

The Hives, Rigor Mortis Radio

You've never seen me look so good before
This silver lining and this golden glow
This shine all mine
Looking like I'm fresh off an assembly line
I was a star baby ever since the dawn of man
I got some help for you, let's call it a master plan
Well my advice? You roll a dice
Then roll away with it 'cause you're cold as ice

You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis

A fading flicker and a closing door
The sound of bickering I heard before
I took my feet out your puddle 'cause you know what
I got better things to do 'cause you know what I got
I got these people eating out the palm of my hand
I got them answering every single one command
I know you want my time, here's my line
Yeah I got your offer, decline decline

You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis

Now you might feel I cut you down to size
Start at the top and cut a million miles
It's an astute observation I must admit
Here's how much longer I can stand your shit
I'm saying hold it back, this tongue in crack
It's gotta end, I'm not an evening snack
I got your e-mails saying that you wanna meet
I got your e-mails saying that you wanna meet
I got your e-mails yeah, delete delete

You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well
Tune in to Rigor Mortis Radio
You might as well