

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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