

Ita

Cold Chisel

Every night when I get home
I settle down to prime time limbo
When all the boys are gathered around
Shouting Itaa on TV
And though the roaches are thick on the ground
Somebody goes to close my window
Keep the noise of the city down
Get a dose of integrity Every week, in every home
She 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 magazinell get me through Itas tongue never touches her lips
She could always be my godmother
And though the desk-top hides her hips
My imaginations strong
Shes the sweetest thing Ive ever seen
Id like to take her out to dinner
But when I think about the places Ive been
Id probably hold my fork all wrong Every day and every night
Shes 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 magazinell get me through To every housewife through the land
There is no-one else they can depend upon
How could I not believe, when Ita tells me too Every day and every night
Shes the only one we can depend upon
How could I not believe, when Ita tells me too?
How could I not believe, when Ita tells me too?
How could I not believe, when Ita tells me too?
How could I not believe, when Ita tells me too? Yes it's true, what Ita tells me too.

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