

Odds

"Radios Of Heaven"

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Now I rush to the finger of light
I guess I tore my head off
I hope there's something waiting for me
To make my exit payoff

Taste and smell and touch
Have faded from pollution
As a last resort
I chose the stupidest solution

The first thing I did when I got in the gate
Was crank up the left-hand dial
I got there first
The track star seemed to take a while

Now I can dance like Nureyev
With these wings on my body
St. Peter complains
That it's too loud down in the lobby

And I hear the voice of God
He's brilliant on the microphone
And the radio in heaven
Can make a heathen feel at home

All these notes flying out
Play havoc with my heart
Every word sung
Is both emotional and smart

There's a gorgeous sunset
Happening on the airwaves
I really want you to hear this song one day
So you behave

And I hear the voice of God
He's brilliant on the microphone
And the radio in heaven
Can make a heathen feel at home, at home

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