

# 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 she's 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