

On the Radio

Regina Spektor

This is how it works
It feels a little worse
Than when we drove our hearse
Right through that screaming crowd While laughing up a storm
Until we were just bone
Until it got so warm
That none of us could sleep And all the Styrofoam
Began to melt away
We tried to find some words
To aid in the decay But none of them were home
Inside their catacomb
A million ancient bees
Began to sting our knees While we were on our knees
Praying that disease
Would leave the ones we love
And never come again On the radio
We heard, 'November Rain'
That solo's really long
But it's a pretty song
We listened to it twice
'Case the DJ was asleep This is how it works
You're young until you're not
You love until you don't
You try until you can't You laugh until you cry
You cry until you laugh
And everyone must breathe
Until their dying breath No, this is how it works
You peer inside yourself
You take the things you like
And try to love the things you took And then you take that love you made
And stick it into some
Someone else's heart
Pumping someone else's blood And walking arm in arm
You hope it don't get harmed
But even if it does
You'll just do it all again And on the radio
You hear, 'November Rain'
That solo's awful long
But it's a good refrain

You listen to it twice
'Cause the DJ is asleep On the radio, on the radio
On the radio, uh oh, on the radio, uh oh
On the radio, uh oh, on the radio

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