

## **Trisha Yearwood**

### **"Mr. Radio"**

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Oh, what a sunny day  
When they carried the radio home  
Bringing him in off the truck  
And the dogs wouldn't leave us alone  
Mr. Radio, you come down here to keep us company

We listen in a room  
Through the miles and miles of night  
Deep in the heart of the Bible belt  
In the golden radio light  
Mr. Radio, you come down here to keep us company

And it's hard days out in the field  
The crows in the high tree top  
If a man's away from his home all day  
His chickens might fall to the fox

Mr. Radio, what can you do about that?  
Uh huh

And you can take me down to a river town  
Where the citizens dance till dawn  
They dance so close it's a sin almost  
The way they carry on  
Mr. Radio, I never dreamed you could

And it's miles at the careless touch  
Of a tired hand in time  
When evening fell I heard a strange sell  
Dreams that were never mine  
Mr. Radio, you come down here to keep us company  
You come down here to keep us company

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