Prima Materia

Alex Smoke

Tall flowers, running towards an open dream.
Long hours, watching faces in the rain.
Four aspirin, two alka-seltzer?s and a beer.
I?m laughing, but there ain?t nobody here.

Don?t worry, you?re hating ?bout me ?cause

I don?t let misfortune bend me all outta shape,
I still get emotion when the music is on.
Even though it hurts I gotta hear it again,
Sayin? ?Oh don?t touch the radio, don?t touch radio oh.
Don?t touch that radio, not while I?m playing.?

Smashed vases, water dripping down the wall.
Lost causes, walking through a crystal ball.
Six numbers, one that brings me back to you.
I?m laughing, what us am I supposed to do? (?)

Don?t worry, you?re hating ?bout me ?cause

I don?t let misfortune bend me all outta shape,
I still get emotion when the music is on.
Even though it hurts I gotta hear it again,
Sayin? ?Oh don?t touch the radio, don?t touch radio oh.
Don?t touch that radio, not while I?m playing.?

Dance coming (?), oh there?s no sun in the sky.
I?m running a low, cold shower again.
(?)
(?)

Don?t worry, you?re hating ?bout me.
I?m standing where I need to be.

I don?t let misfortune bend me all outta shape,
I still get emotion when the music is on.
Even though it hurts I gotta hear it again,
Sayin? ?Oh don?t touch the radio, don?t touch radio oh.
Don?t touch that radio, not while I?m playing.?

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