

Video Killed The Radio Star

Joyce Manor

I heard you on the wireless back in '52
Lying awake intent on tuning in on you.
If I was young it didn't stop you coming through.

They took the credit for your second symphony.
Rewritten by machines and new technology,
and now I understand the problems you can see.

I met your children
What did you tell them?

Video killed the radio star.

And now we meet in an abandoned studio.
We hear the playback and it seems so long ago.
Do you remember the jingles used to go

You were the first one.
You were the last one.

In my mind and in my car, we can't rewind we've gone too far
Pictures came and broke your heart, put the blame on VCR.