

# Radio

He Is We

He grew up just a little too fast,  
Lost the need it's all in his past.  
I can hear him humming, from the other side of the room.  
Guess he's got rhythm, cause he hums everytime he's blue.

Oh.  
Radio,  
Bleed me a melody.  
That'll make this boy cry,  
Oh, oh, oh.  
Radio,  
Bleed me a melody.  
That'll make him wonder why,  
He was so cold.

Broken glass and a pretty face,  
Silent mourn full of hate.  
Quiet face,  
Silent mourn.  
Screaming for consequence,  
Bleeding for more.

Radio,  
Bleed me a melody,  
That'll make this boy cry.  
Oh, oh, oh.  
Radio,  
Bleed me a melody.  
That'll make him wonder why,  
He was so cold.

Play him a song,  
That reminds him of a time.  
When he wasn't tumbling, down, down.  
Tumbling down.

Radio,  
Bleed me a melody.  
That'll make this boy cry,  
Oh, oh, oh.  
Radio,  
Bleed me a melody.  
That'll make him wonder why,  
He was so cold.

Radio, Radio.  
Radio, (Radio).  
Bleed me a melody.  
Radio, Radio.  
Bleed me a melody.  
Radio,  
That boy's got rhythm, cause he hums everytime he's blue.  
Radio, Radio.