**I Want to Listen to the Radio**

A little feller chewin on some peanut butter bread

Shakin’ the radio and scratching his head

Picks the gum off the end of this thumb

Thinking, oh, so that’s where music comes from?

**Says** mama don’t you whistle, papa don’t sing

Mama would you please stop playin that thing

I don’t want to listen to that old banjo

I want to listen to the radio

Daddy, come twist the switches comfortable with the knob

Put the black cabooberater in the thingamabob

I don't like to have to play the piano

I want to learn to play the radio

**Mama** don’t you whistle papa don’t sing

I can’t hear the music when you’re playin that thing

You don’t sing it right, you sing too low

It’s not how they sing it on the radio

Squatting on the playground watchin a bug

Little Tommy starts humming the Old Brown Jug

The boys they’s a giggling cuz Tommy don't know

You can't sing unless you’re on the *radio*

**Chorus**

What’s that funny man doin with the box on his knee

Tryin to imitate music, it looks like to me

Sure sounds dumb without the big symphony

Don’t sound nothing like the radio to me

**Chorus**

When the Grand Ole Op’ry came to their little town

All the little boys and girls was jumpin up and down

But they’s all disappointed when they got to the show

Didn’t sound just like it did on the radio

Dog’s a barkin a sweet bowwow

Train whistle’s honkin along with the cow

There’s birds a chatterin in the cedar bough

Daddy can we listen to some music now?