

## Jaya

### "Transistor Radio"

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And all I've got is this  
Transistor radio  
Tuned in to rockers  
Quarter bag and a quarter beer  
And empty wallet

There ain't no water left in the wishing well  
And I'm pulling up fast on the gates of hell  
It it don't seem like there's much hope in this world  
Left to beg, steal, or borrow  
And when the smoke clears  
In the occupied zone  
In the final days the truth shall be knows  
And the promises they made weren't promises at all  
Just lies

And it's cold on the street when the winds blow  
Down Columbus avenue  
Whatcha gonna do when they judge you?  
Whatcha gonna do when it's over?  
And it's cold on the street when the winds blow  
Down Columbus avenue  
Whatcha gonna do when it's over?  
Whatcha gonna do when it's through?

And this old tale's four walls  
Keep closing in on me  
And this whole town  
Ain't nothing like it used to be

And on the dashboard of a stolen Caprice  
The virgin Mary blesses the thief  
Watches over the fallen, the weak and the shepardless  
And the rain keeps falling  
Like a heart attack, man  
And the lights are flashing  
And the sirens calling  
And I never want it to end this way  
But what can I do?

And it's cold on the street when the winds blow

Down Columbus avenue  
Whatcha gonna do when they judge you?  
Whatcha gonna do when it's over?  
And it's cold on the street when the winds blow  
Down Columbus avenue  
Whatcha gonna do when it's over?  
Whatcha gonna do when it's through?  
And I've got is this  
Transistor radio  
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