



Wise Guys
Radio

Wise Guys

Radio

The neighbors will say:
"We're so very sorry."
The police will ask after us,
But no-one knows a thing.
If this were a movie,
I'd run out of the theater,
But if we get through this,
Nothing else will split us up.

Totally nervous, but still happy,
I think you feel the same.
We'll just leave behind
What stands in our way.
The convertible's too old
But at least it has a radio.
It'll soon fall apart,
But at least it works.

Turn the radio on
And turn it up loud
We're driving through the summer rain
Towards the sun.
Turn the radio on
We're driving farther out
Just straight ahead
Just like the clouds blow away

Who'd have thought it of us?
No roof, no map



Pedal to the metal through the night.
There's nothing I expect.
If you let me,
I'll do more than take you in my arms.
Totally wet through,
But it's warm rain.

Turn the radio on
And turn it up loud
We're driving through the summer rain
Towards the sun.
Turn the radio on
We're driving farther out
Just straight ahead
Just like the clouds blow away

It'll be alright
I've not seen you so happy for a long time.



Wise Guys

Jetzt ist Sommer

Wise Guys

It's Summer now

Sunglasses on and to the bar;
That's where all the pretty women are.
Take a dive right into the leisure pool
And a Caipirinha - pretty cool.
Suncream on and go off to the park
We lark around the park until it's dark, with Mark.

We let ourselves go and we let ourselves
roast

Mellow and cool we just coast.

If the cold is going to make you groan
Then we can pour some sand into the bath
at home.

The radio plays this summer's hit
and from the bath we sing along with it:

Yes, it's summer! Don't care if you're cold 'n
blue -

Summer is what goes on inside of you.
It is summer! Now hear me when I say:
summer means laughing anyway.

Sunroof down on my cabriolet.
I don't really have one but that's ok
'cos the image of fun just becomes a mirage
when it has to spend all summer in the
garage.

Sometimes the weather's really bad



and I feel quite violent 'cos I've been had
by the weatherman who's spun me along;
I want to shout "You've got it wrong!
Weathermen are useless, you don't care -
Jump into the sea then, if you dare!"
I'm better off creating my own weather-map
by having this song on tap:

I go mad when somebody steals my bike
I go mad if a person tries to pick a fight
I go mad if someone else gets that
gorgeous bird,
And it's my towel they lie on; what a turd.
In other ways I am quite a laid-back guy;
I like to take a chance and see the world go
by.

I've got this button I press, instead
And the sun lights up in my head:

Yes, it's summer! Don't care if you're
cold 'n blue -

Summer is what goes on inside of you.
It is summer! Boats out, on the sea.
Winter is now out of bounds, you see.

Shitty weather, feeling blue -
Summer is what goes on inside of you.
It is summer! Boats out, on the sea.
Winter is now out of bounds, you see.