The Worst Taste In Music

The Radio Dept.

He can't forget you
You're quite a find
In my mind I see how he gets you
To close your eyes
Kiss the skies

You race down the stairs in the morning
A kiss in half promise, half warning

Why would you bother to hang around?
Even for some time, now
There will be others to frown upon
If it turns you on

But he's got the worst taste in music
If I didn't know this I'd lose it

But he's got the worst taste in music
If I didn't know this I'd lose it

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