

88.2 is your Saviour station
God hangs like a shadow high above the nation
Like a phantom hurricane
91.6 is Classic Soul
Obama flyer still hanging by the side of the road
Like a long last prayer
And the pawn shops glisten like the porn girl stars
And the cheap imitation armoured cars
Roll up and down past empty bars
Showing re-runs of the glory years
But now the Champion of All Time is getting battered and bruise
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The blows come raining down
He's standing there terrified to lose
But he's punch-drunk and he's going down

94.7 is the Weather Channel
Floods and droughts and plagues straight out of the Bible
And the scientists shake their heads
And the air-con unit rattles and dies
The golf course green but the wells are dry
All looking to heaven with anxious eyes
As the vapour trails drift across cloudless skies

96.4 is Classic Rock
Some of the kids that were sent are not coming back
It's like a ritual sacrifice
Pressed uniforms and body-bags
And the smalltown church all decked with flags
And the waiting beds unslept in
By the ghosts all up in Arlington
And as the leaves blow on an autumn day
The funeral gathering kneels to pray
Make it OK, make it OK, God, please, make it OK
101-point-nothing is the shock jocks
Where every week is Hate Week
And we can scream and rage about everything
Then get back in the box that they keep us in
As the great land stretches on
Where the endless hopes are born
All caught in a false dawn that lasts forever
And the great land stretches on
Where the endless dreams are born
All caught in a false dawn that lasts forever