

# What's the Frequency, Kenneth? (Radio Version)

R.E.M.

"What's the frequency, Kenneth?" is your Benzedrine, uh-huh  
I was brain-dead, locked out, numb, not up to speed  
I thought I'd pegged you an idiot's dream Tunnel vision from the outsider's screen  
I never understood the frequency, uh-huh  
You wore our expectations like an armored suit, uh-huh I'd studied your cartoons, radio, music, TV, movies,  
magazines  
Richard said, "Withdrawal in disgust is not the same as apathy"  
A smile like the cartoon, tooth for a tooth You said that irony was the shackles of youth  
You wore a shirt of violent green, uh-huh  
I never understood the frequency, uh-huh "What's the frequency, Kenneth?" is your Benzedrine, uh-huh  
Butterfly decal, rearview mirror, dogging the scene  
You smile like the cartoon, tooth for a tooth  
You said that irony was the shackles of youth You wore a shirt of violent green, uh-huh  
I never understood the frequency, uh-huh  
You wore our expectations like an armored suit, uh-huh  
I couldn't understand You said that irony was the shackles of youth, uh-huh  
I couldn't understand  
You wore a shirt of violent green, uh-huh  
I couldn't understand  
I never understood, don't fuck with me, uh-huh

Songwriters

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