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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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