

## To a Little Radio

Chumbawamba

Oh little box I carried in my flight  
So as not to break the radio tubes inside me  
From house to boat from boat to train held tight  
So that my enemies could still address me  
Right where I slept and much to my dismay  
Last thing each night and first thing everyday  
About their victories  
Defeats for me  
Oh please do not fall silent suddenly  
Suddenly