

Play It On Me

Bronze Radio Return

You don't know, but you're on my radio
I hear you singing everyday
All across these radio waves
The second half of this record is scratched
But it still plays cause every song
Has memories attached
Just look and see

Play it on, play it on, play it on me...
Play it on, play it on, play it on me...
Play it on, play it on, play it on me...
Play it on, play it on, play it on me...

The stormy days and the minor melodies
Makes what we hear so sincere
When every word is weighed
And when the good days come
Oh, the tune we'll hum
Is the receipt we keep to save these sweet moments
And what they may become
It's how I recall the things I've seen

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Play it on, play it on, play it on me...
Play it on, play it on, play it on me...
Play it on, play it on, play it on me...

All these things that buzz and ring
Are all what we keep intact
And on this path we collect them all
And they play on our soundtracks
And its sounds like...

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