

# Elvis Costello, Radio, Radio

I was tuning in the shine on the light night dial  
doing anything my radio advised  
with every one of those late night stations  
playing songs bringing tears to me eyes  
I was seriously thinking about hiding the receiver  
when the switch broke 'cause it's old  
They're saying things that I can hardly believe.  
They really think we're getting out of control.

Radio is a sound salvation  
Radio is cleaning up the nation  
They say you better listen to the voice of reason  
But they don't give you any choice  
'cause they think that it's treason.  
So you had better do as you are told.  
You better listen to the radio.

I wanna bite the hand that feeds me.  
I wanna bite that hand so badly.  
I want to make them wish they'd never seen me.

Some of my friends sit around every evening  
and they worry about the times ahead  
But everybody else is overwhelmed by indifference  
and the promise of an early bed  
You either shut up or get cut out;  
they don't wanna hear about it.  
It's only inches on the reel-to-reel.  
And the radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools  
tryin' to anaesthetise the way that you feel

[Chorus]

Wonderful radio  
Marvelous radio  
Wonderful radio  
Radio, radio...