

## Strung Out "Radio Suicide"

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Two silhouettes stand tall against  
a gray November sky  
Utopian suburban teenage wasteland blues.  
You turn to me and sigh, the boredom  
Growin' in your eyes  
as a voice sings songs of splendor  
from the radio  
I hear that voice again submerging  
from the stereo  
Invisible electric life flows  
right through me,  
Then for a moment I forget about  
Just where I'm at and the world fallin'  
around looses all urgency.  
It's just another transmission from  
a place we all want to be.  
It takes control then its spits  
me back to reality.  
I hear the music  
then I close my eyes  
It's just another radio suicide on  
the airwaves.  
I turned it on-invisible electric life.  
Then the song comes on the radio  
The signal takes control-heartbeat  
starts to slow,  
you hear the words reverberating  
in your mind  
Twisted electric waves pulse from the  
stereo  
as a vioce screams out loud  
Everything is not alright  
forget about the static pulsing  
in your ear  
Forget everything you see and hear  
it's just another radio suicide

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