

## **Billy Bob Thornton**

### **"Private Radio"**

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There are voices in my head  
And demons in my soul  
Sometimes they keep me warm  
Sometimes they leave me cold

There are strangers in my bed  
To caress my jaded skin  
And squeeze my body tight  
And forgive me of my sins

And I know I'm not insane  
If I am, I'm not to blame  
It's just this damned old hungry pain  
Like a drug inside my veins

And I've sown just what I've reaped  
And my thoughts are mine to keep  
And through my chilly bones they creep  
And they whisper me to sleep

When the nighttime goes away  
And the voices have all gone  
I fumble with my clothes  
And put myself back on

I walk out on the streets  
To face another day  
I know I'll meet my fears  
Somewhere along the way

As I climb the mighty steel  
And watch the river flow  
I'll drown beneath the waves  
Of my own private radio

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