
It's a new beginning for you and me
Well I ain't crazy but I love the modern world
But I wanna still love it in 1983

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Party Line
(Rapid/ Trad arr The Radiators)

If you're looking for a career
I've got the job for you
You don't have to think much
We'll tell you what to do
You get a tidy little income
Lots of perks and things
Become an honest politician
So just join us when we sing

We're not in it for the money
We're not in it for fame
We don't want the power but we'll take it all the same

If you got a social conscience
Want to change a thing or two
We'll soon put you in your place give you lotsa paperwork to do
But if your very ambitious and toe the party line
Play your cards just right
And we'll get along just fine

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