

Couch Boy

No Use for a Name

Sometimes the news bums me out
It doesn't get me off the couch where I belong
I guess as world problems never seem to rest
Am I afraid, God, yes I am
Won't somebody tell me why my TV
Claims we're born to die like this
Communicate, don't separate
Don't instigate a world of hate
Contemplate the situation
Negotiate those lazy ways
We've gone too far to slip away
Situation is an open invitation
And all this time we've had to change it
Now it's time to face it
Lazy, I am
Realistically, what can I do
I'll leave it up to the rest of you
You wouldn't like my point of view anyway
How can I stand aside and watch the world go by?
It's easy, you see, when you haven't got a window
Just a screen

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