

Beau's All Night Radio Love Line

Joshua Kadison

Tangled in the sheets of a motel bed,
Samantha paints her toenails cherry red.
And she asks me if she can paint mine too, and I say
"Samantha, anything for you."
And through the tinny speakers of an ancient radio
The "All Night Love Line" begins another show.
And the callers call in, but the thing that's so strange,
It's all the same story, just the voices that change on

"Beau's All Night Radio Love Line,"
The show for hearts in despair.
If you got somethin' to say to a love that got away,
Beau wants to put you on the air."

The shadows from the headlights of a passing car
Turn Samantha's smile into file noir,
And she says, "Don't get me wrong, about you and me,
I just can't figure out what we're supposed to be.
"Maybe I love you, I don't know.
Maybe I'm afraid of where you want to go.
Maybe I'm scared I'll lose my power to amuse,
And I'll wake up alone in a bed full of blues, just listening to
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And Beau's really thinkin', "This job hardly pays,"
But he can't figure out how to ask for a raise.
Meanwhile back on the "Love Line," he says,
"You're on the air, caller number nine."
Samantha laughs at the two of us here
And says, "I got some miles on me, and you're such a kid, dear.
To you I'm just a ride in an old Cadillac,
But I keep on prayin' that you'll keep comin' back."
Is that Samantha cryin'? Or just somebody on

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