

Border Radio

Dave Alvin

One more midnight, her man is still gone
The nights move too slow
She tries to remember the heat of his touch
While listening to the Border Radio

She calls toll-free and requests an old song
Something they used to know
She prays to herself that wherever he is,
He's listening to the Border Radio

This song comes from nineteen sixty-two
Dedicated to a man who's gone
Fifty thousand watts out of Mexico
This is the Border Radio
This is the Border Radio

She thinks of her son, asleep in his room
And how her man won't see him grow
She thinks of her life and she hopes for a change
While listening to the Border Radio

This song comes from nineteen sixty-two
Dedicated to a man who's gone
Fifty thousand watts out of Mexico
This is the Border Radio
This is the Border Radio

They play her tune but she can't concentrate
She wonders why he had to go
One more midnight and her man is still gone
She's listening to the Border Radio

This song comes from nineteen sixty-two
Dedicated to a man who's gone
Fifty thousand watts out of Mexico
This is the Border Radio
This is the Border Radio