

Radio, Radio

Words & Music:
Declan Patrick Aloysius MacManus (Elvis Costello)

E B7 E B [2x]

I was tuning in the shine on the light night dial doing anything my radio advised.
With every one of those late night stations playing songs, bringing tears to my eyes.
I was seriously thinking about hiding the receiver
When the switch broke 'cause it's old.
They're saying things that I can hardly believe.
They really think we're getting out of control.

CHORUS:

Radio is the sound salvation. Radio is cleaning up the nation.
They say you better listen to the voice of reason.
But, they don't give you any choice 'cause they think that it's treason.
So, you had better do as you are told.
You better listen to the radio.

E B7 E B [2x]

I want to bite the hand that feeds me. I want to bite that hand so badly.
I want to make them wish they'd never seen me.

Some of my friends sit around every evening and they worry about the times ahead.
But everybody else is overwhelmed by indifference and the promise of an early bed.
You better shut up or get cut up; they don't wanna hear about it.
It's only inches on the reel-to-reel.
And the radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools
Trying to anaesthetise the way that you feel.

CHORUS:

CODA: *[over opening riff:]*

Wonderful radio! Marvelous radio! Wonderful radio! Radio, radio! Radio, radio!