

# 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

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

She's so fine