

Ennis Sisters

"Turn Up The Radio"

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I packed up my life in an old knapsack,
Made up my mind I'm not going back,
You and me and the open road;
And wherever we decide to go,
The moon and the stars will be our guide,
We've got the whole wide world and nothin' to hide;
If it's on your mind, you've gotta let it slide,
We're goin' where the wind blows.

Turn up the radio,
We might just figure this out as we go;
No time for takin' it slow,
So turn up the radio.

Maybe someday we'll be ready for this,
A white picket fence and a couple of kids;
I know what I'm not, and I know what this is,
And I'm not doin' it yet.

Turn up the radio,
We might just figure this out as we go;
No time for takin' it slow,
So turn up the radio.

We've got no time for sorrow,
We'll drop a line tomorrow,
When they figure out we're on our way.

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