

Religion On The Radio

Polar Bear Club

I been lookin' around at abandoned cars on the side of the high way
Askin' myself are they a metaphor of the lack of drive, or dead battery eyes?

You gotta' scream to get your point across, that's our way
You gotta' scratch the skin with the youngest cut, it'll be okay
Too many nights, in the Greyhound station up North Syracuse
And the departure screen, lookin' at me like it was talkin' shit just as I walked in
Too much debt, pride, and seinging mood through American veins
The confidence of twenty fools with equal parts shame

Yeah, we were playing dead, (Ah-ah-ah)
Wanna' break my jaw, maybe break the bread (Ah-ah-ah)
Can't leave or stay, sitting on the steps (Ah-ah-ah)
It's no surprise I hear religion on the radio
We can't find any other signal

Slow, that's is how it'll go when you're buildin' somethin' that's worth the build
But keeping in mind why you started to climb, it gets harder with height
Don't you think of starting over now, what a waste
The guy in your head and the one in the mirror got a different face

Yeah, we were playing dead, (Ah-ah-ah)
Wanna' break my jaw, maybe break the bread (Ah-ah-ah)
Can't leave or stay, sitting on the steps (Ah-ah-ah)
It's no surprise I hear religion on the radio
We can't find any other signal
Woa-oh-ho-oh-oh!

Are you gonna' break down the wall
Playin' with a red rubber ball
Pick the hammer up, turn me all to dust

Break down the wall
Playin' with the red rubber ball
Pick the hammer up
Turn me all to dust
Woah, woa-oh, woah-oh-oh-oh! (Turn me all to dust)
Woah, woa-oh, woah-oh-oh-oh!