

# On the Radio

Regina Spektor

This is how it works  
It feels a little worse  
Than when we drove our hearse  
Right through that screaming crowd

While laughing up a storm  
Until we were just bone  
Until it got so warm  
That none of us could sleep

And all the styrofoam  
Began to melt away  
We tried to find some words  
To aid in the decay

But none of them were home  
Inside their catacomb  
A million ancient bees  
Began to sting our knees

While we were on our knees  
Praying that disease  
Would leave the ones we love  
And never come again

On the radio  
We heard November Rain  
That solo's really long  
But it's a pretty song

We listened to it twice  
'Cause the DJ was asleep

This is how it works  
You're young until you're not  
You love until you don't  
You try until you can't

You laugh until you cry  
You cry until you laugh  
And everyone must breathe  
Until their dying breath

No, this is how it works  
You peer inside yourself  
You take the things you like  
And try to love the things you took

And then you take that love you made  
And stick it into some  
Someone else's heart  
Pumping someone else's blood

And walking arm in arm  
You hope it don't get harmed

But even if it does  
You'll just do it all again

And on the radio  
You hear November Rain  
That solo's awful long  
But it's a good refrain

You listen to it twice  
'Cause the DJ is asleep  
On the radio  
On the radio

On the radio  
On the radio  
On the radio  
On the radio