

# Radio

## He Is We

He grew up just a little too fast,  
A loss and need, that's on his past.  
I can hear him humming from the other side of the room,  
Guess he's got rhythm, 'cause he hums every time he's blue, oh

Radio, bleed me a melody,  
That'll make this boy cry.  
Radio, bleed me a melody,  
That'll make him wonder why he was so cold.

Broken glass and a pretty face,  
Silent mourn, full of hate.  
Quiet face, silent mourn.  
Screaming for consequence,  
Pleading for more.

Radio, bleed me a melody  
That will make this boy cry.  
Radio, bleed me a melody  
That will make him wonder why he was so cold.

Write him a song that reminds him of a time  
When he wasn't tumbling down, down, tumbling down.

Radio, bleed me a melody  
That will make this boy cry.  
Radio, bleed me a melody  
That will make him wonder why he was so cold.

Radio, radio, radio, lead me a melody.  
Radio, radio, radio, lead me a melody.  
Radio, radio, radio, that boy's got rhythm 'cause he hums every time.  
Radio, radio, radio.

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