

# Television

## dead nomads

Run around the spiral it's our choice now,  
Up or down, days can seem so long  
Holy ghost, I'm living with your voice now  
But tonight, I'm sleeping with my television on  
But tomorrow they're be hell to pay and clouds across the sun  
You were right I've always been a sinner  
You were right I've wasted all your time  
You said it all, "We drank to much at dinner."  
So tonight I'm sleeping with my television on  
Come tomorrow they'll be hell to pay and clouds across the sun

You and I baby we're a broken record.  
Turn around we're making sound but only for the noise  
And what if I could live like this, but not forever  
And what if you could move the needle to a more forgiving song  
And what if this, was never really broken all along  
But for tonight, I'm sleeping with my television on  
I'm sleeping with my TV on  
Yeah I don't mind sleeping, not when there's flash and buzz  
Your colors dance beneath my bedroom door  
Yeah I don't mind sleeping with my tv on  
With my tv on  
With my tv on  
With my tv on

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