

# TV Dinner

Sam Fender

Hypothesise a hero's rise and teach them all to then despise  
It is our way to make a king, romanticise how they begin  
Fetishize their struggling, while all the while they're suffering  
In every worming memory of what they truly are  
The rigmarole, the tortured soul, the constant spin, the merry-go  
Roundhouse-kick into the face, sheer loss of private space  
The moths, the snakes, the tiny waist-coat tail riders suck the grace  
And little colour out my face, the cancer in a padlock case

No one gets into my space  
No one gets into my space

The market before anything  
The darkest days are yet to sing  
Like Winehouse, she was just a bairn  
They love her now but bled her then  
They reared me as a class clown  
Grass fed little cash cow  
I cashed out, headed hell bound  
And now they point and laugh

No one gets in to my space  
No one gets in to my space

Am I up to this?  
Am I up to this?  
Am I up to this?  
No one gets in

I'll sell my story when it's true, I'll paint a pretty pic of you  
I'll walk amongst the ones who walk and talk when I am born  
I'm in the embryonic state  
On borrowed time I clean my plate  
With a TV dinner I spectate  
The fucks all gesticulate  
The chip on shoulder pulsates, my hatred it mutates  
Had me irate, we said 'we're all the same'  
Are you wild? Do you have enemies?  
A start with no amenities?  
A mark that bleeds a legacy?  
A spark without tuition fee?  
A darkness that they envy?  
They frenzy to befriend me  
But I know ye, you'll sell me  
You'll sell me, you'll kill me

No one gets into my space  
No one gets into my space

Am I up to this?  
No one gets in  
To my space