

# Far Away Like A Radio

Colin James

All broke down, comin' in low  
Far away like a radio  
Red lights flash, static and snow  
Far away like a radio

I was ridin' shotgun with the driver  
The lovers and the rounders  
Come along with me to L.A.

Me and my bride  
On a Greyhound back  
She took a piece outta me  
That I'll never get back

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Ghost in a shot glass  
And lonely all around  
Can't help but catch a buzz  
When you come into this town

Darkness in a box  
Man, you better send a scout  
There's doors to keep you in  
But none to let you out

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Head on my shoulder  
And mouth just catchin' flies  
Stranger outta stories  
Has just talked himself dry

Half of him will make it to LA  
By tomorrow  
The rest of him will have to make  
A beg, steal or borrow

One end of town  
Laughin' at the other  
They got ragin' home records  
Makin' welfare mothers

Street hosed down  
When the dawn breaks slow  
Shinin' like a mirror  
So all the shadows won't show

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All the happy endin's  
That I've heard about  
Stories left unwritten  
We'll have to figure it out

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