

Single of the Weak

InMe

Nice try big guy, but I must interrupt, I must stop you dead in your tracks again,
Headless chicken, got me thinking that our world is sinking to the bottom of the C-list,
But buddy it ain't rock and roll without a little hard graft,
You make me love driving through tunnels. What, what, what... What's that shit on the radio?
Sounds like they've made it, so they can make it,
What's that shit on the radio?
Embedded like shingles, radioactive jingles,
What's that shit on the radio?
Whoa oh. Sugar coated, glucose bloated safety tops the charts again,
I know this song is ironic, electronic hypocrisy coming from a man who used to care for mirrors,
(In more ways than one),
But buddy it ain't rock and roll when you're involved,
When you shape your craft to fit the masses. What, what, what... What's that shit on the radio?
Sounds like they've made it, so they can make it,
What's that shit on the radio?
Embedded like shingles, radioactive jingles,
What's that shit on the radio?
Whoa oh. What's that shit on the radio?
Not talking about white paint, not talking about coffee stains,
What's that shit on the radio?
Sounds like they've made it, so they can make it,
What's that shit on the radio?
Embedded like shingles, radioactive jingles,
What's that shit on the radio?
I'm so sick of hearing it, but I just can't stop singing it,
What's that shit on the radio?
Whoa oh.

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