

Upper Room, The "It Began on Radio"

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I came across who I want
When I heard the first in the morning
Singing song about her love
It was clear that I would be falling

It began on radio
And the feeling seems to grow
It was only tend to wait
But I thought it could be fate

I walk into a record store
And I see a face that's familiar
Someone asks me what I need
And I say I want to be with her

It began on radio
And the feeling seems to grow
Saw my poster on the wall
But my friend was bound to call

And all I know is that she's not here
All I hope is maybe, maybe next year
Maybe next year

Turn the light only in my room
On the day when nothing is easy
She turns the light only in my room
If I wrote to her would she needs me

It began on radio
And my feeling seems to grow
It was only tend to wait
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