

(SHE HAD) NOTHIN' ON BUT THE RADIO

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2003

Me and the boys were playin' pocket billiards
Rackin' them up and tryin' to take some shots
When all of a sudden this girl just blew right by us
She'd been drinkin' a mixture of brandy and apricots, there she goes

Before we realized, she had us mesmerized
This wild and spirited flasher, jumped the bar with a ghetto blaster
Amidst the catcalls and the laughter

Cause she had Nothin' On But The Radio
Those twin speakers pumpin' out music over all those cheers
She had Nothin' On But The Radio
It's the first time in history not a single man touched a beer/now that's the truth

This bartender was no stranger to confrontation
But a Mexican standoff was not what he had in mind
Apparently this was not a matter for negotiation
She made her point, you didn't get it; you had to be blind

She hissed, he tried to growl; bartender threw in the towel
Shrugged his shoulders and said ok, who are we to stand in nature's way
Let's give it up boys, now what do you say

'Cause She had Nothin' On But The Radio
That little boom box was her only bit of privacy, yes it was
She had Nothin' On But The Radio
She was a woman possessed in the throes of ecstasy/all right

When the cops came in they encountered quite a reception
Sixteen men deep at the bar wouldn't budge
Now the law was quite clear, so they couldn't make this an exception
As for me and the boys, who are we to judge?

Everybody was screamin' for more, come on, come on; just another encore
Saturday night, sweet bird of youth, she brought the house down and raised the roof,
I swear it's the truth and I'm the livin' proof

She had Nothin' On But The Radio
She had a body that matched her psychological profile
She had Nothin' On But The Radio
All efforts to bring her down, just proved to be futile