Robbie Williams, He's Chosen My Attic

I feel it in the static
He lives in my basement
And I can hardly face it
My performance is easy
I am the god of romance
And in my confusion
I have the right to reign

He's stolen my Oscars
He trades on my jokes
He makes all my engines go oh oh oh
He put an "e" in the arsenal
A comb in my 'fro
Devine retribution
And away we will go
Hey hey hey

Something's happening I can feel it Moving out of time you'll hear it Falling in the way you fear it Jumping thumping shout out something Jumping thumping shout out something

Listen to the radio And you will hear the songs you know Make it effervescent here And you might have a job my dear

I'm searching for something Beyond my understanding Looking for meaning Where nothing is demanding There are no surprises Where nothing is expected If you offer nothing Then everyone accepts

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Make it effervescent here
And you might have a job my dear
Ouch
Ouch
Ouch
Radio
Ouch
Ouch
Ouch
Ouch
Ouch
Ouch
Ouch

Radio

*He's stolen my Oscars
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*sung simultaneously

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