

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 looses al urgency.
It's just another transmission from
A place we all want to be.
It takes control then its spits
Me back to reality
I hear the music
Then I close my eyes
It's jsut 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 vioce 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