

## Nick Kershaw "Radio Musicola"

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black vinyl man with black plasticised imagination  
more fodder for the new lost generation  
i got a question to send you to the nearest closet  
why can't you let us do it like JONI does it  
there you go again, giving it your very best  
trying so hard to make it sound like all thee rest  
and as your factory sanctifies your wooden soul  
you gave us T.V. dinners, now it's T.V. rock 'n' roll

we're growing p  
we're growing up  
to radio musicola

i got political inclinations to announce  
but no way, if it doesn't scan with your accounts  
i got some spiritual ideology for you  
i know it's gotta correspond with the corporation view

we're growing up  
we're growing p  
to radio musicola

you can find it in the streets  
you can find it in the elevators  
you can find it where the ladies wash their hands  
it emanates from littleboxes on the wall and it'll  
soon be coming in disposable tin cans

my soul shows art to me, but dollars says my radio  
wall street liquid lunches showing us the way to go  
why tolerate this numismatical polity?  
there isn't any other way, there isn't any other way,  
more's the pity

we're growing up  
we're growing up  
to radio musicola

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