

Rowland Howard**"Dead Radio"**

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You're bad for me like cigarettes
But I have't sucked enough of you yet
Nothing is sacred and nothing is true
When no-one is nowhere when I'm here with you

I've lost the power I've had to distinguish
Between what to ignite and what to extinguish

I blew in last night I'm the host from the coast
When the plotting is bad
I'm the man with the most
And you lead me to choke on a heart up in smoke
Smiling through your tears and your Tetracycline
overdose

You're good for me like CocaCola
I don't get any younger
You don't get any older
Everthing's sacred and everything's true
And all this is possible when I'm here with you

I've got a lot to say but
I keep my own council
I'd like to spit it out but
I don't speak with my mouth full

I blew in last night I'm the host from the coast
When the plotting is bad
I'm the man with the most
And you lead me to choke on a heart up in smoke
Smiling through your tears and your Tetracycline
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