

Physical Release

The Pink Spiders

You wanna run along
You gotta get away
You wanna make 'em miss ya
And I really hate to say it
But nobody's tunin' in
Nobody's turnin' on
Nobody's gonna care about
Whatever did ya wrong

Look at you, look at you, look at you
Gettin' off so easy on whatever avenue but
It's what you do, what you do, what you do
The pressure starts to tear you apart
You start to feel it don't ya?

Hey, it started with an itch, the itch becomes a rush
I'll tell you 'bout life on the radio
No, it's just a little kiss, but don't call it a crush
I'll tell you 'bout life on the radio

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I ain't no juvenile, I fall apart in style
They say I'm losin' my mind
I ain't no juvenile, I fall apart in style
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