

George Scherer "Late Nite Radio"

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I was listening to late nite radio, it must have been
about 3 am
perusin up and down the dial, station fadin out fadin in
When I picked up a station out of nowhere
in some other time and place
It cracked the fragile frequency and then drifted off
into space.

I was driving through the empty Arkansas night
I had one hand on the dial when I heard Ray Charles
singing,
"Hit the road Jack" and I lingered there for a while
Once song was over, it began to play again and again
Like somewhere somehow long ago it got recorded by
the wind
It was magic on the airwaves
After the business suits go home you never know what
you might find listen in to the late nite radio

As a kid I lay awake too late to the gentle sound 'n
glow.
And dream of far away places and endless black top
roads
It was the land of imagination and place full of
possibilities
Learned to believe in magic and that love was all you
need
Yeah you go siftin' through the static like a miner
searching for gold
You never know what you might find listen in to the late
night radio

Well they're talking to the truckers hauling head hogs
across the night
Playing 6 Days On The Road Big Joe and Phantom 309
Talking to the insomniacs about internets and global
conspiracies
They're talking Armageddon and new age philosophies

Well it ain't like cable tv. Radio waves move like ghosts
And once they have been broadcast seem like only
God knows where they go

And I can find you some conduit recognize the Borders
of Cove
When Christ comes back, I'll bet he'll do it on the late
night radio

There's no one listen anyway so almost anything goes
You never know what you might find listen in to the late
night radio
You never know what you might find listen in to the late
night radio

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