

Jim Robert, Love Radio

I turn these dials once again:
Teen culture telling me to tune in,
Although it makes me drift.
Intently I listen for a cure,
But I'll see nothing keeping this pure
And I'm left with conformity.

I just can't let this drift away
Sitting with a smile on my face.
True love won't save us now.
Though we may wonder how,
We're guilty and digging our own graves.

She watches utterly absorbed
The makeup: god forbid she ignore.
She's lost but within reach.
MTV dictates how to lie.
The parents, unwilling to oblige
With this false sense of security.

He's force fed emotions through a tube
The phone rings but his attention is glued
To the lust and sexuality
Answering machine clicks to on,
"Hi it's me wondering where you are."
But she's too little too late.