

The Slits "Fm"

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(FM, FM)

I live in a town with a hundred lights around,
My head is like a radio set,
I'm waiting to hear what program is next.
What program is next? (FM)

Frequent Mutilation transmits over the air,
Serving for the purpose
Of those who want you to fear.

They say it's all right, but suspicion creeps in
My nightmares don't project my dreams
I can't but wonder what's feeding my screen.
What's feeding my screen? (FM)

Frequent Mutilation transmits over the air,
Serving for the purpose
Of those who want you to fear.

Thousand nights of confusion wedged in my mind
Breaking down another illusion,
Today's transmission will give me the solution.

Frequent Mutilation transmits over the air,
Serving for the purpose
Of those who want you to fear.

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