

**Dolby Thomas****"Airwaves"**

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Strange how the scale forms  
in tiny patterns  
on my antenna  
and the Five O'Clock Show, hello hello...  
Brooklyn is crawling with famous people  
I turn my vehicle beneath the river, West from South  
Through the airwaves -  
people never read the airwaves  
do we only feed the airwaves  
or stamp them out of street level?  
Airwaves - the dampness of the wind  
the airwaves - the tension of the skin  
the airwaves I really should have seen through.  
Electric fences line our new freeway  
here in the half-light, the motorhomes leave  
knee-deep in water under a pylon  
how slow my heartbeat, how thin the air I'm breathing  
in  
Control has enabled the abandoned wires again  
but the copper cables all rust in the acid rain  
that flood the subway

with elements of our corrosian

cabled in to me...

Be in my broadcast when this is over

give me your shoulder, I need a place

to wait for morning.

No it was nothing - some car backfiring -

pleased don't ask questions

I itch all over

let me sleep

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