

Radio Silence

Thomas Dolby

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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