

Cute Is What We Aim For "The Broadcast"

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Eede/Townsend

Believe me when I say to you
That every word is true
That a change is going to come
You can hear it in the broadcast on your radio

Why are you running, was it something that somebody
said?
What are you hiding from, are the voices alone in your
head?
I can make it look natural 'cos the more that you see
It's the less that you know, it's the more that you give

Believe me when they call for you
As you cry out in the night
These four suspicious riders have been circling the
borders
of your bungalow
But how they ever got to you
I swear I'll never know
Was it just the laws of nature that's been causing all the
voices on your telephone?

Why are you running...

Believe me and I'll pray for you (we'll give you what you
wanted)
With all my fickle heart
I could sell you hallelujahs recorded on a chrome
cassette in stereo
So come and make your home with me
It really isn't far
Fly down to California and become a Christian soldier
on
My late, late show

Why are you running...

