

Turn, turn the radio low
I've got to talk to you
Turn, turn the radio low...

Got a half-Armenian girlfriend
She tests me like a Scantron
She'll only tell me what's wrong
If she's hit the bong ba bong bong

Feeling melodramatic and spastic
She ain't made of West Coast plastic
I lay awake with an aching
Is it all in my head like she said?

Turn turn the radio low
I've got to talk to you
Turn turn the radio low...

I'm in love with the sounds that you make
And the ground that you walk on
I'm running after you
I'm in love with the way
That you're making me wait
I just want to be catching up to you

Got a half Armenian girlfriend
She's hotter than I am handsome
She'll fuck you up and then some
She'll rock the boat to bedlam

Feeling melodramatic and spastic
She ain't made of West Side plastic
And I lay awake with an aching
Is it all in my head like she said?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah!

I'm in love with the sounds that you make
And the ground that you walk on
I'm running after you
I'm in love with the way
That you're making me wait
I just want to be catching up to you
I just want to be catching up to you
I just want to be catching up to you
I just want to be catching up to you

Turn, turn the radio low
I've got to talk to you
Turn, turn the radio low
I've gotta get through to you