

## **TELEVISION SKY** (Mike Borok)

He always wanted to drive that car  
He really wanted to have that girl  
But for guys like him, it could only happen  
In a television world

She always wanted to look that good  
She never wanted to be so shy  
And she would not resist a small-screen kiss  
Under a television sky

*(chorus):*

A television sky, a Technicolor moon  
You never have to leave your living room  
And on the day you die, actresses will cry  
In the artificial rain from the television sky

He always wanted to be that tough  
She had a weakness for blue eyes  
Though they had not yet met  
Through the TV set they shared a television sky

*(repeat chorus)*

And she drifted off in the blue screen light  
And she found herself on a wind-swept beach  
And he drifted into the blue screen night  
Where he found himself on the same white sand  
And her lips met his as the music swelled  
And the moon seemed almost within their reach  
And they walked on past the supporting cast  
When the scene was changed by an unseen hand  
There was trouble brewing in Paradise  
There were complications and surprises  
Cops and mobsters, guns and knives  
And messages from advertisers  
Parties where the laughs rang hollow  
Moments of uncomfortable silence  
Twisted plots too hard to follow  
Incidents of random violence  
A tide that turned and left them back  
On the sand on the beach in the fade to black...

He really wanted to watch that game  
She loved the show with the private eye  
They fought for the remote control  
As the credits rolled  
Against the television sky

*(repeat chorus)*

*Barbara - Lead vocal*

*Mike - Backing vocal, acoustic guitars, bass, piano*

*Steve Meltzer - Drums*

*Marc Shulman - Electric guitars*