

# Blow Up Your Tv

## John Denver

She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol  
I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal

Well, she pressed her chest against me  
About the time the jukebox broke  
She give me a peck on the back of the neck  
And these are the words she spoke  
Blow Up Your TV, throw away your paper  
Go to the country, build you a home  
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches  
Try and find Jesus on your own  
I sat there at the table and I acted real naive  
Cause I knew that topless lady, she had something up her sleeve  
She danced around the room awhile and she did the hoochy cooch  
Yea sing a song all night long tellin' me what to do

Blow Up Your TV, throw away your paper  
Go to the country, build you a home  
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches  
Try and find Jesus on your own  
But I was young and hungry and about to leave that place  
Just as I was going she looked me in the face

I said "You must know the answer"  
She said "No, but I'll give it a try"  
And to this day we've been livin' our way  
Here is the reason why  
We blew up the TV, threw away the paper  
Went to the country, built us a home  
Had a lotta children, fed 'em on peaches  
They all found Jesus on their own

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