

Glen Phillips "Radio"

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I miss something that I never had
Clear sky and virgin land
Hard work to make me strong
Cool nights and Guthrie songs
Nothing I own I can't fix with my hands

I'm back living in the real world
Sunday driving with my girls
Towns now they look the same
I want to show them where I came from
I should know I could never go back again

Oh but Eden is waiting
Between the cracks in the pavement
The seeds down below
Are getting ready to grow
Flood water and fire
Leave nothing behind them
Have our day and go
Like a song on the radio
Radio

I'm a product of my time
In need of a lullaby
Quick to judge, slow to trust
Bad case of wanderlust
A little hope things might turn out alright

Oh but Eden is waiting
Between the cracks in the pavement
The seeds down below
Are getting ready to grow
Flood water and fire
Leave nothing behind them
We'll have our day and go
Like a song from the radio

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