

Dead City Radio

[Rob Zombie](#)

Oh Yeah!

I want to tell you about Dead City Radio, man

And the New Gods of Supertown

A world of magig lanterns and chemical blues A world where Xtands for the unknown and

Y is the zero Sluggish drones, assault my radio

20 mortal lashes of grotesque audio

Glittering fountains misspent youth

I'm a rhinestone tiger in a leisure suit

Turn it up

Turn it up

Turn it up

Oh Yeah!

We listen to the radio

Dead radio

I'll tell you one thing, man

Nothing ever happens until you madicate

The witch Queen of mongo and hail the passing of King George Everybody is eating behalf of the Gods
And their plastic necks and silver teeth Is there life beyond what you know?

Hallucination thrives on my stereo

Antonishing skeptics wasted youth

She's an angel of odd in her birthday suit

Turn it up

Turn it up

Turn it up Oh Yeah!

It's right here right now, that we best serve

The beast of transmission and the cool passing waves of ignorance

They say the heart is a lonely hunter

And the hardbox comes with a crime inside

Oh Yeah!

Today on this program you will hear the sound of our souls

We know that music is music but when we are together we've got power

We listen to the radio

Dead radio We listen to the radio

Dead radio

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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