

# She's Got Nothing On (But the Radio)

Roxette

What she got she got to give it to somebody  
What she got she got to give it to someone  
It's not a case of growin' up or lots of money  
It's just the fundamental twist of the sun

What she got she got to let somebody find it (- "Really?")  
What she got is not for her to keep alone (- "Oh!")  
Nobody's got a clue if there is such a reason (- "Yea?")  
Why she wanna play it o-on her own

She's got nothing on but the radio  
She's a passion play  
And like the break of day  
She takes my breath away

What she got she got to give to some contender  
What she got is just like gold dust on a shelf  
And no one's got a clue what's on her brave agenda  
Why she wanna keep it keep it to herself

She's got nothing on but the radio  
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And like the break of day  
She takes my breath away

Who did the painting on my wall?  
Who left a poem down the hall?  
Oh I don't understand at all, he-he-hey

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