

The Devil's Radio

Robyn Hitchcock

Darlin'
You don't have to call me
Stalin
Or even Mao Tse Tung
'Cause I'm far too young;
My rising
Sign is Capricorn; is that
Surprising?
You know that I was born
So very soft and easy going
I make no trouble at all

I was listening
Yeah, I was listening to the Devil's Radio
I was listening
Yeah, I was listening to the Devil's Radio
And it went na na na na na na
I'm the Devil's radio

Evil
Its tentacles are bland
It's like a weevil
It burrows through the land
And everybody smiles
Everybody smiles
Michael -- don't you KNOW someday a
Spike'll
Grow right through the woodwork
And come out through your palm

We was listening
We was listening to the Devil's radio
We was listening
We was listening to the Devil's radio
And it went na na na na na na
I'm the Devil's radio

Sun sets on the Devil
Sun sets on the West
He's listening to the FM talk show
It's what he loves the best

Limbaugh
He was talking through a bimbo
But don't
Touch that dial
Or that hateful smile
Kate said
"The flowers of intolerance and hatred
Are blooming kind of early
This year
-- Someone's been watering them"

We was listening
Ah, we was listening to the Devil's radio
We was listening
Yeah, we was listening to the Devil's radio

And it went na na na na na na
I'm not the Devil's radio
Na na na na na na
I'm the Devil's radio