

# The Worst Taste In Music

The Radio Dept.

He can't forget you  
You're quite a find  
In my mind I see how he gets you  
To close your eyes  
Kiss the skies

You race down the stairs in the morning  
A kiss is half promise, half warning

Why would you bother to hang around?  
Even for some time now  
There will be others to frown upon  
If it turns you on

But he's got the worst taste in music  
If I didn't know this, I'd lose it

He's got the worst taste in music  
If I didn't know, this I'd lose it