

# The Broadcast

Cutting Crew

Believe me when I say to you  
That every word is true  
That a change is going to come  
You can hear it in the broadcast on your radio

Why are you running, was it something that somebody said?  
What are you hiding from, are the voices alone in your head?  
I can make it look natural 'cos the more that you see  
It's the less that you know, it's the more that you give

Believe me when they call for you  
As you cry out in the night  
These four suspicious riders have been circling the borders  
of your bungalow  
But how they ever got to you  
I swear I'll never know  
Was it just the laws of nature that's been causing all the  
voices on your telephone?

Why are you running...

Believe me and I'll pray for you (we'll give you what you want  
ed)  
With all my fickle heart  
I could sell you hallelujahs recorded on a chrome cassette in s  
tereo  
So come and make your home with me  
It really isn't far  
Fly down to California and become a Christian soldier on  
My late, late show

Why are you running...