

The Radio Dept

"The Worst Taste In Music"

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He can't forget you
You're quite a find
In my mind
I see how he gets you
To close your eyes
Kiss the skies
You race down the stairs in the morning
A kiss is half promise, half warning

Why would you bother
To hang around?
Even for some time
Now There will be others
To frown upon
If it turns you on
But he's got the worst taste in music
If I didn't know this, I'd lose it

But he's got the worst taste in music
If I didn't know, this I'd lose it

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