

Thrice, Radio Radio

[Originally by Elvis Costello]

I was tuned into the light of the late night dial
Doing anything my radio advised
With everyone of those late night stations
playing songs bringing tears to my eyes
I was seriously thinking about hiding the receiver
When the switch broke cause it's old
Saying things that I can hardly believe
They really think we're getting out of control

Radio is the sound salvation
Radio is cleaning up the nation
Say you better listen to the Voice of Reason
But they don't give you any choice
Cause they think that it's treason
You had better do as you were told
Better listen to the radio

I wanna bite the hand that feeds me
I wanna bite that hand so badly
I wanna make them wish they'd never seen me
Some of my friends sit around every evening
And they worry about the times ahead
Everybody else is overwhelmed by indifference
And the promise of an early bed

You either shut up or get cut out
They don't wanna hear about it
It's only inches on the reel to reel
The radio is in the hands
Of such a bunch of fools
Trying to anesthetize they way that you feel

Radio is the sound salvation
Radio is cleaning up the nation
Say you better listen to the Voice Of Reason
But they don't give any choice
Cause they think that its treason
So you had better do as you were told
Better listen to the radio

Radio
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