

She's saying, you're lost
She thinks its time for you to detox
Too many tunes inside your head
Why don't you fill it up with her instead

She's not playing, but you are
She wants romance but you want guitars
Your head was all like you prefer
But you should have lend your ears to her

You're an addict to the audio
A chronic record lover who feeds on stereo

Just like the meat you eat,
The booze you choose,
The nicotine, the coffee
And the sugars that you need so

You're not ready for detox
Turn on the radio

It's not healthy, you're not fit
She says if you don't quit then she'll split
She needs silence and not your noise
Your habit's nothing she enjoys

And you're a nut for every kind of sound
A chronic vinyl player, who can't stop spinning 'round

Just like the meat you eat,
The booze you choose,
The nicotine, the coffee
And the sugars that you need so

You're not ready for detox
Turn on the radio