

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.