

## **Polar Bear Club**

### **"Religion On The Radio"**

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I been lookin' around at abandoned cars on the side of  
the highway  
Askin' myself are they a metaphor of the lack of drive,  
or dead battery eyes?

You gotta' scream to get your point across, that's our  
way  
You gotta' scratch the skin with the youngest cut, it'll be  
okay  
Too many nights, in the Greyhound station up North  
Syracuse  
And the departure screen, lookin' at me  
like it was talkin' shit just as I walked in  
Too much debt, pride, and seinging mood through  
American veins  
The confidence of twenty fools with equal parts shame

Yeah, we were playing dead, (Ah-ah-ah)  
Wanna' break my jaw, maybe break the bread (Ah-ah-  
ah)  
Can't leave or stay, sitting on the steps (Ah-ah-ah)  
It's no surprise I hear religion on the radio  
We can't find any other signal

Slow, that's is how it'll go when you're buildin'  
somethin' that's worth the build  
But keeping in mind why you started to climb, it gets  
harder with height  
Don't you think of starting over now, what a waste  
The guy in your head and the one in the mirror got a  
different face

Yeah, we were playing dead, (Ah-ah-ah)  
Wanna' break my jaw, maybe break the bread (Ah-ah-  
ah)  
Can't leave or stay, sitting on the steps (Ah-ah-ah)  
It's no surprise I hear religion on the radio  
We can't find any other signal  
Woa-oh-ho-oh-oh!

Are you gonna' break down the wall

Playin' with a red rubber ball  
Pick the hammer up, turn me all to dust

Break down the wall  
Playin' with the red rubber ball  
Pick the hammer up  
Turn me all to dust  
Woah, woa-oh, woah-oh-oh-oh! (Turn me all to dust)  
Woah, woa-oh, woah-oh-oh-oh!

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