

## **Rob Zombie**

### **"Dead City Radio"**

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Radio has changed our lives and practically saved our lives

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Oh yeah!

I want to tell you about Dead City Radio man  
And the New Gods of Supertown.  
A world of Magic Lanterns and Chemical Blues.  
A world where X stands of the unknown and Y is the zero  
Twenty mortal lashes of Grotesque Audio  
Glittering fountains  
Misspent youth  
I'm a Rhinestone Tiger in a Leisure Suit

Turn it up! Turn it up! Turn it up! Oh Yeah!

We listen to the Radio, dead radio

I'll tell you one thing man:  
Nothing ever happens until you medicate  
The Witch Queen of Mongo  
And Hail the passing of King George.  
Everybody is eating on behalf of the Gods  
With their Plastic Necks and Silver Teeth.

Is there life beyond what you know?  
Hallucination thrives on my stereo  
Astonishing Skeptics  
Wasted Youth  
She's an Angel of Odd in her Birthday Suit

Turn it up turn it up turn it up Oh Yeah

We listen to the Radio, dead radio  
We listen to the Radio, dead radio

It's right here now that we best serve the Beast of  
Transmission  
And the cool passing wave of ignorance.  
They say the heart is a lonely hunter  
And the hard box comes with a crime inside.  
Oh yeah!

We listen to the Radio, dead radio  
We listen to the Radio, dead radio

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