

Puffy AmiYumi, Radio Tokyo

Seven hours later, she takes the elevator to the 2nd floor
To the underground committee
That's where they'll decide if you'll be praised or you'll be
Tied up on the bathroom floor
As you scream for more

All the souls are dying while some idiots are trying
To convince you that they're cooler but they still don't know
They're about to lose control
And they'll be saying now

Calling radio Tokyo
The lines are down, you're good to go
This is real, can't you feel
Calling radio Tokyo
The kids are feeling way too low
They're on their knees
Won't somebody please just bring them home

Get out of the black car
On the sidewalk of the big stars
Of the now and then,
Kinda feels a little late
Someone had a bad day,
So they sell your soul on eBay
With an 8x10, autographed in pen

All the souls are dying while some idiots are trying
To convince you that they're cooler but they still don't know
They're about to lose control
And they'll be saying now

Calling radio Tokyo
The lines are down, you're good to go
This is real, can't you feel
Calling radio Tokyo
The kids are feeling way too low
They're on their knees
Won't somebody please just bring them home

Seven hours later
They stopped the elevator to the 2nd floor
And there was no more

Calling radio Tokyo
The lines are down, you're good to go
This is real, can't you feel
Calling radio Tokyo
The kids are feeling way too low
They're on their knees
Won't somebody please just bring them home

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