

Supergarage, Pop Pop Radio

2nd class, yeah I've sold my soul,
1 million ducats for my bleeding heart
Yeah, take me back, when I was poor
And hungry for one morsel of your love
Carolina, did you think that we'd be finer

Well I'm a slave to the pop pop radio,
Relegated to the pop pop radio
Now I blame it on the pop pop radio
Let me go

Mmm sneak attack, they pushed, poked, pulled
Until my greatest hits my deal ain't done
Payola's back and I've gone gold,

I'm the corporate whore's fortunate son
Promises made before fortune and fame
Are so good when they last
Ain't no good when they change.
I write the words, I play the part
To know that in the future
We get back to the start
Cause I got much grander plans,
Baby gonna be high as the sky
Patience my love all in good time
As sure as the sun, brings on that day
We will be all alone, miles and miles away.
Yeah the people will talk and the papers will say