

Transmission

Hot Chip

Radio, live transmission
Radio, live transmission Listen to the silence
Let it ring on
Eyes, dark gray lenses
Frightened of the sun We would have a fine time
Living in the night
Left to blind destruction
Waiting for our sight We would go on
As though nothing was wrong
Hide from these days
We remained all alone Staying in the same place
Saying out the time
Touching from a distance
Further all the time Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio Radio, radio, radio, radio Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio
Radio, live transmission I'd call out
When the going gets tough
If things that we've learnt
Are no longer enough No language, just sound
That's all we need know
Synchronize love
To the beat of the show Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio

Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance to the radio

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