

# 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

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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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