

# Robbie Williams, Radio

Ouch

He's chosen my attic  
I feel it in the static  
He lives in my basement  
And I can hardly face it  
My performance is easy  
I am the god of romance  
And in my confusion  
I have the right to reign

He's stolen my Oscars  
He trades on my jokes  
He makes all my engines go oh oh oh oh  
He puts an "e" in the arsenal  
A comb in my 'fro  
Devine retribution  
And away we will go  
Hey hey hey hey

Something's happening I can feel it  
Moving out of time you'll hear it  
Falling in the way you fear it  
Jumping thumping shout out something  
Jumping thumping shout out something

Listen to the radio  
And you will hear the songs you know  
Make it effervescent here  
And you might have a job my dear  
My dear

I'm searching for something  
Beyond my understanding  
Looking for meaning  
Where nothing is demanding  
There are no surprises  
Where nothing is expected  
If you offer nothing  
Then everyone accepts

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