

## Damn That Radio

The Wreckers

She took a double barrel twelve gauge buck shot to her alarm clock

She'll kill that George Strait baby blue with one shot.

She was a cussin' and a screamin' off the wrong side of the bed  
Madder than hell with him in her head.

Whole trailer park knew the radio had done it again.

Ah damn that radio for playin' their song

Stirrin' up a memory she thought was gone.

God knows that old DJ don't know what he's done

Ah damn that radio for playin' their song.

Well she fired up the Chevy and she tour it up and down the rural route

Rippin' on two wheels 'round the courthouse

She was mad at George and WKXY

But she was lookin' for the sucker that had left her the cry

Everybody in town was runnin' for a place to hide.

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Down at the station, Lord, the phones ring all day long

Whole town callin' beggin' please don't play that song.

Now the preacher was preachin' in the spirit of jubilation

To a sunny day happy face weddin' congregation

He read 'til death do us part' straight outta the word

Then a Chevy flew by and just flipped him the bird

He said 'father forgive her'

As the bride ran shakin' her fist

(Get 'em bitch!)

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