

Orson, Radio

Friday night,
I pull into the station.
The same routine,
the same old situation.
Pushing through the crowd
and then i hear a song.
I wonder if the good
old days are really gone.

We used to be crazier,
now we're so serious.
Was life really easier,
or what we just did here?

Am i too young? Am i too old?
Is there something wrong with the radio?
It doesn't rock,
it doesn't roll.
Is there something wrong with the radio?

We'd stay out all night
to see our favourite band.
Hanging out backstage
was like the holy land.

We used to be crazier,
now we're so serious.
Was life really easier,
or what we just did here?

(chorus)
Am i too young? Am i too old?
Is there something wrong with the radio?
It doesn't rock,
it doesn't roll.
Is there something wrong with the radio?

Am i too young? Am i too old?
Is there something wrong with the radio?
I just wanna rock
I wanna roll
Is there something wrong with the radio?

We'd turn up the radio,
and wake up the neighbours.
Was it so long ago?
It seems like it was only yesterday.

(chorus 2x)