

Radio Hell

Mipso

I don't want to dance with somebody who doesn't want to dance with me

I'm busy shaking all the branches on the medicine tree

I don't want to fish with a hook I picked from a vending machine

We're too far from water, too close to the glow for sunscreen

To close for giving the radio hell

I don't want to sell my soul if I can milk it

If I can get it to come when it should

If I can get it to stay put

It figures, a river's a giver of a thing we need

So bottle it, baby, we'll always be thirsty

We'll always be guilty

For giving the radio hell

Diamonds on the stage, tie me to my seat

Yeah you can charge me by the minute

Lay down in the dirt, taking off my shirt

You can use me

For giving the radio hell

For giving the radio hell

For giving the radio hell

For giving the radio hell