

Reba McEntire "Turn On The Radio"

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No good, two timin',
Lies comin' outta your mouth.
Cheatin', miss treatin', games
That you played brought you down.
Broke my heart.
Tore it apart.
Look who's got the last laugh now.
Don't you come crawlin' back.
Beggin' please, on your knees.
Baby, if you're missin' me.

Well, you can hear me
On the radio.
You wanna turn me on,
Turn on your stereo.
You can sing along
While they're playin' our song.
How you done me wrong.
Baby, crank it up.
Until you blow the speakers
Out your Chevy truck.
Listen Romeo,
When you're feelin' kinda low.
Let me tell you where to go.
Turn on the radio.

Try to call, twitter me,
Text until your fingers bleed.
Ah, the DJ's the only way
You're ever gonna hear from me.
If your reminiscin', and your missin'
Me this much.
And you really wanna stay in touch.

Well, you can hear me
On the radio.
You wanna turn me on,
Turn on your stereo.
You can sing along
While they're playin' my song.
How you done me wrong.
Baby, crank it up.

Until you blow the speakers
Out your Chevy truck.
So listen Romeo,
When you're feelin' kinda low.
Let me tell you where to go.
Turn on your radio.

Whoa-whoa, turn on the radio.

Turn on the radio.

Oh, you can hear me
On the radio.
You wanna turn me on,
Turn on your stereo.
You can sing along
While they're playin' my song.
How you done me wrong.
Baby, crank it up.
Until you blow the speakers
Out your Chevy truck.
Listen Romeo,
When you're feelin' kinda low.
Let me tell you where to go.

When you're feelin' kinda low.
Let me tell you where to go.
Turn on the radio.
Turn on your radio.
Turn on, turn on a radio.

Turn on the radio.
Turn on the radio.
Turn on the radio

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