

## **The Vindictives**

### **"Radio, Radio"**

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I was tuning in the shine on the light night dial  
Doing anything my radio advised  
With every one of those late night stations  
Playing songs bringing tears to my eyes  
I was seriously thinking about hiding the receiver  
When the fuckin' thing broke 'cause it's old  
They're saying things that I can hardly believe  
They really think we're getting out of control

Radio is a sound salvation  
Radio is cleaning up the nation  
They say you better listen to the voice of reason  
But they don't give you any choice 'cause they think  
that it's treason  
So you had better do as you are told  
You better listen to the radio

I wanna bite the hand that feeds me  
I wanna bite that hand so badly  
I want to make them wish they'd never seen me

Some of my friends sit around every evening  
And they worry about the times ahead  
But everybody else is overwhelmed by indifference  
And the promise of an early bed  
You either shut up or get cut up, they don't wanna hear  
about it  
It's only inches on the reel-to-reel  
And the radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools  
Tryin' to anesthetize the way that you feel

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Radio, radio [x8]

