

The kinda person I wanna be
Was crystallized in 1993
Staring at her novel on screen
The world got bleaker
Transfixed upon a culture of men
How easy now for me to pretend
That I was not infected at all
It runs much deeper

Saturday evening watching TV
Baywatch should do better than that
See the irresponsibilities
Get lost in the swimsuits
A shoreline filled with vacuous words
Repeat out every channel I turn
Get underneath the waves until you feel nothing
What kinda message does that send out?

I feel that this is happening again
Our children become women and men
They tap at an impeccable screen
Their will gets weaker
A life in which you have to pretend
I hope they break before they can bend
The tireless self-erosion goes on
And on and on and on

Saturday evening watching TV
Baywatch should do better than that
See the irresponsibilities
Dissolve in the swimsuits
And after that the channels I turn
More dubious lessons for me to learn
I'm underneath the waves and I feel nothing
What kinda message does that send out?

Underneath the waves till you'll feel nothing
What kinda message does that send out?
Covered by the waves till you

Feel nothing, get sicker
Self-loathing in the bathroom mirror
Real people, no fear
Send a message, can you get much clearer?

Saturday evening watching TV
Baywatch should do better than that
See the irresponsibilities
Dissolve in the swimsuits (whoa)
There are no longer channels to turn
There are no longer lessons to learn
Underneath the waves then you'll feel nothing
What kinda message does that send out?
Underneath the waves then you'll feel nothing
Underneath the waves then you'll feel nothing
What kinda message does that send out?