

The Blackout

"Do I Sound Like I'm On Old Time Radio?"

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You took flight and left my hands still tied
Is there a way to catch you?
You move with a bold intention
You move with a bold intention

I threw it away
Turned it down and put the radio up
I threw it away
Turned it down and put the radio up

Shot down

Who's laying down these days
Who's keeping score these days
Hope you
Can see
All the progress we can make

Pencil in the words we left unsung
We can spread what the friction's done
Hope you
Can see
All the progress we can make

Speak soft and wait can you hear it now
I see a new part of you

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