

Radio Plays

Hugh Dillon

A long distance carrier pigeon
Flying from Hollywood or Hell
And nobody was really sure
Nobody could really tell at all
If it was my imagination
Or just my situation

And the radio, the radio made me
And the radio, the radio plays
Station to station, into the night
Into tomorrow and the rest of our lives
Into the future, into the light
Into forever, until everything's quiet
The radio plays
The radio plays

Now I hadn't changed, I was just different
Man I was just thinking to myself
That nobody was really sure
Nobody could really tell at all
If it was my imagination
Or just my situation

The radio plays
The radio plays

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