

# Ita (East)

## Cold Chisel

Every night when I get home  
I settle down to prime time limbo  
When all the boys are gathered around  
Shouting Ita'a 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 magazine'll get me through Ita's tongue never touches her lips  
She could always be my godmother  
And though the desk-top hides her hips  
My imagination's strong  
She's the sweetest thing I've ever seen  
I'd like to take her out to dinner  
But when I think about the places I've been  
I'd probably hold my fork all wrong Every day and every night  
She's 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 magazine'll get me through

Songwriters

WALKER, DONALD Published by

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