

## Sidney York "Apocalyptic Radio Cynic"

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You reap what you sow, to plant what you're almost  
sure you know,  
A harvest of wrongs at the end of each September  
song.  
Opinions arouse with the touch of consensus from the  
crowd,  
A reveal of the truth dressed in t-shirts and cowboy  
boots, and faded  
Suits...  
But I have something to say,  
The microphone falters and crackles away. Radio...

Let me go, Radio!  
Let me go, Radio!  
Let me go, Radio!

Bearing the soul 'tween the hours of noon and 4.  
Choose for yourself with the ears of everyone else.  
Don't tell me what to do: Cause I can't hear you,  
cause I can't hear you,  
Cause I can't hear you, cause I can't...  
And I have something to hide,  
The frequency cuts through the inside and outside.  
Radio...

Let me go, Radio!  
Let me go, Radio!  
Let me go, Radio!

Cause I can't take this any longer, Cause I can't take  
this any longer...

But I have something to say,  
The microphone falters and crackles away.  
Let me go, Radio!  
Let me go, Radio!  
Let me go, Radio!

Visit [Sidney York](https://www.motolyrics.com/artist/sidney-york) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

