

Sloan, Listen To The Radio

Listen to the radio
Where did everybody go?
There's silence all around you know
I say it again come on in

Voices in the static fade
Riding out the echo waves
moving in and out of things
I say it again come on back

It's on my hands
I can't wash it away
It's on my hands
I can't wash it away

Listen to the radio
The signal noise ratio
But frequencies have all gone cold
Leaving me here transmission

No one's gonna say my name
No one's gonna share the blame
Nothing's gonna grow again
For the rest of my life in my new world

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It's on my hands
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It's on my hands
It's on my hands

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