

# Radio Silence

## Hooverphonic

Let it sing, let it cry and you roll out the carpets  
No such thing, you mustn't pry  
I'll hail to another confession  
And it's losing me Where have all the merry-makers gone?  
Where have all the merry-makers gone? Some people will surprise you with a real depth of feeling  
And others still may shock, shock, shock you  
With all that they're revealing  
But one thing's sure there's always more  
Information than you ask for, ask for this Just enough knowledge to know  
I don't know anything, anything, anything  
I don't know, nobody likes what I like that's how I like it  
Some things are personal at least they should be Or is it too much, much to ask you just to maintain a little  
Maintain a little, maintain a little, maintain a little  
Maintain a little, maintain a little  
Take the cynical saint to the stake and you burn it It's radio, it's radio, silence, silence  
It's radio, it's radio, silence, silence It's radio, it's radio, radio, silence  
It's radio, it's radio, radio, silence  
It's radio, it's radio, radio, silence  
It's radio, it's radio, radio, silence

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