

Transmission (The 1980 Martin Hannett Tapes)

Joy Division

Radio, live transmission
Radio, live transmission Listen to the silence, let it ring on
Eyes, dark grey 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, just staying 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 Well I could call out when the going gets tough
The things that we've learnt are no longer enough
No language, just sound, that's all we need know
To synchronise love to the beat of the show And we could dance 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

Songwriters

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