

## Supergarage "Pop Pop Radio"

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2nd class, yeah I've sold my soul,  
1 million ducats for my bleeding heart  
Yeah, take me back, when I was poor  
And hungry for one morsel of your love  
Carolina, did you think that we'd be finer

Well I'm a slave to the pop pop radio,  
Relegated to the pop pop radio  
Now I blame it on the pop pop radio  
Let me go

Mmm sneak attack, they pushed, poked, pulled  
Until my greatest hits my deal ain't done  
Payola's back and I've gone gold,  
I'm the corporate whore's fortunate son  
Promises made before fortune and fame  
Are so good when they last  
Ain't no good when they change.  
I write the words, I play the part  
To know that in the future  
We get back to the start  
Cause I got much grander plans,  
Baby gonna be high as the sky  
Patience my love all in good time  
As sure as the sun, brings on that day  
We will be all alone, miles and miles away.  
Yeah the people will talk and the papers will say

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