

# Dead Battery (Nishtegea remix)

## Pitchshifter

Multinational sitcom rating, inoffensive (self-effacing). The fountain of light infotainment, will never run dry.

Another lunchbreak, another crisis. The bombs are smarter, the teeth are  
whiteness. Pay per view, and we will never lose, when all channels 69.

And they'll put it right, keep it right, help you sleep at night.

Who grew up to be the dead battery? You wanna run me down and get shot of me? Who grew up to be the dead  
battery? You wanna run me down?

Another stitch up, another suture Johnny was right when he said no future. Put it straight so the dogs relate, wish  
you're brain dead TV skive.

Where's the peace? I forgot to mention, back on yer feet 'cause we die to attention. Put it right or we can just sit  
tight? No sentence saved my soul. Another scandal, another sighting, give  
us a break and we'll all be fighting. Satisfied that we'll all be fried, but at least not look old.

Songwriters

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