

## Damn That Radio

The Wreckers

She took a double barrel twelve gauge buck shot to her alarm clock  
She'll kill that George Strait baby blue with one shot.  
She was a cussin' and a screamin' off the wrong side of the bed  
Madder than hell with him in her head.  
Whole trailer park knew the radio had done it again.

Ah damn that radio for playin' their song  
Stirrin' up a memory she thought was gone.  
God knows that old DJ don't know what he's done  
Ah damn that radio for playin' their song.

Well she fired up the Chevy and she tour it up and down the rural rout  
Rippin' on two wheels 'round the courthouse  
She was mad at George and WKXY  
But she was lookin' for the sucker that had lefter the cry  
Everybody in town was runnin' for a place to hide.

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Ah damn that radio for playin' their song.

Down at the station, Lord, the phones ring all day long  
Whole town callin' beggin' please don't play that song.

Now the preacher was preachin' in the spirit of jubilation  
To a sunny day happy face weddin' congregation  
He read 'til death do us part' straight outta the word  
Then a Chevy flew by and just flipped him the bird  
He said 'father forgive her'  
As the bride ran shakin' her fist  
(Get 'em bitch!)

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God knows that old DJ don't know what he's done  
Ah damn that radio  
Damn that radio  
Damn that radio for playin' their song.