

Seven hours later she takes the elevator to the 2nd floor  
To the underground committee  
That's where they'll decide if you'll be praised  
Or you'll be tied up on the bathroom floor

As you scream for more  
All the souls are dyin' while some idiots are tryin'  
To convince you that they're cooler but they still don't know  
They're about to lose control and they'll be sayin' now

Calling Radio Tokyo  
The lines are down, you're good to go  
Now this is real, can't you feel

Calling Radio Tokyo  
The kids are feeling way to low  
They're on their knees  
Won't somebody please just bring them home

Get out of the black car on the sidewalk of the big stars  
Of the now and then, kinda feels a little late  
Someone had a bad day, so they sold your soul on e-bay  
With an 8x10, autographed in pen

As you scream for more  
All the souls are dyin' while some idiots are tryin'  
To convince you that they're cooler but they still don't know  
They're about to lose control and they'll be sayin' now

Calling Radio Tokyo  
The lines are down, you're good to go  
Now this is real, can't you feel

Calling Radio Tokyo  
The kids are feeling way to low  
They're on their knees  
Won't somebody please just bring them home

Seven hours later they stopped the elevator to the 2nd floor  
And there was no more

Calling Radio Tokyo  
The lines are down, you're good to go  
Now this is real, can't you feel

Calling Radio Tokyo  
The kids are feeling way to low  
They're on their knees  
Won't somebody please just bring them home