

Oh my Betamax, my love
How I crave to shoot
fantastic visions on you
Won't you be the means
to my end?
Who's to stop
a million voices from singing
a million eyes from seeing
now that you've arrived
on the audio-visual scene?

Oh my Betamax, my dream
How I love to see
Electronic images
dance over your magnetic head
Put my dreams on your cassettes
and sell them to the world.
Who's to stop
a million dreams
from being realized
a million visions
from being made concrete?

Oh my Betamax, my hope
How I thrill
to your erotic duplication
of all that passes
before your open eye.
Who's to stop
a million voices from singing
a million eyes from seeing
Now?

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