

# Radiapathy

## The Velvet Teen

I get out of bed the same way every day  
blurry eyed and waiting for the alarm to sing  
sing me into fm radiapathy  
numb and tired and perfect for the working day I get home and turn the cable strobe light on  
to tell me who I'm not and what my life still lacks  
yeah, if I could make a copy of myself, I might  
so I could have twice as much of everything come, it's time to wake up  
know the way, you know the way So I tell the world that it can kill its own  
blow itself to smithereens for all I care  
I will ride the wave into its smoking hole  
I will be the vulture to its carrion

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