

Goldfinger, Radio

It's 9 o'clock she's late for work
She hates her job her boss is a jerk.
Her boyfriend never let's her play
She thinks shes wasting life away

At 5 o'clock she gets in her car
She's drivin fast but never goes far.
Parked on the freeway slips in a rage
Time to ride the air waves

chorus

Long live my radio
It never let's me down
Long live my radio
Give me sound

Nothin to do Nothin to say
Just tryin to find another way
To a different world some other plane
Where I can be myself without goin insane

This little place that we call life
There's more to it than just pain and strife
Gotta find that somewhere in your brain
Gotta ride the airwaves

chorus

Long live my radio please make it alright.
Long live my radio tonight.

And when the statics screaming
louder than your life.
Just try to ride a wave in the air tonight.

I make a dedication try to get it right.
So you can hear it on the airwaves, airwaves.
Long live my radio it never lets me down
Long live my radio tonight.

chorus