

Murder On The Radio

My Favorite Highway

Dodging bullets, dodging glances
Nervous and you shake while
he makes his advances
Sending tingles up your spine, there
is no way to define
A regret that you cannot rewind
Feeling empty, feeling broken
There's a malice on
his lips you can taste while your choking
He is sour, he is
sharp, he is preying on your heart
Just relax while he
tears you apart
Take the dreams you had, throw them
all away
Whoa, singing you to sleep
While you
dream

While we murder on the radio
Feed desire,
feed the cancer
Swallowing the lust that will cripple the
dancer
With his hands around your neck
You have lost
all self-respect
You're a mirror to ashamed to
reflect
Are you cautious, are you reckless
Guilty and
exposed, but to stubborn to confess
He is careless, he is
kind, he has one thing on his mind
He is determined to keep
you confined