

Radio Tonight

Black Lab

And the air is full of sound and stories that I lost.
Broadcasts that I found on the stations of my cross.
Now the music falls like rain.
It pools around my knees.
But the paper's soaking wet and the pen does not receive.
So I'm pleading for a light cause the words
Won't come out right on the radio tonight.
The radio tonight.
Radio tonight.
With all these broken toys I can't come out and play.
The songs are all alike since the frequency got changed.
But my heart has burst a seam.
I overflow with dreams and my memory doesn't dim.
This silence is a sin.
So let the blood antennae rise.
Keep the dust out of my eyes when the words
Don't come out right on the radio tonight.
Radio tonight.
I try to look away from the things I don't know how to say.
I'm staring into space.
I can't see what listens when I pray.
I'm spitting in the wind.
I wrack my head again.
But the signal's just a roar.
It's all been said before.
So I swim against the tide.
I rage against the light.
But the words won't come out right on the radio tonight.
Radio tonight.