

The Wreckers "Damn That Radio"

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She took a double barrel twelve guage buck shot to her
alarm clock

She'll kill that George Strait baby blue with one shot.
She was a cussin' and a screamin' off the wrong side
of the bed

Madder than hell with him in her head.
Whole trailer park knew the radio had done it again.

Ah damn that radio for playin' their song
Stirrin' up a memory she thought was gone.
God knows that old DJ don't know what he's done
Ah damn that radio for playin' their song.

Well she fired up the Chevy and she tour it up and
down the rural rout
Rippin' on two wheels 'round the courthouse
She was mad at George and WKXY
But she was lookin' for the sucker that had lefter the
cry
Everybody in town was runnin' for a place to hide.

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Stirrin' up a memory she thought was gone.
God knows that old DJ don't know what he's done
Ah damn that radio for playin' their song.

Down at the station, Lord, the phones ring all day long
Whole town callin' beggin' please don't play that song.

Now the preacher was preachin' in the spirit of
jubilation
To a sunny day happy face weddin' congregation
He read 'til death do us part' straight outta the word
Then a chevy flew by and just flipped him the bird
He said 'father forgive her'
As the bride ran shakin' her fist
(Get 'em bitch!)

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God knows that old DJ don't know what he's done
Ah damn that radio
Damn that radio
Damn that radio for playin' their song.

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