

Secret Machines, The "Marconi's Radio"

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If heaven's just a calming blow
Then I think I'd rather know
Although it's hard to say that nothing's wrong
When nothing's changed
And yet if God were here alone with me
And I could say anything
I believe I could rest assured She's quite the same
But when people fight to stay inside
What I don't understand
We could leave today, tonight
We'd be fine
'Cause there's something that we define
There's no end in sight
Could you please save us all the time?
Forget about what never was
The point, I guess, won't ever come
'Til you're certain, we can all agree
We'll see
You get scared and I get angry
Being lost, feeling lazy
Not at all like you

Not you

But if emptiness is all we've got

And understanding doesn't help at all

Still you're certain there's a place for me

We'll see

We're going to make a radio

We'll make you stay home and say so

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