

Radio Silence

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Let it sing, let it cry and you roll out the carpets

 No such thing, you mustn't pry

 I'll hail to another confession

 And it's losing meWhere have all the merrymakers gone?

Where have all the merrymakes gone?Some people will surprise you with a real depth of feeling

 And others still may shock, shock, shock you

 With all that they're revealing

 But one thing's sure there's always more

Information than you ask for, ask for thisJust enough knowledge to know

 I don't know anything, anything, anything

 I don't know, nobody likes what I like that's how I like it

Some things are personal at least they should beOr is it too much, much to ask you just to maintain a little

 Maintain a little, maintain a little, maintain a little

 Maintain a little, maintain a little

Take the cynical saint to the stake and you burn itIt's radio, it's radio, silence, silence

 It's radio, it's radio, silence, silenceIt's radio, it's radio, radio, silence

 It's radio, it's radio, radio, silence

 It's radio, it's radio, radio, silence

 It's radio, it's radio, radio, silence

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