

# 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  
For giving the radio hell  
For giving the radio hell  
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  
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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

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