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 dayI 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 everythingcome, it's time to wake up
know the way, you know the waySo 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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