

Radio Trash

Conflict

I listen to my radio; there's something I would really like to know
Do people care what's going on? Or rather hear another love song?

Move to the rhythms and make the break
Look and see the police state
There's guns undercover, a new law bill
Step out of line, the cells will fill
Four walls, a door, yourself to blame
You saw your life as one big game
Don't get me wrong, got to have fun
But realise something's got to be done

She's so fine the radio girl
Living it up to the outside world
Sunshine rock, Ibiza blitz
Goodtime girl puts my head in a whirl

How much longer can we go on living?
Where the rich do the taking, the poor do the giving?
You sweat your guts eight hours a day
So, the rulers of the roost can tax your pay
Make more for themselves with your hard-earned cash
But you dance in a trance, acting flash
Better wake up sharp and think again
The gun speaks louder than paper and pens
Might hear these words, might ignore
Trying to escape, don't know what for
Tired of being pushed around?
Think about it as you get on down
You're looking smart, but what's the use?
If you're living in twenty-four hour abuse

Stamp to the rhythm, dance to the beat. Do your voting with your feet

That girl in white, yeah she's alright. Forget it, she's with me tonight

Gotta pay the rent, but the money's been spent
Can't remember where the hell it went
Bought some food, hustled some booze
Feeling desperate, gonna break the rules
Got caught hot handed, put inside
Rebellion rocks, the night has died

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Sunshine rock, Ibiza blitz
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She's so fine