

# Against All Authority, Radio Waves

Don't Touch the dial  
Theres static on the radio.  
We're on a frequency way below.  
And one day this signals gonna get through to you.  
We sent it out in 92 yeah it's long overdue.

Can you feel it.  
When you turn it up-hey.  
transmitting not a thing corrupt.  
Crank it up.  
We're giving it all we got.  
We're blowing speakers and we won't stop.

We won't stop.  
Yeah we're still holding it down-down.  
We're still holding it down-down.  
Yeah we're still holding it down-down.  
We hold it.

Down with the kids.  
While the airwaves cover it up.  
But the static keeps us in touch.  
And one day this noise is gonna break right through.  
With the rythm of rebelian that were sending to you.

And i feel it.  
And we'll shout it out-hey.  
Transmitting no shadows of doubt.  
It's not a test.  
We're tuned in to you.  
Blowing speakers with our feedback.  
Yes it's true.

We won't stop.  
Yeah we're still holding it down-down.  
We're still holding it down-down.  
Yeah we're still holding it down-down.  
We hold it down.

We won't stop.  
Yeah we're still holding it down-down.  
We're still holding it down-down.  
Yeah we're still holding it down-down.  
We hold it down.

Down as we spin around.  
This stupid world.  
And we surround ourselves.  
With things that we despise.  
Empty thoughts for shallow lives.  
That live amongst these broken dreams.  
With static sounds and silent screams.  
That fall upon the deafest ears.  
And play upon our darkest fears.  
Of lives that seem so meaningless.  
Above our means and in excess.  
No one hears the sounds we've made.  
We can't touch those radio waves.  
Radio waves.  
No one hears the sounds we've made.  
We're still chasing radio waves.