

# My Favorite Highway, Murder On The Radio

Dodging bullets, dodging glances  
Nervous and you shake while  
he makes his advances  
Sending tingles up your spine, there  
is no way to define  
A regret that you cannot rewind  
Feeling empty, feeling broken  
There's a malice on  
his lips you can taste while your choking  
He is sour, he is  
sharp, he is preying on your heart  
Just relax while he  
tears you apart  
Take the dreams you had, throw them  
all away  
Whoa, singing you to sleep  
While you  
dream

While we murder on the radio  
Feed desire,  
feed the cancer  
Swallowing the lust that will cripple the  
dancer  
With his hands around your neck  
You have lost  
all self-respect  
You're a mirror to ashamed to  
reflect  
Are you cautious, are you reckless  
Guilty and  
exposed, but too stubborn to confess  
He is careless, he is  
kind, he has one thing on his mind  
He is determined to keep  
you confined