

He likes it best when there's no choice
He's got option anxiety
He prefers the simple things
Until there's something better out there
He has a view but has no voice
The way that it's supposed to be
He's not afraid of anything
Except whatever's looming out there

And why should he ever need to change?
He's got nowhere left to go, left to go

He loves the radio
It takes him out of his colorless dull white and flat
black

There's a place he's dreaming of he can't imagine
himself there
There will be a risk to take
He makes a calculated effort
It never comes to push and shove
Retreat and disapproving glare
There's never been a choice to make
He knows he'd crack under the pressure

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