

Transistor Radio

Jaya the Cat

And all I've got is this
Transistor radio
Tuned in to rockers
Quarter bag and a quarter beer
And empty wallet

There ain't no water left in the wishing well
And I'm pulling up fast on the gates of hell
It it don't seem like there's much hope in this world
Left to beg, steal, or borrow
And when the smoke clears
In the occupied zone
In the final days the truth shall be knows
And the promises they made weren't promises at all
Just lies

And it's cold on the street when the winds blow
Down Columbus avenue
Whatcha gonna do when they judge you?
Whatcha gonna do when it's over?
And it's cold on the street when the winds blow
Down Columbus avenue
Whatcha gonna do when it's over?
Whatcha gonna do when it's through?

And this old tale's four walls
Keep closing in on me
And this whole town
Ain't nothing like it used to be

And on the dashboard of a stolen Caprice
The virgin Mary blesses the thief
Watches over the fallen, the weak and the shepardless
And the rain keeps falling
Like a heart attack, man
And the lights are flashing
And the sirens calling
And I never want it to end this way
But what can I do?

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