

Robbie Williams, Radio

Ouch

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 oh
He puts an "e" in the arsenal
A comb in my 'fro
Devine retribution
And away we will go
Hey 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
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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