

## **Crew Cutting**

### **"The Broadcast"**

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Believe me when I say to you

That every word is true

That a change is going to come

You can hear it in the broadcast on your radio

Why are you running, was it something that somebody  
said?

What are you hiding from, are the voices alone in your  
head?

I can make it look natural 'cos the more that you see

It's the less that you know, it's the more that you give

Believe me when they call for you

As you cry out in the night

These four suspicious riders have been circling the  
borders

Of your bungalow

But how they ever got to you

I swear I'll never know

Was it just the laws of nature that's been causing all the

Voices on your telephone?

Why are you running...

Believe me and I'll pray for you (we'll give you what you  
wanted)

With all my fickle heart

I could sell you hallelujahs recorded on a chrome  
cassette in stereo

So come and make your home with me

It really isn't far

Fly down to California and become a Christian soldier  
on

My late, late show

Why are you running

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