Elvis Costello "Radio Radio"

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I was tuning in the shine on the light night dial Doing anything my radio advised With every one of those late night stations Playing songs, bringing tears to me eyes

I was seriously thinking about hiding the receiver When the switch broke 'cause it's old They're saying things that I can hardly believe They really think we're getting out of control

Radio is a sound salvation
Radio is cleaning up the nation
They say you better listen to the voice of reason
But they don't give you any choice
'Cause they think that it's treason
So you had better do as you are told
You 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 But 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
And the radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools
Tryin' to anaesthetise the way that you feel

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Wonderful radio

Marvelous radio Wonderful radio Radio, radio

Radio, radio Radio, radio Radio, radio Radio, radio

Radio, radio Radio, radio Radio, radio

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