

I Hate Music

The Reign of Kindo

Sometimes it's easy to ignore
If it's forgettable
Sometimes it's magic to the soul
And claims you for its own
But every now and then I hear a sound that breaks the spell
Whoever puts that garbage on the air must love the smell I can't do this
People call it music but I'm not sure
If there's a difference between the set of blueprints for radio and just plain noise I turn my television on to pass
me through the night
I'm watching fools try to sing an awful song they didn't even write
I know some tool's just sitting at a desk pulling the strings
They shove their garbage acts down every dial the towers reach
I hate music if that's what you call music, but I don't know
Who approves the shit they pass for music on these shows?
There's no difference between the set of blueprints for radio and failure There was a time you couldn't fake your
game
They turned the red light on and you delivered the goods
Or you were chased off stage by someone else who could
You were making magic or you couldn't make (nothing) at all I hate music
If that's what you call music, that's for sure.
If you're amused by the poly-sonic zoo, well, it's all yours
Every day there's a new song being played that sounds like hell
Whoever puts that garbage on the air must love the smell You can listen to whatever you like
I'll try and keep it bottled up inside
But don't pretend it's not polluting the world as it plays on and on and on and on
Somewhere they must have lost their way
And threw their souls out for attention and fame
Their taste is bad, their opinions are wrong,
They make awful shit but the radio keeps playing their songs
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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