

Roxette, She's Got Nothing On (But The Radio)

What she got she got to give it to somebody
What she got she got to give it to someone
It's not a case of growin' up or lots of money
It's just the fundamental twist of the sun

What she got she got to let somebody find it
What she got is not for her to keep alone
Nobody's got a clue if there is such a reason
Why she wanna play it o-on her own

She's got nothing on but the radio
She's a passion play
And like the break of day
She takes my breath away
What she got she got to give to some contender
What she got is just like gold dust on a shelf
And no one's got a clue what's on her brave agenda
Why she wanna keep it keep it to herself

She's got nothing on but the radio
It's a passion play
And like the break of day
She takes my breath away

Who did the painting on my wall?
Who left a poem down the hall?
Oh I don't understand at all, hey!