

## Adorable "Radio Days"

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Foot down and drive to the sun  
It's raining hard and the radio's on  
All I want is what's due to me  
Such arrogance, such flippancy

A father-figure slipped a gun in my hand  
Saying, "Aim high but don't aim for the sun, son."  
Blinded by my own beauty  
Of course I did, but then that's my prerogative

If it's all the same to you  
I'm gonna do what I want to do  
I'm gonna crash my car  
My way  
If it's all the same to you  
I'm gonna do what I want to do  
I'm gonna crash my car  
To my tune

Radio plays remember me

Remember me, and then dismember me  
Save all your thoughts and your dreams  
Just to buy a memory

I remember when I was small  
With a mother-figure standing in the hall  
With her blooded kitchen knife, and her blooded  
kitchen words  
She said, "I've seen the light, and it sure isn't pretty."

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