

## 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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