

Transmissions

Amos Lee

Love, love's a setting sun
When the day is done
No one really knows
Life, life is sown with pain
The sunshine and the rain
Make the flowers grow

Get caught up in all these transmissions
Forget to put your keys in the ignition
Click on the radio, there ain't no song
You turn around, and she's gone

The mirror and the clock that's just above
The hourglass of love
Gets lower every day
Days and weeks turn into years
The cost of all these tears
With memories I pay

You get caught up with all these transmissions
You forget to put your keys in the ignition
Click on the radio, there ain't no song
You turn around, and she's gone

Blessed, blessed are the wise
Who understand the prize
Is always letting go
But then you see a butterfly flow
Oh, and flutter by and then
The world begins to slow

You get caught up with all these transmissions
You forget to put your keys in the ignition
Click on the radio, there ain't no song
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You get caught up with all these transmissions
You forget to put your keys in the ignition
Click on the radio, there ain't no song
You turn around, and she's gone

Look around, and she's gone
Turn around
And she's gone