

## Radio Suicide

Strung Out

Two silhouettes stand tall against  
A gray November sky  
Utopian suburban teenage wasteland blues.  
You turn to me and sigh, the boredom  
Growin' in your eyes  
As a voice sings songs of splendor  
From the radio  
I hear that voice again submerging  
From the stereo  
Invisible electric life flows  
Right through me  
Then for a moment I forget about  
Just where I'm at and the world fallin'  
Around loses all urgency.  
It's just another transmission from  
A place we all want to be.  
It takes control then it spits  
Me back to reality  
I hear the music  
Then I close my eyes  
It's just another radio suicide on  
The airwaves.  
I turned it on-invisible electric life  
then the song comes on the radio  
The signal takes control-heartbeat  
Starts to slow  
You hear the words reverberating  
In your mind  
Twisted electric waves pulse from the stereo  
As a voice screams out loud  
Everything is not alright  
Forget about the static pulsing  
In your ear  
Forget everything you see and hear  
it's just another radio suicide