

Jo Hikk "My Kind Of Radio"

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There's a Black Hawk down on the front line
Twelve men killed in a coal mine
While the world pays it's last respects
Can't find an ounce of comfort on your breath

That's the worst song I ever heard
Same old stuff just different words
The same old beat going boom chukka boom
Only the man in black can make that cool

I know the world is full of hate
Sometimes the Devil deals the fate
Tell me something I don't know

If you got nothing good to say
At least find something good to play
Maybe some Haggard or some Jones
That's my kind of radio

Songs about Jesus, songs about faith
Songs about love when it's too late
Songs about whiskey and old barstools
Give me something I can sink my teeth into

Make me laugh and make me cry
Make me stop and wonder why
Tell me something I don't know

So caller one you're on the line
What's your flavor it's your dime
Might take some Willie or some Stones
That's my kind of radio

Make me laugh and make me cry
Make me stop and wonder why
Tell me something I don't know

If you've got nothing good to say
At least find something good to play
Maybe some Haggard or some Jones
That's my kind of radio
Mm, my kind of radio

My kind of radio

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