

## Hot Chip "Transmission"

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Radio

Live transmission.

Radio

Live transmission.

Listen

To the silence

Let it ring on.

Eyes

Dark grey lenses

Frightened

Of the sun.

We would have

A fine time

Living

In the night,

Left to blind

Destruction,

Waiting

For our sight.

And we would go on

As though nothing

Was wrong.

And hide

From these days

We remained

All alone.

Staying

In the same place

Just staying

Out the time.

Touching

From a distance,

Further

All the time

Dance, dance, dance

Dance

Dance to the radio.

Dance, dance, dance

Dance

Dance to the radio.  
Dance, dance, dance  
Dance  
Dance, to the radio.  
Dance, dance, dance  
Dance  
Dance, to the radio.

Well  
I could call out  
When the going  
Gets tough.  
The things  
That we've learnt  
Are  
No longer enough.  
No language  
Just sound  
That's all  
We need know  
To synchronise  
Love to the beat  
Of the show.

And we could dance.

Dance, dance, dance  
Dance  
Dance to the radio.  
Dance, dance, dance  
Dance  
Dance, to the radio.  
Dance, dance, dance  
Dance  
Dance, to the radio.  
Dance, dance, dance  
Dance  
Dance, to the radio

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