# FM

## N.R.M.

Worry the bottle mama, it's grapefruit wine
Kick off your high heel, sneakers, it's party time
The girls don't seem to care what's on, as long as they play till dawn
Nothin' but blues and Elvis, and somebody else favorite song
Give her some funked up music, she treats you nice
Feed her some hungry reggae, she'll love you twice
The girls don't seem to care tonight
As long as the mood is right
No static at all
(No static, no static at all)
F.M.

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